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Race and Identity in Hemingway's Fiction

Amy L. Strong

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American Literature Readings in the 21st Century

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Table of Contents

Preface vii

Acknowledgments xv

1 Joining the Tribe 1

2 The Violence of Race in "Indian Camp," "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife," and "Ten Indians" 15

3 Black Eyes and Peroxide in "The Battler" and "The Light of the World" 45

4 Light, Snow, and Whiteness in "The Short, Happy Life of Francis Macomber" and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" 59

5 Darkness in *The Garden of Eden* 83

6 African Brotherhood in *Under Kilimanjaro* 119

Conclusion: Teaching Hemingway and Race 141

Notes 145

Bibliography 159

Index 169

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Preface

Thirty years ago the field of Hemingway studies had reached its twilight years. The preeminent Hemingway scholar, Paul Smith, confessed that by the 1970s "there was nothing more to be said about Hemingway's fiction: The patterns were clear; motifs, categorized. We had an authorized biography and what seemed to be stable texts" (1). Just as his reputation in the American literary canon seemed locked in for the twentieth century, a substantial collection of private manuscripts and personal letters were made available to scholars at the John F. Kennedy library in the early 1980s and the world of Hemingway studies has not only been revitalized, but sharply riven in two. This new mass of material did not simply provide one or two tidbits of information that upended earlier assumptions about Hemingway's constructions of heterosexual masculinity; rather, it provided hundreds and hundreds of pages of information that needed to be assimilated into our overall understanding of his legacy in American letters. Most unsettling to traditional scholars were the new revelations that Hemingway sometimes played the role of a woman during sexual intercourse while his wife played the role of a man, that he had dyed his hair a bright coppery red, and that he and his wives cut their hair to look like twins.[1] The mythos of Ernest Hemingway had been dealt a severe blow.

Hemingway scholars might reasonably have argued that the revelations in Hemingway's stash of personal letters should have no bearing on our assessments of his literary works. For one thing, Hemingway had specifically requested that his personal letters be burned after his death. In a letter dated May 20, 1958, he wrote: "It is my wish that none of the letters written by me during my lifetime shall be published. Accordingly, I hereby request and direct you not to publish or consent to the publication by others of any such letters." The reputation of the man, Ernest Hemingway,

certainly had been ruptured and was destined for substantial reconstruction, but the integrity of his literary texts could potentially remain untouched. This was not to be; in the early 1980s, scholars were also given access to the two enormous manuscripts that Hemingway had been working on during the last ten years of his life.[2] In these manuscripts Hemingway exhibited the same obsessions with gender-bending, and thus an even more explosive rift in Hemingway studies was born.

The debate did not have much momentum in its first few years, since only a tiny number of scholars were able to make the trip to the John F. Kennedy library to actually view the letters and manuscripts; moreover, scholars needed to secure permission from the Hemingway Foundation before they were able to publish portions of the new material. All this changed in 1986 when Scribner's posthumously published a heavily edited version of one of the manuscripts, a work entitled *The Garden of Eden*. Far from capping off an established career, the book crystallized two opposing trends that were emerging in the field.

Among one group of critics, the book set off reactions of disavowal and, at times, disgust. Scribner's was heavily criticized for daring to publish a novel that Hemingway, the consummate craftsman, never would have wanted to see in anyone else's hands but his own. Some scholars protested that the content was too autobiographical and therefore less literary than Hemingway's other works—a suspicious criticism indeed to be leveled at a man who famously drew upon his own experiences of war, hunting, father-son bonding, and failed marriages for material. Most of all, this group of scholars did not know how to incorporate the menage a trois, the homoeroticism, and the role reversals in love-making into their overall understanding of the firmly rooted Hemingway text.

Hemingway's family members were the first to register their dismay over the new novel's publication. Jack Hemingway (Hemingway's son) declared that much of the posthumous publication of his father's work would have been "rejected out of hand by [Hemingway's] own critical faculty without extensive rewriting—cutting and pruning he would have refused to have anyone do but himself" (322). Lorian Hemingway (Hemingway's granddaughter) mused, "I wonder what Hemingway, who created masterworks,

would say about this unfortunate novel. He might say he wished he had burned his evidence . . . Or he might just laugh at us all" (72). Several other Hemingway scholars soon echoed the family's disdain. Earl Rovit regrets the novel's publication: "It's unfortunate it was commercially published because it's a rotten book. There are lovely things in it and the business of this unorthodox menage a trois, and the haircuts, and what not. All struck me as personal material that a writer is getting rid of for his own therapy and is unable to universalize or make representative of anything other than his own peculiar warts and whims" (Brian 189). Rovit settles on the word "unorthodox" to describe the content he objects to in Hemingway's new book, a word that expresses what he and many other readers had not expected to find. He wants Hemingway's works to fit into the already established and approved codes that had been so fully outlined by the 1970s: grace under pressure, assertion of masculinity, and relentless machismo.

Homoeroticism, lesbian desire, gender reversals, androgyny, and hair fetishism all formed the backbone of *The Garden of Eden*, and those critics who disparaged or dismissed the book because of these "unorthodox" themes were positioning themselves on unstable territory. The novel mightily confuses categories: can the canonical author write a noncanonical book? The literary canon reflects our own biases—it is a place for inclusion and exclusion, a place to see reflections of social identities and cultural images, a place to represent and transmit texts that are perceived to have cultural value. And yet, as John Guillory has argued, "the process of canonical selection is always a process of social exclusion, specifically the exclusion of female, black, ethnic, or working-class authors from the literary canon" (7). When Hemingway's texts represent white male heterosexual identities, they are as canonical as canonical gets. But when the lead characters represent ambiguous race, class, and gender identities, the book does not belong in the canon?

If the debate about the publication of this novel revolved around the ethics of publishing a novel that has not received the final approval or marks of craftsmanship that can only be provided by the original author, then so be it. Most readers feel a strong sense of ambivalence about posthumous publications.[3] But the debate about *The Garden of Eden* ranged much farther afield than

this issue would warrant. Several critics have expressed a strong sense of frustration at all of the attention that has been diverted toward issues of race and gender in Hemingway's works ever since the publication of this novel. James Nagel, for example, suggests that critics have spent far too much energy examining what he calls "the more sensational aspects of the sexual games at the surface of the plot" (330). He flatly asserts that the "romance plot . . . is not, in itself, of particularly great moment" (330). His choice of the descriptors, "sensational," "surface," and "romance" certainly strike the proper tone if he hopes to minimize the transgressiveness of this book's themes. But anyone who has read through the manuscript knows that the so-called romance plot consumes hundreds and hundreds of pages, and on this evidence alone we can say that it held importance for the dogged author, at least. Nagel further suggests that the true heart of this novel lies in the African hunting story that David writes, a story that consumes fewer than fifty of the manuscript's one thousand five hundred pages.

Here the critic is faced with a preponderance of material about homoerotic love and fluid racial identity, but the deep analysis rests with a tiny portion of the text that focuses on the all too comfortable (or comforting) father-son relationship. Why should the African hunting story deserve a place in the classic Hemingway oeuvre? Nagel would say that it belongs because it represents, quite simply, "one of the finest stories [Hemingway] ever wrote" (337). But the African hunting story has a few other notable features that distinguish it from the romance plot: it concerns white heterosexual males who dominate the land and its inhabitants. And while Nagel chooses the story as his subject, he refuses to think through the Africanist presence there. He refers to it as "the African hunting story" and admits that "the African experience changed David at the tender age of eight" (331), but Africa and the Africans evidently function as scenery for the boy and his father. Within Nagel's essay, an oppositional framework emerges where affirmations of white heterosexual masculinity count and enormous portions of the text that threaten to destabilize white heterosexual masculinity are discounted.

Nagel was not alone in his desire to focus exclusively on the African hunting story in *The Garden of Eden*. Peter Kemp also believed that the hunting story was "the best thing in the book,"

that there was "nothing of this quality anywhere else in *The Garden of Eden*" (135). Paul Taylor went even further, declaring that the death of the elephant in the African hunting story "ranks with the most moving and powerful passages in Hemingway's work" (5). Bernard Levin echoes the same idea yet again: "Here [in the African hunting story], if anywhere, is the old, instantly recognisable magic" (29). The African hunting story was able to bring together the two ingredients Hemingway scholars seemed to be seeking out: a tough, male plot combined with the "old" and "instantly recognizable" obsessions with white masculinity.

A number of critics, then, took a rather protective stance toward Ernest Hemingway and the mythos that had surrounded his life and works, even in the face of these newly released letters and manuscripts. On the other hand, there were several critics who ignited something akin to a sexual revolution in Hemingway studies, armed with this dramatic archival evidence. They seized the opportunity to explore how issues of gender identity, in particular, may have been important in Hemingway's life and in his earlier works. Mark Spilka's book, *Hemingway's Quarrel with Androgyny* (1990), J. Gerald Kennedy's article, "Hemingway's Gender Trouble" (1991), Nancy Comley and Robert Scholes' *Hemingway's Genders* (1994), Rose Marie Burwell's *Hemingway: The Postwar Years and the Posthumous Novels* (1996), Debra Moddelmog's *Reading Desire: In Pursuit of Ernest Hemingway* (1999), and Carl Eby's *Hemingway's Fetishisms: Psychoanalysis and the Mirror of Manhood* (1999) all explored the ways that alternative sexualities did indeed have a place in the Hemingway oeuvre. In one form or another, these critics articulated arguments nicely summarized by Carl Eby in his book, *Hemingway's Fetishisms*: "an appreciation for Hemingway's psychosexual concerns is not only essential for understanding his own or his characters' unconscious motivations; it is also essential for understanding his subject matter insofar as human sexuality and gender identity remained major concerns throughout his career" (2).

These critics reexamined the foundations of Hemingway's reputation and found that the old obsessions with machismo and masculine codes of behavior were oversimplified, and that Hemingway inhabited a far more complicated identity than had previously been glimpsed through his public role as author, soldier, and sportsman. While the lion's share of new readings focused on

Hemingway's own biography, critics also reassessed some of the earlier fiction with an eye toward gender issues. Gender criticism had been a fairly closed book in Hemingway studies; his work had long been considered "deeply antiwoman in its values" (Baym 112), primarily because his constructions of female characters were often one-dimensional: the submissive girl or the bitch.[4] Hemingway's short stories, novels, and magazine articles constituted a body of work that seemed directed toward white men, almost exclusively. And white men often responded in ways that emphasized their proprietary attitude toward Hemingway's work. When Scribner's editor Tom Jenks sought guidance and advice during the long, arduous process of editing *The Garden of Eden* for posthumous publication, he sent the material to Raymond Carver and Tobias Wolff, explaining that they were both writers "who themselves write in the language that men use" ("Interview" 84). In order to remain true to Hemingway's legacy, Jenks felt that he needed to speak in language that exudes masculinity. Mark Spilka, a long-time Hemingway scholar, gushed about the pleasures of reading Hemingway, an author "who gave *us* male definitions of manhood to ponder, cherish, even perhaps to grow by" (italics mine, 328). And when Spilka admires the way that Hemingway has overcome "his own and everyone else's fear of female dominance" (213), the female critic must begin to feel that she has walked in on an after-dinner drawing room conversation, complete with brandy and cigars.[5]

The new letters and manuscripts provided a much fuller vision of Hemingway's interests in gender and prompted critics to reexamine earlier works with an eye toward issues of homoeroticism and gender experimentation. Pilar's bisexuality in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, Brett Ashley's sexual aggressiveness and association with gay men in *The Sun Also Rises*, Catherine Barkley's desire to have slept with Frederic's former girlfriends in *A Farewell to Arms*, the lesbian who comes out of the closet to her male lover in "The Sea Change," the tension behind repression or revelation of homosexuality in "A Simple Enquiry": all of this material created an important framework that has allowed scholars to revise long-held beliefs about Hemingway's life and work. Remarkably, the past twenty years has seen one of the most comprehensive revisionist endeavors in American literary studies, and the work is only half done. Crammed amidst all of the newly released letters, manuscript

pages, and fragmentary sketches, yet another stunning revelation laid in store for the dogged scholar. We not only needed to revise our understanding of Hemingway and heterosexual masculinity—we needed to revise our understanding of Hemingway and *white* heterosexual masculinity.

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Parts of this book were published previously. The first section of Chapter Two appeared as an article in *The Hemingway Review* titled "Screaming Through Silence: The Violence of Race in 'The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife' and 'Indian Camp'" and this same article was subsequently reprinted in *Hemingway: Seven Decades of Criticism*, ed. Linda Wagner-Martin, Michigan State University Press. A portion of Chapter Four appeared in *Hemingway and Women: Female Critics and the Female Voice*, ed. Larry Broer and Gloria Holland, University of Alabama Press.

Most of all, I want to thank my family, who encouraged me every step of the way.

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CHAPTER 1

Joining the Tribe

In 1955 Ernest Hemingway shaved his head, dyed his clothing to match the colors worn by members of an African tribe, tanned his skin dark enough to pass for "half-caste," met an African girl named Debba who became his "fiancee," and considered it an insult to be addressed as a white man.[1] He very badly wanted to pierce his ears and cut his face in order to look more like brothers with the African men he so admired. In the midst of making his decision, he received the following letter from his wife Mary.

> The fiction that having your ears pierced will make you a Kamba is an evasion of the reality, which is that you are not and never can be anything but an honorary Kamba, and that it is out of harmony with your best character which is that of a wise, thoughtful, realistic adult white American male.
>
> I know that you are impassioned about Africa and the Africans, writing about them, and allured by the mystery and excitement of becoming one of them. And you know that I love the fun and make-believe as much as you do. But the attempt to convert fantasy into actuality can only result, I think, in distortion and failure. There are other ways of proving brotherhood between you and the Kamba. I do hope you find them, my Big Sweetheart. —Mary (October 4, 1955). (Ernest Hemingway Collection at the John F. Kennedy Library, Boston)

As this letter suggests, the material made available to scholars at the John F. Kennedy library revealed secrets about Hemingway's experimentations with gender *and racial* identity. His correspondence from the 1950s shows that he deeply admired the Africans with whom he lived and hunted during his safari and he developed an attachment that allowed him to perform, and perhaps to inhabit, a far more complex identity than he had known during his lifetime as a celebrated white American author.

Hemingway's interest in racial identity did not suddenly appear at the end of his career, however. Even in his earliest years in Michigan, as if he could sense the constricting role that would hover about him later in life, Hemingway very deliberately undermined attempts to pigeonhole him as simply one thing. Beginning in his boyhood, he would periodically assert that he carried one-eighth Indian blood. Hemingway occasionally bolstered his claim to Indian blood by explaining that he had a Cheyenne great-great-grandmother[2] and he sometimes lapsed into an abbreviated form of speech that he called "Indian talk" (Montgomery 105). In 1956, when Hemingway wrote to Robert Brown of his initiation into the Wakamba tribe, he referred to his own racial identity with a seemingly purposeful emphasis on the category's slipperiness: "I was the first and only white man or 1/8 Indian who was ever a Kamba."[3] In that single sentence, he makes claims on white, Indian, and African racial identity. And he emphasizes the seriousness of his initiation into the tribe with evident pride, "it [becoming a Kamba] is not like President Coolidge being given a war bonnet by a tame Blackfoot or Shoshone." In Hemingway's own words, he had "complicated blood" (*Letters* 815).[4]

Although Ernest Hemingway grew up in Oak Park, Illinois, he never once wrote a story set in his home town. He chose to write about the woods of northern Michigan, a part of the country where he spent every summer of his life until he turned twenty-one years old. Hemingway's father, Clarence, taught Ernest how to hunt, fish, and shoot in the Michigan woods—Clarence Hemingway's marksmanship was so excellent the Indians gave him a nickname, "Ne-teck-la-la" or "Eagle Eye." This nickname meant a great deal to Clarence who was fascinated by Indian culture, as recounted by Ernest's sister Marcelline: "He hunted for arrowheads, clay bowls, spearheads and other remnants of Indian life for his growing collection of Indian artifacts. He found some stone ax heads, and he had a remarkable collection of flints which he showed to us when we were children" (21). Because of his father's intimate associations with Indian culture, Hemingway "liked to claim that his father had Indian blood from the Edmonds side of the family" (Mellow 29).

In the Michigan woods, Hemingway brushed off the white upper class sterility of his home town and became friends with the native Americans who populated several of his early short stories: Dick

Boulton, Billy Tabeshaw, Prudence Boulton. Prudence became an extremely important figure in Hemingway's life, even ten, twenty, thirty years after he had stopped going to Michigan in the summertime. She was an Ojibway girl who, Hemingway claimed, took his virginity.[5] This native American girl's imaginative hold over Hemingway emerged in two stories, "Ten Indians" (1927) and "Fathers and Sons" (1933). Decades later, in the 1950s, Hemingway complimented his wife Mary by announcing that she had legs "just like Trudy Boulton's" (Montgomery 100) and he wrote a letter to Archibald MacLeish pointing out that Debba, his African fiancée, was "just like Prudy Boulton" (Baker, *Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story* 526). No one can verify whether Hemingway actually had a sexual relationship with Prudence Boulton, just as no one can verify whether he had a sexual relationship with Debba in Africa, though both have engendered plenty of speculation; nevertheless, it is important to note that Hemingway wanted people to believe and took no pains to hide that he had become physically involved with a native American girl and an African girl.

There is no dispute in Hemingway studies about the importance of those early years in northern Michigan. In one of the most important biographies written about Ernest Hemingway, Carlos Baker asserts that Hemingway "was constantly aware of [the Indians'] presence, like atavistic shadows moving along the edges of his consciousness, coming and going without a sound" (*Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story* 13). Biographer Philip Young also recognized the importance of the Michigan woods and the native Americans who lived there: "The Hemingways had a house on Walloon lake, in a region which was populated chiefly by Ojibway Indians . . . the parts of the childhood which stuck were the summertimes, which were spent in Michigan" (*Ernest Hemingway* 108). Perhaps Malcolm Cowley states the case most strongly, saying that "memories of the Indians he knew in his boyhood play an important part in Hemingway's work" (xx).

Despite the general agreement that Hemingway's early identity was bound with the native Americans and their culture, discussions of Hemingway's fiction minimize or ignore the role of native American characters. In fact, Philip Young made a concerted effort to explain just how unimportant the native American characters were to the central plot of any given story. In a discussion of "Indian Camp," Young corrects readers who might erroneously

conclude that the story is in fact about the Indians. He writes, "Here as elsewhere Nick is not recognized as protagonist unless one perceives that the last page of the five-page piece would be irrelevant if the story were about Indians" (*Ernest Hemingway* 4). Other early critics supported Young's view by not mentioning the presence of Indians at all. And yet, in the words of Paul Smith, Hemingway's Indian stories have "appealed to all the critical schools and survived them all with something left unanswered . . . [They have] invited and evaded psychoanalytic and archetypal analyses . . . sociological interpretations . . . and neither they nor the literary historians have drawn on the traditions and history of the Indians in Michigan as they retreated before the white farmers and vacationers" (*A Reader's Guide* 41).

Though critics were willing to admit that Hemingway felt passionately about the native Americans and the Africans, this fact never seemed to have any bearing on analysis and interpretations of his fiction. Scholars have noted the presence of native Americans, Africans, and African Americans in his work, though few have viewed these characters as anything more than scenery; for most, the racial elements in Hemingway's works have served primarily as a backdrop to the more central issues of manhood, courage, and stoicism. The critical response to issues of race in Hemingway's works, beginning with the earliest biographies and ending with the most recent critical essays on native American and African American characters, reveals patterns of marginalization, disavowal, and outright dismissal.

When scholars have chosen to focus on the native American presence in Hemingway's stories, they look toward the native American characters as a vehicle that can help us understand Hemingway's intellectual and emotional connection to "primitivism," a widespread cultural phenomenon in the 1920s that had an undeniable impact on many of his mentors, including Ezra Pound and Gertrude Stein. The problem with this approach, however, is that it allows (and perhaps encourages) critics to focus on the land, rather than the people who inhabited the land long before the whites arrived. Loss of wilderness is a long-established theme in Hemingway studies, but is that because Hemingway made it his theme, or because critics made it *their* theme? Too often, the attention to primitivism allows critics to sit back and sigh, "Ah yes, the loss of wilderness theme . . ." It is familiar, and

it's instantly recognizable, but it diverts attention from the characters and allows readers to avoid the question: what else are these nonwhite characters doing in this story? If we look briefly at some of the most prominent critics who wrote about Hemingway's primitivism, we can see how they shade the topic into a discussion of the lost wilderness, thereby leaving the native American characters thoroughly overlooked and unexamined.

As early as 1963, Joseph DeFalco argued that Hemingway's early stories juxtapose the "primitive," "dark," "intrusive," and "irrational" world of the Indians with the "civilized," "scientific," "secure," and "rational" world represented by Nick's father (28, 30). These themes were resurrected in the 1990s by two critics, Robert Lewis and Peter Hays, who believe that Hemingway's stories reflect his abiding interest in primitivism. They argue that Hemingway uses the Indians affectionately as symbols of an earlier era, an era of unexplored frontier and wilderness, natural surroundings unburdened by technological advances, simplicity and authenticity. I would like to show that not only does the paternalism endemic to such an approach belie the tortured lives of Hemingway's Indians, but the guiding concept of primitivism overlooks the dissonance, the conflict, and the outright brutality that has historically defined white-Indian relations.

Robert Lewis's article, "'Long Time Ago Good, Now No Good': Hemingway's Indian Stories" (1990) examines the native Americans who appear in several short stories and describes how primitivism can help readers understand these characters. Lewis explains that there are two kinds of primitivism, cultural and chronological, and he believes that Hemingway used both. He writes,

> Far from suggesting crudity and undevelopment, primitivism is a recurrent cultural phenomenon which places value on the simplicity of social forms and finds sophistication a companion of cultural degeneration and even evil. The cultural primitive then wishes to restructure society and all aspects of it, from art to family, along lines that are felt to be more natural and better suited for the capacities and desires of human beings. . . . Chronological primitivism looks not forward to amelioration of the human condition but backward to some time in the past when human condition was if not Edenic at least holistic and characterized by reverence for life, high moral purpose, humane dealings, and beauty. (207–208)

Lewis notes that "references and allusions to Indians run throughout the public fiction and nonfiction and the private letters" (211); nevertheless, he does not believe that they constitute a major element of Hemingway's work. Lewis makes an effort to show how Hemingway rejects "the nonsense in romanticizing primitives" (206), and yet his own conclusion seems to reify the very tendency to romanticize. He concludes his article by saying that the Indians function "perhaps as a trace element essential to psychic health" (211).[6] Psychic health seems an odd choice of words, considering the historical devastation suffered by native Americans at the hands of whites. White settlers in America engaged in genocidal campaigns against the native Americans from the 1490s through the twentieth century, expelling families from their homes and claiming the cleared land for white settlements. When whites met with resistance, they relied on forced relocation or outright war under orders from the U.S. government.[7] While that is only one aspect of native American history, it is one that Lewis ignores. And yet, attentive to that aspect of white-Indian relations, it is hard to imagine how their presence could provide psychic health to any of the characters in Hemingway's fiction.

In 1999 Peter Hays wrote an essay in which he explicitly aimed to "extend and qualify" Robert Lewis's argument about Hemingway's use of native Americans in his early fiction. In the same way that Lewis described the Indians as a "trace element," Hays too believes that they "are never major characters, but rather serve as foils to increase our understanding of the nature of the protagonist" (1). And just as Philip Young had argued decades earlier, Hays agrees that too much attention toward the native Americans will inevitably lead the reader away from the central issues in Hemingway's works, the white American male protagonist. But Hays takes it one step further than the earlier critics. He does not view the native Americans as characters; instead, he argues, "In northern Michigan, where many of Hemingway's stories are set, Indians are a part of the landscape, like hemlock forests and lakes" (2). The native American characters have yet again lost their signs of humanity, collapsed here into symbols of landscape.

The problem with these interpretations is that they represent a very clear and consistent continuation of the well-established critical interpretations of Hemingway and his work, raising the issue of the native Americans only to highlight their tiny role in

elucidating the white male protagonist (literally regarding these native American characters as having the significance of a hemlock tree or a lake). Closer inspection of Hemingway's native American characters shows that these are not men and women who sweetly merge with or fade into the landscape, and the overly paternalistic readings do not hold up to serious scrutiny. Hemingway created an Indian woman whose womb was cut open by a white man with a jack-knife and her skin sewed up with fishing line; her husband slit his throat during the procedure. He depicted a group of Indians coming toward the white man's home armed with saws and axes issuing threats to the white doctor. His Indians lay face down in the sand or across the railroad tracks, victims of alcoholism, suicide, and murder. More than simply offering an elegy for a once pristine American landscape, these stories attempt to address the tragic and unjust circumstances of native Americans in twentieth-century America.

While it may appear as though Hemingway had a childish infatuation with native Americans and their culture, his adult life revealed a parallel obsession with the inhabitants of Africa. He first traveled to Africa with his second wife Pauline Pfeiffer in 1933. They were led on a safari by the famous white hunter, Philip Percival, though the trip began badly due to a case of amoebic dysentery that sent Hemingway to Nairobi for emergency treatment. During his recovery, however, Hemingway began to feel euphoric about Africa. He wrote, "This was the kind of hunting I liked. No riding in cars, the country broken up instead of plains . . . and it was a pleasure . . . simply to walk and to be able to hunt, not knowing what we might see and free to shoot for the meat we needed" (Baker, *Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story* 252). He expresses pleasure over those aspects of the hunting that remind him of his youthful adventures with his father and the native Americans of northern Michigan. He enjoys watching one of the African trackers walk, "he strode very loosely and with a slight lift," and as soon as he and Pauline left the country, he yearned for it. He was "hungry for more of it, the changes of the seasons, the rains with no need to travel . . . the discomforts that you paid to make it real" (Baker 256). He wrote that Africa was the place "where he had been happiest" (*Green Hills of Africa* 105), and upon returning from his trip, he told reporters that he

planned to work and make enough money so that he could return to Africa (Mellow 448).

Hemingway's second trip to Africa came twenty years later in 1953, this time with his fourth wife Mary Welsh Hemingway. In many ways, his experience in Tanganyika and Kenya paralleled his early years among the native Americans in northern Michigan. He admired the men of the Wakamba tribe immensely and tried to establish a brotherhood with them. To that end, he tried to learn the language, dressed like them, shaved his head, hunted by moonlight with a spear, and considered piercing his ears and cutting his face with tribal marks. He even struck up a relationship with a young Wakamba woman named Debba, who he said reminded him of his first love, Prudence Boulton. Hemingway makes the connection between his childhood memories of northern Michigan and his experiences in Africa.

> There are always mystical countries that are a part of one's childhood. . . . In Africa when we lived on the small plain in the shade of the big thorn trees at the edge of the swamp at the foot of the great mountain we had such countries. We were no longer, technically, children although in many ways I am quite sure that we were. (*UK* 23)

Despite the obvious imaginative power the country has for Hemingway, critics approach his "African stories" with the assumption that these stories, too, are exclusively meant to elucidate the white American male character and traditional Hemingwayesque themes. Carlos Baker has written an article called "The Two African Stories"; though his title hints at the relevance of location and character, his thesis could be applied to a story set anywhere in small town America. He writes, "Both [African stories] deal with the achievement and loss of moral manhood. Both look further into the now familiar men-without-women theme. The focal point in each is the corrupt power of women and money" (118). Just as Hemingway's "Indian" stories offered critics the opportunity to rehash themes of the lost wilderness, the "African" stories spur Baker and other critics to revisit well-established themes of "moral manhood" and "men-without-women" so that the presence of Africa and Africans are almost entirely ignored. But Hemingway indicated that Africa and the Africans were an integral part of his stories. He wrote to his editor that he had finished a "very exciting story of Africa," tentatively

titled "A Budding Friendship" and he had yet "another story of Africa called 'The Happy Ending'" (*Selected Letters* 442).[8] Hemingway, at least, seemed to feel that his "African stories" were indeed about Africa.

Hemingway's African short stories were discussed as if their country of origin held no importance, but what of the stories that featured African American characters? Several critics were quite aware of the fact that African American men played a significant role in much of Hemingway's fiction, and it prompted intriguing comparisons between Hemingway and his predecessors in the American literary tradition. One of the first serious attempts to account for the African American characters in Hemingway's fiction came in Philip Young's book-length study, *Ernest Hemingway: A Reconsideration*. Young's work helped define the field of Hemingway studies throughout the 1960s and 1970s and he argued in this book that important similarities existed between Hemingway's work and Mark Twain's novel, *Huckleberry Finn*. Despite the long-standing controversy over issues of race in Twain's novel, Young argued that the African American characters in Ernest Hemingway's work served a limited and purely symbolic role. Young selected a scene from *For Whom the Bell Tolls* to make his point:

> The affinity between Hemingway's work and Twain's novel is often as close in small ways as in large. There is, as an instance, the scene in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* where Robert Jordan remembers seeing as a boy a Negro being hanged from the lamppost for burning. Something broke, the man fell to the ground, and that was the end of the story. It was a pointless thing, unless one saw the point . . . The incident was not about the Negro, really, but about Robert. (235)

Young selects an intensely violent image of a black man being lynched, and even within the context of Mark Twain's novel, *Huckleberry Finn*, so famous for its openly critical stance toward institutionalized racism in America, he concludes that the Negro is quite irrelevant, a simple device to help us understand the white male protagonist more fully. But what if the scene is about the Negro, after all? Why should it not be about the Negro?

In 1982, Joseph Flora further explored the comparison between Hemingway and Twain, saying that "the essential justice of Philip Young's comparison of Nick [Adams] to Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn* is a commonly accepted tenet of Hemingway

criticism" (40). Without a doubt, Hemingway was influenced by Twain's writing; he said so himself: "all modern American literature comes from one book by Mark Twain called *Huckleberry Finn*." In a comparison between Hemingway's story "The Battler" and *Huckleberry Finn*, Young describes Nick Adams and Huckleberry Finn as two boys who encounter a life that is "colorful, tough and eventful for a boy off on his own" (*Ernest Hemingway: A Reconsideration* 236). Of course, Huckleberry Finn is not a boy off on his own—he is constantly accompanied by the slave, Jim. In an effort to account for the African American presence in the two works, Young vaguely says that "the Negro Bugs has taken over Jim's role" (237). His analysis focuses on the stylistic similarities of Mark Twain and Ernest Hemingway, evading issues of race.

Another critic, George Monteiro, drawn to the racially diverse cast of characters in Hemingway's fiction, was also interested in "The Battler" for its depictions of one white and one black character living as close companions in the wilderness. Monteiro openly constructs his analysis based on issues of race:

> the relationship of two males—one white and the other black—played out before the eyes of a third male who is, either by age or by temperament, an innocent, is the basic structure of that most trenchant American parable of white-black relations, Herman Melville's "Benito Cereno." ("This is My Pal, Bugs" 226)

Monteiro at least acknowledges the racial significance that undergirds his comparisons. He points out that in Melville's story we have a triangular relationship: the white captain, Benito Cereno; the black servant, Babo; and the "great American naif," Amasa Delano who observes. In Hemingway's story we also have a triangular relationship: the white boxer, Ad Francis; the black servant, Bugs; and the innocent observer, Nick Adams. Monteiro asserts that both stories overturn "the expected relationship of black to white in America" (227), now boldly locating Hemingway's work within the context of race and racism in America. But he stops. The essay concludes with one final symbolic parallel: Bugs knocked Ad unconscious with a blackjack that has a whalebone handle and Monteiro reads this as a nod to Melville.

Hemingway made a claim to one-eighth Indian blood, had a native American girlfriend who he remembers fondly throughout

his life and features in several short stories, took two trips to Africa, professed love for the country and an admiration for the Wakamba tribe, took an African fiancée, wrote novels and short stories "of Africa," and yet he remains one of the whitest writers in the American literary tradition if you read through the criticism of the last seven decades. The segregation of literary studies has been described quite dramatically by Dean Flower in a 1994 essay. He writes:

> In the college classroom American literature was, and still mainly is, defined by the so-called "classic texts and "major figures"—as if black writers had made no difference in our literary history until, say, *Native Son*. Look in any publishers catalogue. The canonized (white) writers, who represent "the American tradition," are listed in one place, the African Americans appear in another. Students take courses on "Afro-American" writers or "Black Studies," almost always taught by persons of color, and they take courses in American literature, almost always taught by white persons in departments of English. The segregation could not be more emphatic. (683–684)

As one of the giants in American literature, Hemingway has represented the dominant and overwhelming whiteness of the canon, a frustrating symbol of the enduring gulf between white authors and black authors.

Two events in the 1990s have begun to change the face of Hemingway criticism: the publication of Toni Morrison's Princeton lectures, *Playing in the Dark* (1992) and the posthumous publication of Hemingway's final novel, *True at First Light* (1999), later published in its fuller version, *Under Kilimanjaro* (2005). In her work, Morrison encouraged literary critics to recognize that the segregated canon described by Dean Flower is entirely constructed and can be rectified. In many ways, Morrison's book echoes an appeal Ralph Ellison made almost forty years earlier when he criticized white academics for being "so absurdly self-deluded over the true interrelatedness of blackness and whiteness" (55). Morrison rejects the idea that "traditional, canonical American literature is free of, uninformed, and unshaped by the four-hundred-year-old presence of first, Africans and then African Americans in the United States" (4–5). She eagerly encourages scholars to examine the ways that race matters in some of the most classic texts of the American literary canon. Her own analysis of

Poe, Melville, Hawthorne, Twain, Hemingway, and others has shown that a "black presence is central to any understanding of our national literature and should not be permitted to hover at the margins of the literary imagination" (5).

As for the fictional memoir published in 2005, *Under Kilimanjaro*, it meticulously outlines Hemingway's fascination with an African tribe and his own experimentation with racial identity. Susan Beegel has suggested that it took the force of a novel, *The Garden of Eden*, to finally "force critics to confront for the first time themes of homosexuality, perversion, and androgyny present throughout Hemingway's career" (11). Similarly, the force of this last novel will encourage critics to confront the freighted presence of native Americans, Africans, and African Americans in Hemingway's fiction. This project will trace a genealogy that does not treat *Under Kilimanjaro* as an aberration in Hemingway's career; on the contrary, this work represents the consummation of Hemingway's life-long interest in race as a defining aspect of American identity. His claims to Indian blood, his fascination and brotherhood with the Wakamba, and his wariness of what he called "white taboos"[9] all point to another dimension that must be factored into our final analysis of Ernest Hemingway. These interests in racial identity do not constitute some shadowy, hidden, other side to the man we thought we knew. Rather, his interests in racial identity contribute to and complicate his most famous creation, the white American male character.

My study offers a revisionist reading of Hemingway's work that explores how Hemingway negotiates issues of race and racial difference as a defining element of American identity. Some of the most celebrated concepts found in Hemingway's works—freedom, individuality, innocence, loss, and masculinity—are completely enmeshed and entwined with racial tropes of whiteness versus blackness, dominance versus subordination, conquest versus discovery. Hemingway's early short stories consistently relied on the presence of native Americans or African Americans as a driving force behind the narrative tension. His interest in race and racial tropes emerged in many forms: attention to skin color and skin color changes, the performativity of racial identity, white-Indian relations, conquest of the land, an American obsession with the Great White Hope, British imperialism, African tribal culture,

rebellions against white colonists, miscegenation. My study explores how Hemingway's fiction looks if we bring his nonwhite characters out of the background and asks how we must define Hemingway's conception of American identity differently when it is constructed on the basis of race. How do we understand Hemingway's works, the American literary tradition, or our own grasp of American identity when it is defined by racial difference more than father-son bonding, rejection of women, love of wilderness, or fear in war? Chapter Two describes the conflicted place of native Americans in American history and demonstrates how Hemingway first represented this aspect of our nation's history in three Indian stories: "Indian Camp" (1924), "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife" (1924), and "Ten Indians" (1927). Chapter Three offers close readings of Hemingway's stories that incorporate Africans and African Americans, exploring the effects of white supremacist attitudes in "The Battler" and "The Light of the World." Chapter Four examines how British colonialism in Africa colors the "The Short, Happy Life of Francis Macomber" and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," respectively. Chapter Five contextualizes the critical debate that has surrounded *The Garden of Eden*'s publication and examines the ways that racial tropes function in this crucial text. Chapter Six offers an analysis of *Under Kilimanjaro* and provides a theoretical discussion of what it means to locate race in Hemingway's fiction and in the American literary tradition.

Henry Louis Gates, Jr., has argued that the teaching of literature has always meant "the teaching of an aesthetic and political order, in which no people of color were ever able to discover the reflection or representation of their images, or hear the resonances of their cultural voices" (105). The burgeoning of our literary canon to include more women and minorities has been one of the most necessary and vital developments that has taken place in academia in the past century. For far too long, extremely talented authors have been marginalized or unpublished by virtue of race, ethnicity, or gender. And yet, this move toward greater inclusiveness has tended to draw thick lines between the old and the new, lines that suggest the "classic" white male authors have little or no relevance to this new and vital movement. What I would like to suggest is that a writer like Ernest Hemingway, perhaps the quintessential dead white male, can and should be considered an integral part of these important changes in our literary tradition. Opening the canon

and recovering texts by women and people of color must happen concurrently with new readings of traditional texts. A scrupulous rereading of the texts that have always stood at the supposed center of our American experience will provide yet another way for readers to discover the diverse cultural faces and voices that have been there all along.

CHAPTER 2

The Violence of Race in "Indian Camp," "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife," and "Ten Indians"

"Indian Camp" and "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife"

This chapter will explore the ways Hemingway negotiates the matter of "race" and racial difference in two short stories from *In Our Time*. Like readings of Hemingway's fiction that have begun to outline issues of "gender trouble,"[1] I will focus on two of his earliest short stories, "Indian Camp" and "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife," to examine how Hemingway represents the instability of racial identity. In the first story, he presents race simply as a biological feature, but then in the second he revises this model to create a complex, shifting depiction of race that anticipates the essentialist/constructionist debates waged today.[2] I hope this study might begin to uncover the ways his work has interrogated power relations built on racial identity, and even exposed the instability of power based on such a system of inequality.

Critics have long been aware of the Edenic and, more specifically, Adamic longings to be found in Hemingway's work, longings he shares with such premier American writers as Whitman, Hawthorne, and Melville. The Nick Adams stories, with their obvious gesture toward this tradition, have generated a number of comments on the symbolism of the name "Adams," but most critics seem to have internalized R.W.B. Lewis's formulation in *The American Adam* that to be Adamic is to efface racial history.[3]

Quoting from an 1839 *Democratic Review*, Lewis defines the Adamic myth: "Our national birth was the beginning of a new history . . . which separates us from the past and connects us with the future only" (5). Traditionally, "Indian Camp" and "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife" have been read as tales of initiation, focusing heavily on the final scene in "Indian Camp" and Nick's musing that "he felt quite sure that he would never die" (19), and/or on the unity between father and son in "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife" when they choose to seek out black squirrels together.[4] To be sure, the Indians in these stories have been characterized, often as symbols of darkness and primitivism, but even this characterization functions primarily to offset Nick's character. My argument is not specifically with the way critics have characterized the Indians (although that racial subtext should be examined). It is rather that Hemingway's stories do, in fact, present an Adamic figure whose identity cannot be fully understood without historicizing his relation to these Indians—a relation based on racial domination. What takes place within these two stories is a male-male rivalry, white male against Indian male, where the endangered territory returns to eerily familiar historical subjects/catalysts for violence: the woman's body and the land.

In the opening scene of "Indian Camp," we find Nick, Dr. Adams, and Uncle George being ferried across a lake through a gloomy, misty darkness. Joseph DeFalco points out that "the classical parallel is too obvious to overlook, for the two Indians function in a Charon-like fashion in transporting Nick, his father, and his uncle from their own sophisticated and civilized world of the white man into the dark and primitive world of the camp" (161). The Hades metaphor not only seems "too obvious to overlook," but other details add further support to his reading, such as the dogs "rushing out" at the men once they reach the other side of the lake. "A dog came out barking. . . . More dogs rushed out at them" (16). This seemingly gratuitous appearance recalls Cerberus, the many-headed dog who challenged spirits trying to enter or leave Hades. Furthermore, if a Charon-like figure ferries the men across the lake, we may imagine the river Styx, but as the men return, now with Dr. Adams at the oars, we may be reminded of another famous river in Hades. Lethe, the river of forgetfulness, works well in this context for two reasons: it helps illuminate Nick's final thoughts of

immortality at the end of the story, and it implicates both father and son in a larger historical pattern of forgetting.

At the end of "Indian Camp," Nick and his father have a brief, but pointed catechistic interchange about death, and because we have just witnessed Nick's "initiation" into the world of pain and death, his final thought surprises some readers. Trailing his hand in the water as his father rowed them back across, Nick "felt quite sure that he would never die" (19). Even if we abandon the mythic elements here and simply see a boy being rowed across the lake by his father, we must admit some element of willful forgetfulness and an enormous amount of psychical distancing from his experience at the Indian camp. The goal of this particular reading is not meant to encourage discussion of Hemingway's familiarity with Orphic mythology, or even to presume that he was referring to Greek myth in "Indian Camp." Rather, it serves as a metaphor for the ways Hemingway's story has been read; readers have also trailed their hands in the river of forgetfulness, ignoring the Indians' role not only in this story, but in the making of American identity. I believe we have not fully engaged with "Indian Camp" or "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife" unless we come to terms with the way Nick's and his father's identity are constructed in relation to the Indians' presence, and vice versa.

One of the most perplexing issues in "Indian Camp" springs from the moment when Dr. Adams has successfully completed his crude operation on the Indian woman and reaches up into the bunk to check on the father, only to find—to his undisguised horror—that the Indian has slit his throat "from ear to ear." We may simply wish to accept the explanation given by Dr. Adams: "He couldn't stand things, I guess" (19). It does seem true that the Indian "couldn't stand things," but does this simply mean he couldn't stand his wife's physical pain? However astounding the woman's pain, the doctor has arrived, and the two days of pain should be alleviated very soon. Which then raises a different question: is it the doctor's *presence* that drives the Indian husband to suicide? I believe "Indian Camp" tells a different kind of initiation story, one that, like the Orphic myth, shows how the story of a purified and initiated identity cannot be constructed without the binary opposition of unpurified and fallen selves.

The imagery surrounding Dr. Adams, Uncle George, and Nick's entry into the opposing camp is permeated by structures of domination. Once across the lake, Uncle George's first action is to offer cigars to the Indians who had rowed them across. It is not clear why Uncle George gives the Indians two cigars; it would not be a form of payment for rowing them across, since the doctor is obviously doing the Indian family a favor. It must be a gift, either in the form of a traditional "peace" offering, or as a congratulatory gesture for the newborn baby. We have no signs, however, that the Indians will give any gift in return. Gayle Rubin's work explains that "gifts were the threads of social discourse, the means by which . . . societies were held together in the absence of specialized governmental institutions" (172). She further suggests that "gift exchange may also be the idiom of competition and rivalry" (172), using the example of the "Big Man" who humiliates another by giving more than can be reciprocated. This first form of exchange between cultures establishes a subtle, unequal dynamic of dominator/dominated.

Jurgen C. Wolter's article, "Caesareans in an Indian Camp" describes the word Caesarean as "highly ambiguous; in addition to being a technical term in surgery, it connotes authority, imperialism, assumption of power, and even tyrannical dictatorship" (92). After introducing this formulation, however, Wolter reverts to the familiar theme of the father-son relationship: "through the unintentionally violent (Caesarean) initiation of his son, the pompous and omniscient Caesar-doctor is reborn as a responsible and humanly imperfect father" (93). Despite this gesture toward metaphoric imperialism, Wolter reiterates the same story of initiation, adding the Caesarean component to complicate our reading of Nick's father. But the "violent" Caesarean is not performed on the doctor's son; it is performed, without anesthetic, on a screaming Indian woman. And while the location of this story may alleviate a severe condemnation of the doctor and his methods per se, since he saves the life of mother and child in an Indian camp distant from "civilization" (where, for example, anesthetic would be unavailable) it is precisely the story's location that highlights the racial inequality between the two cultures with its insistent juxtaposition of light/dark, civilization/wilderness, clean/dirty. Dr. Adams's "Caesarian" assumption of power implicates both father and son in a violent history with relevance far beyond the realm of familial bonds.

As Hemingway draws the scene, the doctor appears to be the only person who can remain oblivious to the Indian woman's screams. All others who do not have to assist in the operation have moved up the road out of earshot. When Nick asks his father to quiet her screams, he responds: "But her screams are not important. I don't hear them because they are not important" (16). Some have read this as callousness, others as professional distance; either way, Dr. Adams psychically distances himself from the woman to the point that she loses her markers of humanity (this psychical distancing is repeated in Nick's belief that he would never die). Dr. Adams chooses to envision her body as a territory without agency or voice, a kind of uninhabited land he takes possession of and must get under control (what Stephen Greenblatt, in *Marvelous Possessions*, refers to as "terrae nullius" [60]). Once the doctor begins working on the Indian woman, her pain is so great, "Uncle George and three Indian men held the woman still" (17); she bites Uncle George on the arm, resisting, fighting back. This image echoes a scene from another Hemingway story, "A Way You'll Never Be," which provides a visual and psychological analogue for the Indian woman's experience at the hands of Dr. Adams.

> propaganda postcards showing a soldier in Austrian uniform bending a woman backward over a bed; the figures were impressionistically drawn; very attractively depicted and had nothing in common with actual rape in which the woman's skirts are pulled over her head to smother her, one comrade sometimes sitting upon the head. (403)

A woman, reduced to nothing but screams and biting at the men who hold her down, must submit as they perform an act over which she has no control. Certainly we cannot say that "Indian Camp" here depicts a rape; the doctor and the men holding this woman down are attempting to deliver a baby and save the mother's life. But what we can see, and perhaps more importantly, what the Indian husband sees, is a woman's body as a territory under complete control of white men.[5] The Indian husband, we must not forget, had endured the most painful part of his wife's suffering, when she had been attended by "all the old women in the camp" (16). His suicide comes later, when the Indian women mysteriously leave the birthing to be replaced by three Indian men, Uncle George, Nick, and Dr. Adams.[6]

When Dr. Adams finishes the operation, he feels "exalted and talkative as football players are in the dressing room after a game" (18).

> "That's one for the medical journal, George," he said. "Doing a Caesarian with a jack-knife and sewing it up with nine-foot, tapered gut leaders." (18)

Uncle George's sarcastic response, "Oh, you're a great man, all right" (18) not only reinforces the insidious connection between Dr. Adams and Caesar ("a great man"), but the doctor's immediate desire to have the operation written down in the medical journals recalls Stephen Greenblatt's research on ways explorers conquered the "new world."

In *Marvelous Possessions*, Greenblatt explains that early settlers of the new world established themselves and gained property almost exclusively by means of speech acts: "For Columbus taking possession is principally the performance of a set of linguistic acts: declaring, witnessing, recording. The acts are public and official" (57). In addition to the verbal testimony, the speaker would take care that "everything would be written down and consequently have greater authority" (57). These documents would then provide both "truth" and "legality" for the procedure, "ensuring that the memory of the encounter is fixed, ensuring that there are not competing versions of what happened" (57).

After the Caesarean, Dr. Adams felt "exalted," a word that not only means elated, but also connotates a rise in "status, dignity, power, honor, wealth" (*Webster's New World Dictionary*). He was "talkative," defining and declaring his accomplishment before witnesses. Dr. Adams felt like a "football player in the dressing room after a game," and when we consider football as a sanctioned form of violence between men, the dressing room represents a space where the winning team revels in a victory. Finally, there is Dr. Adams's wish to have this event written down in a medical journal. His medical journals represent an ultimate authority: a removed, consecrated sign of medical, legal, and institutional power, not unlike the proclamations sent back to the crown by Columbus as a form of institutional domination over the colonies.

Greenblatt further points out that Indians were unable to contradict the colonizers' proclamations, "because only linguistic competence, the ability to understand and to speak, would enable one to fill in the sign" (60). "Indian Camp" does not offer a single Indian voice, only the pregnant Indian woman's screams. Elaine

Scarry's *The Body in Pain* explains the way extreme physical pain will "bring about an immediate reversion to a state anterior to language, to the sounds and cries a human being makes before language is learned" (4). The Indian woman loses her ability to make sense through language, and she is ultimately rendered altogether senseless: "She did not know what had become of the baby or anything" (18); moreover, when her screams are acknowledged in this story, we find that the men have purposefully devised ways to screen them out. First, we find that the Indian men "moved off up the road . . . out of range of the noise she made" (16), specifically removing to a place where they need not hear her screams. Second, when Nick asks his father to quiet her screams, Dr. Adams instructs his son outright that he does not hear them. Third, as suggested earlier, we cannot definitively assert that even the Indian husband is directly reacting to his wife's screams, since he must know that after enduring them for so much time, they will soon cease. Hemingway's juxtaposition of Dr. Adams's insistent discourse and the woman's preliterate or illiterate state shows how her body becomes her only identity. Her body literally gets hollowed out in this story; the figurative metaphor of terrae nullius has become a reality in the hands of Dr. Adams, much like Greenblatt's description of early settlers and their official claims for territory in the new world.

> you shall make before a notary public and the greatest possible number of witnesses, and the best known ones, an act of possession in our name, cutting trees and boughs, and digging or making, if there be an opportunity, some small building. (56)

Dr. Adams has cut into the woman, like the early settlers leaving a gash in a tree, and her scar will serve as a marker (just as the scaler's mark of "White and McNally" signifies ownership of the logs in the second story). Because "Indian Camp" offers a jackknife rather than a scalpel, no anesthetic, biting, and screams of pain, the line between healing and violence becomes blurred. This discussion, confined to the context of "Indian Camp" and the woman's body, remains incomplete without an explanation of the ways in which "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife" carries themes of gendered violence and bodily pain into a racially charged context.

The opening scene of "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife" hints at connections with "Indian Camp," both in the representation of landscape and similarity in themes. The story opens,

> Dick Boulton came from the *Indian camp* to *cut up* logs for Nick's father. He brought *his son* Eddy and another Indian named Billy Tabeshaw with him. They came in through the back gate *out of the woods*, Eddy carrying the long *cross-cut saw* . . . .
>
> He turned and shut the gate. The others went on ahead of him down to *the lake* shore where the logs were buried in the sand. (italics mine, 23)

The allusions to "Indian Camp" are impossible to overlook. Again, we have an Indian camp, a father and son pair, a cross-cutting saw, an entry-way, the woods, the lake. Paul Strong's article, "The First Nick Adams Stories," offers a clear and startling summary of parallels between the two stories:

> "Doc" arrives at the Indian camp with his jack-knife to deliver a baby trapped in its mother's womb; unless he is successful, it will probably die. "Dick" arrives at the Adamses' with cant-hooks to free up logs trapped in the sand; unless he does, the wood will probably rot. "Doc" heats water, washes his hands, delivers the baby and announces its identity—"it's a boy." Eddie and Billy Tabeshaw deliver a log, wash it, and "Dick" determines its identity—"It belongs to White and McNally." The cesarean ends with "Doc" "sewing it up"; because of the set-to, "Dick" never does "saw it up." (86)

"The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife" almost serves as a reply to the doctor's Caesarian hubris in "Indian Camp," for here the roles between the white man and the Indian have reversed. In this story, the doctor now needs the Indian men to help him dislodge the logs and saw them up. Here one Indian speaks—has the last word, in fact—while the doctor is silenced, though the Indians "could see from his back how angry he was" (25). Dr. Adams's verbal threat, "If you call me Doc once again, I'll knock your eye teeth down your throat," is returned with "Oh, no, you won't, Doc" (25). Not only does Dick Boulton make the doctor back down, but he uses Ojibway, a language unfamiliar to Dr. Adams, to mock him. This scene presents an utter reversal of power relations, where the dominant language, or, the language of dominance, has lost its force.

The threat of violence centers on the half-buried logs that lie along the lake's shore. One is reminded again of Kolodny's work,

which shows a clear link between the land (virgin woods) and the female body as a primary site of contestation. Dick Boulton, described as a "half-breed," dares to accuse Dr. Adams of stealing the logs.

> "Well, Doc," he said, "that's a nice lot of timber you've stolen."
> "Don't talk that way, Dick," the doctor said. "It's driftwood." (24)

Dr. Adams chooses to rename the wood, altering its status from "timber,"' which entails value and ownership, to "driftwood," implying a freedom from the rules of legal possession. Dick counters this with a kind of textual evidence, the ultimate source of "truth" and "legality."

> "Wash it off. Clean off the sand on account of the saw. I want to see who it belongs to," Dick said.
>
> The log was just awash in the lake. Eddy and Billy Tabeshaw leaned on their cant-hooks sweating in the sun. Dick kneeled down in the sand and looked at the mark of the scaler's hammer in the wood at the end of the log.
>
> "It belongs to White and McNally," he said, standing up and brushing off his trousers knees.
>
> The doctor was very uncomfortable. (24)

Just as the doctor's mark was left on the Indian woman's body and could later be further consecrated in the medical journals, the log in this scene bears the mark of its possessor—White and McNally.

The symbolic value of the name, White, should not be lost in our reading. Thomas Strychacz's article "Dramatizations of Manhood in Hemingway's *In Our Time* and *The Sun Also Rises*" offers a useful reading of the scene's significance:

> The mark of the scaler's hammer in the log shows that it belongs to "White" and McNally. In the same way, the fence around the white doctor's garden marks the extent of his domain in the forest, the Indian's traditional space, from which the three Indians appear and into which they disappear. The recognition that the land is stolen as well as the logs deepens the significance of the doctor's shame—it becomes his culture's shame too—and begins to explain why he fails to protect the integrity of his space. The doctor has no ground to stand on because the ground is, morally speaking, not his; the fence around the garden is as morally indefensible as stealing the logs. (250)

Thus Dick Boulton uses a "textual" reference, the institutional imprint of a company's legal right, to support his shaming attack on Dr. Adams, and if we think back to "Indian Camp," Dick's success should not take us by surprise. When Dr. Adams wished to applaud his achievement in performing the Caesarean section under such primitive conditions, he immediately exclaimed that the procedure would be "one for the medical journal" (18). So when Dick Boulton refers to the text for *his* authority, the doctor can only back down. This may also explain the doctor's subsequent irritation when he reenters the cottage: "In the cottage the doctor, sitting on the bed in his room, saw a pile of medical journals on the floor by the bureau. They were still in their wrappers unopened. It irritated him" (25). These same journals had once been the textual representation and affirmation of his great power, but in this scene they lay on the floor, unread, impotent, and useless to him.

The Big Man dynamic described earlier is also reversed here. In "Indian Camp," Uncle George distributes cigars, a gift that does not get reciprocated; but in "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife," when the confrontation begins, we find "Dick was a big man. He knew how big a man he was" (24). The previously sanctioned forms of competition and rivalry have at last given way to overt threats and potential violence. For, if we read these two stories as a unit, then the progression of violence from "Indian Camp" to "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife" moves from the obscured to the overt; "Doc" sits on his bed cleaning a shotgun: "he pushed the magazine full of the heavy yellow shells and pumped them out again. They were scattered on the bed" (26). Strychacz has pointed out that "the rifle . . . signifies the technological superiority that hastened the appropriation of the Indian lands" ("Trophy-Hunting" 36). More obviously, we can easily decode the sexual metaphor of shells pumped through a shaft and then left scattered on the bed, wasted and impotent.

The scene where violent, sexual, and racial markers all coincide most completely is during the climactic confrontation between "Dick" and "Doc":

> "If you think the logs are stolen, leave them alone and take your tools back to the camp," the doctor said. His face was red.
> "Don't go off at half-cock, Doc," Dick said. (24)

The scene quoted above contains not only a sexual, but also a racial metaphor that finally dislodges the most stubborn racial marker of all—skin color. During the confrontation, the doctor's face, presumably because of his embarrassment and anger, has turned red. A fight, ostensibly between Dick, the Indian, and Doc, the white man, must also be read in reverse: as a confrontation between Dick, "many of the farmers around the lake really believed he was a *white* man," and Doc, whose "face was *red*" (italics mine, 24). A climactic scene between the "great man" and the "big man" forces social relations into the realm of violence, at once exposing and challenging the artificiality of power relations based on essentialist notions of racial difference, like those presented in "Indian Camp." Here, in the second story, the racial markers continually shift, and we in turn must shift our perceptions of race in Hemingway's stories.

Borrowing from Michael Omi and Howard Winant, I would suggest that Hemingway's stories represent race as an "unstable and 'decentered' complex of social meanings constantly being transformed by political struggle" (55). "Indian Camp" does present a biologically based view of racial difference and implies almost unwavering success for power relations that rely on white male dominance. The only crack in the veneer comes with Uncle George's sarcasm, which deflates Dr. Adams's self-aggrandizement, but George's remark loses its force in the wake of Nick's final musing that he will never die. Returning once again to Nick's final words in "Indian Camp," George Monteiro has suggested that the words reflect a belief he will never die "that way," (155) as the Indian has died. This reading again foregrounds Nick's extreme psychical distancing between self and other, a pattern of distancing he learned from his father, to whom the woman's screams are "not important." But "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife" seriously complicates Nick's hyper-essentialist notion (that we are so different, even the ultimate leveler of humanity—death—divides the races). Dick defies racial categorization, coopts forms of literacy valued by Dr. Adams, challenges him based on the law, and therefore reverses the power relations based in an authority ordinarily accessible only to whites. All of this simultaneously highlights the social constructedness of racial difference, undoing the hierarchy of power in "Indian Camp," and creating overt parallels between Dick/Doc, and to some extent, between Dr. Adams and the Indian husband.

While in the cottage, the brief interchange between Dr. Adams and his nameless wife almost serves yet another direct reference to the doctor's earlier authority in "Indian Camp":

> "Remember, that he who ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city," said his wife. She was a Christian Scientist. Her Bible, her copy of *Science and Health* and her *Quarterly* were on a table beside her bed in the darkened room. (25–26)

The depiction of the doctor's wife, in pain, lying in a room described twice as "darkened" and twice as "with the blinds drawn," may at first seem to present another helpless, colonized woman, whose nameless identity stems from her role of wife and mother. But her religion relies on divine law in times of sickness, disregarding external medical means of healing. Almost a direct attack on the value of medical journals, her textual authority comes in the form of a Bible, *Science and Health*, and the *Quarterly*, books entirely devoted to a faith that "denies the necessity of [Dr. Adams's] professional function" (DeFalco 165). Furthermore, her quote from scripture draws a stark contrast between the Caesar-doctor of "Indian Camp" ("he that taketh a city") and the diminutive "Doc" who turns his back on a petty fight ("he who ruleth his spirit"); the husband's power is productive here only when directed inward. Of course, this form of power is the only kind afforded to the Indian husband as well.

As Dana Nelson has written, drawing on Foucault, "it is wrong to see power as only oppressive. It can be productive and progressive—both by the intentions of those who exercise it, and unintentionally, in the gaps left by its constant failure to create a total, seamless system" (xii). For power to be total, or invulnerable, the object of that power would have to remain static and silent. While "Indian Camp" gives the impression of total domination, the seams begin to show even within that story (Uncle George's sarcasm, the Indian woman's biting back, Nick's tenuous immunity from death). In the second story, "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife," the forms of domination in the first story come back to be coopted and reinscribed by Dick, a man whose racial markings will not hold. The nonspeaking have become bilingual; those without access to institutionalized literacy now rely on legal fine print; the woman's body has been colonized by a higher power; the doctor

cannot control even the color of his skin. The conflict between Dick and Dr. Adams becomes an almost entirely discursive one, implying yet again that power relations depend on the social or cultural construction of "race," a construction that must remain variable, in flux.

But Hemingway's stories do not allow such a simplified resolution, and if we take up Joyce A. Joyce's charge that "to deconstruct 'race' is to abdicate, negate, or destroy black identity," (341) we cut to the heart of my interest in these two stories as a unit, because Hemingway does not deny the essentialist notion that some kind of inherent racial identity remains lodged in the body. The jack-knife cuts a woman's womb open; the razor slits a man's throat from ear to ear. These bodies are real; pain has marked them.

Without denying the corporeal reality of lived racial experience, these stories also demonstrate that individuals can slide back and forth between the larger categories of race. In the first story, racial essentialism comes from the fact that characters are clearly defined as white or Indian, and their roles do not shift or change in any way. White dominates and the Indian remains silent, passive, and under control of the whites. The only hint of role reversal comes when the Indian woman bites Uncle George's arm and the other Indian laughs at him, conscious of the incongruity and unexpectedness of her act. This laugh, however, is translated in the second story into outright mockery. The roles have reversed, but in order to represent this, Hemingway actually has his characters' faces change color—to be humiliated is to be red and to be victor is to be white. In this scenario, then, the tag "race" remains stable, since "white" equates with power and "red" equates with submission, but the individuals fluidly move between these markers.

In an interview with George Plimpton in the *Paris Review*, Hemingway spoke of a writer's "unexplained knowledge which could come from *forgotten racial or family experience*" (italics mine, 85). His stories may have been spurred by an autobiographical "family experience," but we cannot ignore their relation to a larger "forgotten racial experience" in American history. What happens in the confrontation between Dick and Doc represents nothing less than a crisis of authority that betrays the unstable foundation upon which the white man has built his power. When relying on the institutional authority of the medical profession, Dr. Adams worked on stable ground. But in the second story, his

power rested on the speech act, a threat, and Dick derails its authority with the simple but devastating retort, "Oh, no, you won't." The beauty of this reply is that it not only offers an implicit counterthreat, but it exposes the creaky machinery behind the doctor's earlier dominance. Stripped of institutional authority, textual authority, or witnesses, the doctor's standard mechanisms of power are laid bare: without complicity, power cannot be effective. And this brings us full circle, because that, I believe, is the moral of Toni Morrison's story as well. The "more or less tacit agreement among literary scholars" (5) requires a complicity that, despite its hold on our literary imagination, can be controverted.

"Ten Indians"

> What is exciting about American literature is that business of how writers say things under, beneath and around their stories. . . . I did this lecture for my students that took me forever, which was tracking all the moments of withheld, partial or disinformation, when a racial fact or clue sort of comes out but doesn't quite arrive. I just wanted to chart it. I listed its appearance, disguise and disappearance on every page, I mean every phrase!. . . . Do you know how hard it is to withhold that kind of information but hinting, pointing all the time? And then to reveal it in order to say that it is not the point anyway? It is technically just astonishing. As a reader you have been forced to hunt for a drop of black blood that means everything and nothing. The insanity of racism. . . . you are hunting this black thing that is nowhere to be found, and yet makes all the difference.[7] Toni Morrison

> If it is of any use to know it, I always try to write on the principle of the iceberg. There is seven-eighths of it underwater for every part of it that shows. Anything you know you can eliminate and it only strengthens your iceberg. It is the part that doesn't show.[8] Ernest Hemingway

These two interviewees, Toni Morrison and Ernest Hemingway respectively, both agree that American literature has disguised and even hidden many of its most significant themes and organizing principles. It is fascinating to read the two remarks side by side: Morrison's exasperation contrasts strongly with Hemingway's self-assured description of his honed technique. He takes pleasure and pride in a narrative style that conceals its origins, while she earnestly traces the moments of withheld information in texts and searches out their roots. Morrison believes that concerns about race structure the majority of our American literary texts.

Seemingly "white" works of fiction carry within them a strong and abiding black presence, and this black presence will often lie deeply embedded in the narrative's structure, hidden well beneath the surface. As if playing into Morrison's hands, Hemingway touts the iceberg principle as a crucial element of his own narrative technique, a method of composition in which the author consciously excludes significant material. And one can't help but wonder: are these two authors talking about the same thing?

Is it possible that much of Hemingway's fiction is structured by an invisible or nearly invisible racial presence?[9] How often might that seven-eighths of the iceberg conceal an interest in racial issues? Where in his texts might we find "racial facts or clues" that appear and then disappear? Without a doubt, in Hemingway's early fiction the native American presence structured and defined Nick Adams' journey from youth to experience, often using Biblical references as its framework. At the ending of "Indian Camp," for example, Nick feels a sense of hope that he may achieve immortality, perhaps the ultimate expression of Adamic innocence. But his story, "The Three-Day Blow," hints at the expulsion from Eden:

> The rain had stopped as Nick turned into the road that went up through the orchard. *The fruit had been picked* and the *fall* wind blew through the bare trees. Nick stopped and picked up a Wagner *apple* from beside the road, shiny in the brown grass from the rain. He put the apple in the pocket of his mackinaw coat. (italics mine, 39)

"The fruit had been picked," an apple, and "the fall" has arrived. Only a snake coiled in the branches of that apple tree would create a more obvious analogy for the Fall.

Hemingway frequently coupled Garden of Eden imagery with his depiction of America as a new world, and the false sense of "newness" raises the specter of a native American presence. America, of course, was not "new" to at least one segment of the population and therefore the moniker "Adam" as shorthand for the "first man" fits a bit less comfortably. Toni Morrison has speculated about whether the "major and championed characteristics of our national literature—individualism, masculinity, social engagement versus historical isolation . . . the thematics of innocence coupled with an obsession with figurations of death and hell—are not in fact responses to a dark, abiding, signing Africanist presence" (5) She goes on to posit that perhaps "the very manner

by which American literature distinguishes itself as a coherent entity exists because of this unsettled and unsettling population" (6). And in fact, after taking a close look at Hemingway's Nick Adams stories it becomes obvious that much is conveyed through coded language, significant omissions or disappearances, and with heavily nuanced conflicts, just as she suggests. Obviously her use of the term "Africanist" will not work in the context of this chapter, though I will substitute the native American presence for an Africanist presence to achieve much the same effect.[10]

Several critics have chronicled the importance of native American boys and girls in Hemingway's youth, but very little has been said about their importance to the Nick Adams stories. As mentioned earlier, James Mellow noted that "It is . . . one of the personal peculiarities of Hemingway's Indian stories that they are almost invariably associated with [Nick's] father in the fictional portraits of Dr. Adams" (32). Might it be more than a peculiarity? Joseph Flora also mentions the intriguing connection between Nick's boyhood and the Indians:

> Stories and fragments that deal with Nick's boyhood all touch the Indian world. Because Nick has spent his summers in Michigan close to Indians, he has been made aware of the values and aspects of his American heritage that would be mere book knowledge if he had never lived in the North near the Indians. (33)

What "values and aspects of his American heritage" does Flora allude to here? Finally, Philip Young best captures the blithe and off-handed tone critics adopt on the subject of the Indians: "Like the later and more famous 'Killers,' 'Indian Camp' is Nick's story, with the Indians and gangsters only devices for offering him some direct experience of peace in our time" (32). Young relegates the Indians to the very edges of the story; they have now been demoted to a mere "device."

While it is certainly possible to argue that Hemingway carelessly handled the native Americans who appeared in his stories and thereby explain away the numerous mysteries that surround their role, such carelessness would be highly out of character for such a supreme craftsman. Numerous critics have commented on the exacting qualities of Hemingway's prose. Nadine Devost based an entire essay on the significant and subtle ways that Hemingway differentiated between the seemingly interchangeable

nouns "woman," "wife," and "girl" in his short fiction. She argues that the use of these terms varied in accordance to his female characters' dilemmas and concludes that "Hemingway's stories are never casual" (56). Paul Strong's essay, "The First Nick Adams Stories," addresses Hemingway's craftsmanship as it arises in "Indian Camp":

> What one learns about Hemingway's technique . . . is that the smallest details of characterization always matter. One wonders, then, why Hemingway chose to single out the "young Indian" from the other rower, or from the third Indian who holds the screaming woman down, and why it is he who laughs at Uncle George's bite; why does he bother to distinguish between the woman with the lamp, an "old woman," and the "woman in the kitchen," boiling water? (31)

The presence of Indians virtually overwhelms the stories once we attune ourselves to their quiet movements. Perhaps frustrated by critics' persistent dismissals of the Indians, Hemingway, a man who rarely commented on his own stories, emphasized their importance during an interview with George Plimpton. Speaking of his most beloved story, "Big Two-Hearted River," Hemingway said:

> the Indians weren't in there, just as the war wasn't in there, but they were nevertheless an important part of the story. (88)

Here he speaks directly to Morrison's suggestion that the nonwhite characters, even at times when they are excluded from the narration, make up *an important part* of the story's impact. How much more significant might the Indians be when included in the story itself?

The Indians do not have much in the way of dialogue, and their relative silence may explain why critics like Young argue that Hemingway intended them as mere devices. But how much of Hemingway's oeuvre would we really comprehend if we were to rely heavily on dialogue? A large portion of his fame comes from his tight, terse control over language and more often than not, the important pieces of dialogue are left unsaid ("Hills Like White Elephants" provides a classic example). And yet, I return again to Hemingway's own remark: Indians were important to the story. The early Nick Adams stories establish some of Hemingway's most enduring themes: innocence versus experience, fathers and sons,

loss of wilderness, violence. How might these themes directly or indirectly make reference to the presence of Indians in American history?

R.W.B. Lewis's influential book, *The American Adam*, describes a "liberated, innocent, solitary, forward-thrusting personality" (28) created by authors like Walt Whitman, Henry James, and James Fenimore Cooper. These authors all strove to create the hero of American fiction, a man who left behind the Old World in search of new frontiers and rugged individualism. Hemingway's Nick Adams draws on this long ancestry of Adamic characters who have formed the backbone of canonical American literature, and while these characters may wish to cast off the shackles of Old World, they also had to acknowledge that the new world already had its own history. In this regard, even the Fourth of July and its celebration of independence, must evoke the early and formidable presence of Indians in America.

The Fourth of July, after all, is a celebration of America's independence from English rule; in essence, the holiday evokes a violent history of cessation from a colonistic enterprise. And yet, we must consider exactly who counts as an "American" on this day since the violence over who controlled American territory began much earlier than 1789. Winthrop Jordan has shown that the Indians held a tenuous and yet crucial role in the colonists' imagination of the new world. He writes:

> The two more primitive peoples rapidly came to serve as two fixed points from which English settlers could triangulate their own position in America; the separate meanings of *Indian* and *Negro* helped define the meaning of living in America. (90)

Jordan offers stunning historical and lexicological evidence showing that conceptions of the two groups continued to diverge throughout the nineteenth century, leading one into abject slavery and the other into an existence defined by violence and persecution, though rarely enslavement.

Both terms, Indian and Negro, were borrowed from Hispanic languages, but with an important difference. The word "Indian" referred to a geographic territory, while "Negro" referred to skin complexion, and the importance of these two appellations seems to have extended throughout the history of both races. That is, Indians were very closely associated with the American landscape,

its wilderness, and its very national identity. They were indigenous peoples. English colonists most commonly referred to Indians as "savages" or "pagans," a term that implied that the race was uncivilized, perhaps, but certainly not beyond redemption. The settlers referred to themselves as "Christians" and "English."

Negroes, on the other hand, were almost never referred to as savages or pagans; they were most commonly called "blacks" or "Africans," emphasizing a stark difference in both skin color and nationality. Jordan continues:

> Most suggestive of all, there seems to have been something of a shift during the seventeenth century in the terminology which Englishmen in the colonies applied to themselves. From the initially most common term *Christian*, at mid-century there was a marked drift toward *English* and *free*. After about 1680, taking the colonies as a whole, a new term appeared—*white*. (95)

In the earliest years of colonization, when the settlers still thought of themselves as English, the Indians were vulnerable to discrimination based on national pride; but once the colonists fought the Revolutionary War and created their own nation, the original inhabitants of the land somehow had to fit into the new formation of a national identity.[11]

Jordan points out that the Indian population had a distinct advantage over the African slaves—the Indians represented a national identity in their own right, as the indigenous people of America, "a quality which Englishmen admired in themselves and expected in other peoples" (90). They continued to live apart, fought against the colonists as distinct groups, and therefore maintained a detached but unified character. He writes, "The Indian became for Americans a symbol of their American experience; it was no mere luck of the toss that placed the profile of an American Indian rather than an American Negro on the famous old five-cent piece" (90). The untold history of racial violence that accompanied English settlement of the new world, the wars of white men against native Americans drives our own national history and it drives the Nick Adams stories. In fact, I would argue that the construction of Hemingway's famous male character comes into being at key moments of racial domination or differentiation, and in the earliest stories, this means domination of whites over native Americans.

The disappearance of Indians, the Fourth of July, verbal evasions on the subject of miscegenation, a psychological presence but physical absence: all of these themes emerge throughout the Nick Adams stories that include Indian characters. If we look back over some of the very earliest short stories written by Ernest Hemingway, with an eye toward his interest in race, very interesting patterns begin to emerge. First, an inordinate number of his short stories feature a white American male who is either accompanied or surrounded by a racially diverse cast of characters. In his early fiction, Hemingway rarely wrote a story of one white man among other white men (or women, though that probably goes without saying), and the presence of these nonwhite characters must function as one of those "racial facts or clues" that Morrison mentions above.

Since part of the aim here is to show that issues of race undergird even Hemingway's earliest writings, I will begin with a story he wrote during his junior year of high school. Oak Park High School's literary magazine, *Tabula*, published a few of his short stories, which show a young man who very much positions himself as a sophisticate within a world of crude racial distinctions. In his 1917 story "Sepi Jingan," we learn the tale of Billy Tabeshaw and the dog named Sepi Jingan who saved his life. Billy tells the story of a dangerous Indian named Paul Black Bird who got caught spear fishing illegally and killed the game warden who had come to "pinch him." The game warden happened to be Billy's cousin, so Billy sought revenge and tracked Paul for two years with his faithful dog, Sepi Jingan. One Fourth of July, Paul Black Bird was found dead on the train tracks. The townspeople assumed that he had gotten drunk and was killed by a train, but Billy explains that on that same Fourth of July he and his dog had finally run into Paul at last. The problem was, Paul saw them first and knocked Billy to the ground with a pike-pole, but his faithful dog, Sepi Jingan, attacked and killed Paul, saving Billy's life. The young Hemingway takes pains to draw a characterization of Billy that both acknowledges and defies stereotypes: "Bill is not the redskin of the popular magazine. He never says 'ugh.' I have yet to hear him grunt or speak of the Great White Father at Washington" (Montgomery 51). Furthermore, he elects to set

the climactic moment on a national holiday, the Fourth of July, which raises important historical questions about the formation of national identity and the place of Indians within that national identity.

In fact, Hemingway set at least two more Nick Adams stories (one survives as a fragment) on the Fourth of July: in addition to his high school composition, "Sepi Jingan," Hemingway wrote an unpublished fragment entitled "The Indians Moved Away," and a story published in the 1927 collection, *Men Without Women*, entitled "Ten Indians."

"The Indians Moved Away" treads on ground familiar to readers who anticipate Adamic themes: innocence versus experience, loss of wilderness, self-reliance. There is one crucial difference in this story—the themes revolve around the Indians' lives, and the classic American hero, Nick Adams, merely stands by. One might even call Nick a "device" in this story. The story has a shadowy feel, describing the presence of Indians in the wilderness without quite inhabiting their subjectivities, and yet it also quietly chronicles their disappearance. At the heart of the story, the narrator remarks, "There were no successful Indians. Formerly there had been—old Indians who owned farms and worked them and grew old and fat with many children and grandchildren" (35). So much is hidden behind that word, *formerly*. Does he refer to the time before colonists arrived in America? Or does he refer to the time before industrialization? The story recognizes a time when Indians were closely tied to the land and firmly established in families that had their own history, "children and grandchildren."

Now, many Indians lived alone in shacks, drank painkiller, and walked through the woods alone at night. Just like "Sepi Jingan," this fragment tells the story of one particular Indian who, on the Fourth of July, got drunk in town and, on his walk back home he lay down on the railway tracks and was killed by the midnight train. Joseph Flora describes the event as "heavily symbolic" (33), and while he ends his discussion on that note, it really could serve as a beginning point. Symbolic how? Why? Of what? The railroads represented a powerful new technological change in American society that allowed white men and women to continue pushing Westward with greater ease, an event that had the effect of pushing

Indians into near extinction. And in fact, the last line of the story echoes that same theme: "That was the way the Indians went" (36). They were forced to move away by the violent theft and occupation of their land.

One could argue that "The Indians Moved Away" remained a fragment, never to be published as a story, precisely because it mistakenly foregrounded the Indians' fate at the expense of our favorite hero, Nick Adams. I would argue quite differently. About his iceberg principle Hemingway carefully explained that "*anything you know* you can eliminate and it only strengthens your iceberg" (italics mine, 84). This fragment provides a tiny glimpse into the material that Hemingway knew well enough to exclude, and yet its subject matter provides structure and substance to the Nick Adams stories.

Hemingway returned to the image of an Indian being run over on the Fourth of July in yet a third story, "Ten Indians," though this story depicts the Indians' fate in a much more personalized way. Here the story opens with Nick Adams riding on a horse-drawn wagon with the Garner family, returning from a baseball game on the Fourth of July, and the family comes upon a drunken Indian in their path. Joe Garner must leap down from the wagon in order to pull the Indian out of the wheel rut: "The Indian had been asleep, face down in the sand. Joe dragged him into the bushes" (27). While the earlier stories allowed the narrator to tell of an Indian who had been killed by a train, here Nick and his friend's family come close to running over an Indian with their own wagon in the opening scene.

Several critics have argued that "Ten Indians" rightly belongs alongside the other stories of Nick Adams' Michigan boyhood, and I would agree.[12] In particular, "Indian Camp" and "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife" add a contextual basis for understanding the presence and significance of Indians throughout the early Nick Adams stories. Within the context of these two stories, in particular, the image of an incapacitated Indian being struck by a train or wagon takes on a resonance and intensity that extends well beyond the notion of westward expansion.

If we turn for a moment to the images of Indians as they appear in "Indian Camp," their physical positioning is pathetically parallel to the Indians in "Ten Indians": prostrate, incapacitated, unable to speak, in mortal danger. The Indian woman lies flat on her back,

screaming, held down by a group of men, her womb slit open with a jack-knife. The Indian husband lays in the bunk above her, with his foot cut so badly by an ax that he can't get out of bed. Soon he will roll over against the wall and slit his own throat with a razor. Ann Edwards Boutelle has argued that the "brutal operation" (138) performed by Dr. Adams in "Indian Camp" parallels the final scene in "Ten Indians" when Dr. Adams wields the knife to cut a slice of huckleberry pie for Nick. But I would draw the parallel more neatly, noting the similarities between the prostrate Indian woman and the prostrate Indian man who lies in the wagon's tracks. Both require assistance from the father figure, Dr. Adams and Mr. Garner, but neither one gets particularly gentle treatment. The Indian woman is crudely sewn up with fishing line; the Indian man is dragged to the side of the road in an area that apparently harbors snakes dangerous enough that Mr. Garner would have gotten down off his wagon to kill one. But the Indian in the wheel rut with "his face down in the sand" also resembles the Indian husband, whose only significant action in the story is to roll over so that he dies with his face "toward the wall." Faceless, endangered, crudely aided by white men, the Indians in both stories reflect passivity and helplessness.

If we look at "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife," the image of an Indian face down in the sand presents another telling metaphor. The story depicts a conflict over the land, the timber, the wilderness itself. Dr. Adams hires Dick Boulton to help him saw up the wood that washes up on shore from the big log booms. The narrative reads like this:

> Nick's father . . . hired the Indians to come down from the camp and cut the logs up with the cross-cut saw and split them. . . . There were four big beech logs lying almost buried in the sand. (22–23)

The Indian woman's womb, the Indian husband's throat, both were split open like the logs. And the logs themselves, symbols of the receding American wilderness, lie along the shore, almost buried in the sand, just as the Indian wedged in the wheel ruts lies with his face buried in the sand. Above all, the Indians are depicted in positions that connect them to the physical landscape, a landscape that has been altered, even mutilated, by the technological and physical advance of white men and women.

As for the storyline itself, critics agree that its structure is quite precise. Paul Smith summarizes: "the story's symmetrical structure—two identical parts of three scenes of dialogue (each introduced by a narrative paragraph and with narrative transitions dividing the conversations) and a conclusion—seems to establish the scene with the Garners as a standard for measuring what is diminished or missing from the scene at Nick's home" (200). Indeed, the story constructs parallel family scenes, Nick amidst the Garners versus Nick sitting at a table with his father, but in both cases the topic of conversation does not vary. Both families discuss Nick's troubled (or perhaps, troubling) relationship with an Indian girl, Prudence Mitchell.

If the Garner family is indeed meant to represent a warm and benevolent group that will starkly contrast with the cold and heartless Dr. Adams, the reader must be willing to forgive or disregard the family's incessant racist remarks. Upon encountering a sleeping Indian in their path, Mr. Garner scrambles down off their wagon to remove him into the bushes. He had been keeping count, announcing "That makes nine of them." And Mrs. Garner responds with the dismissive remark, "Them Indians" (27). So their very first exchange quickly establishes an us/them dichotomy. The Garners sit high atop a carriage, only clambering down to drag an Indian off to the road side like pesky road kill. Next we hear from one of the sons, asking if the Indian had been someone they knew, Billy Tabeshaw: "his pants looked mighty like Billy" (27). To this Mr. Garner replies, "All Indians wear the same kind of pants" (27), a remark that diminishes his son's perception of the Indians as distinct individuals. Reinforcing the parallel between Indians and animals, the son named Carl says that skunks and Indians smell about the same, a remark that, surprisingly, prompts Mrs. Garner to reprimand him with "I won't have Carl talk that way" (28).

But where did he learn to speak so derisively about the Indians? Mrs. Garner's next comment entirely undermines her own half-hearted defense of the Indians. In response to the news that Nick has an Indian girlfriend she berates her own son with the comment: "Carl can't get a girl, not even a squaw" (29). "Not even a squaw" reveals a not particularly subtle hierarchy of white girls and squaws, with squaws at the losing end. Carl, who has internalized his parents' condescension toward Indians rejoinders with "I

bet Pa wouldn't ever have had a squaw for a girl" (29). At this, Mrs. Garner whispers something to her husband which makes him laugh out loud. The other son, Frank, asks what they're laughing at and Mrs. Garner warns, "Don't you say it, Garner" (29). What were they whispering that the young boys can't hear? Was it bawdy? Racist? Whatever she said, its very omission establishes its importance and centrality. Her remark must have been on the general subject of miscegenation, a topic that pervades the story but never quite becomes overt. Interestingly, the character of Mrs. Garner perfectly embodies the tendency described by Toni Morrison:

> Through significant and underscored omissions, startling contradictions, heavily nuanced conflicts, through the way writers people their works with the signs and bodies of this presence—one can see that a real or fabricated Africanist [native Americanist, in this case] presence was crucial to their sense of Americanness. (6)

On a day that, more than any other, defines Americanness, the conversation revolves exclusively around the power dynamic between whites and Indians.

Given this introduction, the scene between Dr. Adams and Nick carries a lot of freighted potential. The Garner family has shown, quite overtly, how perceptions of the world are transmitted from parents to children, so we might well question how this translates with Nick and his father. Is Dr. Adams prejudiced against the Indians in the same way the Garners seem to be? Dr. Adams' behavior seems so suspicious during their conversation about Prudie, it has prompted a wild range of interpretations, including one accusing the doctor himself of desiring a tryst with Prudie in the woods.[13] But could it be that his uneasiness about Nick's relationship with an Indian girl provokes his abrupt and cold revelation? It seems very unlikely that Dr. Adams fabricates a lie in order to end Nick's association with the Indian girl, but the fact is that he effectively ends the relationship by telling Nick what he saw on his walk that afternoon. His coy language, Prudie and Frank were "threshing around" and "having quite a time," tiptoes around the subject with maddening delicacy, mimicking the whispered secrets of Mrs. Garner. The precise parallelism that structures the first and second half of this story has the effect of drawing the

Garners and Dr. Adams together in a hostile assault on Nick's Indian girlfriend, Prudie.

In essence, the Garners and Dr. Adams speak of Prudie in a way that pushes her back among "them Indians," stripping her of the touching sentimentality that Nick obviously feels toward her. Critics have followed this same vein, assuming that Prudence counts as the tenth Indian suggested by the story's title. The unconscious bodies of Indians lie all around the Garner family as they progress toward home, and Mr. Garner counts nine by the side of the road, an insufficient tally given the story's title, "Ten Indians." Prudence must be the tenth, the reasoning goes, though the story offers little that would symbolically connect her to the other nine Indians. It does, however, provide a striking final image of Nick that closely connects him to the nine Indians, which leads me to suggest that Nick himself might in fact represent the tenth Indian.

Returning for a moment to the scene on the wagon, we might linger on Nick's attitude and demeanor during the various discussions of his connection to the Indians. First, just after Joe Garner leaps down to move the Indian from the road, we find Nick straining his neck backwards "to see the Indian where Joe had dragged him alongside of the road" (27). Right away we witness at the very least a sense of curiosity, and perhaps even a feeling of sympathy for the Indian. As the conversation carries on around Nick, he does not join in except to mention that he saw two skunks the previous night and later, to shyly deny his relationship with Prudie. And yet, the narration allows us to see that he feels "happy inside himself to be teased about Prudence Mitchell" (29). His affection for at least one Indian runs quite deep.

Back at his own family's cottage, he sits with his father and talks cheerily about the day's events—Petoskey won the baseball game, he had a swell Fourth of July. Then Nick eagerly questions his father about how he spent his morning and afternoon, and his father's callous response has sparked a prolonged debate among critics. Robert Fleming has summarized the various points of view, arguing that Dr. Adams: "may be displaying a calculated cruelty toward his son"; or "impelled by love for the boy, he may be acting for Nick's own good"; or "he is motivated on one level by altruistic principles and on another by an underlying hostility in his nature" (101). As the incompatibility of these arguments suggest, the motivation of Dr. Adams remains an open question. In

Dr. Adams' defense, Nick is relentless in his questions about who his father might have seen on his walk behind the Indian camp. Nick asks his father, "Did you see anybody?" and perhaps if he had accepted his father's response, "The Indians were all in town getting drunk," he might have been spared the revelation about Prudie. Instead, he asks the follow-up question, "Didn't you see anybody at all?" (31), and Dr. Adams, prone to adopt a rigid truthfulness, admits that he saw Prudie and Frank Washburn in the woods together, "having quite a time" (31). Hemingway hardly depicts a calculating and vicious father who pounces on the opportunity to disillusion his son, but Dr. Adams obviously hurts his son by relaying the information.

The story's parallelism does raise the question: what did Mrs. Garner whisper to her husband in the first half and might this relate to Dr. Adams' mysterious motivation in the second half? As noted earlier, Mrs. Garner's whispered remark, not suitable for the boys' ears, must have been on the subject of the romantic attachment between Nick, a white boy, and Prudie, an Indian girl. Obviously this also becomes the topic of interest between Nick and his father at the story's end. Is it possible that Dr. Adams feels compelled to speak of Prudie's infidelity as a way of discouraging Nick's relationship with an Indian girl? Carl had suggested that his own father, Mr. Garner, wouldn't have had a "squaw" for a girl, and perhaps Nick's father will not tolerate a white/Indian romance.

Nick's response to the betrayal uses rather commonplace, but also symbolic language: "My heart's broken . . . If I feel this way my heart must be broken" (32). A broken heart conjures up imagery of tearing, dividedness, opposition. Nick's relationship with Prudie has been cut short this night, just after his swell Fourth of July celebration. As it happens, Hemingway originally named this story "After the Fourth," a title that subtly references a historical period of national and racial violence against the British and against the native Americans. Evidence of the Indians' degraded status lies all about Nick, the Garners, and Dr. Adams, forming an important backdrop for the story's seemingly childish romance plot. While the title "After the Fourth" subtly calls forth the presence of Indians, Hemingway's new title, "Ten Indians" places them even more front and center, particularly in its central mystery: who is the tenth?

The first nine Indians were depicted in decidedly vulnerable positions along the wagon's path back from town. One in particular lay in the wheel rut, completely prone, immobile, and "face down in the sand" (27). For Prudie to be the tenth Indian, we might look for evidence that links her to these other nine Indians; instead she is described as "threshing around," "having quite a time," and presumably lying on her back. Again, the story's symmetry plays an important role here—the opening scene presents a vulnerable Indian lying face down in the sand, and the final scene presents a vulnerable boy lying face down into his pillow. Nick Adams, after learning of Prudie's infidelity, retires to his bedroom and lays down on his bed, face down, humiliated and despairing. Hemingway emphasizes his position by describing it twice:

> Nick went into his room, undressed, and got into bed. He heard his father moving around in the living room. Nick lay in the bed with his face in the pillow. (32)

Nick thinks to himself that his heart must be broken, and his position on the bed is described once again.

> He heard a wind come up in the trees outside and felt it come in cool through the screen. He lay for a long time with his face in the pillow, and after a while he forgot to think about Prudence and finally he went to sleep. (33)

Nick had deeply identified with the Indians through his relationship with Prudie, and now his positioning on the bed completes the parallel, but when he wakes in the morning he does not remember for quite some time that his heart had been broken. For the Indians who wake up at the side of the road, their troubles cannot be so easily remedied.

So many of Hemingway's short stories are structured around a thematics of initiation into manhood and the transition from innocence to experience. "Ten Indians" has been of interest primarily to critics who wish to learn more about Nick's relationship to his father. The most pressing question critics have drawn out of the story has been: how does the final scene influence our view of Dr. Adams? But the Indians are there, right in the middle of our path. The opening scene draws attention to their physical bodies

alongside the road, and the veiled conversations concentrate almost exclusively on the female Indian, Prudence Mitchell. Nick's passage from innocence to experience takes place in the context of the nation's violent racial history, and his coming of age originates at a key moment of racial differentiation.

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CHAPTER 3

Black Eyes and Peroxide in "The Battler" and "The Light of the World"

"The Battler"

The character in "Indian Camp" who signals that Dr. Adams may not be above reproach is, of course, Uncle George. A mysterious character himself, coming along for the birthing without any seeming cause, and then disappearing, we have to wonder why Hemingway included him at all. He gives cigars to the Indians, pulls back the quilt so Dr. Adams doesn't have to touch it, holds the Indian woman down alongside three other Indian men, receives a bite from the Indian woman (calls her a "Damn squaw bitch"), sneers at his brother, "Oh, you're a great man, all right," then noticeably disappears from the story altogether. It is these last two acts, the denigration of his brother and the disappearance, that make his presence noteworthy. With characteristic economy of words, Hemingway leaves off any speech tags that indicate George "sneered" or "said with sarcasm," but there is no mistaking his tone toward the doctor. And if the tone seems unwarranted, due to our faith in the doctor's affective neutrality, then Uncle George's sarcasm seems just plain strange. Is Dr. Adams a great man in "Indian Camp"? Why would Uncle George doubt it? What makes a "great man" in Hemingway's short stories? It's a question that weaves its way through all of Hemingway's Nick Adams stories, and in fact the story Hemingway placed after "Indian Camp" and "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife" (in *In Our Time*), was originally entitled, of all things, "The Great Man."

The difficulty for Hemingway's male characters, once they have learned the performative qualities of masculine and racial identity, is that they are immediately vulnerable to external challenges; if identity is constructed on acts rather than inherent physical traits, a man can never rest in his self-assertion. The brief conflict between Dr. Adams and Dick Boulton provides a useful metaphor for the crises of authority that emerge again and again in the early fiction. Dr. Adams, angry at Dick's challenges to his sense of natural entitlement, falls back on a threat: "I'll knock your eye teeth down your throat" (25). The doctor's verbal threat creates a crisis in the presumptions of authority, exposing the consensual nature that underlies dominance in any given situation. Hemingway signals the doctor's failure to assert his dominance by making him the "red" man, while Dick has usurped the role of "white," and therefore dominant, male. Through the trope of racial transformations, Hemingway repeatedly exhibits an interest in the twin categories of race and gender as the narrative thrust in the Nick Adams stories.

Thomas Strychacz has argued, quite rightly, that for Hemingway's male characters, a "successful shaping of manhood is predicated on being acknowledged by an audience" ("Dramatizations of Manhood" 252). What is interesting about this audience that forms around Hemingway's lead male characters is that the audience, frequently, is racially diverse. In his early fiction, Hemingway rarely wrote a story of one white man among other white men, and therefore it seems important to revise our standard interpretation of the Nick Adams stories as, first and foremost, tales of initiation. I would argue that Hemingway's Nick Adams stories outline not only the formation of manhood, but the formation of manhood within the context of racial difference.

To most readers, it may sound strange to link Hemingway with racial issues. Nadine Gordimer once said that Hemingway never used black Americans in his writing. Toni Morrison has said that Hemingway "has no need, desire, or awareness of [African Americans] either as readers of his work or as people existing anywhere other than in his imaginative (and imaginatively lived) world" (69). Nevertheless, there was indeed one particular African American who lived in the early twentieth century and seemed to make quite a lasting impression on the young Hemingway, enough of an impression to inspire at least three short stories and a scene

from *The Sun Also Rises*. Growing up as an avid boxing fan in the 1910s and 1920s, Hemingway knew a great deal about the famous middle and heavyweight champions of his day, a natural interest for a man so interested in expressions of manhood. As Eldridge Cleaver has written, "[t]he boxing ring is the ultimate focus of masculinity in America, the two-fisted testing ground of manhood and the heavyweight champion, as a symbol, is the real Mr. America" (84).

During Hemingway's youth, something quite remarkable happened in the boxing world. The heavyweight champion of the world, for the first time ever, was a black man. Jack Johnson, the first African American ever allowed to contend for the heavyweight championship, defeated the white Australian Tommy Burns in 1908. Editors of the *Australian Star* presciently wrote that "this battle may in the future be looked back upon as the first great battle of an inevitable race war. . . . There is more in this fight to be considered than the mere title of pugilistic champion of the world." In subsequent years, the American boxing scene instigated one of American culture's most famous, and perhaps least understood, phenomena: the search for a Great White Hope. Stanley Ketchel, Al Kaufman, Tony Ross, "Philadelphia" Jack O'Brien, and Victor McLaglen all represented an ongoing stream of white men who attempted to dethrone Jack Johnson over the next two years.

The fervor for a white man to reclaim the title culminated in 1910, when Jim Jeffries, the retired heavyweight champion of the world, agreed to come out of retirement to fight Johnson. The fight not only drew national attention, but became a national obsession. Newspapers all over the nation, from New York to Los Angeles, published editorials on the racial implications of this match. The black newspaper, *Chicago Defender*, wrote that "on the arid plains of the Sage Brush State, the white man and the Negro will settle the mooted question of supremacy" (*Papa Jack* 96). An editorialist for the *New York Times* wrote, "If the black man wins, thousands and thousands of his ignorant brothers will misinterpret his victory as justifying claims to much more than mere physical equality with their white neighbors" (*Papa Jack* 97). Even the American Congress joined in the national discussion. Southern congressmen "talked freely of the danger of the negroes having their heads turned" by a Johnson victory (*Papa Jack* 97).

And, in fact, after Johnson defeated Jeffries (and yet another white contender, Jim Flynn) the United States Congress attempted to turn all heads away from the fight by passing a law that forbade importation and interstate transportation of films or other representations of prizefights (U.S. Congress, Senate, Congressional Record, 62d Cong., 2d sess., July 19, 1912, p. 9307). Representative Roddenberry spoke most vehemently against the films, and made no attempt to hide the fact that his vehemence sprung from racial bias: "No man descended from the old Saxon race can look upon that kind of contest without abhorrence and disgust" (9305). As heavyweight champion of the world, as a man who openly flouted fears of miscegenation by marrying only white women and openly carrying on relationships with white prostitutes, and as the first black athlete to gain prominence in an arena that had previously been white only, Jack Johnson had an enormous national impact on the United States in the 1910s and 1920s, exactly the time when Hemingway's own interest in boxing was becoming keen. It should come as no surprise, then, that the world of boxing during these decades would strike Hemingway, first and foremost, as a matter of color.

I have already discussed how the notion of racial difference dominates the two earliest Nick Adams stories, "Indian Camp" and "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife." I will now turn to a story that gestures toward these earlier stories in two conspicuous ways—by its original title, "The Great Man," and by its lead character's name, Ad, a diminutive form of Adams. In letters to Carlos Baker, Hemingway acknowledged that his short story derived from the stories of two boxers, Ad Wolgast and Oscar "Battling" Nelson. Hemingway also drew on the story of Ad Wolgast's trainer, who cared for Ad in the later years of his decline (Baker, *Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story*, 141). As Paul Smith points out, however, Hemingway invented one very interesting detail (*Reader's Guide* 117). In reality, Ad Wolgast was cared for by a white man named Jack Doyle. Hemingway's story depicts an African American caretaker named Bugs, and this slight modification adds a whole new dimension to the work, ultimately entitled "The Battler."

Not unlike the doctor, whose face becomes red as a testament to his own humiliation and defeat, Ad Francis, the lead character in "The Battler," wears the evidence of his battles on his face as well.

And while a portrait of the beaten man might seem natural for depicting a former boxer, Hemingway seems to dwell on the physical deformation to an extent that seems unnecessarily exaggerated and totalizing. Ad Francis offers a mélange of features: "his nose was sunken, his eyes were slits, he had queer-shaped lips . . . the man's face was queerly formed and mutilated. It was like putty in color" (49). A moment later, we learn that Ad has no ear. These characteristics might not add up to much more than a severely misshapen and beaten down fighter whose earlier triumphs now appear only as ugly scars if we did not also have a visual image of Nick Adams to complement the description.

Nick's face is also deformed when he meets Ad Francis: he has a black eye. Metaphorically, this bruise on Nick's eye may signify that Bugs is exactly right when he says Nick "has a lot coming to him" (52). Ad's face, after all, undoubtedly withstood many a black eye in his earlier years. More than simply presenting a metaphor, however, these visual details create the effect of minstrelsy. Ad's altered, putty-like features result in an erasure of his whiteness. A sunken nose, slit eyes, and queer-shaped lips remove him from identifiable Caucasian features; his color is no longer white, but "putty," which might best be described as noncolor. Nick, likewise, comes on the scene in an almost literal performance of blackface; his whiteness is masked by the black eye.

Not unlike Uncle George in "Indian Camp" and Dick Boulton in "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife," Bugs functions as a third character who acts as observer, commentator, and judge. Unlike the fluidity represented in the two white characters, however, Bugs seemingly projects race in the subtlest nuances of his being. Nick recognizes him as a "Negro" without even seeing him, just from hearing his voice and watching the way he walks. Strangely, these two qualities, voice and gait, are perhaps the two most performable aspects of one's identity. Actors train themselves to develop accents, mimic voices, and imitate gestures, especially when playing a part that differs in nationality or cultural background. Bugs' voice reflects a conflicting set of possibilities. Unlike Ad, who speaks in slang-filled phrases, "Don't you like my pan?" (50) and "You're going to get your can knocked off," (54) Bugs oozes politeness and refined gentility at every turn: "that made a lot of unpleasantness" (55) and "No, don't thank me, Mister Adams" (56). But whether this stance of Bugs' reflects a deferent servitude or a

conscious adoption of high-minded gentility remains unclear, and in fact his manner seems to encapsulate both. It is precisely the tenuousness of such racially charged categories that Hemingway explores in this story.

Ad's racial status, as I pointed out earlier, is obfuscated at the outset. As the story goes on, it becomes even more fluid and changeable. Quite appropriately, his face begins as putty and quickly transforms, as putty will do, into other things. Just before Ad asks Nick to give him his knife, Hemingway draws attention to Ad's downtrodden state, calling him "the little man whom Nick knew by name as a former champion fighter" (53). And in the manuscript version of "The Battler," Hemingway called him "the little man with the broken face" (John F. Kennedy Library manuscript 769, p. 13). Being denied the knife puts Ad in a frame of mind that draws him back toward the violence that had once constructed his powerful position in society. He begins glaring at Nick from beneath his lowered cap, a cap that masks his deformed facial features, particularly his eyes; much more significant, however, is the new adjective Hemingway attaches to his description of Ad: his face becomes white.

Once denied the knife, Ad is described this way: "The little white man looked at Nick." And again, once Ad begins to physically threaten Nick, the story reads, "He stared at Nick, his face was white and his eyes were almost out of sight" (53). In the published version of the story, the overt attention to whiteness ends there. In the manuscript version of the story, however, Hemingway included two more references to Ad's white face. After Bugs knocks him out, the manuscript reads "His face was white, eyes open" and Bugs "splashed water on the white face" (John F. Kennedy Library manuscript 769, p. 13).

Hemingway cut the latter two references to Ad's white face, and I would argue that he cut them for very deliberate reasons. In the brief rising action of this story, we are given the resurgence of Ad Francis as a powerful man. Each of the facial characteristics that had marked him earlier are nearly invisible under his cap and he becomes just a threatening voice: "'How the hell do you get that way' came out from under the cap sharply at Nick" (53). Like Dr. Adams, who has none of the trappings of his profession to buffer him in the Indian camp and yet he proceeds to carry out the operation in a very private and aggressive fashion, Ad realizes that

even without the ring and his manager, he can still enact some semblance of his profession right there in his own camp site. He can indeed be the great man. And all at once, his affiliation with whiteness exists.

The metaphor of whiteness as a symbol of institutional power would not hold up if it were still applied to Ad once he was knocked unconscious. Just so, Hemingway deleted the two references that had originally appeared after the blackjack incident. In her essay, "Hemingway's Girls: Unnaming and Renaming Hemingway's Female Characters," Nadine Devost argues that Hemingway may have composed his early short stories spontaneously, but during the process of revision he very deliberately examined such nouns as "girl," "wife," or "woman" and made extensive revisions so that each noun's nuance captured the character's variable qualities. She writes:

> As Hemingway's nameless women, unclaimed or ironically claimed wives, and the "girls" who inhabit his fiction demonstrate, such references in Hemingway's stories are never casual and have everything to do with revealing the dilemmas in which these women find themselves. (56)

Tags of whiteness, redness, blackness, and mutilation have the same importance as these gender tags in Hemingway's works; they demonstrate the fluctuations of identity and of cultural power in the world of his stories.

Ad's cap, pulled down over his face, shrouds his racially ambiguous facial features and accentuates only his whiteness. Most frustrating to Ad Francis is the feeling that Nick has adopted a superior attitude toward him. Four times, Ad tells Nick that he is talking and acting "snotty," most especially he feels that Nick acts snotty about his face. In his verbal attempt to humiliate Nick, he reverses the color scheme, calling Nick a "yellow-livered Chicago bastard" (59). He means to call Nick a coward, but the more common phrase, "lily-livered," with its overtones of whiteness, is not used in this case; his reference to Nick as "yellow" stands in direct contrast to Ad's emergent bravery and his own whiteness.

One final reversal, Bugs' knocking Ad unconscious with a blackjack, completes the scene. Ad's face has gone from putty to white and here, in this final confrontation, he returns to putty in Bugs' hands. At the same time, Bugs steps in and he takes on the role of

championship boxer, knocking out his opponent with one blow from behind. By way of explanation, Bugs simply says, "I have to change him when he gets that way" (136); that is, when he gets violent, dangerous, powerful, and white. One can't help but wonder what Hemingway had in mind, moreover, when he says Bugs wiped his lips "with the *pink* palm of his hand" (italics mine, 55) while the unconscious Ad lies at his feet. This reference to the pink palm of his hand does not appear in the first draft of the story; it is a detail Hemingway added later, perhaps to emphasize the total racial transformation that has occurred there.

Through the process of revision, Hemingway selected and rejected adjectives and nouns that tipped off the reader to changes in a character's identity and status, but we only become aware of these changes through examination of the manuscripts. Only then, through comparison of drafts, do we find a startling attention to racial detail that makes these early stories a matter of color. Much earlier in his writing career, however, Hemingway submerged far less of the iceberg; in fact, his early story entitled "A Matter of Colour" (1916) arguably functions as a raw precursor to "The Battler."

What is so interesting about this early story of Hemingway's, published in the Oak Park High School's literary magazine *Tabula*, is that its entire plot hinges on a racial transformation of sorts. While the story is almost always assumed to be a piece of juvenilia, unworthy of analysis on its own merits, it nevertheless establishes the broad theme of racial transformations and, more specifically, establishes boxing as a site for racially charged conflict. "A Matter of Colour," from its blatant title to its descriptive qualities, presents an unrefined Hemingway style. The characterizations are crude enough that the narrator has to state outright, "You know Joe Gans was a 'pusson of color'" (48), and the narrative relies on a joke/trick ending. While "The Battler" and other later stories subtly gesture toward themes of racial difference, "A Matter of Colour" pushes the issue into the forefront.

The story's plot is this: Danny, a white boxer with a strong right hand and a weak left, has an upcoming fight with Joe Gans, a black man. While working out, Danny busts his right hand on a punching bag and his manager can't see how he will win the fight against Joe Gans. They get the idea to hire a Swedish man who will hide behind a curtain beside the boxing ring and clobber Joe Gans over

the head with a baseball bat so Danny can win the fight and plenty of money. As the white boxer backs the black boxer up against the curtain, nothing happens. In a quick turn of events, the black boxer then backs the white boxer against the curtain and the Swede knocks out the white boxer with the baseball bat. When asked at the end of the fight how he could have hit the white man instead of the black man during this fight, the Swede replies: "you no should talk at me like that—I bane color blind" (49).

Whatever Hemingway might have later felt about the craft of this early story, he certainly didn't believe that its content was unworthy; he used the same device of a racially charged knockout from behind in "The Battler" and directly mentioned a boxer famous for this trick in "The Light of the World," a boxer named Stanley Ketchel who fought none other than Jack Johnson. Ketchel, one in a long line of "great white hopes," was especially famous for attempting to knock out Jack Johnson by surprise. In *White Hopes and Other Tigers*, John Lardner explains that Johnson and Ketchel were in a match that "was to be nothing more than an exhibition of sparring between a famous big man and a famous little man" (31). But Ketchel, known to be a ferocious boxer, swung at Johnson hard enough to knock him down, a clear violation of their agreement. While Ketchel's attempt to double-cross Jack Johnson may have come as a surprise to the heavyweight champion, it would not have surprised those who followed Ketchel's career. As George Plimpton describes in *Shadowbox*, Stanley Ketchel was famous for pushing his opponents up against a curtain so they could be hammered on the head by an ally behind that curtain. All of these stories, taken directly from the racially charged world of boxing during Hemingway's lifetime, filtered quite directly into his short stories.

"The Light of the World"

"The Light of the World," just as much as Hemingway's high school composition, is very much a matter of color. As with every story examined so far, the scene is set with a racially diverse cast of characters: in this case, white, African American, and native American. The two prostitutes, Alice and Peroxide, fight over their claim to a man named Steve Ketchel, over the protests of the cook, who suggests they might be thinking of Stanley Ketchel. The

characters are quite right to feel confused in their discussion of two fighters, Steve Ketchel and Stanley Ketchel. Contrary to Peroxide's memories, it was Stanley Ketchel who fought Jack Johnson and lost in 1909. Steve Ketchel, interestingly enough, fought none other than Ad Wolgast in 1915.[1]

What is it that Ketchel represents for these two women? In short, he seems to represent a fictional version of their own identity that empowers them: visions of domesticity and whiteness. Hemingway presents two quite different women in Alice and Peroxide; the former seems to have accepted her status while the latter still yearns for an alternative vision of cultural domesticity. The prostitute exists in a culture that falls outside standard demarcations of public and private spheres. Women have historically been tied to the home, that was the sphere within which their power could exist; men, on the other hand, have historically held power in the public sphere. The prostitute, of course, has neither.

Most critics have tended to believe Alice, if they believed either woman, concerning the debate over who actually knew Steve Ketchel. Undoubtedly, Alice appears the more credible because she simply refers to Steve Ketchel within the context of her own profession, unaffected by notions of grandeur beyond her own professional capabilities. Ketchel's comment, "You're a lovely piece, Alice" (45) compliments her professional proficiency and functions solely within the context of a sexual liaison, and therefore sounds plausible.

Peroxide, on the other hand, uses Steve Ketchel as a platform for her dreams of domesticity. She says she loved him "like I loved God" (44), and would have married him, but it would have been "a drawback to his career" (44). Her final exclamation, "They can take my body. My soul belongs to Steve Ketchel" (45) draws her away from earthly associations. Peroxide creates a distant world for herself, one that exists outside of her own body, one that allows her to be something akin to a wife, or, more dramatically, a nun (she does, after all, claim spiritual marriage to a God). She abandons the realm of her own physicality, renounces her own body, to embrace a world of spiritual marriage and the pairing of two souls.

Alice moves from the spiritual to the concrete, and in so doing, she completely undermines Peroxide's illusions. She starts with the basics: "You never layed Steve Ketchel in your life, and you know it" (45). Her claim that Steve Ketchel told her "You're a lovely

piece" goes entirely against the grain of Peroxide's dreams of metaphysical love. Peroxide must reply, "It wasn't the way [Steve] talked" (46). Alice's final attack on Peroxide is utterly scathing: "You haven't any real memories except having your tubes out and when you started C. and M." (46). She forces Peroxide to consider her own wracked, barren, and unclean body, not the metaphysical world of spiritual love. Ann Romines, in her work on women and domestic ritual, has suggested that the domestic woman cleans her house in order to keep nature under control and to gain a sense of power within her confined life. In a cruel twist, Alice forces Peroxide to examine the only home she will ever have, her own body, and it is a vision of emptiness.

Just as powerful as her dreams of domesticity are Peroxide's dreams of whiteness. If we return to Thomas Strychacz's argument that "the act of performance before an audience constitutes male identity" and "a protagonist's sense of self rests precariously upon the audience's decision to validate or reject his ritual gestures" ("Dramatizations of Manhood" 247), then we have a useful framework for Peroxide's performance in front of the others at the station. Peroxide wishes to align herself with more than just domestic womanhood; she wants to align herself with whiteness. At first, her speech has an emotional effect on her audience as she describes the details of her affair with Steve Ketchel. She delivers a number of unusually lengthy speeches, "all in this high stagey way" (44), but also, apparently, in a poignant and stirring way. Nick says outright, "We were all very moved" (45), and later "we all felt terribly" (45). He can speak for the group because she is performing for the group, and they react as one.

We might say that Peroxide has not sufficiently gauged her audience, however, because at least two members have shown an intolerance for pretensions to whiteness. One of the men had already mocked the cook for putting lemon juice on his hands: "He wouldn't get them in dishwater for anything. Look how white they are" (41). In a bit of foreshadowing, it is Alice who laughs out loud at this derision of the cook, showing right away that she appreciates this kind of knock down. The subsequent description of Alice reinforces the notion that she aligns herself differently than the cook and Peroxide: "she had on one of those silk dresses that change colors" (41). Early on, then, we are primed for a conflict rooted in a matter of color.

True to form, Peroxide stresses the whiteness of Stanley Ketchel almost to the point of absurdity: "I never saw a man as clean and as white" (44); "He was the greatest, finest, whitest, most beautiful man that ever lived" (44); "He was like a god, he was. So white and clean" (45). She describes his opponent, Jack Johnson, in the most vitriolic terms, and always with racial epithets: "big dinge" and "big black bastard" and "black son of a bitch from hell" (44). Peroxide badly wants to believe that identity is not constructed through performances before an audience, and therefore she zeroes in on the qualities of Steve Ketchel that seem incontestably superior: his whiteness. Whether he won or lost that fight is irrelevant in the face of his whiteness, and she holds onto the faith that Ketchel would have beaten Johnson if he hadn't been taken by surprise. She bleaches her hair and the cook bleaches his hands because they want to align themselves as much as possible with the light-skinned of the world.

Alice, on the other hand, subverts all categories that Peroxide holds dear. After listening to Peroxide's story, Alice begins shaking with laughter and crying, until she finally cuts the story short with the challenge, "You're a dirty liar" (389). Here Peroxide had been trying to align herself with pristine whiteness and Alice chooses the word "dirty" to break the alliance. Entirely pragmatic about her own profession, Alice also cuts Peroxide deeply by repeating Ketchel's remark, "You're a lovely piece"; such a remark, whether it was truly uttered or not, refers only to a prostitute's status as sex object, and makes no pretensions toward domesticity as Peroxide wishes to do. Finally, much like Dick Boulton's attack on Dr. Adams, Alice proves to Peroxide that performances are contingent on the audience's complicity. And when Peroxide almost begs Alice, "Leave me to my memories, my wonderful memories," she's talking about dreams of cultural dominance and power, something she will never possess.

In a world where the performance of identity creates a fluctuating sense of self, the boxing arena provides a space where winners and losers are as clearly delineated as can be; therefore, it makes perfect sense that both prostitutes would cling to the mythology surrounding Ketchel, who they both view as a white knight. His compliments elevate them above their otherwise painful and degraded status in the culture. The story sets up a racialized dichotomy between "light" and "dark," showing how desperately

Peroxide wishes to identify herself with the light of the world, and the attempt to do so forces her to revise history. She so badly wants to believe in Steve Ketchel, the Great White Hope, that she claims he "knocked down" the African American man, Jack Johnson. And it was only his desire to smile at her that left him vulnerable. Just as overtly as "A Matter of Colour," Hemingway has created a narrative that shows the strains of racial tension that emerge from gender inequality and class status.

Each one of the stories discussed so far relies on these tense moments of performative reversal: Uncle George sarcastically chimes in, "Oh, you're a great man, all right"; Dick Boulton presents a sudden challenge to Dr. Adams with his defiant, "Oh, no, you won't"; Ad Francis glares out from underneath his cap and finally shoots out, "Who the hell do you think you are?"; Alice says in a low voice, "You're a dirty liar." Each turning point constitutes a crisis in the ground of authority and identity, where one individual conveys to another that his or her performance of identity will not stand. Dr. Adams asserts control over the Indian woman's body and the wilderness; Ad is angered by Nick's snottiness; Peroxide feigns associations with the white boxer. The conflicts are classic: for women, for land, for dominance, for claims to whiteness and its privileges.

Many of the confrontations that take place in Hemingway's Nick Adams stories display a white man or woman in conflict with another white man or woman.[2] The native American and African American characters sometimes speak, react, or resist, but most often they withdraw. The arguments between the whites, however, carry a strong subtext of racial identification or disidentification. The nonwhite characters who stand around the edges of the room, outside of the room, or up the road are deeply implicated in these white-white conflicts, though they choose to remain neutral. In "The Light of the World" the Indians move outside to the train station's platform as Peroxide heats up in her exultation over Ketchel's whiteness. In "The Battler," Bugs intervenes in the white-white conflict in order to preserve peace between the two men. Perhaps the African American man in "The Killers" (Sam, the cook) best embodies the attitude toward whites in conflict. He repeats a single refrain throughout the story:

> "I don't want any more of that. I don't want any more of that." (65)
>
> "I don't like it. I don't like any of it at all." (66)

> "You better not have anything to do with it at all. You better stay way out of it." (66)
>
> "I don't even listen to it." (68)

Any threat of violence always has the immediate potential to spill over into racial violence. Earlier in the story one of the killers asks to have Sam brought out of the kitchen. George, the owner, protests: "What are you going to do with him?" and the killer responds, "Nothing. What would we do to a nigger?" (61). The answer to this question just floats in the air. What wouldn't they do? What hasn't been done already? And while the violence is never directed at the nonwhite characters within the stories themselves, the conflicts are nevertheless structured and informed by anxieties about racial issues.

CHAPTER 4

Light, Snow, and Whiteness in "The Short, Happy Life of Francis Macomber" and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro"

"The Short, Happy Life of Francis Macomber"

One wonders how different "The Short, Happy Life of Francis Macomber" would be if the hunting expedition had been led by a black African rather than by a British white hunter. The story, and its critics, seem to need Robert Wilson badly. He stands alongside Jake Barnes and Robert Jordan as the iconic code hero, one who performs bravely, shows grace under pressure, and initiates a naive Francis Macomber into the world of manhood. A long line of critics have adopted the basic position outlined by Philip Young, who held that "Macomber, a frightened man, is seen in the story learning the code from Wilson, his professional hunting guide. He is presented as being very ignorant at first, but he painfully learns and he becomes a man in the process" (*Ernest Hemingway: A Reconsideration* 116).[1]

As early as 1955, however, Warren Beck began to question the wholehearted embrace of Robert Wilson as classic code hero, noting that Wilson's perspective is severely limited by his own biases and stereotypes about Americans, about women, and about power. Several critics have since followed Beck's lead, enumerating the many faults of Robert Wilson and questioning interpretations that do not take into account these inconsistencies of character.[2]

In *A Reader's Guide to the Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway*, Paul Smith argues that the controversy between the "traditionalists" and the "revisionists" has "ended or, possibly, that all the antagonists lie exhausted on the field" (344). And perhaps he is right, the antagonists have simply worn themselves out with arguments about manhood that cut very deeply into the marrow of Hemingway criticism. For this reason, my approach to this story originates in a different place. "The Short, Happy Life of Francis Macomber" is the most written about short story in Hemingway's oeuvre, but you could read the criticism and hardly know that the story is set in Africa (save for the occasional mention of lions). If we turn our gaze toward Africa and its inhabitants, it becomes evident that the initiation of Macomber into heroic manhood functions, very simply, as a euphemism for the initiation of Macomber into the thing that Wilson truly stands for: British imperialism.

Robert Wilson reveals himself as a man with imperialist attitudes in several ways. He uses the harshest tool of all—whipping—to show his authority over the Africans, but that's only the most obvious way in which he exercises his power. He attempts to teach Francis how to exploit the country through political and economic coercion, even when this involves illegal and unethical tactics. He constructs a mythology that encourages Francis to reframe his own identity and prop up the hegemonic culture of white masculinity. And he instructs Francis how to control and dominate his wife. Critics have focused so heavily on this last topic, the power struggle between Francis and Margot, that the fate of the Africans has been almost wholly obscured. But we must remember, as bell hooks has argued, gender inequality functions in tandem with racial inequality and other forms of oppression: "Feminism, as liberation struggle, must exist apart from and as a part of the larger struggle to eradicate domination in all of its forms. We must understand that patriarchal domination shares an ideological foundation with racism and other forms of group oppression, that there is no hope that it can be eradicated while these systems remain intact" (*Talking Back* 22). If Francis becomes a man like Wilson, there is no question that the Africans, as well as Margot, will be oppressed by his newfound sense of power.

Francis Macomber is a wealthy white male, a potential ally, but Wilson observes certain behaviors that make him uneasy. It's not

so much the question of whether Francis is a coward; it's whether he has the stuff to be a fellow imperialist. Francis is an American, and Wilson doesn't know how to assess American men. He is convinced that American women are "the hardest in the world; the hardest, the cruelest, the most predatory and the most attractive and their men have softened or gone to pieces nervously as they have hardened" (8). In Wilson's view, the rise in women's power and equality inevitably requires American men to become "soft," "nervous," and weak, an intolerable reversal.

Wilson's obsession with the Macombers' nationality seems a bit odd, except when we consider that he is a British man living in Kenya during a period of colonialist British rule. He looks at the Americans and he has no way of knowing their politics or sympathies toward his position in Africa. Again and again he puzzles over their peculiar ways, wondering to himself: "how is one to know about an American?" (7); "You most certainly could not tell a damn thing about an American" (8); and, finally, "some of them stay little boys so long, Wilson thought . . . the great American boy-men" (33). On one hand, the United States once was a British colony, so Americans may chafe against the idea of British rule in Africa or anywhere in the world. On the other hand, the United States fought a Civil War over secession and slavery, sanctified Jim Crow laws, endured race riots, and so on. How is Wilson supposed to know the racial politics of an American?

Wilson adopts a conversational style whereby he attempts to glean Francis' political and moral leanings and, more urgently, to create a mythology of white masculinity that will allow Francis to embrace Wilson's ideological posture. From the very opening scenes, however, we see that Wilson's performances of manhood are built upon empty rituals, false bravado, abuse, and exploitation.

The story opens with a host of African men—the cook, the personal boys, the skinner, and the porters—carrying Francis into camp on their shoulders in a mock display of triumph and courage.[3] The African men set Francis down, shake his hand, congratulate him, and then disappear. Wilson, the white hunter, pretends that nothing shameful has happened as he raises his glass in a toast and reassures Francis: "You've got your lion and a damned fine one too" (4). Margot, aghast at Wilson's false bravado, stares at both men in disbelief, then walks off to the tent, crying. Wilson takes this opportunity to demean her response: "Women upset. . . . Amounts

to nothing. Strain on the nerves and one thing'n another" (5). The narration tells us that Francis "had just shown himself, very publicly, to be a coward" (4). But Wilson will not allow a white man to be perceived as such in front of the Africans or a woman. Wilson lays the groundwork for Francis' initiation into manhood: maintain a brave face and powerful position in front of nonwhites; dismiss women's feelings and expect them to be weak, fragile, and so on.

Francis, humiliated by his cowardice, asks Wilson not to speak of it to anyone, a request that takes Wilson by surprise: "He had not expected this . . . I rather liked him too until today" (7). Wilson will keep his secret because he needs to uphold the myth of white male superiority, though he is desperately frustrated by this American man who doesn't seem to know the unspoken codes that bind white men together. He adds, "It's bad form to ask us not to talk though" (7), and undoubtedly he tells the truth, because such talk exposes the fragile ideology that underpins white male dominance. Faced with Macomber's weakness, Wilson had decided to make a clean break rather than continue trying to initiate Macomber into his world. But Macomber apologizes for asking Wilson to keep silent, and Wilson changes his mind once again: "He [Wilson] was all ready to break it off quickly and neatly and here the beggar [Macomber] was apologizing after he had just insulted him. He made one more attempt" (7). His next comment is pathetically transparent in its attempt to construct a trumped-up mythology of white male bravery:

> "You know in Africa . . . no white man ever bolts."
> "I bolted like a rabbit," Macomber said.
> Now what in hell were you going to do about a man who talked like that, Wilson wondered. (7–8)

Interesting that Wilson makes the point, "You know *in Africa* no white man ever bolts." This allows Francis the psychological space to revise his sense of self in this particular country: a white man among black men, a dominant man among submissive men, women, and beasts. Wilson drops the freighted issue of nationality—American versus British—and cuts to the chase. White men, all white men, do not bolt. Not ever. They show no fear before man or beast. Not in colonialist Africa, where white men must occupy a position of dominance at all times lest they leave an opening for "the natives" to assume that role for themselves.

And Wilson is ever watchful for the slightest hint of insubordination among the Africans who work for him. If they show even the slightest hint of independence, Wilson takes action immediately. He does not miss any opportunity to maintain control over the African men through economic and political coercion, or, if necessary, through violence. Macomber asks what he should pay the African assistants who mixed the drinks, and this interchange follows:

> "What had I ought to give them?" Macomber asked.
> "A quid will be plenty," Wilson told him. "You don't want to spoil them."
> "Will the headman distribute it?"
> "Absolutely." (3)

In addition to being boyish, Macomber shows himself to be a democratic fellow, concerned about the proper payment due the African workers and careful to ask whether it will be distributed fairly; at the same time, we learn that Robert Wilson wants to maintain strict control over the Africans workers, to ensure that they know their place, that they not get "spoiled."

Wilson's abusive power over the African men is shown most dramatically when Macomber's "personal boy" is caught "looking curiously at his master" (6). The African learned the truth about that morning's lion hunt—that Francis bolted in sheer terror—and he stares at the cowardly white "master," something that Wilson will not abide. Wilson snaps at him in Swahili and "the boy turned away with his face blank" (6).

> "What were you telling him?" Macomber asked.
> "Nothing. Told him to look alive or I'd see he got about fifteen of the best."
> "What's that? Lashes?"
> "It's quite illegal," Wilson said. "You're supposed to fine them."
> "Do you still have them whipped?"
> "Oh, yes. They could raise a row if they chose to complain. But they don't. They prefer it to the fines." (6)

Does anyone believe that Wilson canvassed his African employees to see whether they preferred lashings versus fines? He intimidates through physical violence because it's the most direct and visible form of domination available to the white master. Robert Wilson is

the white hunter, head of the outfit, while the African gun-bearers and "native boys" clearly exist in a state of abject servitude. Wilson uses everything he has at his disposal—economic coercion, political power, physical intimidation, and cruelty—to uphold his dominance over the African men.

Wilson's hatred for American women arises from the same desire for unqualified white male dominance. He wants women to be submissive, silent, or absent. Margot will not fulfill his desired stereotype. She uses the power of her gaze to challenge his authority again and again and he is unnerved by it: "She had a very perfect oval face, so perfect that you expected her to be stupid. But she wasn't stupid, Wilson thought, no, not stupid" (8). She observes his brutal behavior and she has the license to challenge him without fear of receiving fifteen lashes. After staring at Wilson for a good long time, she initiates a conversation about his physical features.

> "You know you have a very red face, Mr. Wilson," she told him and smiled again.
> "Drink," said Wilson.
> "I don't think so," she said. "Francis drinks a great deal, but his face is never red."
> "It's red today," Macomber tried to joke.
> "No," said Margaret. "It's mine that's red today. But Mr. Wilson's is always red."
> "Must be racial," said Wilson. "I say, you wouldn't like to drop my beauty as a topic, would you?" (5)

Margot sees most clearly that Wilson performs an identity, and perhaps her perceptiveness should not come as a surprise, given that her own early career as a model was dependent on the performance of a sexualized identity. She observes that "the baked red of his face stopped in a white line that marked the circle left by his Stetson hat" (4). An early manuscript goes even further, saying he "got himself covered in a perfect disguise made out of his own body" (John F. Kennedy Library manuscript fragment 689, p. 2).[4] The tough clothing and leathery skin project a powerful identity, but the white line at the top of his forehead hints at the performative aspects of this social self. He is the "white hunter" who is also referred to as a "red-faced swine" (25) and "the beautiful red-faced Mr. Robert Wilson" (21), revealing an unstable identity that must continuously reinvent itself.

The redness in Wilson's face, along with the "baked" leathery skin, also symbolically links this man to British imperialism. At the height of British imperialism, mapmakers painted all the world's countries under British rule the color red, and it was said that the sun never set on the British empire due to its pervasive presence on every continent. The persistent redness in Wilson's face suggests this connection, and Margot's commentary reveals the instability of his imperialistic "disguise" underneath that Stetson hat.

Margot also watches Wilson in his professional role as guide. Instead of valorizing the white hunter's prowess, she registers growing disgust and challenges his false bravado: "You were lovely this morning. That is if blowing things' heads off is lovely" (9); and "I didn't know you were allowed to shoot them from cars though" (29); and "Just because you've chased some helpless animals in a motor car you talk like heroes" (33). Margot recognizes that Wilson's successes all rely on an unlawful use of guns and cars, overwhelming technology that substitutes for any real bravery. Nina Baym points out that it is Margot who see that "the animals in the wild are not true adversaries or antagonists, because they are so massively overpowered by the men's technology—their guns, their cars. The safari as she sees it is a sham, its participants hypocrites" (114). What she comes to see is that Robert Wilson does not live by the modern codes of civilization whereby a man and a woman, or an American and an African, can have access to various forms of power. He has created a lawless and hierarchical society where white men hold power, African men are whipped, animals are slaughtered by "cannons," and women are a nuisance except when they make themselves sexually available for one of his "windfalls." Wilson is the very worst kind of British colonialist: an unscrupulous opportunist, a plunderer, exploitive, unethical, and filled with a sense of entitlement.

Threatened by Margot's persistent critical gaze, Wilson encourages Francis to assert his dominance and keep her under control. When Margot makes her way into Wilson's tent during the middle of the night for a sexual liaison, Wilson doesn't condemn Margot, admitting the next morning that "it was a pleasure to see her" (27), particularly because she hadn't talked much the night before. Instead, he blames Francis, who should keep his wife in her place: "Well, why doesn't he keep his wife where she belongs? What does he think I am, a bloody plaster saint? Let him keep her where she

belongs. It's his own fault" (23). Wilson not only fails to be apologetic about his betrayal of Macomber, he later views the event as an important turning point for Francis, almost as though he had done him a favor, a point to which I will return. He takes it as part of his duty and privilege to avail himself of the men's wives, convinced that the women did not feel they were getting their money's worth "unless they had shared that cot with the white hunter" (26). In other words, he makes his living by exploiting the African countryside, the African men who serve him, and the women who join his safaris.

What is so interesting about Wilson's sexual liaison with Margot is its absolutely passionless quality, as routinized as a monetary exchange. Rene Girard's book, *Deceit, Desire, and the Novel* traces the presence of such erotic triangles in major works of nineteenth-century fiction; in it, Girard argues that in the case of an erotic rivalry, the bond linking the two male rivals is even stronger than the bond that links either man with the woman. While most critics view the cuckoldry of Francis as grounds for a final condemnation of Margot Macomber, the event itself seems to have much more to do with the relationship between Wilson and Francis than it has to do with Margot. After the event, the interchange between Margot and Francis is very brief and she drifts off to sleep mid-way through. The next day, however, high emotions and rivalry exist between the two men. Wilson cruelly asserts his dominance first thing in the morning in response to Francis' query of how he slept: "Topping" (23), fueling Francis's anger: "You bastard, thought Macomber, you insolent bastard" (23). Their rivalry becomes sharper in a second exchange, again with Margot serving as pawn:

> "Do you think we'll find buffalo?" Margot asked, pushing away a dish of apricots.
> "Chance of it," Wilson said and smiled at her. "Why don't you stay in camp?"
> "Not for anything," she told him.
> "Why not order her to stay in camp?" Wilson said to Macomber.
> "You order her," said Macomber coldly. (24)

The issue at hand is hardly the morality of Wilson's betrayal; rather, both men are jockeying for a position of dominance over the woman, searching for the authority to give her orders as they would the African servants.

Francis Macomber's transformation, his supposed initiation into manhood or moment of regained honor, notably takes place on Robert Wilson's watch. Wilson alone narrates the crucial moment, and the reader should cast a wary eye on his interpretation. He has already shown himself to be one who sees the world in black and white, as George Cheatham has noted: "[Wilson will] reduce all relationships and all people to a simple either/or. Francis either can control his wife or he cannot. Margot is either a hell of a fine woman or a bitch." (342). Wilson has pretensions toward a pure and aesthetic experience in his hunting expeditions, but the event is always undermined by the reality and injustice of sheer, brute technological dominance. When Macomber finally overcomes his cowardice, Wilson consecrates it with a shaky, barely recalled quote from Shakespeare on the essence of bravery and nobility.[5] He then offers his interpretation of what has just happened to Francis, obviously happy to have been the catalyst for his "coming of age."

> The great American boy-men. Damned strange people. But he liked this Macomber fellow now. . . . Beggar had probably been afraid all his life. Don't know what started it. But over now. Hadn't had time to be afraid with the buff. That and being angry too. Motor car too. Motor cars made it familiar. Be a damn fire eater now. He'd seen it in the war work the same way. More of a change than any loss of virginity. Fear gone like an operation. Something else grew in its place. Main thing a man had. Made him into a man. Women knew it too. No bloody fear. (33)

As Simone de Beauvoir might have said under different circumstances, "A man is not born. A man is made." In this single internal monologue, we see all of Wilson's preoccupations colliding.

First, Macomber's nationality, his Americanness, makes him "damned strange," a democratic fellow who might live his whole life "soft"; that is, submissive to women and unable to assert his rightful male dominance. Second, Wilson attributes Macomber's change to his anger over the previous night's infidelity, again reinforcing the notion that an erotic rivalry serves to cement male bonding and male domination. Wilson also attributes Macomber's coming of age to the familiarity of the motor car. We already know that chasing the animals in motor cars is strictly illegal—Wilson would lose his license if they learned of it in Nairobi; so Wilson acknowledges here that an initiation into manhood may necessitate the use of lawless and unjust methods that mercilessly disadvantage

the prey. Wilson's enterprise begins to take on an appearance similar to that described in Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*: "To tear treasure out of the bowels of the land was their desire, with no more moral purpose at the back of it than there is in burglars breaking into a safe."

Finally, he describes Macomber as a "damn fire eater," and when Wilson first recognized Macomber's newfound courage, he called him "a ruddy fire eater" (31). The color red symbolically conjoins the two men: "the red-faced Mr. Wilson" and "ruddy" Macomber, but what to make of the phrase "fire eater," mentioned not once, but twice? Wilson, ever aware of Macomber's nationality, chooses a term with weighty significance in American history. In the mid-nineteenth century, fire-eaters were proslavery extremists who urged Southern secession from the North. Wilson, in his joy over the transformation, selects a phrase that creates an ideological bond between the two men. He had puzzled over Francis the entire safari because their unstable relationship potentially threatens Wilson's performance of white male dominance in Africa, but he finally relaxes and basks in the ruddy glow of a fellow fire-eater.

This point is reinforced when Wilson claims that after the fear is gone, "something else" grows in its place. He doesn't want to name the "something else," because, I would argue, it's something much more sinister than plain old courage or bravery. Wilson is a man who lashes the Africans who work for him, shows bitterness and hostility toward powerful women, resents the softness of American men, engages freely in lawless and exploitive hunting tactics, and feels elation at Macomber's emboldened self; it becomes clear that for Wilson, the "something else" that grows in the place of fear is, very simply, imperialistic attitudes and white male dominance.

When Macomber tries to speak about his excitement, saying, "Do you have a feeling of happiness about what's going to happen?" Wilson dismisses it. Macomber insists, wanting to share the emotion with his new equal: "But you *have* the feeling of happiness about the action to come?" and Wilson admits that he does, but admonishes, "Doesn't do to talk too much about all this. Talk the whole thing away" (33). An interesting warning from Wilson, and one that seems to reveal he is rather sophisticated about the workings of his own ideology. Ideology carries an

unspoken, almost unconscious quality, which allows the constructedness of power relations to take on the appearance of permanent and natural reality. Thus, ideology functions best when it goes unspoken and therefore unchallenged. Hence, Wilson tells Macomber to shut up about it. Margot, ever attuned to the shifting power relations, shows her disgust for their newfound brotherhood: "You're both talking rot. . . . Just because you've chased some helpless animals in a motor car you talk like heroes" (33).

Wilson seems to take special pleasure in the knowledge that when men come of age, their women know it, and numerous critics have trusted him on this point. Joseph DeFalco writes, "When Macomber finally achieves his manhood by demonstrating his courage, his wife recognizes the change as an omen of her own demise and 'accidentally' shoots him" (202). Philip Young agrees: "When he attains this manhood he regains the ithyphallic authority he had lost and his new wife . . . must destroy him" (70). Why these critics feel it is reasonable to innocently equate "manhood" with "authority" and dominance over women needs further analysis—is it really a necessary or natural correlation? As I have argued throughout the essay, such a natural elision of one quality (emerging manhood) into another (dominance over women and nonwhites) is precisely the danger inherent in a perspective like Robert Wilson's.

Nina Baym has argued that "Margot sees in her husband the process of transformation into a man like Wilson" (118). I agree entirely. If indeed we wish to read this story as Francis Macomber's initiation into manhood, we must accept that manhood serves as a euphemism for imperialistic attitudes and white male dominance. Just so, the "bitch" necessarily represents a woman who will not readily submit to white male dominance. The narrative marks precisely the moment when Margot realizes exactly what she is up against in her marriage:

> There was no change in Wilson. She saw Wilson as she had seen him the day before when she had first realized what his great talent was. But she saw the change in Francis Macomber now. (33)

Robert Wilson's "great talent" is his ability to mythologize his own whiteness and masculinity ("no white man ever bolts") in such a way as to dominate everything around him—the Africans

("they prefer [a lashing] to the fines"), the wives ("women did not feel they were getting their money's worth unless they had shared that cot with the white hunter"), the beasts ("[chasing them from cars] seemed sporting enough to me though while we were doing it"). Why should anyone wish for Francis Macomber to become a man like Robert Wilson, least of all his wife?

The question of whether Margot intentionally kills her husband has been discussed at such length in the scholarship, I will simply second Warren Beck's notion: if Margot had wanted her husband dead, she could have left it to the buffalo who appeared to be on the verge of killing him. Certainly readers can't believe that Margot had the rifle propped on her shoulder, hoping for the chance to shoot her husband, and the narrative absolutely lets her off the hook: "Mrs. Macomber, in the car, had shot *at the buffalo* with the 6.5 Mannlicher as it seemed about to gore Macomber" (italics mine, 36).[6]

It is just Robert Wilson who feels compelled to carry his warped stereotype to its most absurd conclusion. American women—the hardest, the cruelest, the most predatory, he has seen their terrorism—will certainly kill their husbands when their authority is threatened. "Why didn't you poison him? That's what they do in England," (37) he says, reminding the reader again of his British roots. The end of this story is all about the restoration of a "natural" order, as perceived by Wilson: male authority and female submission, male activity and female passivity, male voice and female silence. It's as though Wilson, in honor of the emergent manhood of Francis Macomber, takes this final opportunity to demonstrate how masculine dominance should function.

Henry A. Giroux argues that inequalities in power and privilege "authorize who speaks, how fully, under what conditions, against what issues, for whom, and with what degree of consistent, institutionalized support" (*Pedagogy and the Politics of Hope* 236). Wilson wastes no time after the shooting of Francis Macomber; he tells Margot to get back in the car, tells the gun-bearer to leave the rifle where it is, tells the driver to cover Francis's body, orders an African assistant to get Abdulla, who will "witness the manner of the accident" (36). He takes it upon himself to manage all of the evidence, not necessarily as a means of exonerating Margot, but more because that is what he does—he allies himself with

power: economic, cultural, physical, and political. But allying himself with power is not enough; he also wants to crush Margot so that she bears a suitable level of submissiveness.

His decision to accuse her of murder is really nothing more than a final show of his dominance. First he says, "That was a pretty thing to do . . . He *would* have left you too" (36), a remark that simply underlines how Francis's discovered manhood would have been total, transformative, and it would have meant the end of Margot's power over him. He then goes on to say, "Don't worry. There will be a certain amount of unpleasantness but I will have some photographs taken that will be very useful at the inquest. There's the testimony of the gun-bearers and the driver too" (37). Margot knows perfectly well that the Africans will be forced to say anything Robert Wilson tells them to say, so here again he demonstrates how fully he controls the situation. He admits that he had begun to like Francis, presumably because Francis was going to leave Margot and because he had regained a rightful sense of masculine authority. For her part, Margot is reduced to pleading and begging, devoid of any argument against Wilson's construction of events. She cries "hysterically" and repeats "Stop it" over and over, emphasizing her powerlessness in the face of Wilson's control.

The strange thing about Wilson's handling of events after Francis's death is its mechanistic quality. He doesn't show any emotion at all—amidst the horror of a dead man lying on the ground beside him, he still notices the buffalo: "Hell of a good bull . . . A good fifty inches or better. Better" (36). Perhaps his calm demeanor is meant to resemble the code hero's "grace under pressure," but instead it comes across as brutality. After tormenting Margot with the accusation of murder, he finally relents when she says "Oh, please stop it . . . Please, please stop it" (37). His response to her is flat, taunting: "That's better," Wilson said. "Please is much better. Now I'll stop" (37). He is satisfied at last when he gets her into a position of begging submissively. He has succeeded on all accounts: he turned Macomber into a ruddy fire-eater and he turned Margot into a silent and submissive woman.

At the same time, the African men serve as pawns in Wilson's efforts to handle the "accident." He orders one man not to touch Margot's rifle; he calls for "Abdulla," the first African man deserving of a first name, to come witness the manner of the accident; he

orders the driver to cover Macomber's body; and he takes it for granted that the gun-bearers and the driver will testify precisely as he wishes in a Nairobi courtroom. Wilson's economic and political power extends well beyond his little safari business in Kenya; he knows he has little to fear from the African authorities other than "a certain amount of unpleasantness" (36). If Margot was aiming to kill, she shot the wrong man. Wilson's vile regime will continue, long after Margot returns back home, and it's the Africans who will be forced to take up arms next time.

"The Snows of Kilimanjaro"

In an April 9, 1936 letter to his editor, Maxwell Perkins, Hemingway packaged "The Short, Happy Life of Francis Macomber" alongside "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," and presented the two stories as a unit; they were his two new stories *of Africa*. At first blush the two stories stand as classic portrayals of the rich bitch, destroyer of male talent, without any necessary connection to the country where they've been set; and, in fact, numerous critics have lumped the stories into that familiar and deeply rooted category.[7]

But I would argue that several details within the story draw attention to the country and to its inhabitants in such a way that they become a defining factor in the narrative. The opening epigraph, the story's title, the "boys" who tend to Harry and Helen, and the final dream flight to the top of the mountain all raise issues of capitalism, colonialism, and the destructive power of white privilege. Harry comes to Africa with the idea that he will cleanse his soul, rediscover his authentic self, get into shape as a writer, and wash away the decadence and excess of his wealthy American lifestyle. But Africa, and Mount Kilimanjaro in particular, has its own identity; it will not conform to Harry's self-centered desires. And, in the final analysis, what remains at the end of "Snows" is the splendor and dignity of Mount Kilimanjaro; Harry and Helen are just passing through, in their own tortuous fashion.

The story opens with the smell of rotting flesh in the air and vultures circling and hovering around Harry's body: death is closing in. "Three of the big birds squatted obscenely, while in the sky a dozen more sailed, making quick-moving shadows as they passed" (52). Then later, "a fourth planed down, to run quick-legged and then waddle slowly toward the others" (53). The birds' soaring,

quick-moving shadows, and bumpy landings mimic the arrival of a plane, seemingly mocking Harry's hopes of a rescue. A mere scratch to the surface of Harry's skin has led to gangrene, and he doesn't have access to the necessary life-saving medications and treatment. He waits for a truck or a plane to arrive so he can be whisked off to the nearest hospital, but neither will come for him.

Harry's body carries the symbolic weight of rot and disease, and as the narrative develops, we begin to see that gangrene is a perfectly apt metaphor for his character. Married to a wealthy American woman, Helen, and immersed in her family's upscale lifestyle, he seems to have lost a sense of his own identity as an observer of excess rather than a participant. Without his wanting it to happen, Harry has been sucked into an enervating affiliation with American wealth, class, and privilege, and it has ruined his writing career. In a self-reflective moment, he thinks:

> But, in yourself, you said that you would write about these people; about the very rich; that you were really not one of them but a spy in their country. . . . But he would never do it, because each day of not writing, of comfort, of being that which he despised, dulled his ability and softened his will to work so that, finally, he did no work at all. (59)

He had once considered himself a spy in "their country," but instead he becomes one of them. Disgusted with himself and with avaricious American culture, he desires to start again somewhere new with the vain hope that it will rehabilitate his former authentic self.

And so he sets off for another country, Africa, the place "where he had been happiest in the good time of his life" (59). In Africa he can slough off the materialism of his wife's family and start over. In Africa he can rediscover authenticity and write good stories. In Africa he can reclaim his own identity. Isn't this an exceedingly strange notion, particularly coming from one of Hemingway's most autobiographical characters? Expatriotism is and always has been a prominent theme in Hemingway studies, but only as it applied to Paris and other European capitals. What does it mean for a Hemingway character to seek, reclaim, or find his identity in Africa?

For Harry (and, not coincidentally, for Francis Macomber), it means death. Both "Macomber" and "Snows" represent wealthy white American men whose privileged status (in terms of race and class) becomes the source of their destruction. At the beginning of

"Macomber," we see Francis as a "coward": deferential to his wife, overly solicitous of the African servants, and a source of disgust for the British white hunter. Slowly, over the course of the story, he becomes more and more indoctrinated into Wilson's imperialist practices and when he finally embraces Wilson's misogynistic, racist subculture, he becomes a man who has "no bloody fear." The moment he discovers his identity as a "real man," at least in Wilson's eyes, he dies.

When Harry arrives in Africa he doesn't need someone like Wilson to teach him the ins and outs of the imperialist mindset. He has already learned too much from his wife and her "glamorous race" (72) to understand the ruinous nature of excessive wealth and privilege. To his credit, Harry comes to Africa to escape all of that, and at first his desires sound rather noble.

> [H]e had come out here to start again. They had made this safari with the minimum of comfort. There was no hardship; but there was no luxury and he had thought that he could get back into training that way. That in some way he could work the fat off his soul the way a fighter went into the mountains to work and train in order to burn it out of his body. (60)

But any hopes that Harry has about burning the "fat" out of his body are lost because he brings all of his racist, colonialist tendencies with him into Africa. He is not in any way able to detach from his identity as a wealthy white American and live in harmony with the African countryside or commune with the African men who surround and inhabit his camp. On the contrary, we witness acts of hubris, dominance, and imperiousness that show precisely how thoroughly corrupted he has become by his culture. The story functions as a critique of the capitalist, colonialist mindset and it is enormously important that Harry dies at the end of the story. Hemingway doesn't allow him to "use" Africa as a place to wash off, reconnect with his earlier self, and reinvigorate his writing career. Kilimanjaro is no place for a faux spiritual retreat.

While the scavengers amass all around him, Harry carries on petty, miserable conversations with his wife, Helen. As they quarrel, she accuses him of being a coward (another parallel with Francis Macomber), and she has reason to say so. In his last days on earth, he looks all around and finds one thing to condemn: his wife's money and the ruinous effects it had on his life and work.

But it is, in fact, Harry's hubris and racist attitudes that have caused his own destruction.

First there's Harry's injury, which is patently childish: he scratched his knee. Helen has an equally childish response: "I don't see why that had to happen to your leg. What have we done to have that happen to us?" (55). This is a crucial question, one that need not be taken rhetorically, but Harry responds in a literal sense.

> I suppose what I did was to forget to put iodine on it when I first scratched it. Then I didn't pay attention to it because I never infect. Then, later, when it got bad, it was probably using that weak carbolic solution when the other antiseptics ran out that paralyzed the minute blood vessels and started the gangrene. (55)

Guided by hubris and a sense of invulnerability, Harry neglects his wound. He forgets to put iodine on the scratch, then he ignores it because, in his words, "I never infect."[8] This phrase bears a notable resemblance to Robert Wilson's supercilious manner of speaking: "No white man ever bolts." He has built up a mythology about himself and he is unwilling to accept anything that might alter this self-image. He is used to being shielded from harsh realities while visiting Africa—as he said himself, "there was no hardship" on this safari—and he doesn't anticipate the realness or potential danger in the African landscape and Mount Kilimanjaro.

Helen says, "I don't mean that" (55), and Harry offers a second explanation: "If we would have hired a good mechanic instead of a half-baked kikuyu driver, he would have checked the oil and never burned out that bearing in the truck" (55). Harry accuses the easiest mark of all for a white man: the African hired to drive him around. In the same way that the country isn't real to him, the people who live in the country aren't either; they exist to serve his needs and, beyond that role, they're invisible or useless.

But again, Helen says, "I don't mean that" (55), and Harry offers a third and final explanation for her: "If you hadn't left your own people, your goddamned Old Westbury, Saratoga, Palm Beach people to take me on—" (55). The unspoken phrase is, of course, "then this never would have happened." He has been led astray by Helen and "her people," a rich and powerful family who pulled him into the upper echelons of American society and thereby ruined his spirit and crushed his writing career.

Later, when he's alone, he thinks to himself that the real answer to Helen's question has nothing to do with the unmedicated scratch, the kikuyu driver, or the corrosive effect of Helen's wealth. The real reason they're in Africa is because "he had destroyed his talent by not using it, by betrayals of himself and what he believed in, by drinking so much that he blunted the edge of his perceptions, by laziness, by sloth, and by snobbery, by pride and by prejudice" (60). Here we finally have an honest assessment. Harry is a failure because he betrays his own values and beliefs, grows lazy, embraces snobbery, wealth, pride, and prejudice; not coincidentally, all of these qualities comprise the racist, colonialist mind.

And so it comes full circle: he must go to Africa to reclaim his own identity, but in order to succeed he would need to renounce all of these sins and approach the country and its inhabitants respectfully and humbly. Yet he is so mired in this corrupt identity based around wealth, power, and dominance that he seems blind to the ways he perpetuates these same values throughout his stay in Africa. His relationship with the African men who attend his needs in the camp is particularly fraught with a colonialist dynamic.

Harry and Helen each have their own "personal boys," and one has to wonder whether the term denotes the servants' age or their perceived status. These servants fulfill all of the white tourists' needs, including cooking, serving food, cleaning, fetching water, lighting fires, hanging nets, accompanying them on shoots, changing the dressing on Harry's leg, and making whiskey-sodas on demand. They silently move in and out of the camp, seeming to anticipate the white couple's every need. While Harry and Helen sit together at camp, the Africans stay out of sight but within earshot, in case another command is shouted out. When Helen goes off to shoot, Harry's "personal boy" sits by the bed and says:

> "Memsahib has gone to shoot," the boy said. "Does Bwana want?"
> "Nothing." (59)

After this brief exchange there's no mention of the boy walking away, or staying by his bed. He is a disembodied voice, that's all, and Harry returns to his own thoughts. The only other line uttered by an African is: "Yes, Bwana," repeated twice. What's interesting about these tiny, seemingly insignificant exchanges, however, is the African's use of the words "Memsahib" and

"Bwana." These names were used to convey respect and deference toward whites in Africa, and it seems almost unimaginable within the context of this story that the Africans would use the white tourists' proper names.

Later in life, Hemingway scorned the use of these words—boy and Bwana—as described in his fictional memoir, *Under Kilimanjaro*. After his second safari in 1953–1954 Hemingway wrote:

> Once they [the Africans] had been the boys. They still were to Pop [Philip Percival, the white hunter]. But he had either known them all when they were boys in age or had known their fathers when their fathers were children. Twenty years ago I had called them boys too and neither they nor I had any thought that I had no right to. Now no one would have minded if I had used the word. But the way things were now you did not do it. Everyone had his duties and everyone had a name. Not to know a name was both impolite and a sign of sloppiness. (*UK* 8)

And later in *Under Kilimanjaro*, Hemingway again addresses the issue:

> Neither Mary nor I ever called a man a boy. That was all right for Pop to do because they both loved Wakamba and G. C. [Gin Crazed, the game warden] loved the Masai as well. Mary and I both got along very well with Masai but I was a Wakamba if there were no Europeans or Masai around and that made things different for us. Mary called them "the boys" to me when we were alone and sometimes I would say "the boys" to her. She had learned it from Pop as I had and we always said "boys" in front of Pop. But she always knew people's proper names and called them by them. (*UK* 74)

Furthermore, in *Under Kilimanjaro*, he explains numerous times that he considers it a direct insult to be addressed as "Bwana" by the African men.[9] Through these comments, the older Hemingway attempts to exonerate not only his earlier self, but perhaps Harry, too. Should the reader let Harry (or Hemingway) off the hook? Should we accept that he is a product of his time and therefore oblivious to his own complicity with colonialist thinking? I think not.

Harry has come to Africa to cleanse his soul, to start afresh, but the story is permeated with self-loathing. In a strange example of

history repeating itself, we can watch the older Hemingway in *Under Kilimanjaro* pardon his earlier self (i.e., the one who took an expensive safari to Africa in the 1930s and called the men "boys"), at the same time that we read about Harry, a heavily autobiographical character, yearn to reconnect with his earlier self, the one who hadn't been ruined by wealth. It's not entirely fair to conflate the real author, Ernest Hemingway, with his characters, but one need not do so to make the comparison work, because the main character in *Under Kilimanjaro* (variously referred to as Papa, Ernie, Big Kitten, and so on) can be read either as fictional or real, depending on whether you emphasize the "fictional" or the "memoir" aspect of this book.[10]

Hemingway may try to excuse himself (and Harry) for calling the Africans boys, but Harry senses his own culpability in "Snows." As he recounts the steps that led him to marry the wealthy, superficial Helen, he thinks to himself: "He had traded away what remained of his old life. He had traded it for security, for comfort too, there was no denying that, and for what else? He did not know" (62). Harry may not know, but the reader can detect it in nearly every scene; Harry has traded his old life for an embrace of white privilege and power at the expense of nonwhites.[11]

Hemingway originally titled his story "The Happy Ending," a cynical title if there ever was one. He creates a provisional happy ending, in a way, through the dream sequence with Compton and the rescue plane, and the reader can be forgiven for thinking this scene is real at first. Harry falls asleep, the Africans are ordered to move his cot up to the tent, and the narrative moves right into the next morning. Compton shows up with his tweed jacket, brown felt hat, and cheerful, bustling chatter about a lorry on its way and his desire for a cup of tea. But who is this man, old Compie? All signs indicate that he's a British fellow: he wears traditional British tweed, expresses interest in a cup of tea, flies the Puss Moth (a British plane), calls Harry's wife Memsahib (a word derived from British colonialism). Old Compie is a Brit. So, in a surprising parallel with "Macomber," it seems Harry has his own version of Robert Wilson after all: a guide who will navigate him through the rough waters of race and class in Africa. Here's the British savior, with access to modern technology, proper health care, stylish

clothing, and yearning for a civilized spot of tea (a beverage historically linked with British colonialism).

The African "boys"—who know what clothing they wear, what they like to drink, and so on—carry Harry's cot to the plane, he's loaded in, and they're up, up, and away. As Harry and Compton fly over the African landscape, Harry sees the disappearing camp, the spreading plain, dry waterholes, and "a new water that he had never known of" (76). Not surprising, since he never had to fetch his own water, even before the injury. As they fly out of a rainstorm, Compie turns his head, grins, and points, "and there, ahead, all he could see, as wide as all the world, great, high, and unbelievably white in the sun, was the square top of Kilimanjaro. And then he knew that there was where he was going" (76).

Just when it appears the story will have its Hollywood ending after all, we realize that Hemingway wasn't finished.[12] And it's a good thing, because if this happy ending were left to stand, it would undermine and subvert much of the attention to issues of race, class, and colonialism. The story's focus would begin and end with Harry, the American who uses Africa successfully as a place to reclaim his identity and invigorate his career. Africa, Mount Kilimanjaro, the "boys," the animals, all would be reduced to nothingness.

"Just then the hyena stopped whimpering in the night and started to make a strange, human, almost crying sound. The woman heard it and stirred uneasily" (76). Helen shines the flashlight on Harry's cot and sees his exposed leg: "somehow he had gotten his leg out and it hung down alongside the cot. The dressing had all come down and she could not look at it" (77).[13] The sight is intolerable to her and she instinctively shouts for Harry's personal boy. "Molo!" she called. "Molo! Molo!" (77). Only after attending to her own needs does she realize that Harry may be dead and she calls Harry's name, too. "There was no answer and she could not hear him breathing. Outside the tent the hyena made the same strange noise that had awakened her. But she did not hear him for the beating of her heart" (77). Helen's own pounding heart fills her ears, blocking out the strange sounds of the hyena in this final scene; this is a perfect metaphor for the way she has insulated herself from any authentic connection with the country and its people. Even when she is all

alone with the inhabitants of the land, she hears only her own heartbeat.

Similarly, once we see that Harry's dream flight isn't real, we can look back and observe his final moments before death. The last words he hears while alive are: "Bwana is asleep now. Take the cot up very gently and carry it into the tent" (74). These words perfectly capture Harry's moral failure in Africa. Even at the moment of death, he inhabits an identity wrapped around racial superiority ("bwana") and his dying moments are attended by servants. Only in his dreams can he achieve the splendor and glory of the "unbelievably white" summit of Mount Kilimanjaro. In reality, he dies at the hands of strangers and scavengers. The narrative opens with vultures, closes with hyenas, and it is Harry that has become of use to the creatures of Africa, not the other way around.

In each of the short stories mentioned so far, Hemingway addressed penetrating issues of race: miscegenation, white imperialism, the conquest of America, white-Indian conflict, white-black antagonisms. These issues do not represent a new trend in Hemingway studies; in fact, they always exist alongside the so-called classic Hemingway themes—love, loss of innocence, lost wilderness, violence, and death. What I have tried to show is that Hemingway consistently placed his naive white American male into a racially charged environment and allowed the inevitable antagonisms to drive the narrative tension. The racial elements have always existed in Hemingway's short stories and critics have acknowledged the presence of Indians in the early work and the rather exotic interest in Africa. But the analyses have been sparse, uncomplicated, noncomprehensive.

With the publication of highly controversial novels in the last fifteen years, *The Garden of Eden* (1986) and *True at First Light* (1999), and later, *Under Kilimanjaro* (2005), critics can no longer avoid the discussion of how race manifests itself in Hemingway's works. Susan Beegel suggested that *The Garden of Eden* "forced critics to confront for the first time themes of homosexuality, perversion, and androgyny present throughout Hemingway's career" (11). Most critics also felt compelled to discuss his obsession with tanning and skin color as well, though it remained secondary to the issues of sexual identity. With the

publication of *Under Kilimanjaro*, a novel that focuses almost exclusively on Hemingway's fascination with Africa and a desire to merge his identity with the members of an African tribe, critics will be forced to confront themes of whiteness, miscegenation, and racial identity. In the second half of this study, I will discuss the important contributions these two posthumously published novels have made to the Hemingway oeuvre.

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CHAPTER 5

Darkness in *The Garden of Eden*

The Garden of Eden: David

The Garden of Eden functions as a curious metanarrative, positioning as it does a young man, seductively similar to the author himself,[1] not only cast as a writer but actually practicing his craft in the pages of the novel itself. David Bourne writes a short story that reveals classic Hemingway themes, telling of a boy's initiation into manhood through big-game hunting with his father—it has Nick Adams written all over it. Even more intriguing, David periodically reflects on his own writing process, the struggle to stay true to his subject, to do justice to his trade, to get things right. David's plain-spoken yet reverential attitude toward his art has prompted some critics to argue that the novel is ultimately about the sanctity of writing and "the inviolability of [the] professional discipline" (Raeburn 121).[2]

Indeed, David does speak quite protectively of his writing: "once he started to work he wrote from an inner core which could not be split nor even marked nor scratched. He knew about this and it was his strength since all the rest of him could be riven" (183). He envisions this "inner core" as something powerful, untouchable, and completely separate from the rest of him, which he admits is softer, weaker, divided. Several times David asserts that while he inhabits a restless and divided identity, he shall not allow irresolution to enter into his writing. The writing must reflect a strong, coherent, singular identity. And isn't David describing the writing philosophy of someone we know quite well here? After all, Hemingway was famous for creating the tough American male throughout his career, though we now know that

his personal experiments with gender and racial identity took him far from the inner core described by David.

The Garden of Eden is a story of authorial ambivalence. David's African story stands in stark opposition to the life he leads with his young wife, Catherine. The story is conservative, his life is experimental; one comes from his inner core, the other from performativity; the story is a tale of men, his life is with women. At the very beginning of the novel, he vaguely allows the two worlds to function in tandem by working on the honeymoon narrative, a story that records his lived existence. As his existence gets more and more complicated, however, he turns exclusively to his African stories. The further he moves into this story, the more distant he becomes from the life he has created with Catherine and Marita, a point that is made clear in this exchange.

> "Was [the writing] difficult today?" [Marita asked].
> "No," he said. "It's always difficult but it's easy too. It went very well."
> "I wish I could help."
> "Nobody can help," he said.
> "But I can help in other things can't I?"
> He started to say there are no other things but he did not say it . . . (140)

While David's immersion in the story may be construed as a romantic commitment to his craft, it also represents a serious betrayal of his own identity, and a betrayal of Catherine.

David fears the blurring between life and art, between the artifact and the immersion in experience. In his essay "Opening Bluebeard's Closet: Writing and Aggression in Hemingway's *The Garden of Eden* Manuscript," Steven C. Roe draws a fascinating parallel between Bluebeard, who absolutely forbids his young wife to open the door to one closet in his mansion, and David, who habitually locks the door to his work room. According to Roe, David scrupulously desires to keep his work room inaccessible to the outside world because it is here that he can "vent his anger and aggression" ("Opening Bluebeard's Closet," in *Hemingway: Seven Decades of Criticism* 317). It is very interesting that Roe would compare David's work room to a closet where an enormous secret resides, because that is precisely how the room functions for him. Of course, it has become a commonplace to describe someone as "in the closet" or "out of the closet," as a shortcut for describing

a hidden or open sexual orientation. David's sexual identity, particularly homo/heterosexual definition, is an issue of continuing centrality and difficulty, though his struggle is obscured because much of his character is constructed on a thematics of silence and secrecy and attention is deflected away from his sexual desires (which means that critical attention focuses on Catherine's growing "madness" instead). What I will argue here is that David's growing commitment to his African stories reflects (1) an abandonment of Catherine who was threatening to "out" him, (2) a strict desire for closetedness, and (3) an embrace of his father's performative model of white male heterosexual dominance. An embrace of his father's dominance does not entail an abandonment of his own homoeroticism, and I will discuss that more fully in the section on Marita.

At the beginning of the novel, David has not yet started writing—he and Catherine have devoted themselves to one another exclusively, and their days are filled with energetic experimentation that tests the fundamental grounding of their identities, their racial and sexual orientation. In the opening pages, Catherine tantalizes David with a "dangerous" secret that is quickly executed. She has her hair cropped short, to look like a "true boy's haircut," and explains to David, "I'm a girl. But now I'm a boy too" (15). He runs his hand over her head and admits that he likes it, though he tempers the danger of admitting his attraction to boyishness by adding that she has "such a beautifully shaped head that it is very beautiful with the lovely bones of your face" (15). That same night, Catherine transforms into a boy again, calling herself "Peter," and she asks David to change his gender, to become "Catherine" as part of their sexual union. While David's words show some reluctance (he feebly says to her, "You're Catherine"), his actions do not.

> He lay there and felt something and then her hand . . . searching lower and *he helped with his hands* and then lay back in the dark . . . and only felt the weight and the strangeness inside. (italics mine, 17)

He helps guide her toward penetration and later that night allows the same thing to happen again, and "he did not say no" (20).

Later in the novel, Catherine dyes her hair platinum blonde and convinces David to have his dyed blonde as well, so they can

look like twins. He quickly realizes, however, that the scandalous quality of a woman's wearing shorts, fishermen's shirts, darkly tanning her skin, cutting her hair like a boy's and dying it blond raised eyebrows among the local priests who disapproved because of its hint of debauchery, whereas a man dying his hair blond telegraphed a form of sexuality far more forbidden. In fact, Debra Moddelmog has pointed out that Hemingway owned a book by George Henry called *All the Sexes: A Study of Masculinity and Femininity* in which the author asserts that "One can say almost with certainty that any male who bleaches his hair is homosexual" (291).

Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick has said that closetedness "is a performance initiated as such by a speech act of a silence—not a particular silence, but a silence that accrues particularity by fits and starts, in relation to the discourse that surrounds and differentially constitutes it." In the privacy of his own thoughts, David will admit that he enjoys Catherine's performance as a boy, her dark tan, his platinum hair.

> "So that's how it is," he said to himself. "You've done that to your hair and had it cut the same as your girl's and how do you feel?" He asked the mirror. "How do you feel? Say it."
> "You like it," he said.
> He looked at the mirror and it was someone else he saw but it was less strange now.
> "All right. You like it," he said. "Now go through with the rest of it whatever it is and don't ever say anyone tempted you or that anyone bitched you."
> He looked at the face that was no longer strange to him at all but was his face now and said, "You like it. Remember that. Keep that straight. You know exactly how you look now and how you are."
> Of course he did not know exactly how he was. But he made an effort aided by what he had seen in the mirror. (84–85)

This moment in the mirror represents a critical limitation of David's thinking. All of his propositions are either/or, this/that statements, suggesting a world based on a system of dichotomies and absolutes. Here in the mirror, he sees the platinum hair, admits that he likes it, and deduces that he must be "that way," a gay man. The narration undercuts David's limited thinking with "of course he did not know exactly how he was," but David feels pressured to identify himself as one way or the other.

Throughout the novel, secrets are always sexual secrets, and they are dangerous precisely because of their potential to lose the status of secrecy and become disclosures. D.A. Miller has written, "the fact that the secret is always known . . . never interferes with the incessant activity of keeping it. The social function of secrecy . . . is not to conceal knowledge, so much as to conceal the knowledge of knowledge" (206). It has always been Catherine's role to keep David from having to acknowledge his own homoeroticism, and she is therefore required to simultaneously act out and efface his desires. They both know that David is sexually aroused by her performance as a boy, but they must conceal the knowledge of what the attraction might mean: that he desires men. As the novel progresses, it becomes obvious how much David relies on Catherine to help him maintain a hold on his heterosexual identity, by keeping his secret and by erasing the potential to name his desire through speaking in absolute euphemism. For example, after their sexual reversals in Madrid, David feels remorse.

> "It's a very strange thing," he said. "This drink tastes exactly like remorse. It has the true taste of it and yet it takes it away."
> "I don't like you to have to take it for that. We aren't like that. We mustn't be," [Catherine says].
> "Maybe I am."
> "You mustn't be." (69)

In this case, "like that" signifies a form of desire that no longer can be classified as heterosexuality; this scene is the closest David will ever come to speaking of his homoerotic desires. Catherine instantly tries to assuage his guilt by turning herself back into a girl. He feebly protests that she didn't have to change back and she becomes angered at his vacillation: "Do you want me to wrench myself around and tear myself in two because you can't make up your mind?" (70). As soon as David admits to the slightest bit of hesitation and confusion, Catherine leaps to the rescue, offering to turn back into a girl so he can feel "normal" again.

This crucial scene exemplifies the way Catherine's so-called madness functions as an escape for David. In a momentous scene where David admits for the first time that he might really be "like that," Catherine knows that she must minimize the impact of this assertion by turning herself back into a woman, his wife, his girl.

And yet, she tires of this charade, of wrenching herself in two every time David has a change of heart or feels a moment of panic. David's impulse to accuse her of madness is an effective way of silencing her when he fears that she will, in effect, "out" him. Without the possibility of madness we would have no choice but to take her words at face value, and with that, David's homoeroticism would be out in the open. Within the framework of her madness, however, her words become meaningless. The reader can dismiss her anger and argue that Catherine forced him to act on *her* desires. And throughout the novel, Catherine's strength of spirit and willfulness will be interpreted as nonsense and madness.

There is, in fact, a suspicious correlation between Catherine's growing potential to expose David and his increasing desire to label her as crazy. No matter how earnestly David might admit that he likes "being brothers" (21), male-male attraction is absolutely a part of his identity that must be kept hidden from the outside world. Sensing his reluctance, Catherine insists that she will keep their secret: "I'll only be a boy at night and won't embarrass you. Don't worry about it please" (56). But Hemingway's work makes clear that David is worried about it.

Catherine becomes truly threatening to David when she begins to act out their private sexualities in a public fashion, first by hinting to Colonel Boyle about their activities. Prompted by the Colonel's remark that she had looked like "the young chief of a warrior tribe" (62) when he saw her earlier at the Prado, she confesses that she had been a boy at the museum. In effect, David has been outed to the Colonel. Catherine seizes the opportunity, asking David if they can kiss "in the daylight" as boys, and he refuses, angered by the betrayal: "I wish you hadn't told the Colonel." She tries to explain that it is important to tell friends, and he demurs, "You can't trust all people like that." Ever protective of his reputation, he feels terribly threatened by Catherine's potential to expose him. The scene ends with a metaphor that captures his feeling of being unable to express his hidden identity: "his chest felt as though there were an iron bar inside it." And again David says, "My chest feels like it is locked in iron" (67).

As the novel progresses, Catherine continues to edge away from secrecy and toward disclosure. She begins to dismantle their pact

of secrecy by hinting to David that she can speak about his unnamable desires:

> "Do you want me to tell you a secret?" [Catherine asks]
> "A new one?"
> "An old one."
> "All right."
> "You aren't very hard to corrupt . . . ." (150)

With this statement she lays bare a number of important issues. First, she wants him to know that she is perfectly aware of how much he needs to believe that *she* is corrupting *him*, not the other way around. Second, she calls the secret an "old one," which may indicate that he has had these desires from the very beginning (as opposed to learning new eroticisms from her). Third, she speaks openly of his willingness, perhaps even eagerness, to participate in the "corruption." Realizing the implicit threat behind this disclosure, she backs away rather abruptly saying, "It was just a joke secret. There isn't any corruption. We just have fun" (150).

In addition to exposing David's eagerness for the sexual reversals, Catherine also loses her ability to speak in circumlocutions, posing yet another threat to David's delicately constructed sexual identity.

> "I forgot how to say it," Catherine said. "We waited too long."
> "Can't you remember it?" the girl [Marita] said.
> "No, I've forgotten it and it was wonderful. We had it all worked out and it was really wonderful."
> "Do you want to try for just the factual content?" he asked.
> "I know the factual content," Catherine said. "It's that yesterday you made siesta with me and then you went to Marita's room but today you can just go there. But I've spoiled it now. . . . I've said it all wrong." (149)

Exasperated by the verbal detours required to uphold their charade, she is forced to speak of her desires directly, "what I wish is we could all just make siesta together" followed by an apology, "I couldn't help saying what I wished" (149).

Finally, she shows the honeymoon narrative to Marita without asking David's permission, alerting David to the danger of his own text. From this narrative Marita learns all about David and Catherine's sexual reversals, something David had kept hidden.

Again emboldened to confront the truth of David's sexuality, Catherine explains to Marita that the narrative's lesson should be this: "the point is," Catherine said, "if he ever says no about anything, Marita, just keep right on. It doesn't mean a thing" (188). David's "no" allows him to maintain a sense of himself as the tempted, confused, and reluctant participant. Catherine soothes his anxieties by playing the role of temptress, saying "please" and "thank you" when he submits. Once she abandons this guise, however, David is left to make a decision. Either he can embrace the identity that he and Catherine have acted out at night, one that defies the norms of society, or he can retreat behind his public reputation, silence Catherine, and remain closeted. And in fact David does not "go through with the rest of it," as he had promised to the mirror—on the contrary, he retreats to his closeted work room and reconstructs an identity for himself that is built on the desire to emulate his father's white heterosexual masculinity.

Once David and Catherine meet Marita, they create an erotic triangle that escalates the growing division between them. They each have very different reasons for bringing Marita into the marriage, however: Catherine wants to create a substitute wife for David, a woman who will ask him about his work, look after his needs, give him a feeling of legitimacy as a heterosexual male, all the while leaving the two of them free to privately act out alternate forms of sexuality. David, on the other hand, becomes so drawn to Marita's appearance of domesticity and conventionality that he slowly begins to abandon his wife. Marita is capable of being anything for anybody, as she blatantly says to David, "I hope you still like having two girls . . . Because I am yours and I'm going to be Catherine's too" and then to Catherine, "I can be your girl, if you ever want one, and David's too" (105).

What Catherine does not realize is how Marita amplifies David's sense of his place in the world as a writer, a well-known figure whose reputation sells books. She does worry ever so fleetingly that Marita admires David for his writerliness, saying, "did you think of him as a writer when you kissed him and liked it so much?" Marita simply says, "I don't know . . . I didn't think," which is a relief to Catherine: "I'm glad . . . I was afraid it was going to be like the clippings" (112). Catherine was quite right to worry that Marita would function just as the clippings had, as a reminder of the culture's watchful eye and David's compulsion to

stay closeted. As the relationship with Marita develops, his commitment to the closet, the locked work room, intensifies. Fittingly, David goes right to work on two autobiographical stories where he, at the age of eight, learns his first lessons about betrayal and the danger of giving away secrets.

David's first African story is not interpolated into the text, but David describes its content, saying that it covers the native rebellion of 1905. The Maji-Maji rebellion of 1905–1907 took place in Tanganyika (now Tanzania) during the German rule. The Germans sought to profit from the Africans by forcing the people to grow cash crops for export to Europe and then imposing taxes. The Africans were entirely outmatched in terms of weaponry—they had spears, bows and arrows while the German troops had rifles and machine guns. In 1904, a prophet named Kinjikitile promised the Africans that he could give them a medicine that would defeat German weaponry. His medicine would not only provide invulnerability to bullets, but the bullets themselves would turn to water. An enormous number of Africans rose up against German rule, creating one of the bloodiest uprisings on record. In 1956, President Nyerere of Tanzania explained the significance of the Maji-Maji uprising this way:

> The people fought because they did not believe in the white man's right to govern and civilize the blacks. They rose in a great rebellion not through fear of a terrorist movement or a superstitious oath, but in response to a natural call, a call of the spirit, ringing in the hearts of all men, and of all times, educated or uneducated, to rebel against foreign domination. (40–41)

How David's father is involved in the story remains unclear, but readers can deduce that he is allied with the white Europeans who live by the ideology of white imperialism. If the clippings give David pause about his sexual and racial experimentation, his father's legacy is far more threatening.[3] Catherine finds the story "horrible," condemns David's father, and tears the book in two. Marita rescues the manuscript from her and asks David for permission to have the key so that she can "lock it up" (157). This scene is a perfect illustration of the changes taking place within the triangle. Catherine sympathizes with the rebellion, Marita rehabilitates and

validates David's closeted identity, and David continues to work ever more fiercely in that locked room.

As David works on the second story, he identifies more and more closely with his father, described as a man who "treated evil like an entrusted old friend" (146). Not only does he get into his father's mind to write the story, but as he walks away from the closeted room where he works and down into the bar, he often keeps his father's presence with him. The African countryside feels real to him, while his life with Catherine and Marita feels increasingly unreal. He begins to become disgusted with his double life, saying "If you cannot respect the way you handle your life then certainly respect your trade" (148). And as he looks in the mirror, instead of honestly admitting to himself that he likes his private life with Catherine, as he had earlier, now he "noted with critical distaste the silvery whiteness of his [dyed] hair" (168). Finally, after visiting Jean the hair stylist one more time with Catherine, he turns against her for good: "he began to realize what a completely stupid thing he had permitted" (178).

David betrays himself as much as he betrays Catherine, because the African story that he writes ultimately reifies white male dominance in such a way as to deny and even condemn the very lifestyle he had been living. The beautiful and tragic story of David, his father, and Juma tracking the elephant creates a fitting metaphor for the loss of innocence that comes from an immersion in and alliance with the ideology of white male domination. In fact, the story almost seems to explain how the standards of normativity and methods of domination are reproduced from one generation to the next.

The primary thrust of the story comes from young David's identification with the oppressed and his growing disdain for the modes of white domination as practiced by his father and the African tracker, Juma. The story shows how difficult it is for a young boy to rebel against his father's way of life, even when it comes into direct conflict with his own sense of what is right. As the story begins, David is the picture of innocence. Innocent as Adam in the Garden of Eden, he and his dog Kibo share a mystical bonding with the elephant at night, under the moon. The narrative doesn't quite explain why David tells his father and Juma about the elephant's whereabouts, but we must assume it is because he knows they will be proud of him. He is only a boy,

learning what it means to become a man. What he doesn't realize yet is that initiation into manhood changes one's relationship to power and domination. By becoming one with the hunters, he has betrayed the hunted. Where David's father and Juma see the elephant as an exploitable resource, desired for its ivory tusks that can bring them profits, David sees the elephant as a sympathetic subject, one whose eye "was the most alive thing David had ever seen" (199). He realizes his error of colluding with the hunters almost immediately, and hates himself for betraying the elephant.

David comes to understand that his father's hunt for the elephant represents a form of economic and colonial hubris that ruins the beauty and nobility of Africa. He says, "my father doesn't need to kill elephants to live" (181), and apparently Juma doesn't either: "if they kill him Juma will drink his share of the ivory or just buy himself another god damn wife" (181). Here the story depicts an important epiphany, a realization that the father's ideology may not be one the son wishes to adopt. But how can he challenge his father's authority?

As they track the elephant deeper into the countryside, David psychologically abandons Juma, who had been like a brother to him and taught him how to hunt ("thinking of Juma killing the elephant's friend had turned him against Juma and made the elephant his brother" [197]); more importantly, he turns against his father ("the elephant was his hero now as his father had been for a long time" [201]). As he identifies more fully with the hunted, the powerful and noble animal conveys a mythical beauty while his father and Juma appear ever more brutal. As Hemingway presents him, David has two options: he can hide his true feelings from his father forevermore, "never tell anyone anything ever. Never tell anyone anything again" (181) or he can confront his father. He attempts the latter, challenging the very foundation of his father's dominance with the abrupt denunciation, "Fuck elephant hunting" (181).

This violent and daring assertion, spoken by a son to his father, constitutes a serious crisis in the space of authority. By condemning elephant hunting, David challenges the rather flimsy assumption that a man who chases and shoots down an elephant must be a hero. Not unlike Margot Macomber's assault on her husband and Robert Wilson, saying, "Just because you've chased some helpless animal in a motor car you talk like heroes," David exposes how his

father and Juma must continually assert and claim their own masculinity through acts that he (and others) may not value. In other words, if David's father is the actor, he must have witnesses who validate his actions and reinforce the belief that killing a legendary elephant is heroic. The tusks will be propped against the wall of the stick and mud house, and the public spectacle will confirm the men's exalted status. David attempts to disrupt this world of presumptive relations through his disavowal "Fuck elephant hunting," but his father's authority is too dominant, and his father responds, very simply, with a threat of his own: "Be careful you don't fuck it up" (182). David's challenge fails, and he is left to scorn the trappings of his father's authority and live in silence, never telling anyone anything again, "never ever never" (182).

Nevertheless, David's father realizes that his son has rejected his ideology:

> His father had known how he had felt about the elephant and that night and in the next few days he had tried if not to convert him to bring him back to the boy he had been before he had come to the knowledge that he hated elephant hunting. (200)

David sees that the construction of manhood comes at the expense of the weak, and he recognizes the absurdity and shamefulness of his father's position. When his father asks if they can make peace, David says, "All right," but he stubbornly claims that he said this only because "he knew this was the start of the never telling that he had decided on" (202).

Catherine reads David's African story when it is halfway finished, just at the point when David has had the mystical moment with the elephant in the moonlight and, of course, before the elephant is tracked and killed. She finds the story "wonderful," but she fears for the safety of David's dog, Kibo, and feels a sense of ominous foreboding about David's father whom she "never liked" (163). The story is still a reflection of David's innocence in the section she has read—he still feels a kinship with the elephant that is untainted by his father's desire to kill as a way of asserting his dominance. David's story makes it clear that his father taught him to keep his secrets locked up inside, especially secrets that set him apart from the dominant culture. His marriage to Catherine, on the other

hand, pressures him to carry out just the opposite tendency, to openly express desires that subvert dominant culture. Within the context of his marriage, then, he needs to defiantly produce the texts that keep him part of the dominant culture, the clippings and the stories. The tension between his father and Catherine pull him in two directions, but he ultimately retreats to his father's world.

In a moment of crafted foreshadowing, Catherine draws an apt comparison between herself and the elephant of David's story, saying "I'm older than my mother's old clothes and I won't outlive your dog. Not even in a story" (163). This image of wrinkled old clothes recalls David's description of the elephant after it has been killed: he loses all his dignity and majesty and beauty to become "a huge wrinkled pile" (200).[4] Furthermore, David has described Catherine as "just like ivory. That's how I always think. You're smooth as ivory too" (169), an obvious parallel with the elephant whose ivory tusks are some of the biggest ever seen. In the story, young David expresses a new understanding for the ways that power works: "They would kill me and they would kill Kibo too if we had ivory, he had thought and known it was untrue" (198). They may not kill David, but they do force him to lock up the vulnerable aspects of his identity, the parts that he shares with the vulnerable Catherine.

In the face of his lost innocence, David no longer tries either to confront it or to rebel against it. He merely wishes he had never known anything outside of the dominant culture. Dismayed by his character's betrayal of the elephant, he responds with a resigned and futile wish: "Many times during the day he wished that he had never betrayed the elephant and in the afternoon he remembered wishing that he had never seen him" (174). At the end of the novel he also regrets having met Catherine: "I'm sorry I ever met you. I'm sorry I ever married you" (224). But his anger toward her is very much tinged with a sense of guilt and betrayal: "his changing of allegiance, no matter how sound it had seemed, no matter how it simplified things for him, was a grave and violent thing" (238).

David learned very early, from his father, the dangers that lie in sympathy or collusion with the weaker and dominated and the final scenes of *The Garden of Eden* portray a man who has reintegrated himself fully into the dominant culture. He and Marita reconstruct his masculine identity, planning to cultivate "men friends and friends from the war and to shoot with and to play

cards at the club" (245). More importantly, he reconstructs his story of the Maji-Maji rebellion, but this time with a twist; in the first version of the story his father had been horribly brutal, but now "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" (247). As though erasing his earlier "weakness," David now immerses himself in his father's legacy.

The Garden of Eden: Catherine

Preconceived notions about a writer, or about a writer's typical subject matter, have an inherent danger. It is always possible that we have become so conditioned to reading a writer like Hemingway, and thinking about the persona of Hemingway, that we overlook inconsistencies and deviations from the norm. If we allow the mythos surrounding Hemingway to guide our reading, we will remember and validate only the pieces of writing that feel Hemingwayesque, and dismiss the rest. In *The Garden of Eden*, for example, the reader meets a very familiar Hemingway character in David Bourne: a virile, sexually active man who makes his living as a writer. His young wife Catherine, however, feels like a character who would be more at home in a Charlotte Perkins Gilman story: newly married, vibrant imagination, yearning for creative outlets, desirous of sexual adventure, increasingly marginalized by her husband's career, then a growing sense of helplessness, fear of madness, and a tendency toward suicide.

In a Hemingway novel, this woman's behavior feels anomalous, destructive; the male character, on the other hand, feels natural and aligned with the author himself so that the tendency is to validate his perspective, which leads to the simple conclusion: Catherine must be crazy. Here, however, I would like to start from the premise that Catherine is not at all mad; rather, she is a woman who feels trapped within the limitations of her race and gender and commits seemingly destructive acts as an act of re-vision, in Adrienne Rich's sense: "if the imagination is to transcend and transform experience it has to question, to challenge, to conceive of alternatives, perhaps to the very life you are living at that moment . . . nothing can be too sacred for the imagination to turn into its

opposite or to call experimentally by another name" (43). What does this mean for David Bourne? Perhaps, for a brief time, we will relegate him to the position of John in "The Yellow Wallpaper," a well-meaning husband who stifles his wife's creativity.[5] Seen in this context, Catherine's inner life becomes worthy of serious analysis and it removes the convenient and tidy desire to dismiss her depressing fate.

Stephen Spender has argued that "making Catherine mad is a fatal weakness in the novel—because it turns her into a case history and acquits David and Marita of moral responsibility for their actions" (6). Indeed, relegating Catherine to the edges of madness is a fatal weakness in the novel, but for even more profound reasons than Spender allows; by rejecting Catherine's way of looking at the world, by judging her view as a skewed one, we devalue her avid desire for multiplicity, complexity, and diversity in human relationships. After all, what is it that Catherine stands for? What makes her transformations, racial and sexual, so dangerous? Very simply, her experiments challenge the very categories upon which we base our identities: race, gender, nationality. The blurring of these categories has historically been at the very heart of our culture's greatest conflicts and fears: dread of miscegenation and homosexuality, wars over national borders, struggles to define ethnicity. Catherine wishes to inhabit the unstable territory between binaries—a place that breeds extreme tension, anxiety, and insecurity.

Critics have described Catherine as destructive, and she undoubtedly does bring destructive tendencies into her marriage with David. But it might be more useful to describe her acts as deconstructive, rather than destructive. By deconstructive, I mean she reads her culture in a way that rejects universals. As a deconstructionist (and a feminist), she believes that one's identity is an invention, not a cultural given. Much of the novel's tension revolves around her desire to prove that gender and racial identities are dynamic and fluctuating, fraught with conflicts and contradictions. Whether her husband decides to accept or reject this notion determines her success or failure as a wife. And once seen in this light, her acts of destruction begin to look a bit more like acts of self-preservation. Why does she burn David's clippings? Why does she bring Marita into her marriage? Why does she want to perform the male role? All exist as part of her larger desire to subvert fixed notions of gender identity, an effort that she shares

with many other literary women of the twentieth century. In short, using both the manuscript versions and Tom Jenks's edited print version of *The Garden of Eden*, I will argue that Hemingway, wittingly or unwittingly, has in Catherine created a postmodern character.

Throughout the novel, the pressure that she behave in a "normal," wifely role is a source of frustration for Catherine. As she says in the manuscript, "Who said normal? Who's normal? What's normal? I never went to normal school to be a teacher and teach normal. You don't want me to go to normal school and get a certificate do you?" (422.1–18, p. 33). Catherine is a woman tortured by definitions of normality, anxious to break beyond uniformity to find a place where her less constrained, personal identity can emerge. Feminist theorist Denise Riley argues in her book *"Am I That Name?": Feminism and the Category of "Women" in History* that women, as a group, can have unique experiences (pregnancy, for example), but she contends that these experiences in and of themselves do not define womanhood. The category of "woman" is an unstable, fluctuating state of being that can be willfully performed, unwillingly imposed by one's own body (as in menstruation), or imposed by another individual (as in a derisively hissed remark). When we critically examine the rhetoric that exists around these exclusively female experiences (rhetoric that defines what a woman is, or what a woman should be) we will often find there exists a rift between discursive representations of "woman" and individuals' experiences of their own identity from moment to moment. If we conceive of Catherine Bourne as a woman who accepts her own identity as a woman, but at times detests the socially imposed category of "woman," then her self-dividedness, her bursts of rage, her desire to enact forbidden sexuality, and even her decision to burn David's manuscripts can make sense.

Catherine, first and foremost, is a divided self. Because she finds the female role an oppressive, predictable, and inexpressive form, she wants to escape. She has a heightened awareness of female stereotypes, and she tries to make David aware of the moments when he himself invokes these stereotypes. In a brief argument with David, he tells her to lower her voice so others in the restaurant won't hear her, and she replies, "Why should I hold it down? You want a girl don't you? Don't you want everything that goes

with it? Scenes, hysteria, false accusations, temperament isn't that it?" (70). She is quite aware of the female-as-hysteric stereotype and recognizes how, at any given moment, her conversation can move from a personal interaction to a stereotyped construction. It is in this vein that we can understand what Catherine means when she says, "I'm not a woman. I can't stand how women are and I never could" (422.1–18, p. 33). And when Marita accuses her, "You aren't really a woman at all," Catherine responds, "I know it. I've tried to explain it to David often enough" (192). It is not that she despises either herself or other women; rather, she despises the category of women that defines her as hysterical, passive, and weak. In her desire to circumvent constricting categories, Catherine embarks on a series of gender transformations with the hope of liberating herself from the codes of female behavior.[6] Importantly, Catherine performs her experiments only in a very small laboratory, the laboratory of her marriage to David. She does not measure herself by other people's standards and says as much to David: "We're not like other people" (27). She simply wants to establish a world without gender stereotypes within the confines of her marriage, and a large part of her success depends on having a willing partner.

In addition to sexual transformations, Catherine wishes to enact racial transformations as well. Or perhaps transformation is the wrong word, since it implies that she desires a simple switch from white to black, when she actually wants to effect a change that is far more complicated and indecipherable. Each time David comments on her darkness, she answers with a slightly different desire: "I want to be your African girl"; "I'm lion color" (30); "I wish I had some Indian blood" (31); "you'll be darker than an Indian and that takes us further away from other people" (30). In the manuscripts she wants to be "dark enough not to be white" (422.1, 4.3.1), "brown as a Kanaka" (422.1, 2.1.1), and a "lazy naked octoroon half-caste wife" (422.1, 5.5.2). She is quite pleased by Colonel Boyle's description of her as "the darkest white girl" he has ever seen. In other words, she wants to perform several ethnicities, and in so doing, she hopes to defy their susceptibility to stereotyping. After getting very, very dark, she mixes up the categories even more dramatically by lightening her hair to the color of pearls. Debra Moddelmog has argued that Catherine lightens her hair to

retain a hold on her whiteness.

> Catherine's immersion in the ideology of white racism is reflected in her continual lightening of her hair, an action that accentuates her identity as a white woman. With her blond hair and her other "white" features, Catherine might be the darkest white woman some of the other characters have ever seen, but she is nonetheless white. (96)

I would argue that Catherine does not whiten her hair as a means of clinging to the ideology of white racism; rather, she whitens her hair because it is the final step toward completely mystifying and confounding others' attempts to codify her racial identity. She brings together two identities on her own body that can not naturally coexist, platinum blonde hair and African or Indian skin color and thereby totalizes the performative aspects of identity. She wants to encompass all genders and ethnicities, and be bound to none.

> "It's going to be lighter and lighter and I'll be fairer and fairer and darker in the body too."
> "That will be wonderful," [David says].
> "Yes and I'm all over everything." (124)

It is hard to gauge how much Catherine trusts David, and in fact she probably ought to be very skeptical of his ability to imagine a world devoid of stereotypes. First of all, he doesn't seem particularly imaginative in his conceptions of her as a woman; she is either his "good girl" or "Devil" (an all too familiar dichotomy). Once she introduces the idea that they could be equals, "the same," he expresses strong reservations:

> "I want us to be just the same." [Catherine says]
> "We can't be the same."
> "Yes we could if you'd let us."
> "I really don't want to do it." (176)

Catherine repeatedly decries the standards of normality that determine male and female behavior: "Why do we have to go by everyone else's rules? We're us" (15) and "Why do we have to do other things like everyone does?" (27). David doesn't see: "We were having a good time and I didn't feel any rules" (15). Catherine must educate David by showing him where the rules exist in terms of gender and racial identity. Not one to tread lightly,

she cuts straight to the first lesson and transforms herself into a boy (and asks David to position himself female). He gets the message, and the effect is swift and devastating.

After their very first nighttime gender transformation, the narration enters David's thoughts and we realize it's all over for his young wife: "he held her close and hard and inside himself he said goodbye and then goodbye and goodbye" (18). His forlorn and final farewell seems rather premature (we're only on page eighteen, after all), but it has the effect of alienating the reader from Catherine. Here, he is the sane husband who has been a reluctant participant in his wife's inexplicable and apparently intolerable desires. At once, he privately withdraws from her and from their project. And yet, the novel provides ample evidence that David wants to participate in Catherine's nighttime reversals. He says to himself, "All right, you like it . . . don't say that anyone tempted you or that anyone bitched you" (84). Moreover, when Catherine asks him, "You don't really mind being brothers do you?" he flatly replies: "No" (21). Understandably then, Catherine acts on the assumption that she and David want to be the same, and that together they want to break down gender differences. If she does lose her grip on reality, as many critics believe, then David's disingenuous and misleading remarks certainly contribute to her decline.

For his part, David feels quite comfortable with the benefits he receives from a culturally constructed identity (i.e., his status as author) and this, above all, prevents him from embracing Catherine's mission. The press clippings represent a public identity for David, an identity that (at least Catherine believes) does not represent his authentic self and undermines her desire to create complex identities for them both.

> They both read the clippings and then the girl put the one she was reading down and said, "I'm frightened by them and all the things they say. How can we be us and have the things we have and do what we do and you be this that's in the clippings?"
>
> "I've had them before," the young man said. "They're bad for you but it doesn't last."
>
> "They're terrible," she said. "They could destroy you if you thought about them or believed them. You don't think I married you because you are what they say you are in these clippings do you?"
>
> "No. I want to read them and then we'll seal them up in the envelope." (24)

Catherine finds the publicly constructed David abhorrent in the same way she finds cultural constructions of woman abhorrent. She wants David to know that she married him for his authentic self, not this culturally powerful identity that exists in texts. And perhaps more importantly, she wants David to act on the same principle in his affections toward her. "Please love me David the way I am. Please understand and love me" (17) she says, hoping that he can move beyond static definitions of "woman," "wife," or "bride" to find in her a more complex and complete individual.

In order to create a world where both she and David can be safe from the world's standards or "everyone else's rules," both partners must adopt an internal set of values that need not refer to anything outside of themselves. David, however, has already made it clear to the reader, if not to his wife, that he will not submit to such an enclosed system:

> "The book's made some money already," he told her.
> "That's wonderful. I'm so glad. But we know it's good. If the reviews had said it was worthless and it never made a cent I would have been just as proud and just as happy."
> I wouldn't, the young man thought. But he did not say it. He went on reading the reviews, unfolding them and folding them up again and putting them back in the envelope. (25)

Even the repetitiveness of David's motions, "unfolding them and folding them up again," suggests his desire to soak in their cumulative effect in an almost obsessive way. Or, as Steven Roe has pointed out, "David's review-reading is itself a kind of mass-like ceremony . . . he unfolds and refolds the clippings . . . as if they were of sacramental value. David, however, is a poor priest, engaged in a form of self-worship" (54). His unwillingness to admit the deep importance of these reviews contributes enormously to Catherine's growing sense of alienation and dividedness.

While Catherine wants to explode the notion that gendered subjectivity exists as a single, coherent, unified entity, her husband's public career works in total opposition to that notion. The clippings construct a static and commodified author-figure:

> There were hundreds of [clippings] and every one, almost, had his picture and they were all the same pictures. It's worse than carrying around obscene postcards really. I think he reads them by himself and is unfaithful to me with them. (215)

David, in effect, has usurped Catherine's role as the cover girl: fetishized, sexualized, commodified.[7] And yet there is a difference. Unlike mass media images of women and the devaluation that lies therein, male authorship and authority carries privilege and power. From Catherine's perspective, David's interest in these cultural constructions of himself stands in direct opposition to her project; he reveres the cultural image of masculine authority that perpetuates itself in the public sphere and she strives to destabilize such monolithic texts.

As Catherine becomes increasingly aware of David's dividedness, she too becomes torn between the role of "good girl" and her individual desires. She tries to ease his mind by proving that she is committed to the role of wife: "I've started on my good new life and I'm . . . looking outward and trying not to think about myself so much" (53). Submissive, dutiful, accommodating, she attempts to live according to the standards of wifeliness. After a short time, she cannot sustain such a divided self, and pleads with David, "Do you want me to wrench myself around and tear myself in two?" (70). She begins to feel even more desperate once she realizes that their gender role reversals are having only a limited, temporary effect. In an ingenious plan, albeit an unconventional one, Catherine sets up a kind of puppet regime in her marriage, importing the girl named Marita to fulfill the obligations of "good wife" while she gains the space to breathe freely and act out her own desires without feeling self-conscious about her lack of enthusiasm for the wifely ideal.

Accordingly, Marita becomes David's helpmeet, his supporter, his lover; she gives, she sacrifices, she fulfills, she submits.[8] Her rhetoric fits the mold of the wifely ideal: "Nothing I do is important" (112). And she admits to Catherine, "I'm trying to study [David's] needs" (122). She even reads *Vogue* magazine, a text written explicitly for women, and the ultimate source of information about codified female behavior. When Catherine and Marita return to see David after a day spent together, Marita immediately asks, "Did you work well David?" Catherine responds, "That's a good wife. I forgot to ask" (109). Marita's submission is so extreme, in fact, it almost becomes a parody of itself. In a conversation with David about a man's giving Madame a black eye, she says, "There's a difference in age and he was within his rights to hit

her if she was insulting" (243). Marita's stance contrasts markedly with Catherine's earlier comment to David, "I'm of age and because I'm married to you doesn't make me your slave or your chattel" (225).

Catherine's puppet regime, as it were, fails. What she had neglected to factor into her experiment is the overwhelming power that accompanies a man and a woman who join in a culturally sanctioned union. Once Catherine has resigned her role as "good wife" to Marita, she feels freer to act on her sexual desires and she becomes increasingly marginalized. At the same time, Marita is studying David's needs, reading *Vogue*, and generally trying to fashion herself into an ideal wife, and thus grows increasingly mainstream. In a reversal of Catherine's highest hopes for herself and for her husband, Marita joins David in a conservative and powerful alliance of heterosexuality. They have all the weight of culturally prescribed normalcy on their side, and worse, they subscribe to it. Marita asks David, "Are we the Bournes?" and David replies, "Sure. We're the Bournes. It may take a while to have the papers. But that's what we are. Do you want me to write it out? I think I could write that" (243). David and Marita have psychologically transformed themselves into a married couple, and David's way of legitimizing the union falls back on a familiar source of cultural power—the public, written document that sanctions their union—something Catherine would have despised.

Once Catherine realizes that Marita has joined in a conventional union with David, she has very few options left to preserve the private world she had tried to invent. Once Marita has disrupted that world, David has an easy option—he can start a new life with Marita where they both know their roles and live within the prescribed boundaries of gender. Catherine's final desperate act seeks to eradicate the texts that have transfixed her husband and hindered him from developing a purely private world with her. She burns the clippings as well as the stories that will generate more clippings.

By the time Catherine decides to attack the very texts that enable David to strengthen his role as a powerful cultural producer, he has not only abandoned Catherine, but he divides his time between his conventional union with Marita and an exclusively male world (the world of his African stories) as a source of renewal. He thinks to himself, "Tomorrow he must go back into

his own country, the one that Catherine was jealous of and that Marita loved and respected" (193). Marita respects that writerly world by simultaneously revering it, maintaining distance from it, and encouraging David to become even more entrenched in his own manhood. She prods, "I want you to have men friends and friends from the war and to shoot with and to play cards at the club" (245). David refuses to acknowledge that he had once subscribed to Catherine's multiplicity, if indeed he ever did, and he interprets her former attempts to achieve equality between them as plain old selfishness:

> "You only want things for you, Devil."
> "That's not true, David. Anyway I am you and her. That's what I did it for. I'm everybody. You know about that don't you?"
> "Go to sleep, Devil." (196)

Catherine's refusal to embrace a unified and socially acceptable form of female sexuality has now become intolerable to her husband, the ultimate arbiter of her success or failure as a woman and a wife. His stiff response, "Go to sleep, Devil" literally puts to rest the possibility for her to explore and develop the diverse aspects of her own identity within their marriage.

Not unlike the climactic scene in Bronte's novel *Jane Eyre*, where Bertha finally takes her revenge upon Rochester in a release of primal rage, rebellion, and destruction, Catherine Bourne burns the very foundation of David's cultural identity. As though making an allusion to Bronte's novel, David says to Marita, "We've been burned out . . . Crazy woman burned out the Bournes" (243). Catherine has become Bertha, the overly expressive, libidinal outcast, who—displaced by the good, ministering wife—takes her final revenge. And just as the blinding and maiming of Rochester endows Jane with a new power over him, Marita, too, benefits markedly from the burning of David's stories. In the wake of his destroyed stories, David is stripped of his former authority: "He had never before in his relatively short life been impotent but in an hour standing before the armoire on top of which he wrote he learned what impotence was" (422.3, chapter 44, p. 1). Nothing a good woman can't fix—and Marita does—as we will see.

If Catherine's could be called a deconstructive enterprise, then the work of Scribner's editor Tom Jenks must rightly be called

reconstructive. Where Catherine strove to emphasize the value of plurality, he tied up loose ends; instead of continuing to challenge the constructedness of racial and gender categories, he reinstates the husband's dominant, creative role in opposition to the wife's passive, submissive position; where ambiguities existed, he resolved them. Most of all, he opted for a neat and tidy ending: the marriage plot, in essence. But a thorough reading of the manuscripts will reveal that Hemingway was hardly looking back to the nineteenth century for a model of his novel's ending; on the contrary, I would argue that he was pushing quite edgily into the postmodern.

It is useless to criticize Tom Jenks, who felt compelled to choose only one ending, but it does leave those who haven't had a chance to look at the manuscript unaware of the other endings that dramatically change the story's thrust. According to Jenks's story, Catherine conveniently disappears, leaving behind a letter that is filled with apology; Marita is the good and supportive wife who sleeps softly while David walks into his private room where he works and achieves phenomenal success. With his new pencils and a new cahier, he not only begins the story about his father, but finds that "he knew much more about his father than when he had first written the story" (247). Miraculously, the story comes to him complete and entire and "what . . . had taken him five days to write originally" is completed by two o'clock that same afternoon. This is a man who not only recovers his original powers of composition, but finds renewed and enhanced abilities. Jenks's ending glorifies the writer's gift and pushes women off center stage, an arrangement that certainly finds an easy home within the Hemingway oeuvre. What I have tried to show here is that the complete text of *The Garden of Eden* does not have such a comfortable place within our traditional understanding of Hemingway's legacy.

Jenks could have gone with Hemingway's "Provisional Ending," a seven-page piece written as a safeguard in case anything happened to him before he finished the work. In this ending, Catherine and David are together, lying in the sun, carrying on a brittle, unsteady exchange reminiscent of "Hills Like White Elephants." Catherine repeatedly talks about the past, asking David if he remembers how it was then:

> "Remember when I used to talk about anything and everything and we owned the world?. . . . All we had to do was see it and we owned

> it. . . . Remember? I could change everything. Change me change you change us both change the seasons change everything for my delight and then it speeded up and speeded up and then it went away and then I went away" (4–5).

David tries to be positive, saying "Then you came back" to which Catherine responds, "Not really."

Their conversation strongly echoes the agonizing exchanges between Jig and her lover:

> "We can have everything."
> "No we can't" [Jig replies].
> "We can have the whole world."
> "No we can't."
> "We can go everywhere."
> "No we can't. It isn't ours anymore." (276)

The world is now a strange and alienating place for these two women who have been emotionally abandoned by their husbands, and both narratives end in irresolution. Catherine concludes a discussion of her thoughts on suicide with the falsely cheerful: "Who knows? Now should we have the nice swim before lunch?" Jig, too, puts on a forced smile in response to her lover's question of whether she feels better: "I feel fine. There's nothing wrong with me. I feel fine" (278). Even the landscapes share similar qualities. In "Hills Like White Elephants," barren countryside is set in opposition to a fertile valley. *The Garden of Eden's* provisional ending juxtaposes the bright, hot sun and yellow sand where Catherine lies fully exposed against the clear and smooth blue water that refreshes David when the sun and conversation become too much for him. Hemingway's "Provisional Ending" fits rather nicely with some of the more provocative, gender-based stories of Hemingway's career; furthermore, the similarities between these two narratives bolster my own sense that our sympathies are ultimately meant to rest with Catherine, as they do in the story with Jig.

A third conclusion to the novel exists, if we simply allow the narrative to conclude where the manuscript leaves off.[9] In an astonishing development (one that Jenks leaves out in the published version), the manuscript reveals that Marita has her hair cut short to look like an African girl, but the barber cuts off so much

she ends up looking like a boy; and yet, David admits quite readily that he is "very excited" by her appearance. Later that evening, Marita proposes that she play the male role at dinner, just as Catherine had done:

> "I'm your girl and your boy too. Do you know it?"
> "If you want."
> "No. If we both want. Can I be at dinner?"
> "Sure." (Chapter 45, p. 27)

Later that night, they enact their gender reversals in bed as well. Marita, in an internal monologue, comforts herself with the knowledge that she is better than Catherine at these gender transformations: "I'm better than she is because I really am both. I'm a better boy because I really am. I don't have to change back and forth and I'm a better girl I hope" (chapter 46, pp. 36–37). Debra Moddelmog has noted how Marita's duplication of Catherine's so-called games has major implications for David's character:

> Of all the changes Jenks made, the one that stands out in greatest opposition to the movement of the manuscript is the cauterizing of the pages which reveal that Catherine's departure does not "cure" David's desire to engage in and enjoy actions that call into question his masculinity as well as his heterosexuality. (113)

Beyond its implications for David, though, this section of the manuscript absolutely begs the question: what precisely was Catherine's failing as a wife? Is it still fair to call Catherine "mad," given this new information about her husband's complicity? We must assume, at this point, that David does indeed want a wife who will push at the boundaries of gender identity, performing the role of boy and girl. So how can readers condemn Catherine?

The narrative, ever so faintly, suggests one difference between Marita and Catherine in their nighttime reversals: Catherine had insisted on being the boy (Peter), and therefore the dominant partner, while David was forced to position himself female. In the provisional ending, Catherine remarks that she can't remember the name of the product they used "to aid such miracles" (2). Marita, on the other hand, allows David to retain the position of dominance; he remains in the male role, and she positions herself as a boy, presumably the submissive role to his dominant role (Marita

thinks to herself, "I must do that part [being a boy] better than she did. It's good I'm just the opposite" [chapter 45, p. 11]). Catherine's failing as a wife is precisely as she feared and imagined it to be: she wanted to be equals in a marriage where the husband could not relinquish his dominance.[10] In the end, David finally acknowledges his responsibility for the destruction of his young wife: "his changing of allegiance, no matter how sound it had seemed, no matter how it simplified things for him, was a grave and violent thing" (238).

If the novel were to end in such a way as to echo Hemingway's own biography, then Marita's duplication of Catherine's gender experimentation would be quite appropriate. Michael Reynolds has shown that in 1922 Hemingway wanted to let his hair "grow to reach the bobbed length of Hadley's so they could be the same person" (98). And in *A Moveable Feast*, Hemingway says he and Hadley "lived like savages and kept our own tribal rules and had our own customs and our own standards, secrets, taboos, and delights" (4). During his later courtship with Pauline, she repeatedly remarked, "We are one, we are the same guy, I am you" (Kert 186). Two decades later, Mary Welsh's autobiography explains that she (Mary) had always wanted to "be a boy" and loved Ernest to "be her girls" (389); moreover, in a handful of letters, Hemingway nicknamed himself "Catherine" and referred to Mary as "Peter."[11] Only his third wife, Martha Gellhorn, seems to have refrained from the gender experimentation Hemingway enjoyed with his other three wives.[12]

It may be that the weight of Hemingway's own "clippings" kept him from publishing such a self-revealing novel during his own lifetime. But for nearly two decades he worked on *The Garden of Eden*, and in it we find entrance past the carefully cultivated persona of the Hemingway legend. If we are able to distance ourselves from the immediate tendency to label Hemingway as a purely male-centered writer, we may have room to see the awakening of Catherine Bourne, certainly one of his greatest female characters.

The Garden of Eden: Marita

Silence itself—the things one declines to say, or is forbidden to name, the discretion that is required between different speakers—is less the

> absolute limit of discourse, the other side from which it is separated by a strict boundary, than an element that functions alongside the things said, and in relation to them within overall strategies. There is no binary division to be made between what one says and what one does not say; we must try to determine the different ways of not saying such things, how those who can and those who cannot speak of them are distributed, which type of discourse is authorized, or which form of discretion is required in either case. There is not one but many silences, and they are an integral part of the strategies that underlie and permeate discourses. (Foucault, *History of Sexuality* 27)

It is remarkable to note the myriad ways that Hemingway's characters talk about sex and sexual orientation in *The Garden of Eden* without actually using explicit language. The halting and euphemistic conversations illustrate how basic sex is to the story, but their desires are never confronted. If one studies the conversations that tiptoe closer and closer to the actual topic of sex itself, it becomes clear that it is always David who rigorously suppresses the topic. He strictly enforces a code of silence that even his closest intimates, Catherine and Marita, can not violate. They must reassure him that their sexuality is nontransgressive (Catherine calls it "just fun" and Marita calls it "variety"), while he evaluates just how far he will allow his desires to deviate from the mainstream, and how far they may deviate before they become deviant, or before they become meaningful as nonheterosexual acts.

When Marita enters the Bournes' marriage she serves as an apprentice, studying David's needs and trying to fashion herself into the love object he would most desire. When Catherine asks her, "We'll take good care of him won't we Heiress?" Marita responds earnestly, "We must try very hard . . . I'm trying to study his needs. This [caviar and champagne] was all we could find for today" (122). Her apprenticeship moves along quite rapidly, approximately at the same pace as Catherine's decline, and Catherine speaks of the change as an inheritance.

> "I want Marita to be your wife too to help me out and then she inherits from me."
> "Why does she have to inherit?"
> "People make their wills," she said. "And this is more important than a will." (145)

Many critics would take this discussion as evidence that even Catherine acknowledges she is losing her grip on reality, and therefore she thoughtfully makes arrangements for Marita to take on her role as wife so that David won't be left alone if she is put away in an asylum. This point of view would make perfect sense if Catherine were indeed training Marita to be the kind of "good" and "normal" wife that she appears to be in Jenks's version of the novel. But the Marita who exists in Jenks's version of the novel represents an enormous sin of omission.[13] The fact is, Marita inherits from Catherine a man whose homoerotic desires cannot be suppressed and Marita's role as his new wife is to learn ways of helping him act out his desires without feeling remorse.

David's desire to avoid the topic of his own sexuality is incredibly strong, but once he learns that Marita has read his honeymoon narrative with all of its explicit details of sexual role-playing, he finally feels compelled to address the question of his sexuality, hoping for reassurance from Marita that she understands how he is.

> "So you read it all?"
> "Yes. It's wonderful."
> "What about the Madrid part?" He looked at her and she looked up at him and then moistened her lips and did not look away and she said very carefully, "I knew all about that because I'm just the way you are." (185)

It is quite remarkable that Tom Jenks left this revealing exchange in the published version of the text. The "Madrid part" that David is so concerned about refers to the evening when Catherine becomes "Peter" and David becomes "Catherine" and they perform their sexual roles so fluidly that David feels confused the next day about exactly who or what he is. Marita's response, spoken very carefully, "I'm just the way you are" stands out as perhaps the most intriguing piece of dialogue in the entire published novel. Marita seems to have a fix on David's sexuality; whatever he is, she is too.

Which leads to the next obvious question: what is Marita? The more one focuses on her various characteristics, the more elusive she becomes. What I will argue in this section is that Marita embodies the liminal, undefined space within and between racial and gender discourses. If we imagine Catherine and David as explorers who have "discovered" a new world, Marita is the dark inhabitant whose identity truly challenges existing and comfortable oppositions—male/female, black/white. While Catherine admits

that she must wrench herself around and tear herself in two to embody racial and sexual multiplicity, Marita moves fluidly between the seemingly strict dichotomies of race and gender.

Let's first examine Marita's sexuality. She describes herself as never having made love to anyone before, although she was married briefly. After her marriage she did make love to girls, "but never really bad things. Wrong things but not really bad" (422.1–16, p. 21). Once she meets the Bournes, she makes herself sexually available to both of them:

> "I am yours and I'm going to be Catherine's too."
> "I don't go in for girls," Catherine said. It was very quiet and her voice did not sound right either to herself or to David.
> "Don't you ever?"
> "I never have."
> "I can be your girl, if you ever want one, and David's too."
> "I've never had a girl," Catherine said.
> "I'm so stupid," the girl said. "I didn't know. Is it true? You're not making fun of me?"
> "I'm not making fun of you."
> "I don't know how I could be so stupid," the girl said. (105)

Marita is a virgin who was married; a lesbian who did "wrong" but not "bad" things; a lover who equally desires men and women. If Jenks hoped that readers would equate Marita's "I'm just the way you are" with "I'm strictly heterosexual, just like you," the manuscript refuses to comply.

Marita's nationality is equally ambiguous and never gets resolved. When David and Catherine first see her arguing with Nina (who they surmise to be perhaps a sister, perhaps a lover, perhaps a friend), they immediately conclude that "they're not Americans" (89). Marita's car has Swiss plates. As her argument with Nina escalates David decides "it's just a big Italian row" (89). Marita's nationality is never disclosed, though she speaks only in English throughout the novel. Later she describes herself as a gamin, an originless child who roams about without any roots.

And what of her racial features? Catherine introduces her as a "dark girl" (103) for David, though Marita is prepared to become any color David desires:

> "I'll get really brown."
> "I'm sure you will."

> "Would you rather I was not so deeply brown?"
> "You're a nice color. Get that color all over if you like."
> "I thought perhaps you'd like one of your girls lighter than the other." (101)

David's comment, "Get that color all over if you like" comes immediately after they swam together naked, so he means to say that she is dark in some places and light in others. Most of all, Marita is a fluctuating identity, impossible to pin down.

Her subversion of the black and white dichotomy is ultimately depicted through her constant blushing. When approaching Catherine's table to ask where she had her hair cut, Marita blushes uncontrollably. At one point David thinks to himself, "She can't blush again . . . But she did" (90), and as she walks away from the table David admits that she was beautiful but "an awful blusher" (91). In other words, her face continuously changes from white (or brown) to red and then back again. Her sexual orientation, her nationality, and her racial markers all lack specificity and defy categorization.

Both Catherine and Marita serve as a testing ground for the symbolic boundaries of gender and race, but because Marita can inhabit many without actually signifying any particular one, her identity poses no relational threat to David. On the other hand, Catherine's and David's identities directly depend upon each other. Catherine publicly inhabits the role of white female wife, which stands in direct correlation to David's role as white male husband, and any alteration to her status directly affects his status. As Eve Sedgwick has written, "Gender is the rigidly dichotomized social production and reproduction of male and female identities and behaviors in a cultural system for which 'male/female' functions as a primary and perhaps model binarism. It is culturally mutable and variable, highly relational (in a sense that each gender is defined primarily by its relation to the other), and inextricable from a history of power differentials between genders" (40).

Catherine had hoped to inhabit both genders and many races, wishing to become "anything and anything" and "everybody" (196) but she couldn't break out of the binary oppositions that defined her gendered and racial identity because it always affected how David perceived himself; in terms of gender, she could not construct any identity that pushed beyond the role of either good

girl Catherine or the male lover, Peter. In terms of race, she looks like the "darkest white girl [anyone] has ever seen," but the phrase "darkest white girl" still incorporates the binary opposition of dark/light, black/white. Marita naturally moves between and among all of these identities in a way that defies oppositions, and finally Catherine must concede her own deficiency and loss: "You're a girl and a boy both and you really are. You don't have to change and it doesn't kill you and I'm not. And now I'm nothing" (192). Catherine's experimental identities had all been in relation to her husband—as she became Peter, he became Catherine, they both tanned darkly and dyed their hair platinum blonde—but once Marita steals David's affections, Catherine has no oppositional relation with him anymore and she becomes, quite literally, "nothing."

Almost all of the above analysis can be derived from the published version of *The Garden of Eden* as assembled by Scribner's editor Tom Jenks. However, Jenks's ending has an enormous effect on the reader's ability to truly assess the Bournes' marriage because it erases so much of the narrative's complexity. Catherine is the devil in the garden, a temptress who pushes her sinfulness too far until David is rescued by Marita, a submissive girl who attends to his conventional, heterosexual needs. Catherine, in a state of growing madness, is responsible for the transgressive gender-bending and David, poor David, is just too nice to say no. Curiously, Jenks does leave in one very strange, suggestive, and halting conversation that implies the possibility of continued sexual experiments between David and Marita:

> "You don't want me to do her things? Because I know them all and I can do them."
> "Stop talking and just feel."
> "I can do them better than she can."
> "Stop talking."
> "Don't think you have to—"
> "Don't talk."
> "But you don't have to—"
> "No one has to but we are—" (185)

What is Marita trying to say that keeps getting cut off here? What is it that David doesn't want spoken aloud? If Marita knows exactly

what David is, and if he falls into the category of strictly heterosexual, why would she propose to do "her [Catherine] things"?

One would assume that Jenks left this discussion in the published version because he felt that Marita's proposition reflects the desperate voice of an inexperienced girl who wants to appear as adventurous in bed as her predecessor; more to the point, David seems to deny her proposal, and the reader can rest easy knowing that he is done with all that. Jenks knows full well, however, that the manuscript does not support such a conclusion, not by a long shot. The manuscript reveals that Marita takes it as her personal goal to achieve the same kinds of sexual transformations that Catherine enacted, but with one difference: she doesn't want David to feel the same sense of remorse that he felt with Catherine.

In the last portion of this essay, then, I would like to emphasize sections of the manuscript that show how Marita absolutely replicates Catherine's sexual experiments. These details exonerate Catherine, an important effort in and of itself, but more importantly the evidence of David's homoeroticism provides an overt example of the way that Hemingway's famous construction of the white male character is crucially embedded in discourses of homosexuality and race. The character comes into being at key moments of racial and sexual dominance or differentiation. I would like to lay out these themes plainly because they have been an important element in Hemingway's writings from the very beginning of his career.

After Catherine has burned David's manuscripts, disappeared, and Jenks has concluded the novel with the restoration of David's writing career, Hemingway's original and full manuscript continues on to show Marita doing "Catherine things." In chapter 45, Marita has her hair cut like a boy's, and both David and Marita search hard to find a description of how she looks.

> "What kind of boy are you supposed to be?" he asked. Her thick, black, shining hair was cropped as close as a close sheared beaver.
> "Bizerte street urchin I think," she said. "Am I too awful?"
> "You're wonderful. But it's a shock."
> "It's supposed to be," she said. "I'm awfully glad you're here."
> "Let me look at you."
> Her thick, black, shiny hair was cropped close and ragged as a waterfront arab's and she looked at him impudently . . . .
> "You look like a tout for a gilly-gilly man."

> "I wanted to look like your African girl and this is how it turned out."
> "You look like Africa," David said. "But very far north and you mixed up the genders." (422.1–38, pp. 1–2)

Just as Marita earlier described herself as a gamin, she again emphasizes her rootless national identity by calling herself a "street urchin." David thinks she looks like Africa, but very far north where the country begins to blend into neighboring ethnicities. Furthermore, Marita objects to the idea that she could look just like an African, saying, "you need black skin underneath to [have hair] as short as African." With this haircut, she has confounded nationality, ethnicity, racial and gender characteristics, embodying all and becoming no single one.

Marita's very manner of speech almost perfectly copies Catherine's. After the haircut she asks David how he really felt when he walked over to the table and first saw her. He says, "Very excited," and she responds, "Me too. Isn't it nice our dark things are so simple and so complicated too?" (chapter 45, pp. 1–38, 4). When Catherine first described her haircut, she said "it's very simple but it's very complicated" (11). Again using Catherine's words, Marita describes her homoerotic seduction of David as an act of corruption.

> "I like to corrupt you," she said. "You know David that it's wonderful fun."
> "Really?"
> "Oh yes. Isn't it for you?"
> "I'm holding out."
> "That's fun too. Hold out all you can."

Catherine once said, with the same knowingness, "You aren't very hard to corrupt and you're an awful lot of fun to corrupt" (150).

In addition, Catherine taught Marita that she must act the part of temptress, ignoring David's half-hearted efforts to discourage homoeroticism. Catherine had said, "if [David] ever says no about anything, just keep right on. It doesn't mean a thing" (188). Marita shows that she learned this lesson in a conversation with David:

> "I want to be your boy too."
> "No."
> "Yes I will be and you'll love it and never have remorse. I am now and you don't have remorse."

"You're not."
"All right. But I will be in the dark. I won't ask permission either. I think I'll be now."
"No."
"I love to hear you say no. It's such a non-definite word the way you say it. It's better than anybody's yes."
"Then I'll be strong and silent."
"No you won't. You'll say no and I know what no means." (422.1–36, p. 5)

She knows what David's "no" means because Catherine taught her well.

Once Marita begins to act out David's homoerotic fantasies, then and only then does he begin to write again. Chapter 45 concludes with Marita carrying on an internal monologue assessing whether or not she was able to act out David's desires in a way that would preclude his feelings of remorse and allow him to write again: "If he can only work in the morning. He might. It might have been good for him. It certainly was good for me. I wish we could have gone to sleep that way. But then he would have had remorse. I'm sure he would. Later he won't I think. He loves it as much as I do" (422.1–38, p. 37). They have just finished making love, both performing as boys, and Marita seems to believe that if she performed properly then perhaps David would be able to work well in the morning. And in fact, she is quite right. In Chapter 46 David recovers his writing: "It was two o'clock before he stopped and by then he had recovered, corrected and improved what it had taken him five days to write originally" (422.1–48, p. 4).

The metanarrative of David's writing a story within the novel offers a fascinating revelation here. Not only can the reader see how Hemingway's depiction of the white male character, David Bourne, is built upon discourses of homoeroticism, but the character himself, David Bourne, draws on his own homoerotic experimentation as a catalyst for his depiction of a most Hemingwayesque father-son initiation tale. In fact, David credits Marita with his recovered writing ability, saying "You broke me loose." Even though he is writing an intensely white- and male-centered story, David somehow needs the multiplicity of desires that Marita can enact with and for him. And David's unorthodox desires in turn prompt a serious challenge for critics to reassess and chip into the impermeable,

rock-solid reputation of Hemingway as one who traffics exclusively in maleness, whiteness, and heterosexuality.

Why does it matter that Hemingway created a male character whose homoerotic desires are so powerful that he encourages his two female lovers to perform the male role for him? Is it merely a lascivious desire to deconstruct the mythos of machismo that has long pervaded Hemingway studies? Is it an affirmation of Eve Sedgwick's formulation that, indeed, male-male identification slips easily into male-male desire? David Bourne allows Hemingway scholars to see how heavily immersed a white male character can be in the repressive discourses of homosexuality, racial ambiguity, variable ethnicity, and indeterminate nationality, and for this reason he represents a pivotal figure in Hemingway studies.

CHAPTER 6

African Brotherhood in *Under Kilimanjaro*

Under Kilimanjaro

The year 1999 marked the centennial celebration of Ernest Hemingway's birth and provided an ideal opportunity to publish Hemingway's posthumous book, *True at First Light*. The book has been touted as a "fictional memoir," a confounding categorization to be sure. Before its publication, the manuscript was described as a novel, a memoir, a journal, and, finally, as the "African book." But these categories beg the question: are the events of this final book true or untrue? Based on evidence from Hemingway's letters and Mary's diary, nearly all of the significant events have proven quite true: Mary's desire to kill a lion on safari, her sneaking suspicion that Hemingway shot her lion first, Hemingway's intimate involvement with an African girl named Debba, the Mau Mau rebellion, Hemingway's brotherhood with men of the Wakamba tribe, his shaved head, and his desire for pierced ears, tribal marks, and dark skin. In the same way that *The Garden of Eden* tested the boundaries of gender and racial identity, *True at First Light* provides an even more fascinating exploration of race and racial difference if only because so much of the narrative represents autobiographical material.

As soon as *True at First Light* was published, critics began to wonder aloud precisely what portions of the original manuscript had been cut to make the book commercially viable. Patrick Hemingway had pruned a manuscript of 200,000 words to somewhere between 50 and 75 percent of its original length.[1] Given the unusual subject matter, the years Hemingway spent on the manuscript (from late October 1954 to spring 1956), the autobiographical aspects of

the book, and the distinct possibility that this would be the last posthumous full-length manuscript in Hemingway's oeuvre, readers wanted more.[2]

In 2005, a full version of Hemingway's African book was published, titled *Under Kilimanjaro*. The editors, Robert W. Lewis and Robert E. Fleming offered these words to justify the project:

> Knowing of his care and devotion to his writing craft, some critics and fellow artists argue that without Hemingway's explicit approval, no work of his should be posthumously published. Mixed or negative reviews of such work might seem to offer proof of that belief. Yet given Hemingway's implicit approval of this manuscript as his legacy and given the work's considerable and original merit and the uncontestable value of the author's previous work, we believe that this book deserves as complete and faithful a publication as possible without editorial distortion, speculation, or textually unsupported attempts at improvement. (*UK*, "Introduction" ix)

At last we have a full and complete published version of Hemingway's posthumous book, and like so many mysteries that linger only to be resolved years later, the full manuscript has been anticlimactic. From the perspective of race and identity, the book still suffers from unexceptional characterization of the Africans, including Debba, and an underdeveloped, incoherent perspective on the intense African politics that the Hemingways lived with every day while on safari.

At the book's opening, Hemingway lives in East Africa in 1953–1954. The white hunter Philip Percival has left him in charge of the Kimana safari camp at a time of active anticolonial unrest in that region. The Kenya Africa Union had begun to seek national independence and when acts of civil disobedience and boycotts failed to create change, some African tribes turned to violence. The Hemingways visited during the time of one of the more notorious uprisings, the Mau Mau Rebellion of 1953.[3] The Mau Mau were African farm laborers who sought equality and freedom from British rule, and their attacks on landowning white farmers received much attention in part because they were rumored to have been carried out in brutal fashion with a farm implement called a *panga*, a "heavy-bladed, single-edged sword, stamped and ground from sheet steel in the English Midlands, able to cut brush, dig holes and kill people under the right

conditions" (Patrick Hemingway, "Introduction," *True at First Light*, 8).

The Wakamba tribe, with whom Hemingway felt a brotherhood, were closely related to the Mau Mau, though their differences were just significant enough to keep most Wakamba loyal to white Europeans. In the introduction to *True at First Light*, Patrick Hemingway offers a brief history of the Mau Mau rebellion and suggests that it was a lucky thing for the Hemingways the Wakamba remained distant from the insurgency, or "[Ernest and Mary] would have then stood a good chance of being hacked to death in their beds as they slept by the very servants they so trusted and thought they understood" ("Introduction," 9). The insurgency exists as a threat and menace throughout the first one-third of the narrative, and yet Hemingway never bothers to enlighten the reader as to its meaning, history, or significance (hence Patrick Hemingway's thumbnail sketch in his introduction). After the first 150 pages, the "emergency" fades away. The Mau Mau rebellion and African politics are dropped in favor of Mary's quest for "her" lion and Christmas tree, Hemingway's ongoing relationship with Debba, and his growing identification with the Wakamba tribe.

The narrative's relative silence on issues of race, colonialism, and politics is hard to understand, given Hemingway's tenuous position among the African tribesmen and the European white settlers. Jeremiah M. Kitunda points out, "It was not a simple thing to live among a people whose war-cry Mau Mau stood for *Musungu Arundi Ulaya Mwafrika Apate Uhuru*—let the white return to Europe for the African to be free" (112). Hemingway reacts to the anticolonial activity with confused sentiments: at times he shows sympathy for the Africans who have been forced onto reserves ("I did know that the white people always took the other people's lands away from them and put them on a reservation where they could go to hell and be destroyed as though they were in a concentration camp. Here they called the reservations the reserves and there was much do-gooding about how the natives now called the Africans were administered. But the hunters were not allowed to hunt and the warriors were not allowed to make war." [260]); other times he rejects the notion that whites should leave Africa ("When I would lie awake in the night when there were no tactical things to think about I would wonder who it was who stood to profit the most if the white people were driven

out of East Africa. Certainly it would not be the Africans." [59]); and occasionally he turns away from it all ("It was no good thinking about ethics now." [261]). Toward the very end of the book, Mary asks Hemingway whether he believes all the tribal things he does with the Wakamba, and he replies, "No. I just practice it" (433). The contradictions and complications are rife.

Hemingway was hired by the British government to serve as Honorary Game Warden; in this role, he is expected to control the animal population and revitalize the tourism industry. In the words of a white police officer, "we're the last of the Empire builders. In a way we're like Rhodes and Dr. Livingstone" (143). Hemingway responds, noncommittal, "In a way." The Kenya Game Department is especially pleased to have him as one of their representatives because they hope his fame will stimulate renewed interest in their lucrative white hunter safaris. The Mau Mau rebellion and other troubles in Kenya had stifled the tourism economy for several years. To that extent, Hemingway functions as someone who glamorizes safari hunting in Africa, a venture that inspires mixed feelings in him. He says, "All Great White Hunters were touching about how they loved the game and hated to kill anything but usually what they were thinking about was preserving the game for the next client that would come along" (261). Even a beloved friend and renowned white hunter, Philip Percival, admits that the hunting of dangerous game in Africa had become "corrupted" and "made easy by what he always called 'those bloody cars'" (46).

His trip is subsidized by *Look* magazine, which ran a photo article on the safari perpetuating Hemingway's famous public persona as a rugged white American male and even further encouraging tourism and safaris in Africa. Though the *Look* article does not explicitly reference the Mau Mau rebellion or other anticolonial unrest, the text overtly reassures American readers that Africa is an excellent and safe tourist destination. In the *Look* article, Hemingway wrote: "Nairobi for a foreigner with no one with a grudge against him is safer than New York, five times safer than parts of Memphis, West Memphis or Jacksonville, infinitely safer than parts of Chicago and most certainly safer than Brooklyn, the Bronx, Central Park at night or Cook City, Montana, on the date of the celebration of the Old Timers Fish Fry" (20). Hemingway said he felt regret that he allowed the magazine to follow him to Africa, but he made enough money from the article to pay for the entire trip.

He lives amidst the Wakamba tribe, a group of Africans loyal to the British (or at least most of them were), and he announces, baldly: "I'm going to be a Kamba" (331). Throughout the novel he identifies entirely with the Wakamba men, saying: "We [he and the Wakamba warriors] also, since the Magadi expedition, had certain secrets and certain things privately shared. Now there were many things that were secrets and there were things that went beyond secrets and were understandings" (8). He eagerly creates an intimate, secret society with the African "warriors." They kill for their own meat in a manner very unlike the trophy-oriented, "White-Hunter chaperoned" expeditions he now scorns. Several times throughout the narrative he counts himself as one with the Wakamba tribe: "I knew we, the hunting Wakamba, had gone a long way together" (77). Toward the end of the book, he shows all the signs of a man "going native," with his moonlight spear hunting, shaved head, darkened skin, and a desire to join the tribe, and yet his so-called African "brothers" make his bed, prepare his bath, do his laundry, cook his food, serve him tea with a cup and saucer, clean the guns, and so on.

In sum, an American magazine paid for his safari in Africa. While on this safari, the British colonial government makes him an Honorary Game Warden with the hope that he will control the animal population and with the even greater hope that his famous name will promote tourism in Kenya. Meanwhile, he closely studies the tribal laws of the African Wakamba tribe and considers himself blood brothers with many men of the tribe. When asked about his ultimate allegiance in all of this, Hemingway wavers and demurs. At one point in the book, Mary questions the ethics of his position as Game Warden:

> "Who are we taking care of the game for, really?" [Mary said].
> "For itself and to make money for the Game Department and keep the white hunting racket going and to make money for the Masai," [Hemingway said].
> ". . . . I love our protecting the game for the game itself," Mary said. "But the rest of it is sort of shoddy."
> "It's very mixed up," I said. "But did you ever see a more mixed-up country?"
> "No. But you and your mob are all mixed up too."
> "I know it."
> "But do you have it straight in your head yourself, really?"

> "Not yet. We're on a day-to-day basis now."
> "Well, I like it anyway," Mary said. "And after all we didn't come out here to bring order into Africa."
> "No. We came out to take some pictures and write some captions for them and then to have fun and learn what we could." (133)

He seems to insert this aimless, circular conversation (and others like it) deliberately to confound the issue and to avoid taking a stand on the ethics and morality of his position in Africa.

At the same time, a major plot line focuses on his ever-increasing involvement in the local Wakamba culture through male-bonding with the other warriors and intimacy with Debba, experiences that create distance between Ernest and Mary. He strongly resists Mary's urge to visit other far-off regions of the African continent, preferring to immerse himself in the local Wakamba culture. She wishes to visit the Belgian Congo, a famously "mysterious" region to Westerners and one that must have held special interest for Hemingway, considering his enduring admiration for Joseph Conrad.[4] Conrad's novella, *Heart of Darkness*, set in the Belgian Congo, famously maps out the region as one of the fascinating and mysterious place of the earth. Nevertheless, Hemingway tries to squelch Mary's desire to travel there, saying "I'd rather live in a place and have an actual part in the life of it than just see new strange things" (422). Mary responds, "But I want to see the Belgian Congo. Why can't I see something I've heard about all my life" (422), a remark that clearly demarcates a fundamental difference between husband and wife. Precisely because it is an area that Americans have "heard about," Hemingway does not want to go. It would transform him into an outsider, a mere visitor, a tourist. He feels a commitment to his own patch of land that he shares with the Wakamba tribe, there in East Africa.

While Hemingway is undoubtedly considered one of the most canonical of our American authors, Linda Wagner-Martin has pointed out that he nevertheless led an itinerant existence. He could be "defined as Michigander, Mid-westerner, expatriate, or resident of Key West, Cuba, Idaho, or the world" (4). Wherever he lived, he tried very hard to write carefully and precisely about that locale, bringing it to life. He believed that it was an enormous and unforgivable sin to live in this world without really *seeing* the things that exist and thrive all around us. At one point in *Under Kilimanjaro*, he gets angry and ashamed at himself for not having

noticed the small beautiful birds around his camp. He makes a home out of foreign places by noting with precision their unique qualities. In a final rejection of Mary's idea to visit the Belgian Congo, Hemingway says: "I knew I was in the best place I had ever been, having a fine, if complicated, life and learning something every day and to go flying all over Africa when I could fly over *our own country* was the last thing I wished to do" (italics mine, 426). He has come to see this piece of Africa as something personal to himself, a part of his own identity.

Both the novel and Ernest's and Mary's letters to each other during this period show a significant difference in their respective attitudes toward Africa, the Wakamba tribal customs, and their own assimilation. Either Hemingway does not want to share Africa with his wife or he feels he cannot, and Mary is frequently cast as the unaware white American who doesn't quite get it. Sometimes their differences are legitimate, though Hemingway also exaggerates certain scenes to make Mary look especially innocent and even foolish. Mary's diary shows that she did indeed have an overwhelming desire to kill her own lion, accompanied by a real fear that Ernest would shoot the lion first. Furthermore, she did have a habit of rolling up her sleeve at the most inopportune moment during the hunt, something Hemingway kids her about. All of this is verified in her diary. In the novel, however, Hemingway takes pains to catalog his own and the Wakamba men's frustration at her overzealous and tedious desire to kill this lion. He says, condescendingly, "Honey, you are a little lion-wacky" (139), and treats her desire to go out on the hunt as you would an indulged child.

When Mary finally kills her lion, she suffers from a week-long depression and the novel rather curtly implies that a refreshing shopping spree in Nairobi will cure that quite effectively. So Mary flies into Nairobi by herself, leaving Hemingway behind at the camp. As Hemingway imagines how Mary must be spending her time in Nairobi, he dwells on the American-ness of her little vacation. He pictures her at the "Travelers Club" (313), a touristy sounding place; taking a bath at her hotel; eating smoked salmon at a restaurant, dining well, and generally taking a vacation from the hardships of camp life among the Wakamba tribe. After thinking of her experience in Nairobi, he concludes: "I was glad that it was she who was having that sort of fun and not me" (313). At times the portrayal of Mary brings to mind the words of Marlow in

Heart of Darkness: "They—the women I mean—are out of it—or should be out of it" (49). While Hemingway's jabs at his wife's innocence carry a certain tone of levity, the novel's climactic scene, Hemingway's trip into Loitokitok with Debba and his hunt for the leopard, reveals an almost desperate desire for immersion and communion with the African tribe. Once Mary disappears into the urban relief of Nairobi, Hemingway makes his most determined foray into Wakamba life.

Mary makes light of Ernest's obvious attraction to the Wakamba tribe, treating his interest in the warriors and in Debba with a playful tolerance, joining in his rules insofar as they seem harmless. When the pilot, Willie, suggests that she must be some kind of White Goddess in this culture, Mary replies: "I don't think I am. One of the basic points of faith as I gather it is that neither Papa nor I are white" (89). Willie responds, "That is timely," making reference to the Mau Mau rebellion. Mary adds, "We tolerate the whites and wish to live in harmony with them as I understand it. But on our own terms. That is on Papa's and Ngui's and Mthuka's terms" (89). She has no role in creating the rules for their assimilation into the nonwhite culture, but merely follows her husband's and the Wakamba men's lead. During his time in Africa Hemingway has also met and grown to feel a real fondness for an African girl named Debba. He and Mary refer to Debba as Hemingway's fiancée, and the Wakamba tribe treats their courtship as just that, a prelude to marriage (polygamy was not uncommon within the Wakamba tribe). On this very intimate ground, Mary also gives him leave to carry on as much as he likes, feeling no threat to her own white heterosexual monogamous American marriage. She asks, "You don't love anybody else do you? White, I mean?" (118) and later she makes a speech for Hemingway in which she threatens to kill the woman who steals his affection, but she adds, "There is no need to make it in Swahili. . . . The speech is for white women only. It certainly does not apply to your fiancee. Since when does a good loving husband not have a right to a fiancee if she only wishes to be a supplementary wife? That is an honorable position" (127). Ernest's relationship with Debba does not bother Mary because Debba is not white. Mary instinctively believes that her own privileged position of white American heterosexuality will keep her secure from any allure of an African mistress. Debba, a black woman, will not threaten her powerful cultural position.

Debba bears a certain resemblance to the rather sketchy, devoted, and naive young girls who speckle Hemingway's fictional oeuvre: Marita in *The Garden of Eden*, Maria in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, Renata in *Across the River and Into the Trees.* Debba is admired mostly for her "lovely impudence" (30); the couple can barely carry on even the simplest conversational exchanges. She speaks Swahili, he speaks English, and their most successful conversations rely on Spanish words. Mary quizzes Ernest about the relationship, asking, "What do you have in common, really?" and Hemingway replies, "Africa, I guess, and a sort of not too simple trust and something else" (30). Hemingway seems most drawn to Debba's connection to the Wakamba tribe and the tribal rituals that naturally spring from his relationship with her. He cannot fully join the Wakamba tribe unless he joins with one of their women, a point he makes rather early on in the novel:

> For a long time I had identified myself with the Wakamba and now had passed over the last important barrier so that the identification was complete. There is no other way of making this identification. Any alliance between tribes is only made valid in one way. (130)

They carry on a courtship, carefully watched by Debba's mother, plan to pierce their ears together, profess love for each other. Debba explains that she wishes to be a useful wife, "not a play wife or a wife to leave" (173). Several of the Wakamba men emphasize its seriousness and Hemingway willingly carries out customs that sanctify and formalize the union.

Just before Mary leaves for Nairobi, she begins to express some doubts about their triangular arrangement. She asks her husband, "It isn't bad for everybody to be in love with everybody else the way it is in Africa, is it?" (290) and he flatly responds, "No." She presses the point: "Are you sure something awful won't come out of it suddenly?" (290) and he reassures her rather weakly, "Awful things come out of it all the time with the Europeans." Thinking about her time away from him and perhaps about the person he will spend that time with, Mary suggests that he work on his fiction. He demurs. Still troubled by their imminent, if brief, separation, she addresses the issue of Debba yet again: "I don't mind about your fiancee as long as you love me more. You do love me more don't you?" Hemingway responds, "I love you more and I'll

love you more still when you come back from town" (292). Mary sounds reassured by this, though she suddenly wishes she didn't have to go at all and adds a touch of intrigue by suggesting that she will come back with a "wonderful and special surprise but it's a secret" (292).

When he imagines Mary safely tucked away in a Nairobi hotel, he attends to the morning's business: he must kill a leopard who had recently killed sixteen goats, eight of whom had belonged to Debba's family. In contrast to the hunt for Mary's lion, this hunting expedition is carried out with grave seriousness and importance. Hemingway, Charo, and Ngui head out in search of the leopard. When they find the leopard up in a tree, Hemingway shoots, knocking the animal from its branch but not killing it. The leopard crawls into the nearby bushes in a scene that draws heavily on the climactic moment of "The Short, Happy Life of Francis Macomber." To explain the gravity of their situation, Hemingway writes: "I knew the drill now having learned it from Pop but every wounded leopard in thick bush is a new wounded leopard. No two will ever act the same except that they will always come and they will come for keeps" (326). Their first order of business is to ensure that Charo, an old man who has been mauled by leopards twice, remain safely behind with a gun-bearer in the car, and that means Hemingway and Ngui will go into the bush alone. The two of them head into the bush on foot, following the blood spoor and picking up little flecks of bone from the leopard's wound.

At this critical moment in the narrative, Hemingway feels oneness with the Wakamba that goes deeper than anything he had felt before. Mary's desire for her own lion has long passed, and she is safely enjoying herself in Nairobi. He is alone with the Wakamba men on the trail of a dangerous leopard that must be killed to protect their own livestock. In telling the story, Hemingway explains that his own status as a white man did not exist at this moment, knowing that whiteness carries implications of domination, power, and violence.

> Ngui shrugged his shoulders and shook his head. We were both very serious Wakamba now and there was no white man to speak softly and knowingly from his great knowledge, nor any white man to give violent orders astonished at the stupidity of his "boys" and cursing them on like reluctant hounds. (327)

The men hunt as equals, and Hemingway cannot or will not count himself in with white men. Within minutes they have killed the leopard and Hemingway again resists the culturally powerful labels that have clung to his identity throughout his stay in Africa.

> He was a good leopard, no bigger than Mayito's, but we had hunted him well and cheerfully and like brothers with no White Hunters nor Game Rangers and no Game Scouts and he was a Wakamba leopard condemned for useless killing on an illegal Wakamba shamba and we were all Wakamba and all thirsty . . . (330)

Hemingway enjoys thinking about their adventure through the lens of necessity based on the tribe's needs, rather than a directive from an official of the British colonial administration. It allows him to feel one with the tribe that he loves so well.

Hemingway's desire to become a part of the Wakamba tribe hardly goes unnoticed by the African men, and some accept it more readily than others. Some of the Wakamba men show curiosity about Hemingway's intent:

> "Why you want to be African?" [Mwindi asks].
> "I'm going to be Kamba" [Hemingway replies].
> "Maybe," said Mwindi.
> "Fuck maybe."
> "Here come your friends."
> "Brothers."
> "Brothers maybe." (331–332)

While changing his clothes after killing the leopard in preparation for his shopping trip into Loitokitok with Debba, Hemingway mentions entirely offhandedly that he had shaved his head the day before, just after Mary's plane had left. He admires the African men's clothing, regrets that he is dressed so conservatively, then comments on his own appearance: "When shaved, or even clipped closely enough, my head, unfortunately, has much the appearance of some plastic history of a very lost tribe" (334). The strangeness of his own white skull, shaved like an African's, does not cause any sense of radical difference in his own mind. He selects a metaphor that keeps him within the African culture, describing his own bald head as something that would be found in the history of a "very lost tribe." Hemingway also explains that he wanted to find pink

dye powder so that he can dye his shirts and hunting vests Masai color. His Western clothes do not fit into the tribal life any more than his white hair does. Mary has only been gone a matter of hours and Hemingway has killed a leopard with his Wakamba brothers, shaved his head, bought dye for his clothes, and now he happily anticipates the upcoming shopping trip to Loitokitok with Debba and her mother.

Their shopping trip parallels Mary's (who also spends the day shopping in Nairobi), but it represents an ever greater immersion for Hemingway into the Wakamba culture and society. The trip into Loitokitok formalizes his relationship with Debba. He had already paid Debba's mother the "tribal price" (four bottles of sacramental beer) for the privilege of using her bed and now he has promised to take Debba into Loitokitok to buy cloth for dresses, an event that would be observed by forty to sixty Masai women and warriors, "as formal and definitive an occasion as Loitokitok would offer in this social season" (313). While Mary seeks out the creature comforts of home amidst the urban, upscale environment of the New Stanley hotel in Nairobi, Hemingway takes the opportunity to inculcate himself further into the tribal life of the Wakamba. He takes great pleasure in the idea that his status within the Wakamba culture does not derive from his whiteness or his authorship: "we, Kamba, neither one with our ears even pierced but proud . . . would feel the stuffs and look at the patterns and buy other things to give us importance in the store" (316). Upon return from their trip together, Hemingway is forbidden by the elders to sleep with Debba that night, though he still feels a serene sense of joy from the day's events. In a beautifully sad and plaintive moment, he writes: "This was the beginning of the end of the day in my life which offered the most chances of happiness" (355).

When Mary returns from Nairobi, she brings with her many of the trappings of American culture: numerous Christmas gifts and a big bundle of letters, papers, and magazines. Hemingway describes her as beaming with pleasure because she had been so well-received by the Africans, and he adds, "She loved the designation of Memsahib" (397). In his Swahili glossary of *True at First Light*, Patrick Hemingway explains that Memsahib is a title prefixed to a name of a European woman; in other words, it functions as a title that distinguishes her specifically as a white European. The corresponding title for a white European man is "Bwana." The words

signify, approximately, Madam and Sir, and they present a useful point of contrast yet again between Mary and Ernest. While Mary apparently loves the designation Memsahib, Ernest is angered when the Africans call him Bwana, and more than once says that he considered the word a direct insult. Hemingway no longer thinks of himself as a white man on a safari and he most certainly does not think of himself as Bwana. The Wakamba men are his brothers and they ought to call him Brother.

Once Mary has disposed of all her shopping bags, she asks Hemingway to tell her about his leopard hunt and he flatly says, "No. Sometime when we are coming home I'll show you the place" (397). His hunt, cherished as a bonding event between himself and the Wakamba men, will not be told yet. She mentions the mail, and he grumbles, prompting her to ask: "What's the matter with you? Aren't you glad to have me back?" He makes a few sarcastic remarks, aware that excitement at her return requires him to make an internal transformation that he strongly resists; nevertheless, they kiss and at this moment he thinks, "I rejoined the white or European race as easily as a mercenary" (397). He cannot move fluidly between the Wakamba tribe and his marriage to Mary and feels a measure of betrayal toward both. His chances of happiness within the Wakamba tribe slip away, and he thinks, "The hell with it . . . I have complicated my life too much and the complications are extending" (407). So he grabs a *Time* magazine, takes a drink, and a hot bath, and asks Mary to tell him all about her trip to Nairobi.

Mary, perhaps sensing how badly her husband desires an affiliation with the Wakamba, mentions the "secret" surprise that she had in store for him. She had her hair cut square at the sides to look like a Wakamba. Despite her appearance, Hemingway does not in any way feel that the haircut allows Mary to substitute for Debba as his African wife. They lay down in bed that night and he again feels the division within himself:

> After a while Miss Mary came into the bed and I put the other Africa away somewhere and we made our own Africa again. It was another Africa from where I had been and at first I felt the old splitting up my chest and then I accepted it and did not think at all and felt only what I felt and Mary felt lovely in bed. (410)

This scene makes it clear that Hemingway believes Mary prevents him from fully gaining entrance into the Wakamba tribe. When he

is with her, he must stifle that authenticity of his experience in Africa. With her, he becomes a visitor in the Africa constructed by British colonists, white hunters, and game wardens.

After a good night's sleep, Mary's first order of business is to locate and chop down a Christmas tree that she will bring into the camp. It so happens that she selects a tree that has long been used as a narcotic by the Masai, an "extra-potent type of marijuana-effect tree" (315) that would make an elephant drunk for two days if he ever ate it. It is a fitting end for a novel that seemed brimming with possibilities for Hemingway. He takes a secret pleasure in the knowledge of this tree's secret properties, and does nothing to inform Mary of its significance to the Masai. Once again she comes across as the naive and foolish Memsahib, while he secretly smiles to Debba and the Wakamba men about this tree. To a certain extent, Hemingway must have been using Mary as a scapegoat for his own inability to bond fully with the Wakamba tribe, but the novel raises interesting issues about Hemingway's interest in the identity politics that surround race and nationality.

What does Hemingway mean when he describes himself as suspended between "our new African Africa that we had dreamed and invented and the old Africa" (419)? Who does he include in "our" and "we"? Hemingway seems to be suggesting that he once constructed, dreamed, and invented a version of Africa that suited his own preoccupations and predispositions, but now he carries a new awareness that has brought him to a different and more authentic Africa, "the old Africa," a fascinating and packed articulation. While the phrasing certainly lacks specificity, he seems to be groping toward a deeper understanding of his own biases and the limitations inherent in his position as a white American male living among a tribe of Africans. He knows that he is happy in Africa, lucky to be there, never knew of a morning where he woke in Africa and was not happy, and yet he can't quite tell if he belongs there. As seen in the preceding chapters, Hemingway experimented with his characters' racial identities throughout his career, testing the boundaries of sign versus essence, performance versus innate characteristics. The stubbornness of his own whiteness becomes a significant issue in *Under Kilimanjaro*, but his letters from the 1950s and Mary's diary reveal that the issues of racial identity described in this fictional memoir were not at all fictional.

Based on Mary's letters and her diary, there is no question that she had a more highly developed sensitivity about Hemingway's public reputation and she balked at any activity that might put that reputation in jeopardy; nevertheless, Hemingway was truly engrossed within the culture of the Wakamba tribe and he did experiment with his own appearance in order to look more like the African men. As early on as September 1953, Hemingway wrote a letter to his friend Slim Hayward describing himself as "burned black by the sun" and he asks how she would feel about him piercing his ears and getting tribal marks. Just six months later, on March 1, 1954, he wrote to his friend, Harvey Breit, saying that he had shaved his head: "Had my head shaved because that is how my fiancee likes it. She likes to feel all the holes in my head and the wealts [*sic*]. It is sort of fun too."[5] Mary's autobiography, *How It Was*, confirms the point: "Roy Marsh flew me into Nairobi for a short interlude of Christmas shopping and when I got back to Kimana Swamp I found some changes. . . . New was Ernest's head, shaved to the scalp, like a Masai girl's, shiny and showing all its scars" (367).

In *Under Kilimanjaro*, Mary comes across as a sometimes playful, though purely skeptical observer of Hemingway's brotherhood with the Wakamba. Her diary and letters reveal something that goes deeper than skepticism. She is clearly troubled by Hemingway's more visible attempts to become brothers with the African men.

> Honey Papa—
>
> For the well-being of both of us, I ask you please to reconsider having your ears pierced. . . . It could cause a variety of trouble, primarily because it would be flouting the mores of western civilization.
>
> Everything you do sooner or later gets into print, and I feel truly that your wearing earrings or having your ears pierced will have a deleterious effect on your reputation both as a writer and as a man. If you were a chorus boy, it wouldn't make any difference. But you are an important man with a reputation for seeing reality and the truth more clearly than any other writer of your time (October 4, 1955). (Ernest Hemingway Collection at the John F. Kennedy Library, Boston)

They live in Africa and have for quite some time, yet Mary still makes judgments based from the standpoint of Western civilization and Hemingway's place in American literary history. She

concludes the letter by siding with him ever so gently, "I like the fun and make-believe as much as you do," but she encourages him to see that his desire to become one with the Africans is "fantasy" and that he must keep in mind, above all, his status as an "adult white American male."

Mary, stalwart in her desire to protect Hemingway's reputation as an author, knows that his exalted position in the American literary tradition was built upon a powerful representation of white masculinity. Earrings, tribal marks, a shaved head, an African fiancée, all of these would undermine his masculinity, his heterosexuality, his association with white culture. But there is a freedom that accompanies an author's abandonment of his exalted status within the American literary tradition, and one unusually confiding letter written by Hemingway show that he might have been seeking just that. To his friend Robert Morgan Brown, he writes: "[In Africa] you do not have to be a literary character . . . I can pray to the Mountain, we have an illegal shamba at its foot, and to the trees, the special trees, and keep the customs and the laws" (September 1954). After a brief discussion of his complicated situation with Debba, Hemingway pauses to think of how this situation would strike his most famous biographer, "Imagine Carlos [Baker] with this," he writes. But Carlos Baker and many other dogged Hemingway biographers never got a handle on Hemingway's life in Africa, primarily because he kept his "African book" private from the day he began working on it in 1954 until the end of his life. After thinking over the effect his story would have on his American biographers and critics, Hemingway concludes: "I think maybe it would be better to wait until I'm dead to publish it. But is an awfully good story and I was born to write stories not please the authorities" (letter to Robert Morgan Brown, September 14, 1954). Undoubtedly he refrained from publishing it because of its potentially troubling subject matter: miscegenation, an embrace of African tribal culture, and a desire to renounce his whiteness.

Does Hemingway's abiding interest in African culture translate into an ideological stance? Was he ever able to articulate a position for himself that took into account his own whiteness and his inevitable complicity in the policies of imperialism and the subjugation of Africans (and African Americans)? Too often he failed to articulate the unspoken privileges that automatically accompanied

his status as a white American male. When he did delve into the political or religious issues that were at stake within the Wakamba tribe, he regularly concluded that the issue was very "mixed up" and "complicated." His own renunciation of whiteness seemed to have an ideological basis, but his own sense of self would change radically depending on his allegiance to each woman: Debba or Mary. Debba gave him official entrance into the Wakamba tribe through their engagement, but Mary functioned as the voice of white culture, warning him that he should not get too deeply involved with the African tribal life. He could not deny Mary's warning and moved too recklessly between the two cultures and the two races for him to be taken entirely seriously.

Sometimes quite casually, Hemingway makes reference to his own limitations as a white man in a vast country with its own history, religion, and customs. In response to a question about whether it was ethically appropriate or just plain foolish for Hemingway, as Game Warden, to protect the Masai stock, he responds, "If you don't feel like a fool in Africa a big part of the time you are a bloody fool" (273), showing an awareness of his own outsider-looking-in status. And he speaks frankly about his intense desire to gain entrance into African tribal culture through his relationship with Debba, acknowledging that his wife Mary tolerated the romance because she understood his need "to know more about this country than [he] had any right to know" (39). With these remarks, he expresses a respect for the integrity of a country that has its own complex history of British white imperialism and African statehood, competing Moslem, Christian, and tribal religions, tribal laws, and national identity. None of these can be understood by the casual visitor on safari.

Hemingway writes quite carefully about issues of nationality and skin color, though his observations overlook the deep antagonisms that lie beneath these categories. For example, on his visit into Loitokitok, a missionary refers to him as a European. Hemingway corrects him: "One thing must always be clear. I am not a European. We are Americans." The missionary replies, "But there is no such distinction. You are classified as Europeans." Hemingway attacks the system that produces such broad classifications, though he chooses the passive voice: "It is a classification that will be remedied. I am not a European. Mr. Singh and I are brothers" (229). A brotherhood with Mr. Singh is a strange claim to make, indeed, since

Singh himself qualifies as both an African and an Asian. Patrick Hemingway explains that in old colonial Kenya the population was divided into European, Asian, and African according to their continents of origin. Mr. Singh lives in Kenya, though he grew up in the section classified as Asian. In other words, Hemingway has claimed kinship or brotherhood with American, African, and Asian heritage in this simple but confused exchange with the missionary.

His reflections on skin color offer a similarly practical, albeit superficial, perspective on his own place within the Wakamba tribe. Walking in the early morning, he watches Ngui "striding lightly through the grass" and he thinks how they are brothers and says, "it seemed to me stupid to be white in Africa" (251). Here he acknowledges how his own whiteness functions as a barrier to his brotherhood with the Wakamba tribe, an intriguing and introspective moment where he could discuss the ethics of his desire to alter his own racial identity. But he allows his mind to float on in a stream of consciousness, recalling a lecture he once heard, twenty years earlier, by a Moslem missionary who described the advantages of dark skin and the disadvantages of a white man's pigmentation. He notes with evident satisfaction that his own skin "was burned dark enough to pass as half-caste" (251), suggesting that skin color need not be a total barrier between the races. White skin color, in this context, has lost its powerful political and cultural significance and become, merely, a biological and anthropological deficiency.

At a more ideological level, Hemingway embellishes his narrative with occasional references to the white imperialist attitudes that he has confronted since coming to Africa. At the conclusion of a hunting scene in which Hemingway describes the necessity of killing an animal where the neck joins the head, he suddenly muses for a moment on how abhorrent the idea must seem to vegetarians. Thinking on these revolted vegetarians, he gathers steam in an argument defending those who must kill to eat their meat: "Those who never eat fish, not even a tin of sardines, and who will stop their cars if there are locusts on the road, and have never eaten even meat broth can condemn those who kill to eat and so that others, who love meat, and to whom the meat belonged to before the white men stole their country, may eat" (129). He doesn't linger on the subject, perhaps because his own position in Africa does not in any way defuse the power of these white men who stole

the country. He feels himself a member of the Wakamba tribe and his work for the Game department ensures meat for the Wakamba; however, he was given a position as Game Warden by the same white men who stole the country. His high profile as an American author has stimulated both the British colonial government and *Look* magazine to support him financially, an act that creates an undeniable complicity with whites, not brotherhood with Africans.

On the subject of African history, Hemingway must again plead ignorance:

> The old days were supposed to have been simpler but they were not; they were only rougher. The reservation was rougher than the shamba. Maybe not. I did not really know but I did know that the white people always took the other people's lands away from them and put them on a reservation where they could go to hell and be destroyed as though they were in a concentration camp. (260)

Hemingway paints the picture with a very broad brush, fusing together the history of Africans, native Americans, and European Jews. He expresses a sense of shame about how the whites have treated nonwhites throughout history, and seems angered by their continued power. His sympathy with the Africans who have lost their land closely parallels his lifelong sympathy for the native Americans and their calamitous history in the United States. As if to acknowledge his commingling of the two groups, the narrative slides into a stream-of-consciousness about the Cheyenne and their life on reservations.

Hemingway's invocation of the native American presence sets up a useful juxtaposition between his early interest in race as a force that drove narrative tensions and his current meditations on racial difference in *Under Kilimanjaro*. In the early works, Hemingway's white male characters constructed a sense of identity within the context of racial violence and racial difference. While the stories always allowed the reader to maintain a greater awareness than the characters themselves had, the education of young Nick Adams often revealed that American concepts of freedom, power, and identity were constructed in opposition to the lives and experiences of native American and African American characters. Here, Hemingway shows the evils of white imperialism, a respect for African history and tribal culture, a desire to establish kinship with the Wakamba men and women, an involvement with the

complicated religious and political differences, and an active desire to gain a deeper understanding, to "learn a little bit more every day." The African men and women represent the norm; it is he and his wife whose skin color takes on a strangeness within the culture and carries the stench of an immoral and unethical past.

In letters to his friends, Hemingway admits that the subject matter of his new African book might not appeal to the critics. In one letter to Robert Morgan Brown, he writes, "I don't think it will be acceptable at Fordham and I think maybe it would be better to wait until I'm dead to publish it" (September 1954). He felt quite sure that his friend Buck Lanham would enjoy the book, though he remained conscious of the controversial subject matter: "I've gotten back into the country and I live in it every day and some of the stuff I think you'll like unless you have too strong views on mis-cegenation" (*Selected Letters* 839). Hemingway's fears that his African writings would be misunderstood or disliked by the public tell us that he was highly conscious of his reputation and public persona, and he knew his later writings were threatening to both. But he had populated his stories for decades with characters who tested the boundaries of racial identity. If we can see his interest in race as a continuum, where he was most direct in his later works and perhaps more stylized in the early short stories, then we can begin to revise the way we read some of Hemingway's fiction and challenge his oversimplified status as the quintessential white American male—an assumption that has too long held sway in critical discussions of his life and his works.

The burden of his own celebrity took a toll on Hemingway in the last five to ten years of his life. He had just been awarded the Nobel Prize in 1954 and felt very much on display as he tried to work at his home in La Finca Vigia, Cuba. He complains of the celebrity in his letter to Lanham: "Too many people know we live here and we have had too much publicity and people come like to see the elephant in the zoo. I'm very much sick of it and would like to get somewhere that they don't have white peoples" (*Selected Letters* 841). Hemingway's identification with the weary, burdened elephant is extended in a passage from *Under Kilimanjaro*:

> In the night I thought about the elephant . . . and about the long time he had lived with so many people against him and seeking to kill him for his two wonderful teeth that were now only a great disadvantage to him

> and a deadly load for him to carry. . . . I knew finally in the night . . . the slow terrible effort the elephant made to lift them high into the air . . . I wondered, in the sharp coldness of the night listening to the talking of the animals, how great a trouble the huge weight of his tusks was to him. . . . (312)

The hunted and aging elephant, barely able to stand the weight of his own heavy tusks, provides a fitting metaphor for Hemingway's own sense of identity toward the end of his life. While others still admired his great showy tusks, a symbol of his masculinity and power, it took an immense effort for him to haul them around and they had long since lost their importance.

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CONCLUSION

Teaching Hemingway and Race

Whenever one writes about Hemingway's posthumous books, it's a good bet the work will be controversial. He offered so much material for the critic to examine, both textual and biographical, and while his stories may have been famously precise and lean, his posthumous oeuvre is unusually complex and sprawling. For decades we have been entrenched in the overbearing, often insufferable machismo of Ernest Hemingway, and it is a relief to unearth aspects of his writing and his life that defy the stereotype. When evidence arises that he, too, felt uncomfortable or burdened by his mythologized public image, so much the better.

But the reading public has not been privy to the critical conversations among Hemingway scholars about the revelatory new material in his unpublished manuscripts, the reevaluations of his female characters, or the newly discovered biographical information of his lifelong gender and race experimentation. Hemingway is still widely taught throughout high schools, colleges, and universities[1] but his machismo reputation frequently enters the conversation well before students have had a chance to read the stories or novels. As Carl Eby points out:

> Hemingway's reign as the hairy-chested icon of American masculinity is coming to an end. To be sure, this message hasn't yet filtered down to the reading public. In the popular imagination, Ernest the monovocally masculine bullfight aficionado, boxer, hunter, deep-sea fisherman, and pitchman for Ballantine ale and khaki pants still looms over the American literary horizon like a testosterone-crazed colossus. (*Hemingway's Fetishisms* 3)

When students come to study Hemingway with preconceived notions about his overbearing masculinity, they are primed to find evidence of this in his texts.[2] They will focus on the white male characters and conclude that the stories are always, first and foremost, about the men; they will find misogyny and downplay the presence of nonwhite characters and reify the same old themes of male bonding, loss of wilderness, love, and war.

But the "classic" and "instantly recognizable" themes will not continue to predominate if students are primed to see differently. If "Indian Camp" were taught in a course on the history of native Americans in United States history, it would change the entire conversation. The valorization of Dr. Adams would weaken; the perspective of the pregnant woman, her suicidal husband, and perhaps even the unborn child would take center stage. And what if "The Short, Happy Life of Francis Macomber" were taught in a course about the effects of British colonialism and cultural hegemony? Students would undoubtedly discuss Wilson's imperialistic control over the male servants, and his role as classic code hero would falter and fade.[3] The priming is all.

This is not meant to suggest that all teachers should actively attempt to reframe these stories in terms of race, gender, and class; but we should be aware that the way we frame Hemingway's fiction will influence students' understanding and interpretations of his work. Precious few readers know that Hemingway dyed his hair a bright coppery red in the 1940s or that he shaved his head, darkened his skin, and considered cutting his face with African tribal marks in the 1950s. Hemingway identified strongly with nonwhite peoples and cultures and at many times throughout his life, particularly in the last two decades; he felt keenly the desire to alter his identity and merge with these racial others. After his 1934–1935 safari, Hemingway wrote: "I felt at home and where a man feels at home outside of where he's born, is where he is meant to go" (*Green Hills of Africa* 284). During his second safari, in 1953–1954, Hemingway regretted that he ever left Africa: "I had been a fool not to have stayed on in Africa and instead [I] had gone back to America where I had killed my homesickness for Africa in different ways" (*Under Kilimanjaro* 205).

Despite his longing for Africa, he never quite let go of his kinship with Indians, in part because both the Indians and the Africans shared a similar place in his world view. Patrick Hemingway

confirmed this in a brief story he told about the experience of editing *True at First Light* for publication:

> What really struck me in doing this work was that I hadn't really understood my father as a fifty year old person. He came to Africa; I had preceded him in Africa by a couple of years, but I was still pretty well a beginner, I didn't know very much about Africa. I remember being in Nairobi with him when we were crossing the street and somehow he got the impression that I had acquired some of the habits of the white colonialist in Africa, which was very well-defined by a white South African observing a little boy in an airport, when he said that the boy was "already the little white master of everything but himself." And my dad caught a little bit of this from me, and after we crossed the street he turned to me and said, "Pat, it's just like with the Indians at home." "But," he said, "There are a lot more of them." ("An Evening with Patrick Hemingway" 11)

Critics certainly can and should debate whether Hemingway's relationship to Africa was tainted by the very same white colonialist habits he checked in his son's behavior, both in his personal life and as reflected in his fiction. Those conversations and debates would be a welcome addition to Hemingway studies. Readers deserve to see the work without its being clouded by the rigid mythos of Hemingway's public image and this fresh approach will allow for myriad new readings.

It has been illuminating to study Hemingway's work with an emphasis on someone other than the white males—women, Indians, African Americans, Africans—and to learn how this kind of analysis alters our understanding of Hemingway, his works, his critics, and his place within literary history. Throughout his life, he created white male characters who ventured into the Indian camps of northern Michigan, into the plains of Mount Kilimanjaro and Tanganyika, and, most dramatically, into a brotherhood with the Wakamba tribe. At the same time, the author himself became intimately involved with some of the nonwhite characters reflected in his fiction and desired a bond that would allow him to distance himself from whiteness and masculinity. Blinded by Hemingway's image as the great white male of American letters, readers have marginalized, overlooked, and ignored his nonwhite characters. We will all be the richer for adopting a fresh approach that allows us to see the full range of characters and cultures reflected in his body of fiction.

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Notes

Preface

1. Mary Welsh's published diary, *How It Was*, hinted at the sexual experimentation that she and Hemingway enjoyed in their marriage. She explains that Hemingway scrawled a note in her diary that read as follows: "[Mary] has always wanted to be a boy and thinks as a boy without ever losing any femininity. . . . She loves me to be her girls, which I love to be, not being absolutely stupid" (368). Mary describes this in her autobiography without the least bit of commentary, either to deny, affirm, or explain its meaning. Hemingway's newly published letters revealed that the suggestion of gender experimentation in Mary's diary was quite accurate indeed. In a letter dated May 5, 1947, Hemingway wrote to his wife: "My God will it be wonderful to have my blessed and dearest wife and partner and friend and Pete home. Your girl hasn't been around at all except at before daylight times but you know very well will turn up when you ask for her." During the sexual reversals in *The Garden of Eden*, Catherine nicknamed herself "Pete," apparently borrowing the name Mary used for herself when playing the part of a boy for her husband.

   On May 14, 1947, a letter revealed that Hemingway dyed his hair bright red. He writes:

   > [I] started on test piece with just the drab and only tiny bit of mixture and it made fine red in about 35 minutes. . . . Hair as dark as mine has to go through red before can be blond—So I thought, what the hell, I'll make really red for my kitten and did it carefully and good, same as yours, and left on 45 minutes and it came out as red as french polished copper pot or a very new minted penny—not brassy—true bright coppery. (Ernest Hemingway collection at the John F. Kennedy Library, Boston)

   J. Gerald Kennedy discovered nineteen pages of discarded manuscript from *A Moveable Feast* that showed an early interest in gender identity, twinning, and an attraction to boyish women. Ernest and his first wife Hadley have a conversation about letting their hair grow long so that they can look "the same" and

Hemingway explains that they "lived like savages and kept our own tribal rules and had our own customs and our own standards, secrets, taboos, and delights" (*A Moveable Feast* 4). James Mellow also focuses on a fragmentary sketch once intended for *A Moveable Feast* in which Ernest and Hadley discuss their decision to grow their hair out in the same way. We also learned that during Hemingway's marriage to his second wife, Pauline, she cut her hair very short like a boy's (Eby, *Hemingway's Fetishisms* 39), and his third wife Martha is said to have cut her hair to resemble the cropped head of Maria in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. These discoveries all showed that Hemingway was fascinated by identical hairstyles, the merging of masculine and feminine identities, and sexual taboos throughout his entire career.

2. In the years since Hemingway's death, several of his books were posthumously published, though none have had an effect as dramatic as *The Garden of Eden* in 1986. Some of the works include *A Moveable Feast* (1964), *Islands in the Stream* (1970), *Ernest Hemingway: Selected Letters* (1981), *The Dangerous Summer* (1985), *True at First Light* (1999), and *Under Kilimanjaro* (2005).
3. Still, it's hard to fully sympathize with those who wish the manuscripts had never been published after Hemingway's death. He stashed the manuscripts for *A Moveable Feast, Islands in the Stream, The Garden of Eden*, and *Under Kilimanjaro* in a Cuban safe deposit box and, in later years, referred to the collection as his family's insurance policy. These are hardly the words of someone fervently opposed to the manuscripts' posthumous publication.
4. There has been a powerful movement in Hemingway studies during the past two decades in which scholars have reassessed Hemingway's representations of women. These gender-based studies have shown how the dominant ethos that clings to Hemingway's texts has impeded a thorough examination of his female characters. See Nina Baym, "Actually I Felt Sorry For The Lion," Linda Wagner-Martin, "Proud and Friendly and Gently," Charles J. Nolan, "Hemingway's Women's Movement," Wendy Martin, "Brett Ashley as New Woman in *The Sun Also Rises*," Jamie Barlow-Kayes, "Re-Reading Women: The Example of Catherine Barkley," Joyce Wexler, "E.R.A. For Hemingway: A Feminist Defense of *A Farewell to Arms*."
5. Certain male critics went even further, vilifying the female critics and feminist scholarship. Jeffrey Meyers, for example, obtusely lumps together and condemns a group of women scholars with this remark: "The feminists—who predictably impose rather than extract a meaning—present farfetched [arguments]" (302). With this he draws unnecessary and unfair battle lines between serious (male) critical approaches and farfetched feminist readings.

1 Joining the Tribe

Quotes from "Indian Camp" and "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife" come from Ernest Hemingway, *In Our Time*: http://www.amazon.com/Our-Time-Ernest-Hemingway/dp/0684822768/ref=pd_bbs_1?ie=UTF8&s=books&qid=1194877372&sr=8-1

Quotes from "Ten Indians," "The Battler," and "The Light of the World" come from Ernest Hemingway, *The Nick Adams Stories*.

Quotes from "The Short, Happy Life of Francis Macomber" and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" come from Ernest Hemingway, *The Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway*.

1. Hemingway's letters to his friend, Harvey Breit, revealed that he became romantically involved with an African woman named Debba in 1954. In a letter dated January 3, he explains that "Miss Mary just stays the hell away from it and is understanding and wonderful. I got to know my fiancee while she [Mary] was away. . . . Have my head shaved because that is how my fiancee likes it. She likes to feel all the holes in my head and the wealts [*sic*]. My girl is completely impudent . . . but absolutely loving and delicate rough" (*Selected Letters* 826–827). Letters written from his wife Mary also verified that he had shaved his head and hoped to pierce his ears and cut his face in order to show his brotherhood with the Wakamba.

   In *How It Was*, Mary says, "Writing every morning about Africa and his native friends there, Ernest had developed a fever for some outward sign of his kinship with the Wakamba. He wanted to have his ears pierced and wear gold earrings in them" (426). And later she recalls, "for days [Hemingway] had been talking about becoming 'blood brothers' with his Wakamba friends among our safari servants. That night I noted cryptically [in a diary]: 'We got home before six. Papa had started ceremonies for face-cutting and ear-piercing'" (391).
2. See Hemingway's letter to Charles Scribner (*Letters* 659).
3. Letter to Robert M. Brown (July 22, 1956). Humanities Research Center, University of Texas, Austin.
4. This quote comes from a letter Hemingway wrote to Bernard Berenson dated March 20–22, 1953. He writes, "Maybe because you have complicated blood, as I have, you would understand this. One time when I was out at the Wind River reservation a very old Indian spoke to me and said, 'You Indian Boy?' I said, 'Sure.' He said, 'Cheyenne?' I said, 'Sure.' He said, 'Long time ago good. Now no good'" (*Selected Letters* 815).
5. Though her real name was Prudence Boulton, Hemingway sometimes referred to her as Prudence Mitchell, Prudie, or Trudy Boulton. All the variations refer to Dick Boulton's daughter, Prudence Boulton, who became pregnant at age sixteen and committed suicide by swallowing strychnine in 1918. It is unknown whether Hemingway knew of her death at that time, or ever.

6. Jeffrey Meyers echoes precisely the same theme in his essay, "Hemingway's Primitivism and 'Indian Camp,'" claiming that Hemingway consciously and complexly used "primitivism" in his fiction, an approach that emphasized "nature and freedom and that views instinctive and intuitive consciousness as a key to the deepest emotions" (304).
7. For a much more complete description of the Indians' fate in early America, see David E. Stannard, *American Holocaust: Columbus and the Conquest of the New World*.
8. The first African story, "A Budding Friendship," was later renamed "The Short, Happy Life of Francis Macomber." The second African story, "The Happy Ending," was later renamed "The Snows of Kilimanjaro."
9. In *The Garden of Eden* manuscript, Hemingway wrote:

> You have no precedent to help you and you write about a country where no one has written truly to guide you. They've written well about South Africa but not about the highlands on the equator where you were a boy. They will of course but so far it is yours to do as well with it as you can. You must do it better than anyone else ever can and never leave out anything because you are ashamed of it or because no one would ever understand. You must not let the ["white taboos"—crossed out in manuscript] things you must not say nor write because you are white and will go back there affect you at all and you must not deny or forget all the tribal things that are as important. The tribal things are more important really. (422.1–23, pp. 9–10)

2 The Violence of Race in "Indian Camp," "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife," and "Ten Indians"

1. The term is taken from Judith Butler's *Gender Trouble: Feminism and the Subversion of Identity*. For readings that explore the instability of gender categories, see J. Gerald Kennedy, "Hemingway's Gender Trouble"; Debra Moddelmog, "Reconstructing Hemingway's Identity: Sexual Politics, the Author, and the Multicultural Classroom"; Mark Spilka, *Hemingway's Quarrel with Androgyny*; Nancy R. Comley and Robert Scholes, *Hemingway's Genders: Rereading the Hemingway Text*.
2. Diana Fuss outlines the parameters of this debate in *Essentially Speaking: Feminism, Nature and Difference*; chapter six, "'Race' Under Erasure? Poststructuralist Afro-American Literary Theory," specifically focuses on the category of race, questioning whether racial identity can be seen as *either* a "question of morphology, of anatomical or genetic characteristics" (73) *or* as a "psychological, historical, anthropological, sociological, legal" (73) construct. Fuss argues that the essentialist/constructionist

opposition is "largely artificial" (119) because the two categories depend on each other for meaning, and we will see that Hemingway's stories sustain exactly this tension between the two categories in a way that destabilizes our grasp of racial identity.

3. See R.W.B. Lewis, *The American Adam*, for "the first tentative outlines of a native American mythology" (1), covering the period between 1820 and 1860, where "Adamic imagery is altogether central and controlling" (6). By "native American," Lewis does not refer to Indians; on the contrary, he refers to the "birth in America—of a clear conscience unsullied by the past" (7).
4. I am indebted to readings by Paul Smith, *A Reader's Guide to the Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway*, Joseph M. Flora's *Hemingway's Nick Adams*, Philip Young's *Ernest Hemingway: A Reconsideration*, and Joseph DeFalco's *The Hero in Hemingway's Short Stories*. Young highlights "Nick's initiation to pain, and to the violence of birth and death" (32) in "Indian Camp," while "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife" "teaches Nick something about the solidarity of the male sex" (33); Joseph DeFalco asserts "the major focus of ['Indian Camp'] is Nick's reaction to these events" (28), and "the central conflict that emerges [in 'The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife'] reveals a further step in the learning process that Nick undergoes" (34).
5. See Annette Kolodny's *The Lay of the Land: Metaphor as Experience and History in American Life and Letters*. Kolodny outlines the uniquely American metaphor of "the land as woman" and its attendant imagery of "eroticism, penetration, raping, embrace, enclosure, and nurture, to cite only a few" (150).
6. Laurel Thatcher Ulrich's *A Midwife's Tale* explains that traditionally, childbirth had three distinct stages, "defined in social rather than biological terms, each marked by the summons and arrival of attendants—first, the midwife, then the neighborhood circle of women, finally the afternurse" (183). Ulrich's work outlines how the growth of medical societies and "changing notions of womanhood" (254) in the nineteenth century gradually allowed for physicians to replace midwives as a professionalized and exclusive institution. In this historical context, for all the women in "Indian Camp" to be replaced by the men (with the exception of the afternurse who should arrive the next day) offers an interesting symbolic representation of the way that a female-dominated craft lost its power to the more advanced, institutionalized (male-dominated) medical profession.
7. Toni Morrison, Interview, *Paris Review* p. 101.
8. Ernest Hemingway, Interview, *Paris Review* p. 84.
9. In a follow-up question during the same *Paris Review* interview, Hemingway expands on his iceberg principle: "A writer, if he is any good, does not describe. He invents or *makes* out of knowledge personal and impersonal and sometimes he seems to have unexplained

knowledge which could come from forgotten racial or family experience" (85). Here he suggests that constructions of the unconscious mind may in fact derive from "racial" experience.

10. While Toni Morrison's theoretical framework gives meaning to the native American presence in Hemingway's works, there are obviously some important differences between the native American and the African American experience and the two groups' differing roles in the formation of American national identity. Winthrop D. Jordan addresses these crucial differences in his encyclopedic volume, *White Over Black: American Attitudes Toward the Negro, 1550–1812.* See especially pp. 85–98 for an explanation of how the English colonists viewed native Americans differently than African Americans.
11. This explanation still begs the question: how did the settlers come to terms with the difference in skin color exhibited by the Indians? Winthrop Jordan shows that the colonists took great pains to explain the "tawny" color of native Americans, most often relying on the notion that a simple application of bear grease accounted for their darkness. In this way, they did not have to admit there were biological differences between the whites and the Indians.
12. Philip Young has compared "Ten Indians" to stories such as "Indian Camp," "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife," "Fathers and Sons," and "The Last Good Country." Wirt Williams said the story fuses "The End of Something" and "The Three-Day Blow." Joseph Flora argued that the story worked in tandem with "Indian Camp" and "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife." All of these critics, however, focus on the continuity of father and son, with little reference to the Indians.
13. Gerry Brenner asks, "Had [Dr. Adams] gone off to the Indian camp to find Nick's girl for himself?" (18).

3 Black Eyes and Peroxide in "The Battler" and "The Light of the World"

1. Stanley Ketchel, known as the "Michigan Assassin," was middleweight champion from 1908–1910. The interrelationships between Jack Johnson, Stanley Ketchel, Steve Ketchel, and Ad Wolgast are quite intricate. Stanley Ketchel did fight Jack Johnson and Ketchel lost, despite his attempt to blindside Johnson during a "fixed" fight with an unexpected knockout punch; however, Stanley Ketchel apparently was called "Steve" by some of his close friends. To make it even more complicated, there was a Steve Ketchel as well, and he fought, of all people, Ad Wolgast (one prototype for Ad Francis in "The Battler") in 1915.
2. Dick Boulton may seem to be an exception, although the narrative confuses his racial background: "many of the farmers around the lake believed he was really a white man."

4 Light, Snow, and Whiteness in "The Short, Happy Life of Francis Macomber" and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro"

1. See also Baker, *Hemingway: The Writer as Artist*; Fiedler, *Love and Death in the American Novel*; and Spilka, "Nina Baym's Benevolent Reading of the Macomber Story."
2. See Hutton, "The Short Happy Life of Macomber"; Johnston, "In Defense of the Unhappy Margot Macomber"; Lynn, *Hemingway*; Cheatham, "The Unhappy Life of Robert Wilson"; and Baym, "Actually I Felt Sorry for the Lion."
3. The narrator notes that "the gun-bearers had taken no part in the demonstration" (3), perhaps indicating that their status is somewhat superior to the cook, the personal boys, the skinner, and the porters. While Robert Wilson certainly relies more heavily on their services, they appear equally expendable in the hunting scenes. Wilson says, "We lost a gun-bearer. Did you notice it?" (30).
4. In the earliest manuscript versions of the story, Wilson was frequently referred to, very simply, as "the red man."
5. George Cheatham rightly notices that Wilson's inability to quickly recall this quote that "he had lived by" shows just how far his career has faded away from its expressed ideals.
6. Hemingway's commentary on the story suggests that Margot intentionally killed her husband. James Mellow writes that "in commenting on 'The Short, Happy Life,' he would, on occasion, provide the blunt expectable answer, 'Francis' wife hates him because he's a coward. But when he gets his guts back, she fears him so much she has to kill him.' Yet in 'The Art of the Short Story,' he equivocated: 'No, I don't know whether she shot him on purpose any more than you do. I could find out if I asked myself because I invented it and I could go right on inventing. . . . The only hint I could give you is that it is my belief that the incidence of husbands shot accidentally by wives who are bitches and really work at it is very low'" (448). If readers are willing to believe that Margot was so threatened by Francis' newfound power that she deliberately murdered him, then it's not unreasonable to suggest that her gunshot was an attempt at liberation for herself and for the Africans under Wilson's rule. But she shoots the wrong man. Wilson is backed by the institutional power of British colonialism in Africa and he can manipulate the African government to make the unpleasantness go away and one has to assume this further consecrates his position of influence and power within Africa.
7. Hemingway undoubtedly played a role in creating and/or perpetuating this interpretation of Margot in "Macomber" and Helen in "Snows," through his comments about the inspiration for these characters.

Hemingway claimed that he invented Margot Macomber "from the worst bitch I knew (then) and when I first knew her she had been lovely. Not my dish, not my pigeon, not my cup of tea, but lovely for what she was, and I was her all of the above, which is whatever you make of it" (Baker, *Selected Letters* 284).

Hemingway offered a similar explanation for the origins of "Snows." Biographer James Mellow explains: ". . . having landed in New York after his African trip, he had told reporters he planned to work and, when he had enough money, return to Africa. As a result, 'a really nice and really fine and really rich woman' invited him to tea and suggested that there was no reason Hemingway should wait before making his return visit to Africa. Money, she told him, was only something to be used intelligently and for the enjoyment of good people; she would provide the funds for Hemingway and Pauline to go to Africa and she would accompany them. Hemingway, realizing that it was a serious offer, nevertheless turned it down. Still, settled once again in Key West, he began to wonder 'what would happen to a character like me whose defects I know, if I had accepted that offer.' It was that thought that provided the germ of his story" (448).

8. This is not unlike Francis Macomber's safari with the white hunter who tries to insulate and puff up his clients by driving around in cars and repeating empty mantras, like, "A white man never bolts." But it also recalls Dr. Adams' hubris in "Indian Camp," when he brags about cutting the Indian woman open without any anesthetic, using a jack-knife and nine-foot, tapered gut leaders, oblivious to the father who slits his own throat and the mother who bites back and then falls into unconsciousness.
9. There are several examples throughout *Under Kilimanjaro* where Hemingway gets angry when he is addressed as Bwana. In a conversation with Arap Meina, Papa is told that drunken elephants are the only kind bwanas were ever able to shoot.

> He [Arap Meina] told me [Papa], confidentially, that all bwanas smelled so horribly that no game would ever let them approach and that any hunter having anything to do with any bwana could always locate him by simply getting the wind and working upwind until the odor of the bwana became intolerable.
>
> "This is true, Bwana," he told me and when I looked at him he said, "My brother, I used the word unthinkingly and without offense. You and I smell the same as you know." (*UK* 315)

In a later scene, Hemingway shouts at Charo, an old man, to stay out of the hunt.

> "You keep the fucking hell out of this and get up on top of the car."
> "Hapana, Bwana," he said.
> "Ndio too bloody ndio," I said.
> "Ndio," he said, not saying "Ndio Bwana" which with us was an insult. (*UK* 32)

As Papa hunts with Msembi, he says, "'Bwana' was very close to a direct insult, Msembi and I were good brothers" (*UK* 358).

Throughout *Under Kilimanjaro*, Hemingway insists that his fellow Africans refer to him only as brother, but, as these examples show, they do not always comply.

10. Both *True at First Light* and *Under Kilimanjaro* have been described as a blend of autobiography and fiction, a troubling category for critics. In his introduction, Patrick Hemingway says "Ambiguous counterpoint between fiction and truth lies at the heart of this memoir" (9). The editors of *Under Kilimanjaro* agreed: "In dealing with his experiences during late 1953 and early 1954, Hemingway, as he had done in the 1930s, based his narrative for the most part on actual events, as Mary Hemingway testified to in her autobiography. But as in his earlier "true" book, Hemingway also introduced fictional elements to improve and shape the story of day-to-day life in Africa . . ." (xi).
11. Hemingway originally named the character in "Snows" Henry Walden, an obvious reference to Henry David Thoreau, author of *Walden*. Like the story's original title, "The Happy Ending," I take this original name to be an example of irony. Harry may have pretensions to be like Henry David Thoreau—a writer, philosopher, transcendentalist, ascetic, naturalist, antislavery activist—but he achieves much the opposite in this story.
12. When "Snows" was made into a film starring Gregory Peck in 1952, Hemingway refused to see the finished version. He was disgusted that the director chose to alter the ending so it truly would be happy. (In the film version, Harry finds a will to live and resolves to write something truly worthy of his talents.)
13. Cynthia J. Davis, in "Contagion as Metaphor," describes how dehumanized Harry has become in this final scene. She writes, "Harry has been subsumed by the metaphor that ate away at him. This verdict is confirmed when in the next and final passage we are brought crashing back down to the plain, where we encounter only a hyena's whimper, a "bulk" on the cot, a "leg" stripped of its dressings and grotesque with putrefaction. What we are left with, what's left of Harry, is pure rot—the part has become the whole, the metonym has become reality" (836).

5 Darkness in *The Garden of Eden*

1. See Rose Marie Burwell's "Hemingway's *Garden of Eden*: Resistance of Things Past and Protecting the Masculine Text" for an excellent discussion of the parallels between David Bourne and Ernest Hemingway. See also Robert Gadjusek, "Elephant Hunt in Eden: A Study of Old and New Myths and Other Strange Beasts in Hemingway's Garden," *The Hemingway Review* 7 (Fall 1987): 15–19.

2. Malcolm Magaw argues that the novel "reflects the continuation of what was surely a lifelong preoccupation Hemingway had with the complexities of the creative process, particularly of writing fiction" (*Hemingway: Seven Decades of Criticism* 269). Allen Josephs agrees: "Writing itself is an integral part of the book. . . . Nowhere else in Hemingway's work is the intricate relationship between reality and imagination, between self and art, so originally explored" (113).
3. David's father functions almost exactly like Robert Wilson in "The Short, Happy Life of Francis Macomber." Both show brutality toward the Africans, tolerate no signs of weakness in other men, and exploit the African countryside.
4. Rose Marie Burwell has outlined the many ways that Catherine is paralleled with the elephant. She is closely associated with the color ivory; the symbolic death of Catherine through cessation of the honeymoon narrative parallels the death of the elephant; her annihilation and the elephant's slaughter are both rationalized after the fact. See *Hemingway: The Postwar Years and the Posthumous Novels*, especially pp. 120–123.
5. Kathy Willingham, in her essay "Hemingway's *The Garden of Eden*: Writing with the Body," has argued that Catherine desires to be an artist, but cannot succeed because of her feelings of inadequacy and her need for David to "act as scribe" (47). I will argue that Catherine does not so much need David as a scribe for her artistic expression; rather, she needs David to be a partner in her invention of a world without restrictive gender roles.
6. John Raeburn makes a similar point in his essay "Sex and Art in *The Garden of Eden*." He writes, "Catherine's reversals of erotic and sexual roles derive in part from her sense of powerlessness in the world, her perception that women's lives are constrained by rigid cultural definitions of appropriate behavior and that men are freer to construct their identities" (114). Raeburn goes on to argue that the novel is also very much concerned with the inviolability of writing as a professional discipline and the "supreme importance of art itself" (121).
7. David admits that his ability to write or not to write is wrapped up in his sexual identity. Once the manuscripts are burned, he makes a few aborted attempts at rewriting the original texts and says this: "He had never in his relatively short life been impotent but in an hour standing before the armoire on top of which he wrote he learned what impotence was" (422.3, chapter 44, p. 1). The clippings represent a male-centered world of power and authority; without them he feels creatively and sexually powerless.
8. In his essay on the British critical reception of *The Garden of Eden*, Roy Simmonds points out that many critics find Marita "a major flaw in the book's emotional structure" (18). John Raeburn describes her as "mostly pasteboard" (112). Paul Taylor feels "Marita never really begins

to exist" (5). Steven Roe writes that "her abject subservience bespeaks a fanatical, soul-less longing for self-abasement" (56). If we see Marita as consciously and determinedly amorphous, taking on the role of "good wife" once she realizes this is what Catherine and David expect, then her shallowness may seem more crafted and deliberate.

9. The manuscript offers a third conclusion that involves the subplot of Nick and Barbara. Since I have not discussed the Andy/Nick/Barbara subplot here, I would simply refer the reader to Robert Fleming's article, "The Endings of Hemingway's *The Garden of Eden*," which offers a thorough explanation of this parallel plot and its tentative conclusion.
10. Catherine MacKinnon has summarized why it is so crucial for Marita to transform herself into the passive boy: "Vulnerability means the appearance/reality of easy sexual access; passivity means receptivity and disabled resistance; softness means pregnability by something hard" (530–531). By maintaining the qualities of the female stereotype, staying in the role of "penetrated," Marita allows David to structure their encounter on his own terms.
11. In a letter to Mary dated May 5, 1947, Hemingway describes how much he looks forward to having his "dearest wife and partner and friend and Pete home." In a letter dated May 2, 1947, Hemingway tells his wife that he has dyed his hair red as a special surprise for her and, in parenthesis, "also for Pete and for Catherine." Letters are housed in the Hemingway Collection of the John F. Kennedy Library in Boston, Massachusetts.
12. Rose Marie Burwell's essay "Hemingway's *The Garden of Eden*: Resistance of Things Past and Protecting the Masculine Text" offers a thorough discussion of the women in Hemingway's life who serve as models for Catherine Bourne: his four wives, along with Zelda Fitzgerald and Jane Mason.
13. Scribner's editor Tom Jenks claimed that "beyond a small number of minor interpolations nothing has been added to *The Garden of Eden*" ("Interview" 87). It is true that little has been *added*; the excisions, however, have shaped Hemingway's novel into a form that clearly reflects the editor's predilection and bias. Jenks cuts out much of the material that relates to gender and racial transformations and he cut out the entire final section of the novel that reveals Marita as a boyish wife who fulfills David's racial fantasies and his homoerotic desires.

6 African Brotherhood in *Under Kilimanjaro*

1. In the introduction to *True at First Light*, Patrick Hemingway states "the untitled manuscript is about two hundred thousand words long and is certainly not a journal. What you will read here is a fiction half that length" (8). In a 1999 public address, he modifies the estimate: "Given

that the publisher wished this to be a book of between two and three hundred pages that would sell for $29.99 or whatever the price is on the book, it was necessary to cut a manuscript of about 200,000 words to about seventy-five percent of that" ("An Evening with Patrick Hemingway," 10).

2. Debra Moddelmog nicely summarizes critics' concerns with the abridged edition of Hemingway's African book, *True at First Light*:

> Finally, though, I return to my initial dilemma about whether I *can* critique Hemingway for the weaknesses I find in *True at First Light*—such as its slight plot, its underdeveloped portrait of his relationship with Debba, its tedious accounts of banal activities and conversations, or its lack of self-examination on racial issues—though I'm more confident in crediting Hemingway with its strengths, such as some lovely descriptions of the African countryside and the feelings the country evokes. Do the words that Patrick Hemingway removed tell us more about Debba and Hemingway's attraction to her? Do they describe the transgendered sexual relationship that Hemingway and Mary worked out on this safari, at least according to a note Hemingway wrote in Mary Hemingway's diary on 20 December 1953 and that Mary included in her autobiography? Do they show Hemingway being more introspective about the ethics of his desire to alter his racial identity? Only the full manuscript can provide the answers to these questions and others. ("Reading between the Lions" 57)

3. The Mau Mau uprising has a troubled history: scholars who sympathize with the conditions of Africans during this period view the uprising as a noble liberation movement while others sympathetic to the white colonialist government have described it as a savage period in African history. Carl Eby has pointed out that only thirty-two white civilians were killed during the uprising as opposed to 1,819 loyalist Africans and 11,503 Mau Mau Africans, "not to mention the 90,000 suspected Mau Mau who ended up in detention camps" ("Hemingway's Truth and Tribal Politics" 26).
4. Hemingway once said that he would grind T.S. Eliot into a powder and sprinkle it on Joseph Conrad's grave if it would bring the writer back to life (*Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story* 135).
5. The John F. Kennedy Library in Boston, Massachusetts has photographs of Ernest Hemingway in Africa with his head fully shaved, dated 1953.

Conclusion: Teaching Hemingway and Race

1. Susan Beegel, in "Conclusion: The Critical Reputation of Ernest Hemingway" (294), tells us that Hemingway's critical reputation is at an all-time high.

2. Malcolm Gladwell's *Blink: The Power of Thinking Without Thinking* has a fascinating section on the power of "priming." He examines the role unconscious associations play in our beliefs and behavior, and finds that "we make connections much more quickly between pairs of ideas that are already related in our minds than we do between pairs of ideas that are unfamiliar to us" (77). Hence, preconceived notions about an author will strongly affect students' interpretations of the author's work.
3. In her article, "Actually, I Felt Sorry for the Lion," Nina Baym asserts that students who have not been primed with knowledge about Hemingway's hyper-masculine image will reach entirely different conclusions than critics who have been steeped in this mythology for decades. She writes: "Classroom observation has shown me that students who are not constrained by the need to anchor an interpretation of the story to known (or supposedly known) facts about Hemingway's life or to reigning interpretation do indeed see the story as a larger, albeit confusing, structure in which Wilson [of 'The Short, Happy Life of Francis Macomber'] occupies only a point" (119).

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Index

Africa
  in Hemingway's fiction, x, 1, 7–9, 60, 62, 72–81, 120–39, 147n1, 148n9, 152n7, 153n10
  See Hemingway, Ernest, Africa trip 1933–1934; Hemingway, Ernest, Africa trip 1953–1954
Africans
  in Hemingway's fiction, x, 1, 4, 7–9, 11–14, 60–3, 68–72, 76–8, 91, 120–3, 137, 141–3, 151n6, 153n9
  See also Ernest Hemingway, Debba; Wakamba tribe
African Americans
  in Hemingway's fiction, 4, 9–14, 32–3, 46–9, 57–8, 137, 150n10
  presence in American literature, 9–12, 28–9, 46
  See also Jack Johnson; Great White Hope
American Adam, 15, 16, 29, 32, 35, 149n3
androgyny, 12, 80, 145n1
  See also gender reversals; hair

Baker, Carlos, 3, 7, 8, 48, 134, 151n1, 152n7
Baym, Nina, xii, 65, 69, 151n1, 151n2, 157n3
Beck, Warren, 59, 70
Beegel, Susan F., 12, 80, 156n1
black characters; *See* African Americans
Boulton, Dick, 2–3, 22–4, 37, 46, 49, 56–7, 146n5, 150n2
Boulton, Prudence (Prudy), Hemingway's first love, 3, 8, 147n5
Boutelle, Ann Edwards, 37
Brenner, Gerry, 150n13
Brian, Denis, ix
Bronte, Charlotte, *Jane Eyre*, 105
Burwell, Rose Marie, xi, 153n1, 154n4, 155n12
Butler, Judith, 148n1

canon, literary, ix, 9, 11, 13, 32
Carver, Raymond, xii
Cheatham, George, 67, 151n2
Cleaver, Eldridge, 47
code hero, 59, 71, 142
colonialism, British
  Hemingway's conflicting attitudes toward, 121–2, 123, 137, 143
  in "The Short, Happy Life of Francis Macomber," 61–2, 65, 142, 151n6
  in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," 72, 74, 76–9
  See also imperialism
Comley, Nancy, xi

Conrad, Joseph, 156n4
Conrad, Joseph, *Heart of Darkness*, 68, 124, 126
Cowley, Malcolm, 3

Davis, Cynthia J., 153n13
de Beauvoir, Simone, 67
Debba (Hemingway's African "fiancée"), 1, 2, 8, 119, 120, 134, 156n2
  and Mary Welsh Hemingway, 126–7, 147n1
  and Prudence Boulton, 3
  trip with Hemingway to Loitokitok, 126, 129–30
  and Wakamba tribe, 121, 124, 127–8, 130–2, 135
DeFalco, Joseph, 5, 16, 26, 69, 149n4
Devost, Nadine, 30, 51

Eby, Carl P., xi, 141, 146n1, 156n3
Eden, as theme, 5, 15, 29
Eliot, T.S., 156n4
Ellison, Ralph, 11
essentialism, 15, 25, 27, 148n2

father-son bonding, as theme, viii, x, 13, 18, 117
female characters, 51, 54–5, 64, 143, 146n4
  Catherine Bourne, 96–118
  comparison of Catherine Bourne and Bertha from *Jane Eyre*, 105
  comparison of Catherine Bourne and Jig from "Hills Like White Elephants," 107
  as destructive, 8, 13, 68–70, 97
  Marita, 110–18
  stereotypes, xii, 59, 61, 64, 70, 98–100, 155n10
  See also androgyny; Debba; feminist criticism; gender
feminist criticism, xii, 98, 146n4, 146n5
Fleming, Robert E., 40, 120, 155n9
Flora, Joseph M., 9, 30, 35, 149n4, 150n12
Flower, Dean, 11
Foucault, Michel, 26, 110
Fuss, Diana, 148n2

The Garden of Eden
  and homoeroticism, viii–xii, 85–8, 111, 115, 116–18, 155n13
  and hunting, x–xi, 83
  and sexuality, x–xi, 96–9, 110–18
  and writing, 83–5, 91–2, 117–18
Gates, Henry Louis, Jr., 13
gender
  reversals, viii, ix, xii, 85–9, 99–103, 108–9, 145n1, 154n6, 155n13
  See also androgyny; essentialism; female characters; feminist criticism
Gellhorn, Martha; *See* Hemingway, Martha Gellhorn
Girard, Rene, 66
Giroux, Henry, 70
Gladwell, Malcolm, 157n2
Gordimer, Nadine, 46
Great White Hope, 47, 53, 57
Greenblatt, Stephen, 19, 20, 21
Guillory, John, ix

hair
  bleaching, 56, 85–6, 92, 99–100, 114
  cropping, ix, 85–6, 107, 113, 115–16, 131, 146n1
  Hemingway's dyeing, 142, 145n1, 155n11
  Hemingway's, vii, 109, 129–30, 142, 146n1, 147n1, 155n11, 156n5
  and homoeroticism, viii
  shaved head, 1, 8, 119, 123, 129–30, 133, 134, 142, 147n1, 156n5
Hays, Peter L., 5, 6

Hemingway, Clarence Edmonds (father), 2
Hemingway, Ernest, 1899–1961
  Africa trip (1933–1934), 7–8, 77–8, 142
  Africa trip (1953–1954), 1, 8, 77, 120–3, 142, 147n1, 152n7, 156n2
  as American celebrity, 122, 132–4, 138–9
  attitude toward Africa, 7, 132–9, 142
  childhood, 2–4, 30, 47
  and Debba, 1, 3, 8, 119–35
  and gender identity, ix, x–xii, 1, 51, 84, 141, 145n1, 156n2
  iceberg theory of writing, 28–9, 36, 149
  machismo, ix, xi, 118, 141
  mythos, xi, 7, 96, 106, 109, 118, 138, 141, 143, 157n3
  and native American ancestry claim, 2, 147n4
  and Prudence Boulton, 3, 8, 147n5
Hemingway, Hadley Richardson (first wife), 109, 145–6n1
Hemingway, Jack, viii
Hemingway, Lorian, viii
Hemingway, Marcelline, 2
Hemingway, Martha Gellhorn (third wife), 109, 146
Hemingway, Mary Welsh (fourth wife), 3, 77, 122, 134–5, 147n1, 153n10
  Africa trip, 8, 121, 156n2
  androgyny, 109
  diary, 145n1, 147n1, 156n2
  letters, 1, 125
  in *Under Kilimanjaro*, 121–33
Hemingway, Patrick, 119, 121, 130, 136, 142–3, 153n10, 155–6n1, 156n2
Hemingway, Pauline Pfeiffer (second wife), 7, 109, 146n1, 152n7
Henry, George, 86
hooks, bell, 60
hunting, vii, 151n3
  in Africa, x–xi, 1, 7, 8, 125, 126
  in *The Garden of Eden*, 83, 93–4
  in Michigan, 2
  in "The Short, Happy Life of Francis Macomber," 59–74
  in *Under Kilimanjaro*, 120–3, 128–32
  with Wakamba tribe, 128–31
Hutton, Virgil, 151n2

imperialism, 18, 60–1, 65, 69, 74, 80, 91, 134–7, 142
  See also colonialism, British
Indians; *See* Native Americans
innocence, loss of, 12, 29, 31, 35, 42–3, 80, 92, 95

Jenks, Tom, xii, 98, 105–8, 111–12, 114–15, 155n13
Johnson, Jack, 47–8, 53, 54, 56, 57
Johnston, K.J., 151n2
Jordan, Winthrop D., 32–3, 150n10, 150n11
Josephs, Allen, 154n2
Joyce, Joyce A., 27

Kemp, Peter, x
Kennedy, John F., Library, vii–viii, 1, 50, 64, 133, 145
Kennedy, J. Gerald, xi, 145n1, 148n1
Kert, Bernice, 109
Kitunda, Jeremiah M., 121
Kolodny, Annette, 22, 149n5

land
  loss of wilderness, as theme, 4–5, 8, 13, 18, 32, 35, 37, 80, 142
  and woman's body, 16, 19, 22–3, 26, 57, 149n5
  See also primitivism
Lardner, John, 53

Levin, Bernard, xi
Lewis, R.W.B., 15–16, 32, 149n3
Lewis, Robert W., 5–6, 120
Lynn, Kenneth, 151n2

MacKinnon, Catherine A., 155n10
MacLeish, Archibald, 3
Magaw, Malcolm, 154n2
Maji-Maji rebellion, 91, 96
Martin, Wendy, 146n4
masculinity
  as performance, 46, 56, 57, 61, 64, 68, 84–5, 108, 118
  and Hemingway's reputation, 133–4
  See also father-son bonding; gender; Hemingway, Ernest, machismo
Mau Mau rebellion, 119, 120–2, 126, 156n3
Mellow, James, 2, 8, 30, 146n1, 151n6, 152n7
Melville, Herman, 12, 15
Melville, Herman, *Benito Cereno*, 10
Meyers, Jeffrey, 146n5, 148n6
Michigan, 4, 6, 143, 150
  Hemingway in, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 124
  Nick Adams in, 30, 36
Miller, D.A., 87
Moddelmog, Debra, xi, 86, 99, 108, 148n1, 156n2
Monteiro, George, 10, 25
Montgomery, Constance Cappel, 2, 3, 34
Morrison, Toni, 11, 28, 29, 31, 34, 39, 46, 150n10

Nagel, James, x
Native Americans
  in Hemingway's fiction, 2, 3–7, 12–13, 30–43, 57–8, 137–8, 141–3
  violence against, 5–7, 33, 41, 137, 16–43, 148n7
  See also Boulton, Dick; Boulton, Prudence; land; Ojibway; primitivism
nature; *See* Eden, as theme; land; primitivism
Nelson, Dana, 26
Nolan, Charles J., Jr., 146n4
Nyerere, Julius K., 91

Oak Park, Illinois, 2, 34, 52
Ojibway, 3, 22
Omi, Michael, 25

Percival, Philip, 7, 77, 120, 122
performance; *See* masculinity, as performance
Pfeiffer, Pauline; *See* Hemingway, Pauline Pfeiffer
Plimpton, George, 27, 31, 53
Pound, Ezra, 4
primitivism, 4–6, 16, 148n6

race
  as essence, 132
  in *The Garden of Eden*, 90, 96–7, 99–100, 111–16, 155n13
  in Hemingway's stories, 15–16, 25, 27–8, 32, 34, 49, 52, 56–8, 79–81
  in Hemingway's work, ix–x, 4, 10–14, 29, 46, 141–3, 148n2
  shaved head, 1, 8, 119, 123, 129–30, 133, 134, 142, 147n1, 156n5
  tribal marks, 1, 8, 119, 133, 134, 142, 147n1
  in *Under Kilimanjaro*, 119, 121, 132, 136–8, 156n2
  See also Africans; Boulton, Dick; Boulton, Prudence; Debba; Native Americans; skin; violence, racial; Wakamba tribe; whiteness
Raeburn, John, 83, 154n6, 154n8

Reynolds, Michael, 109
Rich, Adrienne, 96–7
Richardson, Hadley;
See Hemingway, Hadley Richardson.
Riley, Denise, 98
Roe, Steven C., 84, 102, 155n8
Romines, Ann, 55
Rovit, Earl, ix
Rubin, Gayle, 18

safari in Africa; *See* Hemingway, Ernest, African safari 1933–1934; Hemingway, Ernest, African safari, 1953–1954
Scarry, Elaine, 21
Scholes, Robert, xi
Sedgwick, Eve Kosofsky, 86, 113, 118
sexuality
role reversals in lovemaking, 87, 89, 101, 103, 108, 145n1, 154n6
See also androgyny; gender
short stories; *See* specific titles
Simmonds, Roy, 154n8
skin
bleaching, 55–6
color, 12, 27, 49, 135–6, 138, 150n11
darkening, 12, 25, 64–5, 80, 86, 99, 100, 116
Hemingway's desire to darken his own, 1, 119, 123, 133, 135, 136, 142
reddening, 24–5, 27, 46, 48, 51, 64–5, 68, 113, 151n4
See also race; whiteness
Smith, Paul, vii, 4, 38, 48, 60, 149n4
Spender, Stephen, 97
Spilka, Mark, xi, xii, 148n1, 151n1
Stannard, David, 148n7
Stein, Gertrude, 4
Strong, Paul, 22, 31
Strychacz, Thomas, 23, 24, 46, 55

Taylor, Paul, xi, 154n8
themes; *See* Eden; father-son bonding; innocence, loss of; land; violence
Thoreau, Henry David, 153n11
Twain, Mark, *Huckleberry Finn*, 9–10

Ulrich, Laurel Thatcher, 149n6

violence, 50, 63, 80, 128, 149n4
racial, 5–7, 16, 20–5, 32–3, 41, 58, 120, 137

Wagner-Martin, Linda, 124, 146n4
Wakamba tribe
and Mau Mau rebellion, 121
Hemingway's admiration for, 8, 11, 12, 77, 123–37
Hemingway's brotherhood with, 1–2, 119, 121, 123–7, 147n1
Welsh, Mary; *See* Hemingway, Mary Welsh
Wexler, Joyce, 146n4
whiteness
and the literary canon, 11
Hemingway's disassociation from, 1–2, 12, 130, 132, 134–6, 143
in "The Battler," 10, 49, 50, 51, 54
in "The Light of the World," 54–7
in "The Short, Happy Life of Francis Macomber," 69
in *Under Kilimanjaro*, 128, 130
See also race; skin
Williams, Wirt, 150n12
Willingham, Kathy, 154n5
Winant, Howard, 25
Wolff, Tobias, xii

Wolter, Jurgen C., 18
women
  See female characters; feminist criticism; gender
Works:
  Books
  A Farewell to Arms, xii
  A Moveable Feast, 109, 145n1, 146n2, 146n3
  Across the River and Into the Trees, 127
  For Whom the Bell Tolls, xii, 9, 127, 146
  The Garden of Eden, viii–xii, 12, 13, 80, 83–118, 119, 127, 145n1, 146n2, 146n3, 154n8
  The Garden of Eden Manuscripts, viii, xii, 98, 105–9, 111, 114–15, 148n9, 155n13
  The Green Hills of Africa, 7, 142
  In Our Time, 15, 23, 45
  Men without Women, 35
  The Nick Adams Stories, 15, 22, 30, 31, 33–6, 45–6, 57
  The Sun Also Rises, xii, 23, 47
  True at First Light: A Fictional Memoir. See Under Kilimanjaro
  Under Kilimanjaro, 11, 12, 13, 77–8, 80–1, 119–39, 142, 143, 146n2, 146n3, 152n9, 153n10, 155n1, 156n2
  Short Stories
  "The Battler," 10, 13, 45–53, 57, 150n1
  "Big Two-Hearted River," 31
  "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife," 13, 15–17, 21–7, 36–7, 45, 49, 149n4, 150n12
  "The End of Something," 150n12
  "Fathers and Sons," 3, 150n12
  "Hills Like White Elephants," 31, 106–7
  "Indian Camp," 3, 13, 15, 16–21, 25–7, 31, 36–7, 45, 142, 149n6
  comparison to other stories, 22, 24, 30, 48–9, 149n4, 150n12, 152n8
  "The Indians Moved Away" (manuscript), 35–6
  "The Killers," 30, 57
  "The Last Good Country," 150n12
  "The Light of the World," 13, 53–8
  "A Matter of Colour," 52–3, 57
  "The Sea Change," xii
  "Sepi Jingan," 34–5
  "The Short, Happy Life of Francis Macomber," 13, 59–72, 128, 142, 148n8, 151n6, 154n3, 157n3
  "A Simple Enquiry," xii
  "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," 13, 72–80, 148n8, 152n7, 153n12
  "Ten Indians," 3, 13, 28, 35, 36–43, 150n12
  "Three-Day Blow," 27, 150n12
  "A Way You'll Never Be," 19

Young, Philip, 3–4, 6, 9–10, 30–1, 59, 69, 149n4, 150n12