

ヘミングウェイ：命を呪った文豪

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Ernest Hemingway's Curse on Births

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要 旨 今世紀中葉に、アメリカ文芸批評の中心的人物であった Philip Rahv は、論文「ペイルフェイスとレッドスキン」において、James, Melville, Hawthorne, Dickinson, Eliot といった貴族的知識人を Paleface と呼び、その対立的立場にある Redskin として、Hemingway, Dreiser, Steinbeck 等を挙げた。しかし、今世紀も終焉にむかう今、特に女性研究者達にとって、この分類に物足りなさを感じるようになってきた箇所があることも否めない。

本論文の前半では、Hemingway の Redskin 性が仮面的ポーズでもあったことを指摘すると同時に、Diana Trilling が、1950年代にあっては、夫 Lionel Trilling に諦めるようにすすめられた、クリティシズムのある試みに思いを馳せながら、考察を繰り広げてゆきたい。本論文の全容は、Hemingway, Hawthorne, Steinbeck 三者の文学を論じた上、文学者における Paleface 的側面と Redskin 的側面の統合に関して、見直すものであるが、紀要本号には、論文の前半、“Hemingway：命を呪った文豪”の項を寄せる。

It can be easily inferred that Philip Rahv, who is said to have made light of his contemporary writing, highly estimated Paleface men of letters. Admittedly, Rahv's analyses are mostly correct; Redskin culture which has lowbrow realism and is very passive to the spirits of the ages has been prevailing in the 20th century. Nonetheless, I would suggest that his classification is not entirely satisfactory, especially for women readers at the end of this century.

For instance, our love of Hawthorne's literature cannot be fully explained by its noble atmosphere, . . . and was Hemingway truly of Redskin type? I, personally, don't think Hawthorne's literature is very dark as I had been taught and told, and never felt Hemingway's works are rich in manly strength. I often find powerfulness and strong passion in Hawthorne's works, and in contrast, do find feebleness and men of inability to act in Hemingway's. Moreover, Rahv's classification of Steinbeck into the same group with Hemingway appears to be unreasonable. It is not right to deplore Steinbeck for having been a writer who was passive toward mass culture.

In this paper, I will limit the discussion to Hawthorne's, Hemingway's, and Steinbeck's literary works and consider the possibility of the unity of Paleface factors and Redskin ones. Besides, partly and audaciously the purpose of this study is to continue some of what Diana Trilling didn't dare to do in the fifties; her prudent husband, Lionel, advised her not to run the risk. .

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ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S CURSE ON BIRTHS

Regardless of it being a novel or a story, again and again in any of Hemingway's works, I find only one man, just Hemingway himself. As pointed out by Philip Rahv, the Redskin Type is supposed to greedily seek out experiences. However, Hemingway's world couldn't be further enriched so much owing to his many adventurous outdoor experiences and love affairs.

The writer could create many realistic male characters even in one short story, as in "Killers"; the differences in six men's personality are perfectly described there. In contrast, his characterization of women is so lifeless that his female characters are amazingly flat. Do Hemingway's male fans ever mind it?

In spite of his great accomplishment, Lionel Trilling felt he was a failure because he was unable to become a writer. For Lionel, Hemingway, older than him by ten years, was his greatest obsession. He longed for Hemingway's "Bohemian option of exposing his life without dignity."¹ On 3 July 1961 Lionel recorded: ". . . no writer's death has moved me as much—who would suppose how much he haunted me? How much he existed in my mind—as a reproach? He was the only writer of our time I envied. I respected him in his most foolish postures and in his worst work. . ."²

His wife's view was quite different from Lionel's; Hemingway's shortcomings were analyzed by Diana as follows: "Other than in the early Nick Adams stories, no Hemingway character has a mother or father. The lack of family and social roots in the people of whom Hemingway writes is perhaps not unconnected with whatever it is that robs him of the literary stature of Proust or Joyce or Thomas Mann or D. H. Lawrence."³ In the following she lets us know a part of an old conversation of this well-known couple..

I did not share Lionel's improbable admiration for Hemingway. . . . I remember that sometimes in the fifties I had the idea of writing a piece about him from the point of view of a woman. This was many years before women's liberation and, so far as I know, no woman had put Hemingway's work under this kind of examination. . . . I thought it would be interesting, as a woman, to write about an author who was conspicuous among the male writers of our time for his boast of masculinity. Lionel vetoed the proposal. 'They'll slaughter you,' he predicted. "They" were the editors and male readers of *Partisan Review*, . . . I accepted Lionel's judgment that the idea was not one which I should pursue.⁴

Nevertheless, as time passed, American women readers became tired of being made to read American major novels, whose rule of right is a men's world without women, in American literature classes where many women students attended. They positively began to ask for literature by women or for women.

In 1991, Elaine Showalter looked back at the age of the Lost Generation and mentioned it as the age of losing battles for women writers.⁵ In those days Hemingway and other male writers created experimental literature which conveys the scent of Paris, whereas works written by women writers who remained in domestic circumstances seemed old-fashioned. Even though Showalter fairly spoke well of the male novelists of the Lost Generation, a thorough reading of Hemingway's works

leads us to the understanding that it was not only his contemporary women writers but also the women characters in his novels and women readers that were confronted with various kinds of losing battles by the author.

My hatred of Hemingway had been a cause of distress to me, as it didn't seem right for a student of American literature to dislike this Nobel prize winner. At first, I tried to persuade myself, "It may be my fault. Anyway, I love his deliberately simple style and *The Old Man and the Sea*." Yet, on almost every page of his works, I never fail to find the author's contempt for and aversion to women. In 1993 I read *The Beginning of the Journey* and, much to my relief, I saw that Diana Trilling had also noticed such negative attitudes and that the time was not yet ripe even for her to try to speak her mind outright.

However much Hemingway loved to put himself in natural surroundings, scarcely do I enjoy the riches of Nature in his works. Instead, I notice the existence of men who are unnaturally bluffing—they are not endowed with masculinity but try to create it by force—and unattractive women. Before I explain this, it will be useful to discuss a sense of alienation the author gives to a woman reader. He shows off masculinity as if to declare, "Look! This is a life which can be lived by only men." Here and there, flauntingly does he give readers knowledge to survive in wild circumstances, but such knowledge often seems needless in the contexts. Confidential talks about prostitutes between men are described many times, some of which are not very acceptable even to non-feminists.

Also, he liked to show that men's lives are ruined by women. In "*The Three-Day Blow*" Nick's friend says, "Once a man's married he's absolutely bitched, . . . He hasn't got anything more. Nothing. Not a damn thing. He's done for."⁶⁾ Such insistence reminds me of the author's disgust for F. Scott Fitzgerald's wife, Zelda; Hemingway and she were on bad terms and not once or twice he warned Fitzgerald that she would make a mess of his life.

Actually, even if the number of women who ruin men's lives is as large as that of men who ruin women's, and Hemingway himself had been such a victim in a sense since his birth—a point that will be discussed later—his aversion to women was too deep-rooted to make him a wholesome and impartial writer. Hemingway's views of women were distorted, and the distortion deformed his sense of life and death as well.

Above all, Hemingway disgusted women in his depictions of birth. Even readers without knowledge of the writer's negative reaction toward his first child could notice his unaccepting attitude to any birth in his many works. Reading the introduction of the second chapter of *In Our Time* we feel that the alternation of generations is eternal and it is life to walk on muddy roads in chaos. And even in only this one page, "there was a woman having a kid," and a little child is crying being "scared sick looking at it."⁷⁾ A fear of refugees' motherhood is another, possibly extreme, case; "the worst . . . were the women with dead babies. You couldn't get the women to give up their dead babies. They'd have babies dead for six days. Wouldn't give them up. Nothing you could do about it. Had to take them away finally."⁸⁾

Even in works whose dominant atmosphere does not concern men's preference for abortion, un-

like "*Hills Like White Elephants*," Hemingway was abnormally conscious of pregnancy and birth. Consciously or subconsciously he had animosity against a new life. In "*Cross-Country Snow*" Nick and George are restlessly conscious of a waitress's pregnancy, even though it was the first time they met her; "the girl came in and Nick noticed that her apron covered swellingly her pregnancy. I wonder why I didn't see that when she first came in, he thought."⁹) Her figure is a shadow of Helen who is going to have Nick's baby, but such a conversation shows the male characters' prejudicial contempt for women as below:

"She isn't so cordial, is she?" said George.

". . . she's got that baby coming without being married and she's touchy."

"How do you know she isn't married?"

"No ring. Hell, no girls get married around here till they're knocked up."¹⁰)

This story tells us, after all, that women's pregnancy is viewed only as an obstacle to men's plans to enjoy outdoor activities together.

For Hemingway childbirth belonged to insensitive women's uncanny territory. Whenever he faced it, he was "scared sick" like a little child, and regarded it as only a disagreeable outcome of sex. As we examined, he didn't try to conceal his disgust, and sometimes went so far as to deliberately expose it. The husband's suicide in "*Indian Camp*" is a product of Hemingway's fear of and aversion to birth as well as the result of the husband's panic. The husband confronted himself only with "the wall." His heart was never filled with natural affection for his wife and expected baby.

Similarly, Hemingway's view of death was distorted, as shown in the following conversation between Nick and his father.

"Do ladies always have such a hard time having babies?" Nick asked.

"No, that was very very exceptional."

"Why did he kill himself, Daddy?"

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

"Do many men kill themselves, Daddy?"

"Not very many, Nick."

"Do many women?"

"Hardly ever."

"Don't they ever?"

"Oh, yes. They do sometimes."¹¹)

This subtle difference between men and women also suggests that, from Hemingway's points of view, women exist just to give birth and don't have enough sensitivity or complexity to choose death. Anyway, he left this part after much work on this manuscript, as if he had wanted to say that even the choice of death is a men's prerogative.

Since Hemingway's understanding of women was too shallow, he failed to produce attractive female characters for women readers. Frances in "*The Sun Also Rises*" is a symbol of the author's

fear of possessive women. She is the lady who “had” Robert Cohn, and “found toward the end of the second year that her looks were going, and her attitude toward Robert changed from one of careless possession and exploitation to the absolute determination that he should marry her.”¹²⁾ When Cohn said he couldn’t marry her, she blamed it only on her bad luck and the loss of her looks.

‘I should say it is rotten luck. I’ve wasted two years and a half on him now. And I don’t know now if any man will ever want to marry me. Two years ago I could have married anybody I wanted, down at Cannes. All the old ones that wanted to marry somebody chic and settle down were crazy about me. Now I don’t think I could get anybody. . . . And I’d like to have children. I always thought we’d have children.’¹³⁾

Given two hundred pounds as consolation money by Cohn, Frances joked very ironically in front of Jake and Cohn. A woman reader would be fed up with her silly and miserable attitudes.

Brett in the same novel does not appeal to women readers, either. She is engaged to Mike Campbell, a rich man whom she does not love sincerely. When asked by Jake “Don’t you love me?” she says, “Love you? I simply turn all to jelly when you touch me.”¹⁴⁾ Brett takes a trip with Cohn and enjoys only the number of her admirers. She is an idle person without any serious object in her life. Some would counter that such lethargy is characteristic of the Lost Generation and she has lost her identity like the other characters in the novel. Nonetheless, I insist that all the female characters created by Hemingway are boringly flat. Nowadays, it is often said that one of the characteristics of literary masterpieces is that the gender of their authors is not clear, but we cannot read any of Hemingway’s works without being reminded of the author’s gender, usually by means of aggressive showing off.

Hemingway’s female characters seem to be far from real women. Compared with nasty characters like Frances, are the sweet beauties in *A Farewell to Arms* and *For whom the Bell Tolls* very attractive to women readers? The heroines are idealized in convenient ways for the heroes, and they lose track of everything except their romance. In *A Farewell to Arms* Catherine says, “I want what you want. There isn’t any me any more. Just what you want. . . . I’m good. Aren’t I good? You don’t want any other girls, do you?”¹⁵⁾

The hero thinks her “sweet” or “lovely,” but careful reading leads us to the understanding that all of his praises are for her good looks and obedient affection. Changing words, Catherine tries expressing how blind her love is; she says, “We have such a fine time. . . . I don’t take any interest in anything else any more.”¹⁶⁾ Being called “a fine simple girl” by the hero, Catherine repeated, “I am a simple girl. . . . I’m a very simple girl,” emphasizing her innocence.¹⁷⁾ Though her sweetness is admirable to us, her dwarfing of her personality is convenient only to the hero. The heroine is a little boring to women readers. Moreover, owing to Hemingway’s excessive idealization she becomes an unearthly illusion and had to die. After all, “the only good woman is a dead one.”¹⁸⁾ It is essential to distinguish the meaning of her death from that of the heroines’ deaths in Hawthorne’s allegorical short stories—I will discuss this in the latter part of this thesis.

The Garden of Eden, Hemingway’s unfinished novel, is seemingly a trial by psychoanalysis of a

woman. Some critics have judged that its heroine can be estimated the best creation among the author's female characters. However, what its hero highly appreciates is just her appearance like in the former works¹⁹⁾, while the heroine loves and worships the man like God in a sense. She is another rich idle person obsessed with her partner. This Catherine doesn't seem to be a devoted type like Catherine in *A Farewell to Arms*. All the same, the center of her universe is also her partner.

What she is doing is simply a superficial imitation of her husband. For example, she had her hair cut by the same barber who cut David's. Her hairstyle and outfits mimic his. We can interpret this as her being possessed by the author's adherence to macho illusion, his pretense to being a tough guy. In my understanding, artists are usually more androgynous than ordinary people and when they get old and their own genders come to have less meaning, many of them begin to entrust their own desire or adherence to their characters of the other gender. The hero of this novel has a narcissistic personality like Hemingway's other male characters. His female characters are sometimes nightmares and sometimes ideal dreams, and they are always just an unrealistic addition to the writer's heroes. It is concluded that, in a word, no female character is realistically attractive in Hemingway's literature.

Next, let us consider how a woman would be treated in his literature, if she tried to trespass on men's sanctuary. In "*The End of Something*," to Marjorie who loves to fish with him, Nick teaches tactics saying "You don't want to take the ventral fin out, . . . It'll be all right for bait but it's better with the ventral fin in." His instructions continue in the following:

Marjorie rowed the boat out over the channel-bank, holding the line in her teeth, and looking toward Nick, who stood on the shore holding the rod and letting the line run out from the reel.

"That's about right," he called.

"Should I let it drop?" Marjorie called back, holding the line in her hand.

"Sure. Let it go." Marjorie dropped the line overboard and watched the baits go down through the water.²⁰⁾

The two seem to take it as appropriate that Nick is always more active than her. If she is not as passive as supposed, how would Nick react? When Nick said, "There's going to be a moon tonight" and "I know it," Marjorie said "happily;" she then has to face Nick's ironical tone.

"You know everything," Nick said.

"Oh, Nick, please cut it out! Please, please don't be that way!"

"I can't help it," Nick said. "You do. You know everything. That's the trouble. You know you do."

Marjorie did not say anything.

"I've taught you everything. You know you do. What don't you know, anyway?"²¹⁾

His parting words are "It isn't fun any more." Naturally, a woman who has just followed a man imitating his way passively cannot give him very new discoveries; her Redskin aspect is not original

but something that was borrowed.

It is important to note the absence of lively and attractive women who can sometimes be decision-makers concerning their situations in Hemingway's literature. As I have presented in an overview, the writer underestimated women. Consequently, he observed life and death very twistedly and his literature is lacking in warmth and the abundant possibilities of human beings.

Not giving the right to make decisions to his female characters maybe resulted from Hemingway's disgust toward his mother's matriarchy. I frequently imagine that the writer seeks revenge on women in his works through his characterization of nasty women and his handling of pretty puppets. It is well known that his mother tried to make Ernest his elder sister's clone, especially in his hairstyle and outfits, just because the mother had wished to have girl twins. The gender and identity of this writer of the Lost Generation had been tricked since his birth. Ernest Hemingway must have struggled far harder for his identity than other people—when he was describing the woman who imitated the man's hairstyle, was Hemingway's ill feeling dispelled to some extent?

Ernest had hated, for a very long time, his mother, who forced upon him various things like practicing the cello. In spite of her deep faith, the mother was self-righteous. It is likely that the barren godless feature of his literature lies in his resistance to his mother's religion.

Usually in their house Ernest's father had less voice, for the mother's income was far more than the doctor's; she was very gifted as a teacher of vocal music. Ernest abhorred his home and left it twice when he went to high school. After becoming a writer, he had emotional problems, as we know. For example, when one of his friends came late, Hemingway cracked a glass with his hand, which became bloody. I suppose most of the causes of his unstable emotion lie in his childhood dissatisfaction long before his war experiences.

Going away from the mother's suffocating oppression the boy went to forests together with his father, holding his own gun at the age of ten. Ernest made an ostentatious display of his outdoor life. His emphasis on wild experiences meant defiance of his mother and escape from the intolerable realities from the beginning of his life.

Turning now to "*The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife*," we find that the father, whom the boy adores, is also escaping from communication with his wife. This mother, whose standard of life is Christian Science, tries to convince her husband saying "I hope you didn't lose your temper, Henry. . . . Remember, that he who ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city,"²²⁾ but he won't listen to her words. The mother's religion and her way of speaking to her husband and son does not seem appealing.

Ernest Hemingway strongly kept on displaying the Men's World in order to sever his connections with his mother's territory. The world of *The Old Man and the Sea* is genuinely possessed by the old man, who teaches a boy to fish and tactics for survival, which is quite far from the real mother's cello and vocal music world. The boy longs to belong to the old man's universe.

The greatest example of the author's hard-boiled style is said to be shown in *The Old Man and the Sea*, which is undoubtedly a masterpiece. Yet, Hemingway's hard-boiled style is not really hard but

rather a veiling armor to conceal his weakness and escape from realities. It may be presumed that Hemingway first made the mold of a manly man in his brain and then tried to set himself in it. The following conversation in "*The Battler*" reflects this point:

"You're a tough one, aren't you?"
"No," Nick answered.
"All you kids are tough."
"You got to be tough," Nick said.
"That's what I said."
The man looked at Nick and smiled.²³⁾

Within the male characters, who are connected with women only through sexual intercourse, while feeling disgust toward feminine territories, nihilistic feelings increase to make the male characters sexually impotent; it is one of the tragedies of the men who continue to make a false show of their masculinity. Remember one of such characters, Jake, who usually acts with bravado in *The Sun Also Rises*. At night, however, he feels like crying and he mutters, "I felt like hell again. It is awfully easy to be hard-boiled about everything in the daytime, but at night it is another thing."²⁴⁾

Here, I would like to add some words to avoid being misunderstood. Men's weaknesses are natural; their weaknesses are as reasonable as women's. I am not asking for the impossible, for heroes who exist only in the subconsciousness of women with Cinderella complexes. What I cannot appreciate is Hemingway's unnatural showing off of macho illusion and his use of contempt for women as a means to make his false masculinity conspicuous.

As I stated, Hemingway was disgusted by and feared births, but he had liked to be called Papa by mass society as early as his thirties. Paternity was at once his costume and armor. Actually, the writer showed his childishness by running away from the adult responsibility to work hard at cherishing invaluable human relationships. Hemingway showed this trait by asking for his former partners' compassion, when he found difficulties in his relationships with his current partners. He wrote such a letter to Agnes when he lived with his first wife, and wrote a similar one to his first wife, when he was with his second wife. In those letters we recognize his childish egoism and remarkable escapism.

In *The Sun Also Rises*, the episode of Bill Gorton who suddenly felt like buying a stuffed dog in front of a taxidermist's suggests that the role of lover of nature had been just an external trademark for Hemingway. Bill says, "Always felt that way about dogs. Always been a great lover of stuffed animals. . . . See that horse-cab? Going to have that horse-cab stuffed for you for Christmas. Going to give all my friends stuffed animals. I'm a nature-writer."²⁵⁾ Even though the author made Bill say that as an ironical joke, Hemingway's literature has similarly unnatural parts like stuffed animals or fixed games.

Into what does unnatural bravado drive men? Judging from his abnormal unstable emotion and

the history of his attempted suicides, Hemingway was a writer possessed with his ego and with the shadow of death. He hoped to evade his responsibilities, especially for a new life, for he was so intensely obsessed with death. If he had had well-balanced affection for the people around him, he would have found much to do. But instead, this narcissistic person found a good cover, “nada,” and permitted himself to be drowned in nihilistic feelings.

Let us recall that the husband’s suicide in “*Indian Camp*” was an ultimate escape from the real world. Despite his narcissistic feature, the writer, who felt disgust towards birth in general, was also negative to his own life. Hemingway must have continuously cursed his birth that was given by his mother.

If *A Farewell to Arms* would be reread with the knowledge of the author’s hostility to his mother, Hemingway’s malice would be noticed under the cover of the romantic atmosphere of this novel. In this idealized love story, the hero appears to be a kind collaborator on the heroine’s expected delivery. But, if it were not a superficial pretense, the heroine’s unnatural uneasiness could not be explained. We notice it when she says: “I was afraid because I’m big now that maybe I was a bore to you.”²⁶⁾ It followed that the cursed baby was almost stillborn, and the woman who became a mother—whose image must have been overlapped with his own mother’s in Hemingway’s subconscious—was killed by the author at the ending.

Even though in passion of love affairs Hemingway could temporarily forget his nihilism and death wish, we can conjecture that he never loved any woman earnestly with his whole heart; in other words, no woman could be loved as much as himself or more than himself. Here, a quotation will be given to sum up Hemingway’s view of women.

I lay in the dark with my eyes open and thought of all the girls I had ever known and what kind of wives they would make. It was a very interesting thing to think about and for a while it killed off trout-fishing and interfered with my prayers. Finally, though, I went back to trout-fishing, because I found that I could remember all the streams and there was always something new about them, while the girls, after I had thought about them a few times, blurred and I could not call them into my mind and finally they all blurred and all became rather the same and I gave up thinking about them almost altogether.²⁷⁾

Hemingway failed to discover “something new” about women, for they are “rather the same” and live a trivial existence which can be forgotten after a “three-day blow” for the writer. A woman reader would be embarrassed by his outspokenness, however much she admired the writer’s literary techniques and styles. His love affairs served him in just the same way as alcohol, in which he often drowned his empty feelings and tensions caused by his bluff. Also, through new love affairs he could dramatize his heroism away from everyday life.

In his writing Ernest confided his secret; in boyhood, he repeatedly hoped his father would divorce his mother and marry a new woman to let him have a new mother, but his father was disappointing in that respect. To leave a woman was an act which could not be done by his father, and it may have been a compensatory act by Ernest for revenge against his mother.

We feel pity on Hemingway for his mother's oppression and her neglect of his individuality, his trauma caused by the war, which gave him countless sleepless nights, the letter from Agnes which ended his first serious love, and his neurotic troubles passed down from his father. However, Hemingway took his frustration out on female characters and women readers excessively thus pushing his literature out of balance. Overlooking such shortcomings, his literature was too highly idealized by his male fans, and the writer's figure became legendary. They were also prejudiced in favor of his death, as Lizbeth Goodman remarked.

While Ernest Hemingway is not routinely discussed as 'mad', his notorious suicide could be viewed alongside those of Woolf and Plath. However, it tends to be read quite differently: as a conflict between the masculine ideal created in his fiction and the life of the artist, perhaps. So his suicide is often seen as a heroic act, while Plath's and Woolf's are linked to discussion of depression, desperation, neurosis. Even suicide, it seems, is gendered. . . .²⁸⁾

Hemingway's female characters are just simple existence destined to bear children, while his male characters are supposed to ponder seriously, fight bravely, and sometimes choose death, as if to say even the choice of death were the last masculine act. Births belong to a Mother's territory, and even Ernest was, of course, given it by his mother. In Hemingway's literature I feel the writer's declaration, "Deaths are subject to me and Father, and it is me who controls deaths." The reason why my analyses in this thesis are awkwardly simple partly results from Hemingway's childish provincial mentality. However far his soul flew in his *Men's World*, his mind could never shake off the aftereffect of his mother's control.

Most of what I pointed out so far can be seen in a condensed form in "*The Snows of Kilimanjaro*." We'll focus on a part of the conversation between Harry, the dying writer in the novel, and his wife.

"Love is a dunghill," said Harry. "And I'm the cock that gets on it to crow. . . . Your damned money was my armour. My Swift and my Armour."

"Don't."

"All right. I'll stop that. I don't want to hurt you."

"It's a little bit late now."

"All right then. I'll go on hurting you. It's more amusing. The only thing I ever really liked to do with you I can't do now."

"No, that's not true. You liked to do many things and everything you wanted to do I did."

"Oh, for Christ sake stop bragging, will you?"

He looked at her and saw her crying.

"I'm crazy as a coot and being as cruel to you as I can be. Don't pay any attention, darling, to what I say, I love you, really. You know I love you. I've never loved any one else the way I love you."

He slipped into the familiar lie he made his bread and butter by.

"You're sweet to me."²⁹⁾

The writer shows a little tendency toward sadism and sometimes plays with his false pretenses, expressing his love to his wife. The sole thing that he praises his wife for is her being "still a good-

looking woman” and “the only thing [he] ever really liked to do with [her]” was their single connection. Moreover, Harry wants to attribute his diminishing talent to “this kindly caretaker and destroyer of his talent”³⁰⁾ spending women’s “damned money” like Ernest and his father. The writer in the novel is also trapped into the past and recollects as follows:

He thought about alone in Constantinople that time [*sic*], having quarrelled in Paris before he had gone out . . . He had whored the whole time and then, when that was over, and he had failed to kill his loneliness, but only made it worse, he had written her, the first one, the one who left him, a letter telling her how he had never been able to kill it. . . .³¹⁾

And, Hemingway, at the age of 36, killed his alter ego in “*The Snows of Kirimanjaro*.” Gangrene was the author’s little push, and a gift to Harry, to tragically dramatize his death and to make the people around the male character cry, for even without such bad luck the writer in the novel would have, sooner or later, tried suicide as he crashed under his hypertrophic ego and his vacant feelings.

As is known, Hemingway loved boxing. There are key characters who are ex-boxers as well as a retiring boxer in his works, but boxers and boxing frequently appear, even when they are seemingly unconnected with main points of his works. The hero in *A Farewell to Arms* also goes to a boxing gymnasium, escaping the sweet life with his lover. But, why on earth, and with whom must Hemingway’s male characters fight? Of course, life is a battle from an angle, and physical training has much to recommend it. Yet, we are conscious of Hemingway’s amateur boxers being nervously obsessed with confrontation. They are highly-strung and have a hostility to life which they themselves cannot understand, having no real opponents to fight with. Boxing can be one example of masculine acts which keep Hemingway away from his mother’s world, while, at the same time, he wished to keep static death and empty feelings away from him with his activeness. In my interpretation, Hemingway’s life and literature have much similarity to shadowboxing.

Apart from boxing, being forced to be conscious of battles to an unnecessary extent is a little uncomfortable to women readers, for our gender naturally loves to protect and raise various lives. In Hemingway’s literature, we find much unknown anger and his curse on life itself.

To conclude, Hemingway wore a Redskin mask to hide his weakness. In addition, the writer who thought any woman is “rather the same” as another was not skillful at characterization of women. Where his descriptions of women are concerned, Hemingway’s realism is unsatisfactory to women readers. His awkwardness in doing it is not up to his gender—Hawthorne and Steinbeck were excellent creators of imaginary women. It was because Hemingway’s prejudice against women was too strong to make him face descriptions of them squarely; he was writing only for himself from first to last.

In comparison, Steinbeck’s female characters are not rootless. He has many admirable mothers in his works, who are harmonized with nature; they must have been one of the ideal figures for Steinbeck. Hawthorne’s Hester Prynne had a good Redskin aspect. Hester didn’t adhere to her doll house, and she was eager to farm and help people in distress. Her personality was brushed up

through her experiences. The latter part of this thesis will be dedicated to these two writers.

To sum up the major characteristics of Hemingway, I will call him a Palesoul writer regarding his views of life and women. It is inevitable that women readers will be attracted more by the writers who could bear realistically attractive women with both Redskin factors and Paleface ones than the writer who hid his cold soul under the mask of Redskin. Diana Trilling's low estimate of Hemingway long before women's liberation was based on her social awareness, and it is improbable for a future woman reader to have a lesser viewpoint of life and society.

Notes

- 1) Diana Trilling, *The Beginning of the Journey: The Marriage of Diana and Lionel Trilling* (New York: Harcourt Brace & Company, 1993) p. 370.
- 2) *Ibid.*, p. 371.
- 3) *Ibid.*, p. 17.
- 4) *Ibid.*, pp. 373–374.
- 5) Elaine Showalter, *Sister's Choice: Tradition and Change in American Women's Writings* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1991) p. 133.
- 6) Ernest Hemingway, *In Our Time* (Norwalk: The Easton Press, 1990) p. 46.
- 7) *Ibid.*, p. 22.
- 8) *Ibid.*, p. 11.
- 9) *Ibid.*, p. 109.
- 10) *Ibid.*, p. 110.
- 11) *Ibid.*, p. 19.
- 12) Ernest Hemingway, *The Sun Also Rises* (Norwalk: The Easton Press, 1990) p. 5.
- 13) *Ibid.*, pp. 48–49.
- 14) *Ibid.*, p. 25.
- 15) Ernest Hemingway, *A Farewell to Arms* (Norwalk: The Easton Press, 1990) pp. 102–103.
- 16) *Ibid.*, p. 148.
- 17) *Ibid.*, p. 147.
- 18) Judith Fetterley, *The Resisting Reader: A Feminist Approach to American Fiction* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1978) p. 71.
- 19) Ernest Hemingway, *The Garden of Eden* (Norwalk: The Easton Press, 1990) p. 16.
- 20) *In Our Time*, pp. 32–33.
- 21) *Ibid.*, p. 34.
- 22) *Ibid.*, p. 25.
- 23) *Ibid.*, p. 55.
- 24) *The Sun Also Rises*, p. 35.
- 25) *Ibid.*, pp. 75–76.
- 26) *A Farewell to Arms*, p. 283.
- 27) Ernest Hemingway, *Men Without Women* (Norwalk: Th Easton Press, 1990) p. 137.
- 28) Lizbeth Goodman (Ed.), *Literature and Gender: Approaching Literature* (London: Routledge in association with The Open University, 1996) p. 110.
- 29) Ernest Hemingway, *The Snows of Kilimanjaro* (Norwalk: The Easton Press, 1990) p. 5.
- 30) *Ibid.*, p. 7.
- 31) *Ibid.*, p. 10.