

# The Intentional Phallacy: The Art and Life of Ernest Hemingway—A Biographical Angle? \*

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This article will look at Hemingway's memoir, *A Moveable Feast*, from a gender perspective, debating his function as a man and as an artist and the way he wanted to present both of these roles. I will focus on the interplay of fact and fiction, the stuff of myths and dreams and novels vis à vis the hard, or maybe not so hard stuff of real life. As a consequence of that I will also look at a work of fiction, namely Hemingway's posthumously published novel *The Garden of Eden*. The two works illuminate each other: they are anchored in the same time and place, France in the Twenties, but observed from different perspectives. One is inside, the other outside the world of reality, but maybe ultimately both of them are dreamplays, mirroring the make-believe of their creator.

David Bourne, the male protagonist of *The Garden of Eden*, had problems with his joint role as a man and an artist. Hemingway's friend and sparring partner Scott Fitzgerald, for one, also worried about what being an artist meant to his manhood. Hemingway himself may have been less worried, as he was established as being more of a man than anyone else around, but still he invested a considerable amount of energy in creating and upholding exactly this image.

If David Bourne's wife Catherine is the androgynous or lesbian muse within him, against whom he reconstructs his boyhood world of men

without women,<sup>1</sup> then a similar hardening of attitude can be discerned in the increasingly public and publicized Hemingway through the 1930s, after his modernist experiments in Paris. *The Garden of Eden* was, however, probably written in the 1940s, testifying to a different sensibility being at work. Significantly, it remained unpublished till twenty-five years after the death of the author—the (f)actual one in this case, that is—and therefore never shattered the image of the all-male American writer that grew out of both Hemingway's life and art.

The male posture resulting from this attitude has greatly influenced the way people have read Hemingway, but *The Garden of Eden* may point in other directions. It has been commonplace to attribute a stereotypical machismo both to Hemingway's style of writing and to the male characters in his writing,<sup>2</sup> but this commonplace I would like to question here, with reference partly to *The Garden of Eden*, but mainly using Hemingway's overt reminiscences and attitudes as they are reflected in *A Moveable Feast*. Both works display one side, the authorial side as it were, of what I will call the Intentional Phallacy, a pun reflecting a male sensibility and mythology present in Hemingway for better and for worse. The other side of it is a masculine reading that I will return to later.

There are some basic hermeneutical problems when dealing with autobiography, mentioned by Hemingway himself in a foreword to the book. One can read it as fact or as fiction, as life or art, and according to him it "works" both ways. It is, however, of some consequence whether one chooses one or the other mode of reading, just as the whole concept of intentionality and truthfulness is put at stake in this statement from a master-manipulator who excelled in realist symbolism, a form that in itself constitutes something of a paradox; for what is real and what is not if you live your life as a metaphor?

The "choice" in fact illustrates another crucial distinction embodied in the structuralist concepts of reading and writing, both as actual actions and as critical metaphors; and Hemingway here likewise throws an interesting light on his own role as a writer/creator and as an authority of meaning.

1 Cf. Mark Spilka, *Hemingway's Quarrel With Androgyny* (London: University of Nebraska Press, 1990), p. 305.

2 Cf. F.M. Laurence, *Hemingway And The Movies* (Jackson: University Press of Mississippi, 1981) and John Raebum, *Fame Became Of Him* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1984).

All art and thus writing too is an act of creation originating to an extent from an individual. All reading then becomes a secondary activity, recreating the original one. Still, all art is also recreation and thus the two levels approach each other: in the case of literature, in the impersonal field of language; in other arts, in the realm of the senses. This sensual world is what Hemingway tried to approach and imitate as objectively as possible in his writing, or at least so he claims. But objectivity is not what it used to be and the merging of subject and object is a long established idea questioning any intention and any act.<sup>3</sup> And by making fact and fiction interchangeable Hemingway in fact himself enters the ball-game of "differance" [sic], to use a deconstructionist term designating this dilemma of attributing significances. He may not exactly bare his devices in an openly metafictional defamiliarization, but he does open up the field of interpretation to multiple layers of meaning—be it intentional or not.

What you do may make you what you are, but in between doing and being is seeming and I will approach Papa Hem's posing memoir to explore the attitude to gender and maleness in this highly posturing and fictionalized work. Hemingway evolved into a male archetype in his own right and it is in this light that it becomes interesting to read *A Moveable Feast* in terms of the way it deals with types of masculinity and the way a monument to Hemingway's own maleness is erected in it.

Art can sometimes be more real than life, at least according to E. Hemingway,<sup>4</sup> who thus strangely paraphrases an artist of a very different constitution and reputation than himself, namely Oscar Wilde.<sup>5</sup> As one critic has said, Hemingway always struggled to transform his ego into artifact,<sup>6</sup> and this use of art as the recreation of self consequently ends up producing a self that is larger than life and thus we enter into the realm

3 I am referring here both to the theories of Phenomenology and to e.g. the Quantum Theory, i.e. both to hard and soft sciences, as it were.

4 "From things that have happened and from things as they exist and from all things that you know and all those you cannot know you make something through your invention that is not a representation, but a whole new thing truer than anything true and alive, and you make it alive..." as cited in Scott Donaldson, *By Force Of Will* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1977), pp. 249-50.

5 Oscar Wilde, "The Priority of Art", in *The Modern Tradition*, edited by Richard Ellmann and Charles Feidelson (New York: Oxford University Press, 1965).

6 Andrew Lytle in the *Sewanee Review*, Spring 1965; *Hemingway—The Critical Heritage*, ed. Jeffrey Meyers (London: Routledge, 1982), p. 510.

of myth. I use the concept of myth, however, in the ideological not the archetypal sense, talking rather of Hemingway's "real-life" staging of himself than of the mythological patterns and types to be traced in his fiction,<sup>7</sup> and thus I too paraphrase Wilde's "decadent", and really rather post-modern notion of turning ones life into art.

So Machismo has become Hemingway's main trademark and as such it is supposed to be a "sure" thing, a stable signifier. I will look at this machismo, however, in the space between art and life, man and artist, debating both the meaning and significance of these categories to unsettle the rock-hard maleness involved.<sup>8</sup>

The question is whether there is a discrepancy between the man and the artist and if so how this is expressed. Homosexuality, as a theme and as a phenomenon, and the treatment of it in *A Moveable Feast* is an aspect of malehood that becomes useful as a tool in deconstructing the art-life relationship in this and other Hemingway novels, and it can furthermore, as an example of transgressive behavior, be linked with the androgyny of *The Garden of Eden*. This is why I have included this factualized work of fiction in the treatment of this fictionalized work of fact.

*A Moveable Feast*, be it as a novel or as a documentary work, is a collection of impressionistic sketches spiced with anecdotes and commentary (read: gossip). It is full of Hemingway-style intimations and ambiguities, but at the same time it gives some very precise portraits of a good many people so that it becomes a mixture of whispering secrets aloud and shouting voyeuristic statements.

It is in a sense metafictional, describing both its maker and its making through e.g. the mentioning of Hemingway's own credo and method as an artist. And just as there are many echoes of Hemingway's theories and practices of writing in *The Garden of Eden* there are also thematic traces from this novel in *A Moveable Feast*, notably in the description of a young couple in love and in the apprenticeship of the young man to older men.

7 For a different, "textual" kind of mythological reading see e.g. Wilma Garcia and Peter Lang, *Mothers And Others* (New York, 1984) for myths of the female—and for male myths Joseph De Falco, *The Hero in Hemingway's Short-Stories* (Pittsburgh: University of Pittsburgh Press, 1968).

8 I am paraphrasing E. D. Hirsch, but not altogether agreeing with him. Even without bringing in the concept of Ecriture one can hardly claim that any artist works in a vacuum, untouched by "life," the public or their own unconscious. Intention is unlikely to be such a clear-cut and onesided "act."

So although the "actual" intentional fallacy is probably an even greater sin in the eyes of deconstruction, which is my major frame of theoretical reference here, than it was to the New Critics it does make sense to draw parallels between Hemingway the man, his fictional personae and his portrait of the artist.

What is at the core of either of these roles is the notion of maleness as an inherent quality and the way this essence is related to its public manifestation. But behind the public image is a private one, transgressing maleness into the field of femaleness. *The Garden of Eden* is an excessively private story/document, even to the point of remaining unpublished for decades, whereas *A Moveable Feast* is designed to be a kind of literary monument to its writer. Thus the "protagonist" in either story is different from the other in his outward manifestations of maleness, but underneath there are many similarities. David has to face his own femaleness and Hemingway in many ways has to deal with the same challenge, as a man and an artist, and it may mainly be the medium, autobiography, and the myth-making that lies between the young (fictional) artist, David Bourne, in the Twenties and the old ("factual") artist in the Fifties that conditions their responses in different directions. David Bourne may indeed be the alter-ego of his creator and this casts a different light on most of Hemingway's other male characters.

In *A Moveable Feast*, my main focus from here on, Hemingway makes a clear connection between male sexuality/sexual energy and artistic creation. After writing a story he always feels "empty, both sad and happy" as though he had made love<sup>9</sup> and he always makes sure to have material left for the following day, or "juice" as he calls it elsewhere, lest he should be "impotent" (p. 13) with respect to his writing. He also talks of lovemaking as a good exercise to prepare oneself for acts of creation. At the same time he had a mercantile theory of male sexuality claiming that there was only a limited number of orgasms to be had in the course of a lifetime, so restraint was advisable and at one point he even refrained from sleeping with his wife in order to be able to knock out an opponent in a boxing match.<sup>10</sup> These two examples would suggest a belief both in the need for the artist to contain i.e. not expend, the source of his

9 Ernest Hemingway, *A Moveable Feast* (New York: Charles Scribner's, 1964), p. 6.

10 Cf. Carlos Baker, *Hemingway: A Life Story* (London: The Literary Guild, 1969), p. 252 and p. 138.

creativity and in the emasculating effect of women on the force of a man, a notion well known in traditional mythology.

Any emasculating influence in *A Moveable Feast* is countered by work, just as David Bourne tried to stay sane through his output of (autobiographical) stories. And work is here, as in *The Sun Also Rises*, a clear marker of manhood and respectability.<sup>11</sup>

Emasculating influences are notably Gertrude Stein and an array of more or less homosexual and/or affected male artists, who in various ways intrude upon Hemingway's inner or outer space. Sexuality is one thing, homosexuality another. A clash between libido and puritanism pervades the whole book, with Hemingway staying on the frugal side by not eating (p. 70), or by not using wasteful pencil sharpeners (p. 90) or by simply staying away from the company of other, happier people (p. 100) and feeling virtuous for it.

But homosexuality is worse than wasteful; it is sinful and contaminating and after discussing it with Gertrude Stein he feels the need to work even harder to purify himself (p. 20). Their discussion of homosexuality takes place in her home, a home she shared with her female partner, and the impetus for it is allegedly Stein's desire to educate Hemingway on the subject. He seems to know a good deal already, though, through his own acquaintance with the "criminals and perverts" (in Stein's words), who were to be found in the all-male and in fact presumably very macho society of Kansas City tramps and longshoremen, whom he describes in very direct and derogatory terms. The rest of the conversation is marked by more than usual secrecy, however, with Hemingway taking on the role of the innocent one who lives "in the world as it was" (p. 19), allegedly "using truer phrases" than even Stein whose whole life was, after all, dedicated to making phrases true! (p. 18).

Stein's abnormality is later further underlined in the description of a clandestine and apparently humiliating exchange between her and her lover (p.116). Hemingway involuntarily overhears this and it allegedly prompts him to give up his friendship with Stein. The reason for this

11 To one critic the whole object of *A Moveable Feast* is in fact to prove beyond doubt that Hemingway was a hard-working man who, unlike so many others, was truly serious about his metier; for all the romance evoked in it, the book certainly has the lode of a virtuous boy bitching about the useless characters surrounding him. Cf. Gerry Brenner, *Concealments in Hemingway's Works* (Columbus: Ohio State University Press, 1983), p. 222.

remains unclear, but it could be the result of his need to distance himself from the whole troubling subject of homosexuality.

In the description of the conversation with Stein he takes great care to stress his own normality and innocence: He observes a nude (woman) by Picasso, he talks of his disappointment with an Italian nobleman who once tried to "corrupt him" and describes how, after their talk, he walks back to his idyllic home, to his wife and his work. With her he shares an innocent knowledge that he will not let the corrupt one of Stein destroy (p. 21).

Stein wants to convince him that male homosexuals may be repugnant and pitiful, but that this is not so much because of what they are as because of what they do, i.e. they are not inherently bad, it is merely a question of the way they "do it." Female homosexuals, on the other hand, are happy and pure (p. 20). But Hemingway wants us to believe that all homosexuals are perverted beings <sup>one way or another</sup> and the Italian nobleman, who is set up against the brutish "criminals," is a case where not even beautiful "doing"/manners can prevent a corruption of the being. A "being" that includes Stein, but from which Hemingway is far removed.

He later describes how his own territory is once invaded by a "bitch" with a "camping mouth" (p. 92) away from his filthy (homosexual) beat and their conversation is very illuminating on the subject of male fertility and of homosexuality as transgressive maleness as well as touching upon the connection between homosexuality and art. Apart from illustrating his point about useless characters disturbing his work it also shows how emasculating influences upset and threaten his creative integrity, at least in his own mind. The subtext may suggest something else.

The guy in question, a would-be artist of the Montparnasse circle who is described as rather fat himself, reproaches Hemingway's prose for being too lean and sinewy. Hemingway, in quiet mockery, promises to fatten it a little. The implication is, of course, that the softness of the fat guy is inferior to Hemingway's masculine leanness, which belongs to a more muscular, male order of creation. This exchange takes place after he, as Lord Almighty, tries to persuade this failed artist to consider a career as a budding critic. Hemingway suggests ironically that creation as such is probably overrated anyway (p. 95), and that it is far better to be able to judge others, performing the secondary act of criticism which can in fact be considered a cerebral male enterprise as opposed to the emo-

tional female one of creation. The implication is, however, that criticism is a less manly exploit than, at least, Hemingway's kind of creation and the joke is not on the lean art of Hemingway, but rather on the pudgy art of Hal, the critic, as well as of Ford Madox Ford and others dealt with elsewhere.

The final "joke," however, is that Hemingway's response to this threat of infestation is to stay at home the following day performing various maternal activities, caring for his son, alongside writing. Thus establishing a link between his work as an artist and other forms of creation, in this case notably a feminine one. At the same time he twice calls attention to a rabbit's foot he always carried: first when nuzzling it while faced with the threat of the homosexual critic and again at the end of the chapter, mentioning his need of luck to write well. It thus takes on the role of both a charm against evil and, more importantly, as a connection with the divine in much the same way as the muses may have been.

So there again you find a parallel to David Bourne who on the one hand dismisses any kind of transgressive being, in his case androgyny, but on the hand other is in need of this very being as a source of inspiration for his male kind of creation. Hemingway here similarly discards the "soft," as he sees it, maleness of a homosexual man, but at the same time as an artist he is in touch with and in need of a certain kind of creative softness himself.

It is of course debatable whether the art of a man is an expression of male fertility or else the barren outcome of excessive self-indulgence. As far as Hemingway is concerned both can be argued and he also provides us with examples of two kinds of male artists: the self-less ones like Pound and Evan Shipman and the self-promoting ones like Ford and Ernest Walsh.

Walsh is described as a theatrical, scheming phony who swallows oysters as though they were semen (p. 121, keeping up his supply of juice?) whereas Shipman is a "fine poet" (p. 134), who can appreciate both horses and the importance of masculine mustaches for barmen and with whom Hemingway has conversations much like the one between Nick and Bill in "The Three Day Blow" — incidentally, possibly written at approximately the same time.

Hemingway clearly associates himself with the good guys, but it is evident, when reading this autobiography, that he is possibly a bit of a bitch himself, giving everyone else a raw deal. Still, he is indisputably, along with Shipman and a couple of others, placed in the camp of the true male brotherhood, always in the position of the connoisseur and the insider, the one people wants to know and associate with.

This brotherhood is centered around the activities of gambling and boxing, it is the domain of soldiers and fishermen and other men having "sound, serious"(p. 43) interests. Hemingway stresses his manhood in comparison to Walsh and his fake standards and his supposedly faked fatal illness, thinking to himself, "I've seen a battalion in the dust on the road, a third of them for death...." (p. 125). But the pathos of his own discourse really puts him in league with posers like Walsh, who actually did die of his disease, rather than with "real men" like Chink, the soldier who taught him never to discuss casualties (p. 74).

The seriousness and professionalism involved in male activities is crucial, and even gambling is something that takes serious hard work, although it is also mentioned once, jokingly, as a outlet for the funds solicited to get "Major" Eliot out of his work at the bank (p. 111) so he could write some more poetry; when the money is no longer needed Hemingway bets it on horses, like a true man; a subject that is, however, no joking matter.

The incident with Eliot is also used to give the image of Hemingway as Mother Nature's Son, knowing where to find laurel with which to crown the Poet Laureate. Despite the posing attitude this parody of artistic pretentiousness is told, however, with much humor, and the cynical, masculine posing is alleviated by the description elsewhere of going with his wife to the self-same races, just as she is allowed more of a say in the soldier fraternity of Hem and his friend Chink than in the domineering company of that formidable fighter Gertrude Stein.

Hemingway says with respect to Stein that there is "not much future in men being friends with great women" (p. 115), thus simultaneously acknowledging and rejecting her genius. But he has less trouble acknowledging his position as apprentice of older *men*, be it in the realm of art or in the field of sports, and thus life. "Listen kid, we'll go to the bike races sometime," says a friend called Mike in a particularly fiction-like passage whose hollow tone is perhaps a sign of the posing macho attitude (p. 64; see below when talking of "making" and "describing").

Ezra Pound and Scott Fitzgerald, his main tutors there besides Stein, are however not altogether faultless: Pound is evidently not enough of an artist and Fitzgerald not enough of a man. They may not pose the same emasculating threat as Stein does, but it seems nonetheless necessary for Hemingway to cut them both down to size. In the case of Pound this is done by pointing out his lack of judgment in matters of art (p. 105), his silly habit of playing the bassoon and by implication his amateurish desire of wanting to be in on all the arts, and his imperfect knowledge of e.g. Russian writers despite his own high standards as an artist (p. 132). As a man and a friend he is all right, however, despite his being a bad boxer (p. 106).

As for Fitzgerald he is beyond any doubt a great artist, and must be pampered accordingly (p. 174), but he is not much of a man. From their first meeting he in fact places himself in an inferior position, as the boy to Hemingway's budding Papa, and gives a laudatory speech on Hemingway's art. This position is underlined, in "Hemingway's" narrative or subtext, by his own preference for Scott's much manlier companion, an unintimidated baseball player (p. 147). The reinforcement of Hemingway's position as a man is further enhanced, again in his own narrative, by his awareness of the inappropriateness of Scott's tie, an English one of the exclusive kind marking the uninitiated wearer as a fake or a fool. Hem, of course, as the eternal insider knowing such things—a clear sign of male status—would never have committed such an gaffe (p. 148).

Fitzgerald is not only like a boy, he is also likened to a girl thrilled by her first bout of nude bathing in the way he drinks wine from a bottle (p. 160), a rough-neck manner with which he is clearly unaccustomed. And through his descriptions of Fitzgerald's hypochondria and farcical fits Hemingway makes him resemble a wan Camille on her death-bed. In his rendering of their first meeting Hemingway in fact portrays Fitzgerald in very sensuous detail and mentions the mouth in particular. It worries him a lot, not just because it is very beautiful, but because it is the mouth of a woman (p. 147).

The question is whether he watches Fitzgerald with the eye of an artist or with the eye of a man. And what difference that distinction makes. In Hemingway's case the difference is probably similar to the difference between "making" and "describing" he himself talks of when reproaching Fitzgerald for his literary prostitution in changing his stories to be able to sell them at a higher prize (p. 154). Writing had been wonderful,

Hemingway says, since he had broken it down and gotten rid of all facility, meaning probably: making it real instead of describing untruly.<sup>12</sup> But the dichotomy can also be used to paraphrase two modes of Hemingway's own writing, reversing the value of the categories. The making can also be the subjective macho posing, the making of the myth, where the describing could be closer to his stated objective of "getting" things "truly," with whatever macho undertones this possessive attitude itself displays. This way the eye of the artist describing the world and the eye of the man making it will see things in very different ways and more often than not the two will clash. This may be one of the reasons underlying the many ambiguities in Hemingway's writing: he does not really know what foot to stand on himself, whether to write as an artist or as a man. It is this doubleness that is also reflected in his meta-fictional involvement of himself in his work and in the whole mixture of fact and fiction I am dealing with here. It may pose problems for the reader in so far as credibility is concerned. Life and the representation of it as "content" in a novel may be toyed with. But where Art as "form" is concerned that hesitancy and doubleness is in my opinion one of the major qualities of Hemingway's writing—intentional or not.

Still, the Scott Fitzgerald anecdotes are finished off with a firm, unwavering hand in a story of measurements and memoirs. After Hemingway has established Zelda Fitzgerald as a female corrupter and emasculator and himself as the epitome of maleness—done as in *The Garden of Eden* amongst other things through showing his knowledge of cars, apparently an important marker of authenticity (p. 30 and p.160), it is time for Scott to come to Hem for advice on a delicate matter concerning his private parts, which Zelda, the Vamp, has made him believe are insufficient.

Hemingway has earlier been pronounced almost too big a man—with Pascin and his models, discussing sizes in bed (p.103)—and this story where he takes Fitzgerald to the lavatory to check his equipment, in a scene the intimacy of which resembles their bedroom farce in *Lyon*, establishes him by analogy as a greater artist too: At the end of the

12 In *Death in the Afternoon* Hemingway talks about being able to transcend the ways one is taught to feel and, by implication, sense. He wants to arrive at a truer description and hence experience of life or vice versa. In itself this is a phenomenological statement but where does it place him: on "the side" of Life or Art? I am thinking here of the possibilities of mimesis and representation, and the distortions of what I here call the intentional phallacy, which furthermore involves the reader.

chapter Hemingway writes that the chief waiter of the Ritz has no recollection of Scott, whereas Hem is of course a good friend of his. Barmen are often great authorities in Hemingway's writing and if the greatness of your art is dependent upon its longevity it would seem that Fitzgerald has not passed the test. People keep asking for him, but he is not remembered where it really matters. The implication is then that libido equals artistic value, just as there is a connection between sexual energy and creation. Big dick-great art/small dick-insignificant art seems to be the conclusion and thus the man and the artist are united in one ph/fallic swoop and Ernest Hemingway is placed as the prime specimen of both types.

Many critics have focused on the discrepancy between the man and the artist, talking of the clash between technical and personal ambition or the self-denial of the artist versus the self-indulgence of the man. Or saying that the artist is conscious, the man self-conscious, the former "tells the truth even if it be only his truth", whereas the latter "fumbles at communication and falsifies."<sup>13</sup> But the congruence between man and style has also, as mentioned, been an established "truth" about Hemingway: his work as a projection of his personality.

When talking of the meaning and significance, respectively, of the man-artist complex this latter focus on "seeming—*le style est l'homme*—is illuminating. You can look at the meaning of a text as its factual basis in the author's intention when writing, with the significance of it then being the "fictional" reading by various individuals. But I have argued a confluence of the two, a co-creative mixture of writing and reading, a dialogue between reader and writer both on the factual and fictional level, i.e. both an outer "real-life" process and an inner "imaginary" creating of significances.

The combination of these two "procedures," the artistic and the critical one or merely the writing and the reading, is what I have called the Intentional Phallacy, based on the example of Hemingway. Unlike the New Critical stricture it includes both writer and reader on an intermediate ground of artistic objects as they "seem," as media if you like. It is a kind of masculine consumption and production, a transference where both parties interact, over time or in a brief encounter, responding to each other's expectations. The man-artist complex in so far as

<sup>13</sup> Lionel Trilling, in *Hemingway: The Critical Heritage*, p. 279.

Hemingway is concerned is an excellent illustration of this process. The factual man and the "fictional" artist, including the personae of the latter, have become intertwined and the result is a reading of the tough Hemingway into his much softer protagonists, stereotyping their maleness the way their maker did his. A creation in life that was, incidentally, no less fictional than any written as art and possibly worked as vicarious wishfulfillment for a good many men. This way the Phallacy works both ways and everyone seems to get what s/he wants.

But the masculine reading of Hemingway has in my opinion diminished the range of meanings and significances to be derived from his texts. His anxiety to seem more of a man than any one else around mixes with anxieties as to failing to do or be so, making his male discourse less stable and rock-hard than the machismo might suggest, which in fact enriches it. The question is, of course, what is intentional and conscious and what is not, and whether one grants predominance to the reading or the writing of a work of art. What I am suggesting here is a kind of modified biographical reading that draws in both overt and covert aspects of the text as well as engaging the role of the reader.

Significantly, many critics draw attention to the subject of homosexuality as dealt with in *A Moveable Feast*. And exactly the preoccupation with homosexuality, as a different and perhaps softer kind of maleness, may well be a trace or a sign of the often neglected sensibility in Hemingway I have been outlining here.

I am not saying that Hemingway was homosexual, he may or may not have been, but at any rate he lived his "factual" life as a heterosexual. Still it is interesting to see how the subjects of homosexuality or androgyny or other transgressive kinds of behavior keep popping up in his writing and sometimes even, as in *The Garden of Eden*, function as main theme and structuring factor. In the light of this you can actually say that Hemingway in his art mixes "opposites"—fact/fiction, man/woman, "soft"/"hard" maleness—and thus himself transgresses matters crucial to the concreteness of his writing according to his real-life statements.<sup>14</sup>

<sup>14</sup> In *Death In The Afternoon*, Hemingway distances himself to any kind of metaphysical tendency in writing, as well as any kind of conceit in ones language.

He wanted his art to be as hard as the toughest nail, but it seems to have been built around a core of softness. He wanted his life to reflect this art too, as it came to be read rather than how it may have been written, and thus with the one thing reinforcing the other the myth of the male grew and the chicken ended up inside the circle of her own egg. This may not be a "truer" insight into Hemingway's writing than so many others, but at least it shows traces of a different kind of sensibility than the one habitually attributed to his art. An art seen here as the interplay between the man and the artist, with the world on the side-line and the artist being hindered by the man due to the latter's attempt to be larger than Life, or Art.