PAPA PORTRAYS INDIVIDUATION:

JUNGIANISM, HEMINGWAY, AND THE GARDEN OF EDEN

by

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We accept this thesis as conforming
to the required standard

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ABSTRACT

This thesis proposes to apply Jung's theory of individuation to The Garden of Eden, a posthumously published Hemingway novel. The aim is to elucidate the novel's psychodynamic content through Jungianism. It is assumed that Jung's theory of individuation is true.

It does not necessarily follow, however, that Jungianism is theoretically sound. In the interests of critical awareness, Chapter Two begins with a discussion of the theoretical problems raised by Jungian criticism. To this end, the thesis argues that Jungianism evinces liberal-humanist tendencies. Liberal humanism is designated as a psychological and/or philosophical idealism that does not lend itself to empirical verification. Accordingly, Jungian truth is purported to be primarily intuitive.

Despite the problematical nature of Jungianism, Jungian individuation is accepted as a legitimate explicative tool because Hemingway, too, it is argued, evinces a liberal-humanist orientation. Drawing upon the Hemingway canon as a whole, the thesis examines instances of idealism and mysticism. Moveover, the Hemingway canon is shown to be amenable to the specific principles of individuation. In

sum, Jungianism is said to offer a workable critical foundation insofar as it addresses authorial predilections.

Chapter Three, which deals with The Garden, depicts the two main characters (David and Catherine Bourne) as mythical heroes who seek individuation. This reading is articulated through parental symbology. That is, for both David and Catherine, consciousness corresponds to the traditional wisdom of the fathers, whereas the collective unconscious corresponds to the hidden mysteries of the maternal womb. The two heroes, it is argued, are trapped in the paternal realm. The world of the fathers is one of fragmentation and anguish, a world whose empty forms engender psychic chaos. In their efforts to achieve individuation, David and Catherine feel drawn to the primal mother, the sea. Unlike the shallow, fragmented world of the fathers, the blue Mediterranean holds the promise of spiritual rebirth, a promise that is conveyed through baptismal rites as Catherine is annointed with oil and water.

Yet, for Catherine, there can be no transcendence. Enslaved by her own consciousness, she cannot get beyond the fathers to the dark and mysterious realm of the Great Mother. Catherine's persistent scheming is presented as the key to her character, for it demonstrates the extent to which she is overrun by consciousness. Indeed, the fervor of Catherine's machinations distort the archetypal drive for wholeness by keeping attendant unconscious factors at bay.

Caught in an ego-self equivalence, Catherine senses an overriding integrative impulse, but cannot respond to its larger frame of reference.

Imperiled by Catherine's disintegrating personality, David is distracted from his own struggle for selfhood. However, he discovers an ally in Marita, who functions as a personification of the collective unconscious. Appropriately, Marita is linked to the maternal sea. As David's relationship with this new woman develops, she becomes an anima figure, someone who images David's own latent capacities.

The hero's movement toward psychic integration is confirmed substantively through his writing. In clarifying the father-oriented dilemma of the heroic pattern, David's stories provide him with a self-understanding that leads to spiritual wholeness. Indeed, guided by his writing, David is able to neutralize the domineering father-principle that has plagued his life, and rediscover timeless maternal values.

By way of conclusion, it is suggested that--despite numerous theoretical problems--a Jungian treatment of The Garden provides a compelling moment of praxis, a moment in which we somehow see ourselves and the world more clearly.

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for JANE

CHAPTER ONE

Introduction

"Why Hemingway?" This was the question that was put to me after I announced the author to whom my thesis would pertain. It was, moreover, a question that was asked with a polite but faintly cynical intonation. It was not, you see, the sort of reaction that other modern figures--such as Joyce or Faulkner or Atwood--might elicit. For, Ernest Hemingway can be accurately portrayed as the Jim Plunkett of modern letters, someone who prolonged the life of his beefy, battle-scarred carcass long enough to win the big one (the Nobel Prize), but could never quite silence the jeers of his innumerable detractors. To be more succinct, many of those who inhabit the literary bleachers do not take Hemingway seriously.

The "basic problem," according to Jackson J. Benson, is Hemingway's "popular appeal" (19). Hemingway, one might argue, is "the most famous, most successful public literary figure in the history of the United States" (Noble 1). One million of his books are sold in that country alone each year, while new biographical material purporting to expose some aspect of his personality continually calls forth an international rash of reviews (Mottram 46). The vitality of the Hemingway mystique can be gauged by a variety of other less reliable but amusing indicators. For example, members of the Hemingway clan have recently founded Hemingway Ltd to

market sporting goods, including, of course, shotguns (Mottram 46). Meanwhile, Hemingway has figured, however slightly, in the scripts of both Cheers ("Everybody Wants to be an Artist") and Miami Vice ("Lend Me Your Ear"), two of television's prime time giants. Even more telling, perhaps, are the enrolment figures for optional undergraduate courses, which reveal that Hemingway is a bona fide top draw (University of Victoria). Such widespread popularity, Jackson believes, has created a "negative backlash among literary scholars generally" (19). From this perspective, Hemingway is the whipping boy of belletristic provincialism, a prejudice that is reinforced by the fact that he is not without legions of admirers in the academic ranks. In fact, as Philip Young notes, professionals are writing about Hemingway in ever-increasing numbers, giving rise to a Hemingway industry within the academy (21-22). Thus, deluged by the Hemingway tide, the more parochial-minded intellectuals are steadfastly scornful.

Nor has Hemingway's personality contributed to his reputation as a serious writer of fiction. "Even to the less censorious," writes A. Robert Lee, Hemingway often amounts "to a kind of twentieth-century dandy" (8). Indeed, he is a man who paraded himself as a soldier, expatriate, hunter, fisherman, and stud, a connoisseur of life who flamboyantly hogged the spotlight. Moreover, as is the case with any good actor, Hemingway's roles remain intact,

immortalizing a bullish and blustering persona that is wholly incongruous with measured literary expertise. The big, glossy photos are what remain of Hemingway the man: the handsome, uniformed youth; the red-eyed rabble rouser; the beaming marksman cradling a well-oiled rifle; the salty captain sizing up his mammoth catch; and the lusty consort of adoring women. Thus, Hemingway has become a victim of his own publicity, which "translates human experience into some static or infinitely too reductive virility code" (Lee 8). We sense now, however, that Hemingway's relentless posturing masked deep insecurities. In truth, he was a remarkably sensitive, fragile individual, a man whose nights were haunted by existential uncertainty. This is a circumstance that some of the photos cannot hide, for in a select few we see the dark, pleading eyes, the terror of loneliness. Hemingway's unhappiness could only be truly assuaged by writing, making him someone who, despite everything, "remained unyieldingly the authentic creative professional" (Lee 9). "Hemingway was a painfully complex man," asserts Alfred Kazin. "He did his work. He ... intimated on paper some of the fundamental conflicts that like all of us he did not resolve in the flesh" (64).

The man who liked to be called "Papa" has also been regarded as a mere "literary mannerist," someone whose writerly instincts are circumscribed by stylistic traits and techniques. Rather than a genuinely distinctive prose, the

declarative and hard-boiled Hemingway voice is seen as a "pseudo-style," an idiom that can only do "certain limited things in a limited way" (Lee 8, 10). Hemingway's essential themes, so goes the argument, are invariably rehashed in the same old way, so that familiarity breeds impatience if not contempt. E.L. Doctorow, recently interviewed by George Plimpton for the Paris Review, casually adheres to this criticism:

> [Hemingway] applied the same strategies to every book, strategies ... that he came upon and invented quite early in his career. They were his triumph in the early days. But by the last decade or two of his working life they trapped him, restricted him, and defeated him. He was always Hemingway writing, you see. Of course at his best that wasn't such a bad thing was it? But if we're speaking of entry to the larger mind, his was not the way to find it (29).

Yet such estimations cannot do justice to the evocative resonance of Nick's fishing trip in "Big Two-Hearted River," the cryptic closing dialogue of The Sun Also Rises, or the boozy reminiscing of Thomas Hudson in Islands in the Stream. Here, Hemingway's skills exact a fine complexity of tone and nuance, capturing the minute ambiguities of life in pristine moments of truth. This amounts to a great deal more than the manipulation of syntax or adjectives; it is the

painstaking rendering of reality, a talismanic thread of words that defy trite summation. Hemingway, at his best, is as rich, complex, and thought-provoking as any writer of this century.

Clearly, though, not all of the derision heaped upon Hemingway is fallacious. His treatment of women is, perhaps, unforgivable, constituting a gaping blindspot in the scope of his artistic vision. There are, of course, other weaknesses, but it is sufficient here to concede that Hemingway is not beyond reproach. Nevertheless, despite his limitations, he is someone who retains enormous integrity as an artist. In a searching article, Reynolds Price describes his sense of the postmortem consensus on Hemingway. To begin with, notes Price, one must abandon thoughts of "Papa" being a novelist, and accept him as a "minor romantic poet who wrote a lovely early novel, The Sun Also Rises, and a handful of ... stories ... which are likely to remain readable" (176). Price himself confesses to participating in the "international sigh of relief at the flattening of one more Sitting Bull" (176), but, after visiting the old Hemingway house in Key West, he feels inclined to differ with the wisdom of the day. "Hemingway's work--its damaged tentative voice, for all its large failures, its small ignorances and meannessess--did a great deal, for him and us," contends Price (210). "Surely there are young people now," he continues, "readers and writers--children when

[Hemingway] died--to whom he is speaking his dark secret language of caution and love, help and beggary, in the lean voice of an infinitely delicate, infinitely suffering thing ... a diamond point that drills through time and pain" (212).

At a 1983 conference of Hemingway experts, the chairman, Donald R. Noble, identified the posthumous works as the primary area of critical challenge for Hemingway scholars today (1). In accordance with Noble's declaration, this thesis will ultimately focus upon The Garden of Eden, published by Scribner's in the spring of 1986. As a posthumous work, The Garden presents special difficulties. Foremost, of course, is the problematical status of a work that the author himself declined to publish. This issue, which pertains to all of the posthumous additions to the Hemingway canon, is particularly troublesome given Hemingway's express desire that none of the material left unfinished at his death be published at a later date (Pearsall 247). In a letter to an early biographer, Charles A. Fenton, Hemingway reiterates his basic position: "Writing that I do not wish to publish, you have no right to publish. I would no more do a thing like that to you than I would cheat a man at cards or rifle his desk or waste basket or read his personal letters" (Updike 85). Nevertheless, a good deal of Hemingway's unfinished work has, in fact, been published, and constitutes an irresistible wealth of

material, especially given the author's puzzling claim that in it he had gone beyond mathematics into calculus (Price 190). There remains, however, considerable uneasiness over how these works should be treated. Are they mere autobiographical curiosities, or legitimate pieces of fiction, or both? Aligning himself with an article written by Robert O. Stephens (83-97), Noble advises the critics to stop fretting, "to take the publications one at a time and judge them for what they are" (4).

Unfortunately, this common sense approach is complicated by the fact that The Garden has undergone extensive editing. In the summer of 1985, Scribners, with the consent of the Hemingway family, presented a certain Tom Jenks with just under two thousand manuscript pages of The Garden (Solomon 30). Jenks, a newly hired thirty-five-year-old editor, was asked to extract a publishable book from this mass of material. Taking a bold approach, Jenks eliminated, among other things, a substantial subplot about two lovers (Nick Sheldon, a painter, and his wife, Barbara) whose marriage was apparently meant to inform the relationship between the two main characters, David and Catherine Bourne (Bendixen 27). Whereas a scholarly edition of the novel would provide some indication of Jenks's ample tinkering, Scribner's prefatory note merely contends that "some cuts" were made, along with "some routine copy-editing corrections." Moreover, "beyond a very small number of

minor interpolations for clarity and consistency," we are told that "nothing has been added," and that the work, "in every significant respect ... is all the author's." The inadequacy of this note is, perhaps, mitigated by Jenks's forthright explanations (during several interviews) of his extensive editorial work on The Garden, but the Scribner's edition cannot be confidently regarded as a definitive version of the manuscripts. That is, one cannot be sure that Jenks's rendering of The Garden is a fair representation of the author's basic intentions. In preparing the novel for publication, Hemingway would probably have made a number of cuts, but would he have consented to Jenks's excisions?

Barbara Probst Solomon, in a review that appears in The New Republic, thinks not. After inspecting the original manuscripts at the Kennedy Library in Boston, Solomon contends that "Hemingway's publisher has committed a "literary crime" by obscuring what she regards as "important Hemingway" (31). "Scribners," continues Solomon, "has interfered imperiously with what Hemingway has left us" (31). Paraphrasing the prefatory note, she writes, "in almost no significant respect is this book the author's" (34). Yet Solomon's comments are more sensational than they are accurate. One does not need to inspect the manuscripts to perceive that what Jenks has given us is, in many ways, pure Hemingway. The action (the eating, the drinking, the

fishing, the hunting, the sex), the image patterns, the style, and the voice all belong to Papa. In these respects, The Garden might even be regarded as one of the most Hemingwayesque of all the Hemingway novels. More importantly, this thesis will demonstrate that the psychological thrust of The Garden accords with a broad range of Hemingway's classic works. On this basis, a critical reading of The Garden, a close reading, is justified. Indeed, if, at the very least, we accept Scribner's assertion that virtually nothing has been added, an exacting look at what we are given is, perhaps, an appropriate way to discover the "real" Hemingway. Obviously, the situation is not ideal. Such a study cannot ultimately meet the demands of Noble, who, in exhorting scholars "to come to grips with the posthumous works," identifies the manuscripts as "an important navigational aid" (1). Nevertheless, in working with the Scribner's version (the material that is readily accessible to those who cannot afford a plane ticket to Boston), this thesis is intended as a tentative step toward the critical appreciation of a work upon which Hemingway expended considerable energy.

Hemingway began The Garden in early 1946, proclaiming that it would show "the happiness of the Garden that a man must lose" (Pearsall 244). Within a year, more than a hundred pages of the new novel were in typescript, but

approximately nine hundred pages remained in long hand (Updike 88). Hemingway had clearly lost the concrete shape of his initial plan--assuming he had one--and was unable to streamline the huge, unwieldly manuscript. Frustrated and depressed, he shifted his attention to other projects, but could not entirely forget the aborted work. Traces of The Garden appear in Across the River and Into the Trees, published in 1950, suggesting that the old ideas were still with him. Several years later, Hemingway tried to mold The Garden into shape by incorporating it into what he envisioned as a grand trilogy of sea-based works. Although this so-called "sea group" was to include Islands in the Stream and The Old Man and the Sea, he could only manage to complete and publish the latter work (Pearsall 245). Hemingway's last concerted effort to revise The Garden occurred in 1958, and again resulted in failure. The work which he had started with apparent confidence almost fifteen years earlier had beaten him (Updike 86). When Hemingway finally put the barrel of a shotgun to his head in 1961, he left behind three separate manuscript versions of The Garden, comprising the two thousand pages that Jenks eventually received. Hemingway's deteriorating physical and mental condition was almost certainly a factor in his inability to finish the novel, but, despite his occasionally facile comments, he seems to have been wrestling with particularly complex expectations. Indeed, Hemingway, in

his Nobel Prize acceptance speech of 1954, claims that a writer "is driven far out past where he can go, out to where no one can help him" (Rovit 28).

To characterize the critical reception of The Garden as mixed might be too generous. Carlos Baker, after receiving special permission to view the manuscripts in the late sixties as Hemingway's official biographer, set the unpropitious tone of many future reviews. Baker describes the unedited Garden as "a long and emptily hedonistic novel ... an experimental compound of past and present, filled with astonishing ineptitudes" (398). Arthur Hopcraft, writing for The Listener, takes a similar view of the Scribner's version, portraying it as an "uneasy, unconvincing, unfinished novel" (27). "Emotionally, the book rings false," says Adrianne Blue of The New Statesman (30-31). Meanwhile, Wilfred Sheed of The New York Review of Books quips that Hemingway's sexually restless characters "should have a pitcher of ice poured over them" (Pritchard 650). On a less flippant note, Jeffrey Meyers of the Spectator speaks for a number of reviewers by suggesting that the work is worthwhile for autobiographical insights (30). Turning to the handful of more complimentary readers, Pearl K. Bell of The Partisan Review finds "some luminous surprises" in The Garden (109). "To be sure, the book does have faults," says Alfred Bendixen of The New Leader, but he deems it "a masterful work" (27). Finally, in one of the

most considered reviews thus far, John Updike, writing for The New Yorker, claims: "the book, as [eventually] presented, is something of a miracle, a fresh slant on the old magic, and falls just short of the satisfaction that a fully intended and achieved work gives us" (86). This "fragment" of a larger whole, Updike continues, "leaves us with a better feeling about the author's humanity, and essential sanity--complicated as sanity must be--than anything else published since his death" (88).

The Garden, considered here in Chapter Three, is analyzed according to the theory of Jungian individuation. The aim is to elucidate the novel's psychodynamic content through Jungianism. At no point does this thesis purport to prove Jung through Hemingway. Instead, the validity of Jungian individuation is an a priori assumption. Jungianism, then, functions merely as a critical starting point, an ideational construct from which the critical inquiry begins. This is not to say, however, that Jungianism is an entirely stable starting point. Indeed, in an effort to demonstrate critical awareness, Chapter Two problematizes Jungian theory. It is suggested that the validity of individuation is primarily an intuitive proposition. Curiously, though, the intuitive nature of Jungianism does not detract from its critical value. For, Hemingway himself, it is ultimately argued, evinces a Jungian sensibility.

Question:

May I ask what it means to be complete? Will you enlarge upon that?

Professor Jung:

I must leave something to your own mental efforts. It is surely a most amusing enterprise, for instance, to think on your way home what it possibly means to be complete. We should not deprive people of the pleasure of discovering something. To be complete is a very great problem, and to talk of it is amusing, but to be it is the main thing.

From The Tavistock Lectures, 1935.

CHAPTER TWO

Jung and Hemingway: Keeping the Faith

Since the late thirties, Jungian scholarship has been an ambiguous feature on the critical landscape. A Jungian framework is usually marked by references to a collective unconscious, archetypes, and symbols, but these familiar touchstones are also somewhat fuzzy, and fail to illuminate the total edifice. Indeed, James Baird writes that, "after half a century," Jung remains "cloudy, indistinct for the scholar-critic" (3). In an attempt to place Jungian criticism, the literary establishment has tended to designate it as a subcategory of myth criticism, which blossomed in the fifties (Snider 13). Although useful, this classification does not clearly address the specific psychodynamics of Jungianism. The contours of the Jungian model are best discerned by using Freudian doctrine as a reference point. Jung's psychology might, after all, be deemed a response to the pervasiveness of sexuality in psychoanalysis (Snider 14). In breaking with Freud, Jung sought to account for the psychic entirety of man. Pursuing this aim, he proposed the process of individuation, a transpersonal urge for self-realization whereby a myriad of unconscious factors are integrated into consciousness, producing a "single, homogeneous, incomparably unique individual" (Knapp xiii). As the central concern of Jungian

psychology, individuation constitutes the thematic foundation of Jungian criticism, which looks to the psychic rebirth of fictive characters through this drive toward wholeness.

Given the transcendent[1] thrust of individuation, Jungianism can be regarded as a classic example of the liberal-humanist impulses manifested in literary criticism for nearly two-hundred years. "Liberal humanism," as Terry Eagleton defines it, is a "moral ideology" that seeks to nurture "spiritual wholeness in a hostile world" (Theory 199, 207). The liberal-humanist tradition is fervently antitechnocratic, espousing a metaphysically grandiose conception of human potential. Literature becomes a forum in which the divine mysteries of man's innermost being are pondered and elucidated. Thus, critical inquiry is transformed into nothing less than a spiritual odyssey that promises to make us better people. As a version of this quest for wholeness, Jungian criticism embraces quixotic hopes, dynamic energies, and wondrous secrets--all of which date back to the Romantic period, when literature supposed constituted a haven from the alienations of industrial

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[1]The word "transcendent" is used throughout this work. Like the expression "psychic rebirth," it has a specific meaning in the Jungian vocabulary; it refers to the psychic ideal posited by individuation, the incorporation of unconscious material into consciousness. That is, a transcendent situation is one in which the subject experiences the therapeutic effect of self-revelation.

society (Eagleton, Theory 21). Indeed, Jungian critics are forever searching for a psychic ideal: their conception of selfhood surpasses everyday reality and elevates man to Olympian heights. Exemplars of the liberal-humanist tradition, the Jungian literati accept a supra-rationalism that is closely associated with religious dogma. In fact, Violet S. de Laszlo, a Jungian disciple, calls individuation "a religious experience ... because it means to live one's own existence creatively in the awareness of its participation in a stream of eternal becoming" (Psyche and Symbol xxix).

The liberal-humanist quality of Jungian criticism is suggested by Jung's theory of art. For Jung, the superior, "visionary" artist explores "primitive rhythms of the psyche that reverberate from the abyss of primordial ages." Indeed, as Jung sees it:

> [the artist] lifts the idea he is seeking to express out of the occasional and the transitory into the realm of the ever enduring. He transmutes our personal destiny into the destiny of mankind, and evokes in us all those beneficent forces that ever and anon have enabled humanity to find refuge from every peril and to outlive the longest night (Snider 18).

More plainly, Jung lifts the literary work into a sublime and universal sphere; the significance of literature is not

to be found in the personal idiosyncracies of the artist, but in the hearts and minds of all men. Like Plato, Jung regards art as a kind of "innate drive" that seizes a human being and makes him its instrument (Snider 20). In true liberal-humanist fashion, art is spontaneous rather than calculated, creative rather than mechanical. H.G. Robinson, a Victorian writer, explains the position succinctly: "[literature] opens a serene and luminous region of truth where all may meet and expatiate in common, above the smoke and stir, the din and turmoil, of man's lower life of care and business and debate" (Eagleton, Theory 25). Perhaps the most striking aspect of all this is that Jungianism becomes blatantly ahistorical. Social context dissolves as the artist mysteriously gains access to eternal verities.

However, in Outline of a Jungian Aesthetic, Morris Philipson emphasizes Jung's contention that the visionary work of art permits conclusions to be drawn concerning the "character of the period from which it sprang" (130). As Philipson notes, Jung suggests that art has a tendency to "compensate for a social-historical onesidedness" (128). In other words, by delving into the hinterland of the mind, the artist gives expression to latent material that might redress the psychic disequilibrium of an epoch. Bettina L. Knapp repeatedly invokes this perspective in her recently published book, A Jungian Approach to Literature. For example, Knapp argues that Euripedes's depiction of violent

female rituals in The Bacchae is inspired by a prehistorical vision of spiritual rebirth (the Dionysian myth) which responds to the patriarchal oppression of the period (3). This social-historical dimension of Jungianism resembles a crude variant of Marxism, whereby authentic art "always [reaches beyond] the ideological limits of its time, yielding us insight into the realities which ideology hides from view" (Eagleton, Marxism 17-18). Indeed, for the Jungian critic, literature exposes false consciousness and meets the true spiritual needs of a society. Nevertheless, the quasi-Marxist stance sometimes adopted by the Jungians ultimately gives way to their ahistorical predilections. To whit, Knapp admits that she is primarily concerned with The Bacchae as an enactment of a timeless male-female dilemma which is not necessarily dependent on a particular socio-cultural context (5).

Despite the overt mysticism of Jung's theory of art, Jung (throughout much of his writing) regards himself as an empiricist. Identifying the "mental hinterland" of the poets as a collective unconscious, he advocates an innate, subliminal realm that can be affirmed by scientific proof. Indeed, the existence of a collective unconscious is supposedly assured, in part, by the appearance of typical motifs throughout human history. "The contents of the collective unconscious," Jung argues, "lay the same claim to reality, on account of their obstinate persistence, as do

the real things of the external world" (Heisig 111). It is, however, a quantum leap to glean from this phenomenological construction the supposition that resemblant material stems from a transpersonal psychic medium. Indeed, Jung's view evinces a highly subjective interpretation of the pertinent data, an inductive gap so large that it negates any claim to empiricism. To whit, Jung's contention that psychic material can be genetically inherited--"born anew in the brain structure of every individual" (Jacobi 103)--simply does not subject itself to "direct scientific inquiry" (Philipson 141). "If we were to ask Jung whether he regarded the collective unconscious as a necessary and sufficient condition for the presence of [recurrent psychic motifs]," writes James Heisig, "he could only answer 'no'" (138). For example, it is easily possible to counter Jung with the theories of Jean Piaget, who contends that recurrent psychic images are not genetic or inborn, but "derived from the process of child development" (Gould 19). Thus, while Jung recognized that in psychology, as in all science, there is no absolute objectivity, that assumptions are unavoidable, he did not always see the extent to which such assumptions operate within his own system (Heisig 112, 118).

In the final analysis, then, the idea of a collective unconscious is essentially intuitive, leaving the more conscientious Jungian critics in an awkward position. Maud

Bodkin, in a seminal study called Archetypal Patterns in Poetry, reveals her confusion about the Jungian position, but leaves the matter moot:

> ... it is asserted that [certain] formulations are inherited in the structure of the brain; but of this statement no evidence can be considered here. Jung believes himself to have evidence of the spontaneous production of ancient patterns in the dreams and fantasies of individuals who had no discoverable access to cultural material in which the patterns were embedded. This evidence [remains] hard to evaluate; especially in view of the way in which certain surprising reproductions, in trance states, of old material, have been subsequently traced to forgotten impressions of sense in the individual (7).

As a fundamental premise of Jungian thought, the collective unconscious imbues the entire spectrum of Analytical Psychology with an unempirical hue. The validity of individuation, for instance, depends almost entirely upon the questionable existence of this transpersonal psychic realm. Indeed, given the integrative dynamics of Jungianism, selfhood is mysteriously attained through the latent, collective medium at issue. Upon weighing the dubious empirical basis of Jungianism, James Baird contends that "the next fifty years may judge Jung to have been more

the mystic than the clinician in an age anticipating a regimen of criticism as an exact science" (6).

Jung refers to the inherited patterns or predispositions of the collective unconscious as archetypes. Individuation--the drive toward wholeness--functions as the master archetype, constituting a general pattern of psychic growth to which other archetypes contribute. Because archetypes pertain to fundamental patterns of existence, they seem to embody innermost psychic truths. Upon closer scrutiny, however, archetypes prove to be surprisingly evasive. Quite simply, because they derive from the unconscious, it is impossible to say exactly what archetypes refer to. In accordance with a metaphor invoked in the last paragraph, Jung claims that archetypes belong to "the invisible, ultra violet end of the psychic spectrum ... we must constantly bear in mind that what we mean by 'archetype' is in itself, [un]representable" (<u>Basic Writings</u> 83-84). Indeed, despite their apparent truth value, archetypes can never be fully integrated with ideas: they are no more than latent potentialities handed down from primordial times; mere forms inherited in the anatomical structures of the brain. Pristine and intractable, these primordial impulses are very difficult (if not deliberately impossible) to explain. Jung accepts defeat on this score, asserting that archetypes, with their "mystical aura," deserve the epithet "spiritual" above all else (<u>Basic</u>

Writings 76). Thus, by openly embracing liberal-humanist transcendentalism, Jung himself deconstructs his claim to empiricism. In attempting to explicate the archetypal mystery, we are left with the analogy that Jung draws between archetypes and instincts. Whereas archetypes are unknown motivating dynamisms of the psyche, he regards instincts as unknown motivating dynamisms of biological behavior. "They belong together as correspondences," Jung says, "they subsist side by side" as intangible forces bearing upon the human condition (Basic Writings 76).

Because archetypes are essentially unrepresentable, they can only be manifested through symbols, which, as mere approximations of archetypal meaning, should never be mistaken for the real thing. In a literary context, symbols are proffered by the artist as she attempts to convey the archetypal experiences of her characters. This method of communication occurs through a number of symbolic devices, including detail, imagery, and plot structure. Jungian symbols are never of exclusively conscious or unconscious origin, but are produced by "a uniform co-operation of both [psychic spheres]" (Basic Writings 277). That is, as manifestations of archetypal material, symbols are closely related to the unconscious, but must be recognized and expressed by consciousness. Archetypes, in fact, have an inherent symbol-forming tendency, and a consciousness sensitive to the unconscious, like the artist's, is

particularly adept at elucidating such symbols. This process, called "the transcendent function," is a compensatory psychic device, a dynamic that makes the unknown known (Basic Writings 280). "The symbol," writes Morris Philipson, "expresses in the best possible description or formula a relatively unknown fact, which is nevertheless experienced as existing" (64). Indeed, for the Jungian critic, archetypal symbols bring us as close as we can get to absolute spiritual truth. Such an attitude toward symbolism differs from that of the Freudian critic, who views symbols as "cover-figures" or concealments of unconscious material (Jung, Modern Man 183). That is, for the Jungian, symbols are rendered so the unconscious can be understood. The symbol, in short, is the artist's claim upon the vision (Jung, Modern Man 180).

As a doctrinal tenet, the transcendent function presents serious problems for contemporary literary theory because, according to Eric Gould, "no reliable theory of language [as the medium of archetypal consciousness] accompanies the argument" (23). Gould explains that Jung "seeks meaning not so much ... in a discourse concretely evoking images and merging them with concepts, but in a transformational process beyond language and therefore beyond anything we can consciously know" (23). Gould's objections are, of course, rooted in the basic teachings of Saussure, who argues that the complete sign is a double

entity, one formed by the association of a concept (signified) and a sound-image (signifier) (Hawkes 25). However, as Jung describes it, the transcendent function inevitably results in signifiers which relate only to themselves. For, despite his contention that there might be a complementary relationship between an archetype (signified) and a symbol (signifier), the former does not lend itself to connections because it is not a concept. Indeed, as already noted, archetypes defy conceptualization. Thus, given the unknowableness of the signified, the signifier is stranded, becoming a semi-autonomous construct. We are left with a paradoxical proposition that the imagistic quality of the symbol somehow reveals the unrevealable.

Ideally, Jungian symbols are salutary forces, enabling the author, character, and reader to assimilate primordial impulses. In this sense, archetypal symbols attest to the liberal-humanist orientation of Jungian criticism: they are agents of psychic growth; essential factors in the drive toward spiritual wholeness. Indeed, as a bridge between the unconscious and consciousness, archetypal symbols raise the very possibility of human fulfillment through profound psychic integration. This is not to say, however, that archetypal symbols are necessarily without a negative compulsion. For example, Melville's <u>Moby Dick</u>, thought by Jung to be "the greatest American novel" (<u>Modern Man</u> 178),

reveals the dichotomous potentialities of archetypal symbols in a single phenomenon: the whiteness of the whale. "The mystical properties of whiteness" articulated here clearly pertain to unconscious designations, for the whiteness speaks to us, suggests Melville, through some mysterious, instinctive knowledge (195). More pointedly, despite "all of the accumulated associations [of white] with whatever is sweet and honorable and sublime," the author contends that "there [also] lurks an elusive something in the innermost idea of this [color], which strikes ... panic to the soul" (190). Ultimately, though, Melville retains a belief in the transcendent wonder of the whale. That is, whatever its horrific import, the white leviathan embodies the secrets of life, mysteries, however terrifying, which must be probed in the drive for self-completion. Guided by this therapeutic vision of the unconscious, the Jungian critic is, above all, an explicator of the symbol as evidence of the primary, basic experience shared by all humankind. As Jost Hermand puts it, Jungianism essentially limits itself to a primary question: "to which impulse in the collective unconscious can the image developed in a given work of art be traced?" (70).

Accordingly, the critical interpretation of symbols is a crucial aspect of Jungian scholarship. In describing this procedure, Clifton Snider advocates the old idea of text as context: "the Jungian critic [interprets an archetypal

image] in a particular piece of literature in the context of that work, just as a Jungian psychiatrist interprets his patient's dream in the context of the patient's individual experience, situation, and psychological condition" (16). Snider, however, omits an attendant step in Jungian hermeneutics, neglecting to mention that, in some situations, a Jungian psychologist might also "add the associations of mankind to [a dream] image" (von Franz 124). This latter process, known as amplification, is based on the idea that certain images can be naturally associated with a given archetype. It follows that such images possess a kind of irresistible transpersonal meaning. For instance, the master archetype of individuation has a "characteristic phenomenology" which includes mandala figures, the hieros gamos, the hermaphrodite, and the God-image (Edinger 4). Unlike the archetype itself, the aforementioned symbols are not inherited, but recur with considerable frequency--in both dreams and art--because they poignantly express the primordial impulse (Chouinard 163). Spontaneous and compelling, these symbols convey the archetypal drive to all people. Despite Snider's modest rule of procedure, the concept of amplification has had a significant impact on Jungian criticism. Indeed, Jungians are quite ready to imbue aspects of a work with an intrinsic, universal meaning that is somehow above and beyond the text. Amplification becomes the end-product of Jungian mysticism as the critics

embrace symbols whose "omnipresence stands beyond all doubt" (Jung, Basic Writings 277). Bluntly put, "the primordial image simply enforces itself upon consciousness, giving birth to an art form which lives in its shadows" (Gould 22). If such dogmatism is to be avoided, amplification must remain a secondary measure in the critical arsenal, functioning as extra-textual elaboration that merely buttresses conclusions reached through the rigorous process of textual inquiry.

Nevertheless, no amount of painstaking textual analysis can obliterate the essential mysticism of Jungian criticism. It is, inescapably, a form of methodological idealism seeking to explore an abstraction called the human psyche in a world of pure possibilities. When tackling a Christian poem, the Jungian critic will not aim to pass value judgments on that particular world view, nor will she assess the technical integrity of the poem as a work of art. Instead, she will see the composition as a reflection of a universal quest, a testimony to the transpersonal structures of human experience. Jungianism, then, is a wholly uncritical, non-evaluative mode of analysis, and can move effortlessly between the most chronologically disparate texts in a staunch search for archetypes. Most importantly, its transcendental focus embraces a liberal-humanist dream of spiritual peace. While Jung is often reluctant to

recognize his own romanticism, he can also be remarkably perceptive about the nature of his work:

> I fancied I was working along the best scientific lines, establishing facts, observing, classifying, describing causal and functional relations, only to discover in the end that I had involved myself in a net of reflections which extend far beyond natural science and ramify into the fields of philosophy, theology, comparative religion, and the humane sciences in general. This transgression ... caused me no little worry ... The tragic thing is that psychology has no self-consistent mathematics at its disposal, but only a calculus of subjective prejudices (Basic Writings 86).

Indeed, it may not be much of an exaggeration to claim with Hans Schar, Jung's best-known disciple from among the Protestant clergy, that "everything Jung has published has to do with religion to a greater or lesser degree" (Heisig 9). Thus, the Jungian critic, like Jung himself, can be fairly regarded as a priest who advocates a faith. Accepting the validity of a collective unconscious, and its rejuvenating power, the Jungian is concerned with spiritual transcendence.

Ernest Hemingway has left no public record of his thoughts on Jungianism. Moreover, one must search long and

hard before finding a biographical connection between the two men: in 1920's Paris, Jung was an active sponsor of Transition, a monthly literary magazine to which Hemingway, Gertrude Stein, and E.E. Cummings contributed work (Oldsey 73). Frederick J. Hoffman, in Freudianism and the Literary Mind, contends that Jung, because of his stand on the writer's special alliance with the unconscious, was "a favorite" among those who wrote for Transition (Oldsey 73). However, in Death in the Afternoon, Hemingway is bitterly suspicious of liberal humanism, blasting the "bedside mysticism" of Waldo Frank, whose Virgin Spain fervently espouses Jungianlike ideals. Derisively adopting the Freudian guise of "Dr. Hemingstein, the great psychiatrist," Hemingway ridicules Frank's assertion that writing is a matter of being in touch with the plunging and immobile all" (53). This portentousness, Hemingway believes, is coincident with "a certain congestion" that makes "all objects look different." Trees, he notes, become "slightly larger, more mysterious, and vaguely blurred" (53). Not surprisingly, Jung suggests that a tree can have an incredible variety of meanings: "it might symbolize evolution, physical growth, or psychological maturation; it might symbolize sacrifice or death; it might be a phallic symbol; it might be a great deal more" (Man and his Symbols 90). The result of such thinking, according to Hemingway, is "that unavoidable mysticism of a man who writes a

language so badly he cannot make a clear statement, complicated by whatever pseudo-scientific jargon is in style" (53). Thus, Hemingway's reservations about liberal humanism (not to mention his condescending attitude toward the whole enterprise of psychoanalysis) raise some doubts about the applicability of Jungianism to his own work.

Indeed, throughout much of his writing, Hemingway seems to refute any affinities with romanticism, and adopts a naturalistic stance. He is a writer who professes to tell the truth, and thereby emphasizes the horrors of the visible world. Take, for example, "A Natural History of the Dead," which appears among the collected short stories, although it was originally published in Death in the Afternoon. Here, we learn that most men die like animals. Some die quickly from a scratch, others linger in the throes of terrible mutilation. Either way, there is no real difference between a dead man and a dead cow. Even the humanists cannot escape such ignoble exits, and the author hopes to "see the finish of a few," in order to "speculate how worms will try that long preserved sterility" (139). Moreover, life, for Hemingway, can be as devoid of metaphysical considerations as death. Frederic Henry of A Farewell to Arms does not know about the soul (261), and openly embraces nihilistic impulses: "I was not made to think. I was made to eat. My God, yes. Eat and drink and sleep with Catherine" (232-233). Frederic, after all, can hope for little more in a

world that "breaks everyone," a world where antlike men eventually fall off the log and into the fire (327). Upon considering Hemingway's brand of naturalism, Edward Muir suggests that "probably no one else has described more vividly the horror of the natural man's life when he is driven and goaded and denied [spiritual] satisfaction, and retires into himself to lick his wounds or seek forgetfulness in drink or sex" (Atkins 9). For Hemingway, certainly, the human condition is brutal and degrading, a bitter farce that condemns man to atavistic vulgarity.

Nevertheless, while Hemingway evinces naturalistic leanings, he only partly adheres to this credo. "As long as there is an older waiter around, as in 'A Clean Well-Lighted Place,' to observe lonely customers and have compassion for them," writes Jackson J. Benson, "all is not nada. Hemingway [emotionally] hedges his nihilistic bet" (175). That is, in the final analysis, he cannot stand the implications of the naturalistic vision, for "it's too damn awful" ("The Short Happy Life" 32). Accordingly, Hemingway sneaks into the humanist camp through the back door. His pessimism, brought on by a tragic sense of suffering, is tempered by a tough-minded spiritualism. In the brutal and degrading world he saw around him, Hemingway believed that there was only one thing to do: hold tight and show grace under pressure. The need of the Hemingway hero to control his surroundings, that is, his preoccupation with expertise,

reflects the individual's search for meaning in life. With every instance of control over an objective process, man asserts his freedom and claims a measure of satisfaction. Indeed, guided by this stoic code of behavior, man could be destroyed but never defeated. The code itself constitutes a kind of defiant, highly disciplined call for spiritual resilience. Inner peace might be attained, but one must first have the courage to combat worldly realities. There is an aversion to glazy-eyed dreaming here; the metaphysical triumph comes hard-boiled or not at all.

Whatever else changed in Hemingway's writing over the years, this humanistic impulse remained the same. Despite Jake's cynicism toward philosophies of life (148), The Sun Also Rises is a classic example of the metaphysical principle espoused above. Indeed, Jake retains a spiritual romanticism that is moderated by a classical strictness. Pedro Romero, the young bullfighter "who had the old thing--the holding of his purity of line through the maximum of exposure"--constitutes an image for Jake, drawing him toward a faith in man's ability to cope in the world and choose his own identity (Newman 301). Conversely, Jake shows increasing scorn for Robert Cohn, who expresses a desire to go to South America after reading W.H. Hudson's romantic novel, The Purple Land. Jake perceives that Robert's wish is mere escapism, a delusive fantasy that will never bring fulfillment: "'Going to another country doesn't make any

difference,'" Jake says, "'I've tried all that. You can't get away from yourself by moving from one place to another'" (14). The Old Man and the Sea, a later and seemingly more precious novel, is, nevertheless, another example of Hemingway's hard-boiled romanticism. Santiago lives in a world of desperate circumstances; even the little bird that rests on Santiago's fishing line must take its chance against the hawks (56). Only man, however, is conscious of the risks in life. Given this awareness, people have a choice--they can go far out into the deep water and exercise their abilities to the fullest, or remain close to shore. When Santiago comments to himself that "pain does not matter to a man" (84), he is referring to only some men, defining the difference between those who "know how to suffer like a man," and those who do not (92).

The Hemingway strain of humanism, with its naturalistic overtones, may sound distinct from Jungian liberal humanism, but actually draws upon the idealism of the latter. The metaphysical thrust of the works is toward nothing short of individuation: the Hemingway hero is embarked on a path of self-discovery whereby inner realities are probed in a quest for psychic wholeness. Alert to this romantic configuration, Earl Rovit describes the extraordinary moments of illumination in Hemingway's aesthetic:

> Revelation or illumination can be understood as an experience ... in which all disconnected fragments

> of existence (conscious and subliminal) cohere with a suddenness and completeness that is involuntary, compelling, and frequently termed "ecstatic." The experience has often been depicted in terms of mystical transport and transcendental elevation ... (134).

A memorable instance of such heady transcendence occurs in "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber." After fleeing from a lion, and showing himself, "very publicly, to be a coward" (30), Macomber performs with surprising courage when chasing buffalo. For the first time in his life, he feels "wholly without fear," and basks in the glow of "definite elation" (31). Reflecting on the matter, Macomber realizes that he has tapped some mysterious inner resource:

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

In what might be viewed as a Jungian mode, Macomber is reborn. The seemingly naturalistic turn of events whereby

Francis does not live to enjoy his newfound happiness is anti-climactic. Death, which comes from the bullet of a Mannlicher ("manly" in German), is merely the final evidence of Macomber's transcendence, for its causes his blood to merge with the "dry, loose earth" (36), the subterranean layers of existence. A psychodynamic pattern such as this is more or less evident in all of Hemingway's work. Whether the protagonist is Francis Macomber, Harry Street, or Nick Adams, he must adjust to contingencies, and eventually create a new moral centre in harmony with his innermost drives. The canon as a whole, explains Jackson J. Benson, "relates directly to the task of carving out a defensible position from which the forces of chaos can be excluded and within which the power of justice and virtue can be established and sustained" (9).

Hemingway's liberal-humanism parallels Jungianism in more specific ways. For example, Jung's belief that the artist mines ahistorical psychic realities accords with Hemingway's own perception of the timelessness of art. "A country, finally, erodes and the dust blows away," he writes in Green Hills of Africa, "the people all die and none of them were of any importance permanently, except those who practiced the arts ... A thousand years makes economics silly, [but] a work of art endures forever" (10). In the same book, Hemingway later suggests that the writer sees through all the surface flotsam that temporarily litters the

stream of existence, knowing that the stream itself "has moved, as it moves, since before man," and that its secrets "are permanent and of value because ... [it] will flow, as it has flowed, after the Indians, after the Spaniards, after the British, after the Americans ..." (147). Ironically, then, by portraying the artist as someone who sees beyond the immediate social context to the Jungian realm of eternal verities, Hemingway sounds a lot like Waldo Frank. The ritualistic events of The Old Man and the Sea, which occur "beyond all people in the world," provide a good fictional example of Hemingway's ahistorical romanticism. What we have here is a nuclear moment, "a moment before time and yet of all time" (Lehan 208), a circumstance that conveys a basic pattern of existence. Indeed, Santiago and the Marlin are joined in a sacred contest, a struggle that makes them "brothers" (70), and "binds them in a ritual as old as Cain and Abel" (Lehan 208).

The timeless dramas of Hemingway's fiction evoke the Jungian hypothesis of a collective unconscious. In fact, even a work like For Whom the Bell Tolls, which has firm historical roots in the Spanish Civil War, is suffused with an awareness of primal sensibilities. Upon trekking into a war-torn countryside to destroy a bridge, the protagonist, Robert Jordan, establishes contact with a band of gypsy guerrillas whose folkloric beliefs suggest a universal mind. For instance, Jordan sees a correspondence between gypsy and

American Indian beliefs in man's brotherhood with bears, and also notes that both the gypsies and the Moors have secret laws that allow killing outside the tribe, laws they will not admit to having (17). Jordan, it seems, has entered the primal woods, a landscape in which the human mind shows traces of a collective origin. The metaphorical implications of the novel can be almost embarrassing as, amongst the guerrillas, Jordan prepares to engage in a gorilla act. He talks of breaking the bridge "as you break a banana" (156), and later swings through the lower girders of the structure "like a bloody Tarzan" (436). At this point, Jordan feels as if he is on a kind of "dream bridge" (437), signalling a more sophisticated level of meaning. The protagonist is able to see the trout-rich creek that flows through the underlying gorge, and thinks of the river that bears his name: "Do you know the damned Jordan is really not much bigger than that creek down there below .... This is a place here under this bridge. A home away from home" (431). Jordan has apparently glimpsed the source of his being in a universal current.

To pursue the Jungian scheme in the context of For Whom the Bell Tolls, Jordan's journey into the primal woods of the collective unconscious clearly evinces archetypal impulses. The protagonist's mission, which puts him in touch with the lower depths of human experience, is another example of the primary archetypal drive toward

individuation. Altruism aside, Jordan fights in Spain to resolve his own inner conflicts, to explore the remote regions of his psyche. In addition to metaphorical significations, this psychic immersion in the primordial is given an authoritative and substantive treatment. Shortly after his Tarzan act, Jordan is wounded. Lying on the forest floor, he "takes a good long look at everything" around him, and feels "completely integrated" (471). Moreover, Hemingway, like Jung, ultimately befogs the seemingly inexorable essence of archetypal experience. At the outset of the novel, Jordan tries to prepare himself for what lies ahead: "Turn off the thinking now," he says to himself, "You're a bridge blower now. Not a thinker" (17). Implicitly, this bridge-blowing professor is attempting to become attuned to instinctual drives that are somehow beyond cognition. Elsewhere, Jordan sounds very Jungian in accepting the mysterious nature of primal psychic inheritance. "Nobody knows what tribes we come from," he says, "nor what our tribal inheritance is nor what the mysteries were in the woods where the people lived that we came from. All we know is that we do not know" (175). Finally, as he approaches his moment of complete integration, Jordan comes to the enigmatic conclusion that "there's no one thing that's true; it's all true" (467).

In consonance with Jungian doctrine, Hemingway conveys the essentially unrepresentable nature of archetypal experience through symbols. The overall thrust of Hemingway's archetypal symbolism can be appreciated by identifying a symbolic theme or motif that is evident throughout his work. The motif alluded to is that of the journey, a device as old as mankind. According to Joseph DeFalco, evidence for this motif has been found by anthropologists in the most primitive cultures, and its use in the early epic formula is based on "verbal and experiential data that precedes man's ability to even articulate his problems" (16-17). The journey artifice itself can be regarded as a classic expression of the human quest for self-completion. Whether we are dealing with Nick's crossing of the burnt landscape on his way to the trout stream, Jake's trip from Paris to Pamplona, the flight across the Maggiore in A Farewell to Arms, the search for small-horned kudu in Green Hills of Africa, Robert Jordan's excursion into the mountains of Spain, or Santiago's venture into the gulf, the journeys in the Hemingway canon hold the promise of psychic rebirth. Indeed, these journeys are not the restless daydreams of a Robert Cohn, but the soul-searching peregrinations of spiritual pilgrims. This idea is not always plainly spelled out, but it is pervasively there, investing the voyage with a transcendent purpose that is essential to Hemingway's art. Leo Gurko would agree: "By

exposing the hidden seams, rifts, and qualities of the journeyers, by providing them with the opportunity--often unique, always charged with tensions [lurking] directly below the surface--to work their way through themselves, these journeys can be described as truly magical" (81).

An analysis of particular details in Hemingway's work reveals the extent to which his symbology is amenable to Jungian hermeneutics. The primary principle of Jungian dream analysis--attention to context--functions effectively with Hemingway, whose artistic skills enable him to weave complex networks of detail that transmit meaning on a relational rather than purely referential basis. That is, at his best, Hemingway elicits symbolic import through a kind of synergism. As a case in point, consider "The Battler," one of the In Our Time stories. In the opening scene, Nick, who has just been knocked from a train by a brakeman, finds himself drawn to the fireside of Ad Francis, a mutilated ex-boxer. We soon learn that Ad's battered appearance figures an inner state of degeneracy. Bugs, Ad's companion, reveals that the latter has not only taken too many beatings, but was involved in a seemingly incestuous affair, squandered all his money, and took to "busting people all the time." True to form, Ad inexplicably threatens to bust Nick. Accordingly, the boxer becomes associated with the violent brakeman, and thereby embodies the irrational, sinister forces that Nick must inevitably

face in life. From this perspective, the title of the story refers less to Ad than to the young Nick, who struggles to gain selfhood in a crazy world. Moreover, in accordance with the concept of amplification, the symbolic meanings that emerge from a close textual analysis of "The Battler" are buttressed by certain traditional symbols which ramify beyond the immediate context and relate to the overarching journey artifice. That is, after being thrown from the train, Nick walks solidly and easily along the railway tracks, which connote the theme of "The Way," a mythological rendering of the "tried and proved path" (DeFalco 73). In following this path, the hero enjoys the guardianship of beneficent forces. "Alongside the tracks," notes Defalco,

> there is a swamp, another traditional image. In mythic terms, [swamps] are representative of the labyrinthian passages of the unconscious and irrational. Whenever the hero is lured from the tried and proved pathway the dangers symbolized by the swamp threaten to swallow him and to terminate his journey [toward] self-discovery (73).

Thus, boggy terrain and all, Hemingway provides especially fertile ground for the Jungian critic. Notwithstanding his naturalistic predilections, Hemingway possesses a liberal-humanist sensibility that nurtures dreams of spiritual wholeness. "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," Hemingway's favorite story, epitomizes the ideological

thrust of the entire canon. Lying on an African plain, near death, the protagonist eschews his wife's spiritual clichés. For Harry, it seems, the supreme question is whether he should have a whiskey soda. Almost in spite of himself, however, Harry Street is a romantic. Indeed, he has come to Africa to cleanse himself of fleshly sins, "to work the fat off his soul the way a fighter [goes] into the mountains to work and train in order to burn it out of his body" (63). Appropriately, when death finally arrives, Harry envisions himself in a soaring airplane. During this climatic flight, he confronts nada (the locusts coming up from the south "like the first snow in a blizzard"), but pushes onward ("then it darkened and they were in a storm, the rain so thick it seemed like flying through a waterfall"), and finally achieves rebirth ("then they were out ... 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"). Like Francis Macomber, Harry experiences the wondrous exhilaration of spiritual transcendence. In wholly secular terms, the story taps "the mythic function of purity, grace, and absolution--long a part of man's religious hopes" (Oldsey 81). Citing a concept from Greek alchemy, Jung captures the "Kilimanjaro" dynamic with remarkable specificity:

> After the ascent of the soul, with the body left behind in the darkness of death, there comes an

> enantiodromia .... The black or unconscious state ... reaches the nadir and a change sets in. The falling dew signals resuscitation and a new light: the ever deeper descent into the unconscious suddenly becomes illumination from above. For, when the soul vanished at death, it was not lost; in that other world it formed the living counterpole to the state of death in this world (Oldsey 72-81; from The Collected Works of C.J. Jung, tr., R.F.C. Hill).

What this demonstrates is not that Hemingway read Jung (or vice versa), but that Hemingway was working out of an impulse toward purification and transcendence which embodies an archetypal pattern. Indeed, whether or not death is a factor, Hemingway's fictions are geared toward individuation. Moreover, as demonstrated in the preceding pages, the Hemingway version of individuation coheres with the overall scheme of Jungian psychology. Hence, whatever the empirical weaknesses of Jungianism, it is a particularly useful tool for explicating Hemingway's works. Put simply, if Jungianism can be arraigned as a mere faith, Hemingway is a believer, however unwittingly. With this in mind, the stage is now set for a Jungian treatment of The Garden.

CHAPTER THREE

Looking for Mama: Individuation in The Garden of Eden

"'For heroes,'" says David, toasting himself and his wife, Catherine, as they drink from big glasses of Armagnac and Perrier (27). Thus, Hemingway provides an obvious clue that the warm, watery world of the Bournes harbors mythic overtones. In Jungian terms, the hero myth is the story of a developing ego that emerges from the potentially menacing darkness of the collective unconscious, imbuing the youthful hero with a sense of self-awareness and independence. Indeed, for Catherine, being a hero means being different: "'We're not like other people,'" she tells David. "'We don't have to call each other darling or my dear or my love or any of that to make a point .... we call each other by our Christian names'" (27). On a more extreme note, Catherine says to David: "'We're us against all the others'" (37). Although these egoic professions of singularity embody an essential phase of psychic maturation, the heroic stage is hardly the pinnacle of human development. That is, mythical heroes are falsely inflated with pride: "'We must be proud,'" contends Catherine. "'I love to be proud.'" "'So do I,'" David replies (16). Moreover, beneath this intoxicating individualism, the heroic personality is touchy and insecure. The latter qualities are evident in both

characters, as David feels threatened by Catherine's wealth (25-26), while she is unsettled by his success as a writer (24). Understandably, then, David is dissatisfied with his "hero drink" (28). Heroic singularity is, in fact, a delusion. For, paradoxically, in rejecting the collective unconscious, the hero negates the very foundation of selfhood. Individuation, the way to genuine oneness, is an integrative proposition, one in which ego consciousness recognizes a timeless collectivity. David and Catherine, to achieve self-completion, must therefore rediscover this collective realm.

Jung suggests that the heroic dilemma can be explicated through parental symbology (Psychology of the Unconscious 203). Pursuing this hypothesis, Erich Neumann emphasizes his mentor's basic assumption that, for both sexes, consciousness corresponds to male symbolism (the father), whereas the unconscious pertains to female symbolism (the mother). Thus, in rejecting the maternal unconscious, the hero restricts himself to the limited constructions of the paternal world. Consciousness, the sum of his being, is merely an isolated fragment of a larger whole (Neumann 57). Reflecting this schism, The Garden of Eden is suffused with fathers and father figures, while a maternal presence--at least in an anthropomorphic sense--is virtually absent. Not coincidentally, David is "divided and separated" (183). If heroes are to attain the wholeness of individuation, claims

Neumann, they must return to the maternal womb and immerse themselves in the creative, lifegiving dimension of the unconscious. That is, the ego must temporarily surrender itself to the uroboric shelter from which it emerged, thereby creating the possibility of psychic integration. Here, in the amniotic fluids of origination, all differences and divisions merge into one vital totality. Indeed, after the initiatory rite of dissolution, the heroic ego is strengthened by a union with transpersonal energies. Quite simply, maternal regression portends spiritual rebirth. Unfortunately, however, this psychic configuration is fraught with enormous difficulties. For, in temporarily relinquishing ego consciousness, the hero must abandon the paternal world, the very medium of his hard won (albeit limited) knowledge and independence. In effect, the hero must now defy the fathers, and, in doing so, he defies himself (Neumann 381-394). They are the enemy and they are him, and the complications are endless.

Interestingly, the biblical setting to which the novel owes its title can be viewed in a way that evokes the hero-parent psychodynamics outlined above. From this perspective, the walled Garden of Eden functions as the womb of the mother, thereby constituting the uroboric cavity that is synonymous with the dim mysteries of the unconscious. It is, in this sense, "the garden of infancy" (Westman 84), and pertains not only to the creation of mankind, but the

creation of the individual. Within this maternal shelter, Adam and Eve enjoy the simple peace of what is essentially preconscious repose. Their eyes have not yet fully opened, and neither is aware that the other is naked. Indeed, despite Adam's ability to distinguish animals by name, his powers of differentiation remain weak. True consciousness, symbolized by the tree of knowledge, belongs only to the father god. Not surprisingly, Eve becomes restless. Disobeying God's law, she allows herself to be tempted by the serpent, and eats from the forbidden tree, whose eye-opening fruit enables one to distinguish between good and bad, right and wrong. Eve then shares her newfound consciousness with Adam. The brief but condensed sentence that reveals Eve's reasons for picking the fruit is crucial. She sees that the tree is "good for food, and that [it] is pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise" (Gen. 3:6). For Eve, explains Nehama Aschkenasy, the tree is endowed with all of the gifts that life has to offer:

> it pleases the palate and satisfies hunger ("good for food"), it provides aesthetic pleasure ("pleasant to the eyes"), and it increases one's intellectual abilities ("to make one wise"). In one brief second, Eve has a vision of the total range of the human experience, and by eating from the tree she expresses a lust for life in all of

> its manifestations. The act of violating God's order is not described by the biblical author as the surrender to temptation of a silly, empty-headed person, but as the daring attempt of a curious person with an appetite for life to encompass the whole spectrum of life's possibilities (41).

Nevertheless, Eve's heroism precipitates a momentous dilemma. Indeed, after Adam inadvertently discloses his recently acquired self-awareness, the father god banishes both of his children from the garden, alienating them from the uroboric mother. Dispossessed of their archetypal heritage, Adam and Eve are cast into a world of suffering. The trials of ego consciousness, unmediated by the compensatory function of the collective unconscious, become a paternal curse which the two heroes must bear. The biblical challenge, then, is to return to the garden, to regain the archetypal mysteries of the uroboric realm. The challenge, in short, is to achieve individuation, to unite a problematical but essential consciousness with the primordial energy of the Great Mother. The material goal of this quest is the most sacred and forbidden object in Eden, the tree of life, which is hidden by the hedgelike tree of knowledge. Significantly, the tree of life stands in the very centre of the garden, and, from underneath it, four rivers radiate toward the outer world. The configuration

clearly resembles a mandala, suggesting that the tree of life holds the secret to spiritual wholeness. Appropriately, the fruit from this tree conveys immortality. That is, if Adam and Eve can reach the tree of life, they will reclaim the eternal unconscious--the uroboric roots of the ego--and thereby possess the psychic integration which figures wholeness. This is not an easy task, however, for God places cherubims and a flaming sword on the east side of the garden to prevent access to the tree of life. To expand their inner horizons, the two heroes of "Genesis" must confront the father in battle. Moreover, they must ultimately confront themselves, for the flaming sword of the father is a symbol of the divisive powers of their own knowledge-based intellect.

Turning to Hemingway's heroes, substantive evidence of this paternal disjunction is immediately apparent. As a lion-colored blonde who has turned very dark, Catherine now sports her father's coloring: "'I must have his skin,'" she says (63). The significance of Catherine's darkness begins to emerge as she looks forward to enhancing her tan: "'Right now it's the thing that I want most. That we don't have I mean'" (30). Thus, Catherine's paternal complexion pertains to an unfulfilled longing, to incompletion and fragmentation. "'It takes us further away from other people,'" Catherine explains, attempting to make David understand her obsession (30). Thus, Catherine's darkness

becomes emblematic of a need to individuate, to intensify her sense of self. Indeed, Catherine contends that her darkness attests to unrealized, innermost realities: "'I don't really wear [my tan]. It's me. I really am this dark. The sun just develops it. I wish I was darker'" (64). This allusion to innermost truth raises the spectre of a thwarted unconscious. "Darkness," writes Edward Edinger, "is the unconscious" (129). Moreover, Erich Neumann seems to address the specific nature of Catherine's predicament as he observes that symbolic manifestations of the unconscious do not always suggest integration. Using the typically sexist language of depth psychology, Neumann refers to the possibility of "patriarchal castration," a situation where the "conscious system" is "surcharged" with unconscious material which it cannot assimilate (385). In accordance with the symptoms that Neumann goes on to enumerate (386-389), Catherine is "desperate" (81). As "'the darkest white girl in the world'" (169), she is satiated with unrealized energy. Her father, it seems, was equally troubled. He is portrayed as a "'very odd type,'" as a "'very shy and charming and difficult man'" who drank considerably, and eventually killed himself in a car (61, 63).

Catherine's paternal legacy is confirmed as we learn that she is the beneficiary of a rule-laden will which assiduously regulates her interest. Consequently, Catherine

feels that the will restricts her freedom. She is, however, entitled to more money upon marriage, and thereby views matrimony as a means of escaping the paternal cloak. "'I know [the extra money] doesn't mean anything as capital,'" Catherine tells David,

> 'but this is spendable. We can spend it and it doesn't hurt anybody and it's for that. It doesn't have anything to do with regular income nor what I get if I live to be twenty-five or if I live to be thirty. This is ours for anything we want to do. Neither of us will have to worry about balances for a while. It's that simple' (26).

Catherine's desire to be free of her father is evident elsewhere as she openly reveals a desire to dissociate herself from him (63). Ironically, though, by making herself eligible for a larger inheritance, Catherine becomes even more dependent on her father. Indeed, when she reads the bulky legal correspondence that accompanies her cheques, Catherine's eyes are "very sad," and, to David, she looks a little as though she is "shelling peas" (25). As someone who remains in the shadow of Oedipal authority, Catherine later makes her own will because, according to her, it is what people do (144-145).

In her struggle to overcome paternalistic oppression, Catherine must also grapple with the bonds of a

paternalistic society. Everywhere she goes, there are father figures who demand adherence to established rules. Consider, for example, Catherine's sardonicism toward two troopers, whom she observes while sitting alone in a bar: "'I had to drink up fast,'" she tells David, "'because two G.N.'s were in ... Whatyoumacallitis nationals. In khaki with bicycles and black leather pistol holders'" (39). Elsewhere, a more explicit manifestation of the father principle, the le Grau du Roi priest, disapproves of the way Catherine dresses (6). Keenly aware of this stifling paternalism, Catherine resents any show of authority from David: "'You talk to me like a policeman or at school,'" she complains (220), and asserts that marriage does not make her "'a slave or chattel'" (225). At one point, Catherine even includes David amongst the puritans (212), those conscience-ridden patriarchs who demanded constant examination of every thought and action (Middelkauff 95). However, to stress a crucial point, the domineering patriarchal consciousness that Catherine fights against also exists in her own psyche. Quite absurdly, this rootless and beautiful twenty-one-year-old woman thinks of herself as ''a housewife'" (24). While Catherine's meaning is clear (she has not done anything with her life), the bromidic nature of her comment reveals a hopelessly conditioned, self-limiting perspective on life. Indeed, in a very real sense, Catherine must overcome the patriarchal barriers that exist within herself.

David, too, is haunted by the narrow constructions of an Oedipal world. Raised in East Africa by his father, he has lived amidst the violence of a predatorial code of behavior that is without moral percipience. A plantation owner and professional hunter, David's father is a hardened individual who treats evil "like an old entrusted friend" (146). In his moral blindness, Mr. Bourne has "defrauded" himself, but not those around him (210). Accordingly, David bears "an early sorrow" (166). It is the sorrow of a young boy who discovers that the world of his father can be harsh and meaningless and deceitful. "All your father found he found for you too," David tells himself, "the good, the wonderful, the bad, the very bad, the really very bad, the truly bad, and then the much worse" (129). David maintains that he always loved his father, but his filial devotion is marred by an underlying ambivalence. Indeed, David cannot accept the senseless cruelty of his father's world, and will eventually come to understand that he hates the paternal mode. Moreover, as with Catherine, David's father-based anxiety is exacerbated by the patriarchal despotism of society. Reading a letter from his New York publisher, David curses his fatherland: "Oh Christ [he] thought, the hell with how it was in New York and the hell with that thin-lipped bastard Coolidge fishing for trout in a high stiff collar in a fish hatchery in the Black Hills we stole from the Sioux and Cheyenne ..." (59). On a lighter note,

both David and Catherine are scornful of Monsieur Aurole, the old hotel patron, who authoritatively expounds on world affairs (94, 234), and hits his wife when she dares to insult him (240, 243).

Perhaps the most puzzling patriarch in the novel is Colonel John Boyle, who provides the brief description of Catherine's father. Overtly, at least, the Colonel seems to be another of Hemingway's helpful tutors, a character akin to Count Mippipopolous or Count Greffi, and, therefore, an exception to the array of stifling father figures who populate the novel. Indeed, David feels "happy" when Boyle presents himself, and the Colonel, in turn, appears to approve of David (60-61). Moreover, Boyle professes to like Catherine, and understands that she is rebelling against patriarchal forces. Having seen her at the Museo del Prado, the Colonel contends that Catherine resembled "'the young chief of a warrior tribe who had gotten loose from his councillors and was looking at that marble of Leda and the Swan'" (62). This mutinous image appeals to Catherine's ego, enabling the Colonel to further ingratiate himself with unreserved conversation. Boyle, however, is far too imperious to be a genuinely sympathetic or instructive personality. The Colonel's demeanor upon meeting David is revealing: after arrogantly addressing the bartender, he leads David to a table with the command of "'Come along'"; he claims unfailing health; he abruptly offers David a job;

and he is pleased that David's taste in wine has improved (60-61). Regarding Catherine, Boyle's advice is coldly fatalistic: "'Remember,'" he says, "'everything is right until it's wrong'" (65). The Colonel's attitude accords with the motto by which he lives. Despite his ability to intuit Catherine's problem, he is an individual for whom only ''the visible world is visible'" (63). Thus, as a rule, the Colonel does not engage in metaphysical speculation. This hard-boiledness should not be interpreted as an example of Hemingway's stoic ideal. For, as someone whose voice sounds as though it has been "hawked up" out of a "dusty throat" (60), the Colonel is spiritually arid. True to his name, Boyle is, for the most part, a pain in the ass. The bumptious Colonel leaves David feeling uncertain (66), and wishing that Catherine had not been so forthcoming (67).

In working toward a definitive assessment of The Garden's patriarchy, the all-mighty dollar is an important consideration. Indeed, while Catherine's father was obviously very careful about his money, David's father goes to extraordinary lengths to get money. Similarly, Boyle will not let chance meetings interrupt his work day (62), and, when inquiring about David's novel, his foremost concern is whether it has "'done well'" (61). Nor do pecuniary matters elude Monsieur Aurole, who seems to advocate individual freedom by expressing a willingness to

move with the times (94). David suggests that both Aurole and his wife have a sense of style (167), but the nub of the matter, for Aurole, is his pocket book. He is doing "a good defensive summer business" with the Bournes (76), and David comes to realize that, "so long as it pays," Aurole will tolerate their eccentricities (167). The priest who disapproves of Catherine's trend-setting attire evinces this same willingness to bend the rules for money. That is, because the Bournes give twenty francs to the church collection, their "wearing of shorts" in the village is regarded as harmless rather than an incursion upon the local morality (6). Such liberality is, of course, a sham. In reality, the heroes remain enslaved to a materialistic credo whereby individuals are disintegrated into minted and appraised units. Appropriately, when David sees Catherine sleeping one morning, he envisions her head as "an ancient coin lying against the white sheet" (57).

Considered together, the fathers of The Garden represent all of the coercive societal pressures which mold the human personality into prescribed shapes. The rational systems of the patriarchy promote a structure of rigid, insular relations, forcing life into frameworks for which it was not necessarily designed. Traditional wisdom alienates the hero from his inner voice, preventing the realization of his individual potential. The world of the fathers is one of fragmentation and anguish, a world whose empty forms

engender psychic chaos. Accordingly, Monsieur Aurole observes that the weather has been "'insane'" ever since the Great War (94), which, in its brutality and hollow rhetoric, might be regarded as a quintessentially patriarchal phenomenon. In the wake of this calamity there is a sense that things are changing (94), and David contemplates the new era:

> The Russians are gone, the British are beginning to be poor, the Germans are ruined, and now there is this disregard of the established rules which can very well be the salvation of the whole coast. We are pioneers in opening up the summer season which is still regarded as madness (167).

In fact, the madness is very real. Patriarchal forces, however beleaguered, continued to vex those who strive for wholeness. Even as pioneers, the two heroes cannot easily escape paternalistic oppression. While Catherine feels tormented by rules (15), David, after the Boyle episode, feels as though there is "an iron bar inside [his chest] from one side to the other" (67). Thus, both David and Catherine are imprisoned by a patriarchal order, an order whose authority is ultimately located in the heroes themselves. To break free of the fathers, Hemingway's heroes must also break free of their own consciousness. Indeed, David comes to realize that both he and Catherine are fighting an internal battle: "Catherine was not his

enemy except as she was himself in the unfinding unrealizable quest that is [self-]love and so was her own enemy . . . . She turns my flank so skillfully then finds it is her own and the last fighting is always in a swirl and the dust that rises is our own dust" (193-194).

As suggested, the road to victory in this battle against the one-sided psychic orientation of the fathers leads back to the paradisal womb of the Great Mother, the realm of the collective unconscious. Accordingly, both David and Catherine are drawn to the sea, which becomes the primary symbol of the lost mother. The two heroes wistfully contemplate this life source from numerous locations, and experience momentary contentment during a series of thalassic rituals. On one occasion, while swimming with Marita, who joins the Bournes in la Napoule, David executes a perfect dive, "making a boil in the water [that] a porpoise might have made re-entering slickly into the hole that he made in rising" (241). Here, with "a circle of milling water" before us, we have the uroboric bliss of total nondifferentiation, where "everything issue[s] from everything and again enter[s] into everything, depending on everything and connecting with everything" (Neumann 276-277). The wombal regression of the hero is, in fact, perilously close to the supreme peace of death. Indeed, during an earlier scene, David and Catherine swim down "until [they] just can make it up" (137). This flirtation

with death is appropriate, for it is a natural consequence of the hero's battle with the father in himself. That is, to overcome the narrow parameters of his own consciousness, the hero must be prepared to undergo a symbolic death, to surrender himself to the eternal darkness of the womb and all its mysteries (Jung, Symbols 132). Victory through submission, life through death, these are the paradoxical dynamics of the heroic odyssey. Cradled in the maternal lap, the hero senses the archetypal yearning to retreat beyond the ego into the deepest layers of the psyche, to touch bottom, and thereby achieve wholeness. Sure enough, while swimming alone, David dives "down to the bottom," where he feels the "coarse sand" with its "heavy ridges" (19). Unlike the shallow, fragmented world of the fathers, the maternal sea holds the promise of spiritual rebirth, a promise that is figured in baptismal rites as Catherine is anointed with oil and water (21-22, 136).

In their search for the abyssal mother, Hemingway's heroes mount their bicycles in Avignon, and follow the wind to le Grau du Roi, a cheerful little fishing village where they spend their mornings in a cafe "facing the sea," watching the sails of mackerel boats "out in the Gulf of Lions" (3). David and Catherine are on their honeymoon, and both of them entertain the fantasy of having discovered "a simple world"--an Eden--in which there are "no worries" (5, 10, 14). Here, David tells himself, there is "only

happiness and loving each other and then hunger and replenishing and starting over" (14). For David, "other things seem inexistent": the newspaper does not interest him as it should, and he prefers not to think about work or his "many problems" (13). In fact, at one point, David suggests that he and Catherine should "'not think at all'" (18). The newlyweds, it seems, are engaged not only in a retreat from the world, but a retreat from consciousness. David, in particular, is attuned to a lower level of cerebration:

> "What are you thinking?" [Catherine] asked.
>
> "Nothing," [David replied].
>
> "You have to think something."
>
> "I was just feeling."
>
> "How?"
>
> "Happy" (3).

The theme of uroboric preconsciousness is reinforced by the motifs of infantilism and sleep as David and Catherine lay curled together under the sheet of their bed (2), and later arrange to "'nap like good children'" (5). For David, the soothing maternal embrace of le Grau du Roi almost becomes an end in itself. Indeed, the womb-tomb dichotomy, alluded to earlier, is again evident as David experiences the allure of inertia: "'I like surprises,'" he says, "'but I like everything the way it is now at this minute'" (14). Luxuriating in a world without "clarity" (13-14), David comes to appreciate the soft blur of amniotic bliss.

Nevertheless, uroboric immersion properly entails not only rest, but rejuvenation and rebirth. Thus, the opening paragraph of the novel associates le Grau du Roi with a lifegiving, maternal physiology: "They were living at le Grau du Roi then and the hotel was on a canal that ran from the walled city of Aigues Mortes straight down to the sea." This suggestion of nascency is reinforced as the canal is marked by the "swelling bulge" of urgent, feeding fish. Even David cannot resist the primal drive for life, and temporarily overcomes his inertia: "he wanted to go up to the room and see the girl but instead he found the long, jointed bamboo pole and the basket with his fishing gear . . . and went out onto the glare of the jetty" (7). The ensuing scene is a brilliant projection of the individuation process, a microcosm of the paradoxical battle for selfhood. Significantly, David's desire to probe the flow of life does not transform him into a totally aggressive figure. Not equipped with a casting rod, David rigs his line with a cork and quill float, and lets a sandworm float "gently" along the ebbing tide (7). The passivity of David's venture is compounded by a sense of torpor as he idly watches "the mackerel boats tacking out on the blue sea and the shadows the high clouds [make] on the water" (7). Having submitted to the lure of the mother, David then begins to assimilate her power, and is joined to a giant sea bass that tries to pull him toward the open sea (8). David's contest with the

fish is an extraordinarily complex ritual in which unmitigated aggression portends defeat. To win the fish, David must be both aggressive and submissive, he must surrender himself to its awesome power without becoming lost in the deep waters: "There was no way the young man could be softer with [the bass] except to get into the water with him and that did not make sense as the canal was deep" (8). In keeping with the concept of psychic integration, David must perform a delicate balancing act, he must give himself to the mother without irrevocably destroying the ego. Jung, with remarkable precision, describes the entire dynamic:

> Dealing with the unconscious has become a question of life for us. It is a matter of spiritual being or nonbeing . . . [We] know that the treasure lies in the depths of the water and will try to salvage it. [But,] as [we] must never forget who [we] are, so [we] must never imperil [our] own consciousness. [We] will keep [our] standpoint upon solid ground and will thus . . . become fishers who catch with hook and net what floats in the water (Integration 73).

"'Just easy, easy, easy. Softly, softly, softly,'" says an onlooking waiter, uttering a refrain that echoes throughout the fishing scene. Aggression and submission, give and take, this is the wondrous mystery of the archetypal initiation rite. Indeed, David's movements

clearly figure "the rite of passage" as he leads the fish around the jetty and back up the canal, where he is hailed by the townsfolk, whose dramatic function can be explicated in various ways. On one level, the enthusiasm of the villagers attests to the transpersonal significance of David's quest of wholeness. "'Softly <u>for us all</u>,'" urges André, the waiter, who senses that David's struggle pertains to everyone (8). Alternatively, the townspeople, who are repeatedly referred to as a "procession," function on a more personalistic level. From this perspective, they might figure the collective medium of David's own psyche, a medium that obviates the self-centred, delusive ideal of heroic independence. "He has passed through the symbolic rite by which a young man gives up his exclusive autonomy and accepts his shared life in a related, not just heroic form," says Jung of the "initiate" (<u>Symbols</u> 135). In such a situation, explains Jung, "the group fulfills the claims of the injured [mother] archetype and becomes a kind of second parent . . ." (<u>Symbols</u> 129). Interestingly, however, Catherine seems to devalue David's procession by calling the townspeople a "'mob'" (10). The negative connotation of this designation evokes the work of Neumann, who observes that group involvement does not always portend a healing process of psychic assimilation. "Massmindedness," he claims, can produce "an illusory elation . . . [which] does not impress itself upon the conscious mind by bringing it to

a creative synthesis [with the unconscious,] but, [instead,] leaks away like any other momentary intoxication" (442-443). Not coincidentally, the fish is soon forgotten, signalling David's return to the private world that he shares only with Catherine. Thus, in the final analysis, the fishing scene merely foreshadows David's impending development.

For Catherine, the ultimate aim of uroboric regression --to eat from the tree of life--becomes an overwhelming obsession. Indeed, Catherine's Evelike hunger, which often gives her headaches (3), evinces a voracious appetite for psychic growth. At times, she is puzzled by her own hunger: "'I get so hungry,'" Catherine tells David. "'Is it normal do you think?'" (4). Elsewhere, Catherine associates her hunger with a desire for self-expression: "'I know wonderful things to paint [but] I can't paint at all and never could. [And] I know wonderful things to write [but] I can't even write a letter that isn't stupid . . . Now it's just like being hungry all the time and there's nothing you can ever do about it'" (53). Catherine's creative powers are, in fact, choked by the patriarchal world in which she lives. It is a world in which the most exotic, satisfying foods are subject to patriarchal discretion. Consider, for example, the scene of Catherine's previously noted comment. She and David are sitting in a "very old," womblike room with "thick stone walls":

> It was a hot day but cool in the old building and the waiter asked, "Do you want gazpacho?" He was an old man and he filled their glasses again.
>
> "Do you think the senerita would like it?" [asked David.]
>
> "Try her," the waiter said gravely as though he were speaking of a mare (51).

Amidst this male posturing, Catherine remains a novice in the affairs of life:

> "What is this wine?" [she] asked.
>
> "It's an African wine," David said.
>
> "They always say that Africa begins at the Pyrenees," Catherine said. "I remember how impressed I was when I first heard it."
>
> "That's one of those easy sayings," David said. "It's more complicated than that. Just drink it" (52).

Interestingly, the male elitism of Catherine's world finally reverses the nutritive process. Jealous of David's success as a writer, she instigates a quarrel over his latest book. "'It sounds like regurgitating,'" Catherine says, referring to David's account of her behavior (40). Putting the alimentary motif in perspective, Newmann explains that individuation "is acted out in the elementary scheme of nutritive assimilation, [for] the ritual act of . . . eating is the first form of assimilation known to man. Over this

whole sphere of symbolism looms the maternal uroboros in its mother-child aspect, where need is hunger and satisfaction means satiety" (31).

Tragically, Catherine is doomed to a life of spiritual esurience. Enslaved by her own consciousness, she cannot get beyond the fathers to the dark and mysterious realm of the Great Mother. Catherine's one-sidedness is evident in David's recollection of their journey from Madrid to Zaragossa:

> . . . the little car picked up the Express train and Catherine passed it gently car by car, the tender, and then the engineer and fireman, and finally the nose of the engine, and then she shifted as the road switched left and the train disappeared into a tunnel.
>
> "I had it," she had said . . . "Tell me if I can get it again."
>
> He had looked at the Michelin map and said, "Not for a while" (78).

Here, the tunnel functions as a natural maternal symbol, the route that must be taken if the fathers are to be permanently overcome. Catherine, however, is on the narrow road of ego consciousness, a road that leaves her hungry for more. "'It never lasts,'" she says of the Juan-les-Pins peninsula. "'I always eat that stretch of road too fast'" (87). David realizes that Catherine is in a hurry, and

wonders at the antics of his wife: "She drove beyond what they had for something new that nothing could break. But what could it be?" (14). As already noted, Catherine does, in fact, admit to being "desperate," and furtively entertains an assortment of plans and schemes in her quest for wholeness. This persistent scheming is the key to Catherine's character, for it clearly demonstrates the extent to which she is overrun by consciousness. Unlike David, Catherine cannot stop thinking, and her thoughts are primarily about herself: "'I was thinking so much about myself that I was getting impossible again,'" she says, "'like a painter and I was my own picture. It was awful'" (54). Catherine's intense introspection is figured as she repeatedly scrutinizes herself in mirrors, and eventually buys a big mirror for Aurole's bar (102). "The mirror," writes Jung, can be an indispensable instrument of navigation, [referring], no doubt, to the intellect, for it can think, and is always persuading man to identify himself with his discernments (reflections)" (<u>Integration</u> 138). Unfortunately, the fervor of Catherine's intellectual discernments distort the archetypal drive for wholeness by keeping attendant unconscious factors at bay. Caught in an ego-self equivalence, Catherine senses an overriding integrative impulse, but cannot respond to its larger frame of reference. She is, quite simply, a prisoner of consciousness.

Throughout her tormented quest, Catherine is associated with the devil: David frequently calls her "Devil," while she speak of going to the devil (17), and doing the "'devil things'" (29). Catherine's devilism pertains to her heroic identity. That is, the devil can be viewed as part of the heroic character, as that yearning for consciousness which lures the hero away from the womblike garden of infancy, and into the world of the father. Yet, the devil voice is not content with this initial victory. Insatiable and furtive, the Plutonic impulse demands a broadening of self-knowledge, a supreme psychic state that can only be achieved by defeating the father and returning to the womb of the mother. Thus, the devil is ultimately the voice of individuation, the irresistible drive for selfhood with which we are concerned (Hallman 162-179). Appropriately, Catherine's "devil things" are the schemes that figure her pursuit of wholeness. However, as an example of the unconscious formations which the hero must overcome, Catherine's plans are self-defeating. In effect, the devil urge backfires upon itself, sabotaging individuation by further obscuring the unconscious. Given this dilemma, Catherine is transformed into a frustrated, raging demon, a devil in the more traditional sense of the word. Indeed, thrashing about in the fires of her own intellect, Catherine cannot fail to scorch others, and admits to being "'the destructive type'" (5). "'I'm your devil,'" she later

informs David (43). Elsewhere, after persuading David to get a haircut identical to her own, Catherine proclaims: "'we're damned now. I was and now you are'" (178). Although David maintains that Catherine is not truly his enemy, he recognizes the threat she poses. Contemplating their future together, David asks himself: "What can there be that will not burn out in a fire that rages like that?'" (21).

Much of Catherine's scheming conveys her intention to become a boy. Catherine does, in fact, turn into a boy for her trip to the Prado, making David feel that there will be no end to her machinations (67). At first glance, Catherine's behavior may appear to coincide with the traditional hermaphroditic formulations of wholeness. From this perspective, the unconscious, contrasexual element of the female psyche (the animus) is recognized and integrated into consciousness. However, to reiterate a fundamental point, the symbology of The Garden evinces an objectification of psychic poles through parental associations. Accordingly, the hermaphroditic theme--whereby unconscious factors are imaged though the subject's contrasexual representations--can be misleading. Indeed, Catherine's desire to become a boy actually reinforces her attachment to consciousness, the masculine, one-sided realm of the patriarchy. There can be no syzygy, no real integration, because, in wanting to become a boy, Catherine

cannot accept the maternal unconscious, the female principle in her psyche. This point is driven home as Catherine, while sitting in the cafe of the Madrid Palace, vehemently contends that being a woman is "'a god damned bore'" (71). Moments later, she is scornful of menstruation, which reinforces her identity as a "god damned woman," making her subservient to biological demands (71). For Catherine, who makes a point of never crying (49), being a girl "'isn't so easy'" (86). A victim of Neumann's patriarchal castration, Catherine is alienated from herself and much weaker than she thinks.

Goaded by her restless intellect, Catherine develops a fixation with her hair, and experiments with a variety of different styles. In le Grau du Roi, after much thinking (12, 15), she gets a "'true boy's'" cut (15). Enthralled with the result, Catherine mistakenly claims hermaphroditic prowess: "'I'm a girl. But now I'm a boy too," she says, "'and I can do anything and anything and anything'" (15). In fact, Catherine's assertion smacks of presumption and megalomania, revealing her as someone who is arrested at the heroic stage of development. Upon visiting another coiffeur in Biarritz, Catherine asks for her hair to be "'cut like a boy when he would first go to public school'" (46). Here, however, her request is a mere ruse, a strategy whereby she appears to make herself into a boy, but then tries for something else:

> after [the coiffeur] was finished and I looked like the most attractive girl who ever went to Eton I just had him keep on shortening it until Eton was all gone and then I had him keep on shortening it. Then he said very severely that is not an Eton crop, Mademoiselle. And I said I didn't want an Eton crop, Monsieur. That was the only way I knew how to explain what I wanted and it is Madame not Mademoiselle. So then I had him keep on shortening it and it is either wonderful or terrible. You don't mind it on my forehead? When it was Eton it fell in my eye" (46).

Thus, Catherine cannot relinquish her desire to see beyond the established rules, to discover herself by defying the blinding strictures of tradition. Although her new cut is "'awfully classic,'" it feels like an animal, suggesting a regression to primordial realities (47). In Cannes, Catherine again asks for a boy's cut, but the visionary nature of her scheming is revealed by a special dye, which changes her hair to a "silvery northern shining fairness" (81). Looking "very seriously" at herself in the mirror, Catherine sees that her hair is like "the bark of a young white birch tree" (81). Despite these hints of regeneration, the prideful aberrance of Catherine's scheming persists. She comes to like the cut "'too much'" (81), and realizes, beforehand, that it is "'bevelled back from the

natural line'" (77). Elsewhere, Catherine's egoic preening amounts to a kind of psychic wound as her "ivory white hair [is] like a scar across her forehead" (156). Significantly, when preparing for her final haircut, Catherine takes a comb and brushes her hair "straight back," making it look as though she has "just come out of the sea" (176). Catherine likes this style, but apparently opts for something different as her endless machinations negate any possibility of maternal purification and rebirth.

The sense of incompletion that inspires Catherine's tonsorial exploits moves her to sexual experimentation as well. In her misguided quest for wholeness, Catherine embellishes her masculine orientation by assuming a phallic role and practicing anal penetration upon David. During the initial experience, Catherine rejects the term "girl," and tells David to ignore her breasts: "'They're just my dowry,'" she says, "'Leave them'" (17). The tormented, self-obsessed consciousness that drives Catherine comes to the fore as David's acquiescence enables her to make love to herself: "'You're my wonderful Catherine,'" she tells David. "'You're my beautiful lovely Catherine . . . . Please understand. Please know and understand. I'm going to make love to you forever'" (17). Catherine's libertinism culminates in a lesbian affair that epitomizes her futile designs to combat the patriarchal system. Indeed, for Catherine, sapphism is a way of defying all of the

restrictions that she has ever felt: "'Ever since I went to school all I ever had was chances to do it and people wanting to do it with me. And I never would and never did'" (114). Now, however, she can no longer resist the recalcitrant nature of the idea: "'I don't want to be with [another woman],'" Catherine tells David. "'It's only something that I have to do'" (114).

Marita, the woman with whom Catherine has her affair, personifies the dark mysteries of the unconscious. Significantly, when Marita first appears, she is engaged in a vicious quarrel with Nina, who, we later learn, is an intelligent but unhappy person (97). In deciding to stay with the Bournes, Marita leaves Nina, thereby distinguishing herself from the trials of the latter's "'well-armored'" intellect (92). Indeed, Marita, who has made some mistakes in the past (97), now enjoys inner peace, and is attuned to a deeper level of the psyche. She possesses vital and abundant energy which imbues her personality with numinous, archetypal meaning. A "'terrible blusher,'" Marita literally glows with spontaneous emotion. Eager to love, she represents the universal attitude of joy in life and potency in sexual encounters. She is, therefore, free-flowing libido in its purest form. That is, as someone who spends money "'like a drunken oil-lease Indian'" (111), Marita is capable of wild abandon. Evincing a "'gamin'" quality (192), she has few scruples, but her behavior cannot

be categorized as good or evil. Cunning and resourceful, she enjoys a life which, in its unbridled freedom, is not amenable to traditional logocentrism. Marita is motivated by the transpersonal realm, a boundless region where the petty concerns of the ego no longer matter, where self-consciousness merges with something greater. "'Nothing I do is important,'" she says (112). Thus, in all her tender desirability, Marita tempts Catherine away from the narrow constructions of consciousness, toward the goal of spiritual wholeness. Marita, in fact, images the goal, for she is whole herself. "'You're a girl and a boy both and you really are,'" Catherine says (192).

Unfortunately, Catherine's sapphitic experience leaves her with none of Marita's inner peace. Returning to her introspective tool, the mirror, Catherine takes another look at herself and does not like what she sees:

> [She] went to the bathroom door and opened it and stood and looked in the long mirror. Her face had no expression and she looked at herself from her head down to her feet with no expression on her face at all. The light was nearly gone when she went into the bathroom and shut the door behind her (115).

Upon reflection, everything seems wrong. "'It's all shit,'" says Catherine, who cannot finally free herself from a patriarchal perspective, and feels that she has "'lost

something'" (118). In fact, what Catherine has lost is her self-esteem. As someone who experienced guilt after merely stealing a few kisses with Marita (111), Catherine is now overcome with the thought that she has been unfaithful to David (119). Primarily, however, she is unfaithful to herself, for she continues to rationalize according to prescribed values. At best, Catherine can only feign psychic liberation: "'It was what I wanted to do all my life,'" she now claims, "'and I've done it and I love it'" (120). In keeping with the theme of individuation, Catherine even suggests that she has undergone a kind of spiritual maturation: "'The most wonderful thing is that I feel so grown up now,'" she says (120). Nevertheless, Marita, who perceives the falsity of Catherine's declarations, is deeply worried (119). "'This is serious,'" she warns David, and urges him to be sympathetic toward his wife (116). Realizing that Catherine is a hopelessly fragmented personality, Marita tries to dissuade her from further experimentation: "'I always thought [perversion] was overrated and silly,'" she says. "It's only something girls do because they have nothing better'" (120). Accordingly, Marita rejects all of Catherine's subsequent advances (134), and tries to be "very careful'" with her (127).

Enervated by her incessant schemes, Catherine undergoes a noticeable deterioration. She becomes increasingly

absent-minded (135), experiences bouts of fatigue (125), and begins to feel old (162). These symptoms accord with the fate of an alienated, overworked consciousness. "'It's just speeded up so much lately,'" Catherine explains (162). That is, to use Neumann's phraseology, Catherine's consciousness lacks the unconscious counterweights that would deepen and slow down the conscious processes" (385). Marita understands that Catherine's time is "'different,'" and suggests that she is "'panicked'" by it (231). It is this mania that induces Catherine's fatigue. Lacking the stabilizing energy of the collective realm, she can neither sustain nor realize her torrid pursuit of wholeness, and succumbs to exhaustion rather than the Great Mother. This maternal estrangement, the root cause of Catherine's disintegration, is subtly imaged during an especially low moment. Anticipating her own death, a dejected Catherine says: "'I'm older than my mother's old clothes'" (163). Thus, Catherine blatantly devalues maternal possessions. The vestments of the mother, it seems, belong in boxes, packed away and forgotten in the dark basement of the psyche. The nature of Catherine's fragmentation is confirmed in a subsequent conversation:

> "You aren't really a woman at all," Marita said.
>
> "I know it," Catherine said. "I've tried to

> explain it to David often enough. Isn't that true, David?"
>
> David looked at her and said nothing.
>
> "Didn't I?"
>
> "Yes," he said.
>
> "I did try . . . to be a girl and all it did was break me in pieces," Catherine said. "Now all I am is through" (192).

In fact, Catherine continues to "'plan things'" (188, 225), but her actions are largely mechanical, the weary consecution of a set role. Perceiving the futility of all her conscious-ridden schemes, Catherine comes to realize that she "'was finished before [she] ever started'" (193).

Imperiled by Catherine's disintegrating but dangerous personality, David is distracted from his own struggle for selfhood. "'All your plans and schemes are worthless,'" he says to Catherine. "'I'm sick of crazy things. You're not the only one gets broken up'" (196). David, however, discovers an ally in Marita, whose presence he initially resented: "To hell with her," he thinks. "Fuck her" (97). David's animosity toward Marita stems from a fear of the dark, mysterious forces which she embodies. As a one-sided, conscious-oriented hero, David feels intimidated by the unconscious, for it is the alienated, unrealized part of himself. Marita is the deep abyss of primal impulse, the representative of a subliminal region which threatens to

subsume the heroic ego. The unsettling effect that Marita has on David is particularly evident after she reveals her carnal abandon by "putting her hand on him" during their first moment alone together (99). Shaken and confused, David explodes at Catherine's ensuing suggestion that Marita should move into his work room: "'I won't change my room for an imported bitch!'" he shouts. "'Who is this girl anyway?'" (99). Significantly, David later contends that Marita's impulses defy rationality: "'You don't fall in love with two people at once. It's nonsense'" (102). Unmoved by Marita's extraordinary capacity for affection, David believes that she is "'too sure of herself,'" and wishes she would "'go away'" (104). Nevertheless, in accordance with the symbolic dimension of her character, Marita doggedly pursues the natural, integrative function of the unconscious, and begins to establish a special rapport with David by showing an interest in his work (110). This relationship blossoms after Marita realizes that Catherine's psychic disjunction is irreversible. For, despite her stated intention to be very careful with Catherine, Marita, at this point, becomes primarily concerned with David's welfare. Trying very hard to "'study his needs'" (122), she attempts to shield him from Catherine's instability (152). As Marita sees it, she never chose sides, "'It just happened'" (243).

Given her status as a personification of the unconscious, Marita is linked to the maternal sea. "'Elle est bonne, la mer,'" David tells Marita. "'Toi aussi'" (241). We also learn that Marita tastes like the sea (241), and looks like a seal when she is wet (242). Moreover, in keeping with the maternal archetype, there is a suggestion that Marita can be too possessive: "'I wouldn't put out too many anchors,'" David warns her (141). Given the heroic formula, however, Marita's marine nature portends not only maternal regression, but spiritual rebirth. That is, in leading David back to the uroboric womb, Marita prepares him for a re-emergence into life, a psychic palingenesis in which the heroic ego is fortified through a reunion with the collective unconscious. The idea of pelagic transcendence is particularly evident in the swimming scenes involving Marita and David. In the last of these, Marita, who is a much stronger swimmer than Catherine (242), accompanies David into the deep water beyond a cove:

> They swam far out, further than they had ever swum before, far enough so they could see past the next headland and on out until they could see the broken purple line of the mountains behind the forest. They lay there in the water and watched the coast. Then they swam in slowly. They stopped to rest when they lost the mountains and again when they lost the headland and then swam

> slowly and strongly on in past the entrance to the cove and pulled themselves out on the beach (242).

Having immersed himself in the primal sea, David gains a greater sense of his own identity. He tells Marita that she is now a part of him, that they are "'the Bournes,'" and writes it out in the sand (244). Here, then, we have a hieros gamos, a sacred union in which heroic consciousness is wed to the unconscious, fostering a self-realized individual. Figuratively, at least, David Bourne is, indeed, born. Marita's unconscious energy no longer belongs to the objectified, unassimilated mother, but to David himself. Thus, in Marita, David discovers his anima, a more personalized version of the unconscious. "'You're my partner,'" David tells Marita, and later calls her "'my dearest love'" (245). Although the anima figure has transpersonal characteristics, explains Neumann, she is the counterpart to the male ego, and "separates off from the anonymous territory of the [maternal] unconscious a region which is felt to be peculiarly 'my' own" (204).

In actuality, David's movement toward psychic integration begins long before the climactic swimming scene mentioned above. Indeed, in the final analysis, the symbolic meaning of Marita's character--in relation to David --simply functions as part of the novel's elaborate superstructure. That is, from a substantive perspective, much of Marita's figurative mystique fades, revealing her as

someone who is essentially peripheral to David's development. The true business of individuation, for David, pertains not to swimming or women, but writing. To her credit, Marita comes to understand the supreme importance of David's writing, but she can never be more than a spectator, a sympathetic bystander to his struggle for selfhood. In fact, as Marita pursues her aim of attending to David's needs, her devotion becomes hackneyed: "'I want you to have men friends and friends from the war to shoot and to play cards at the club,'" she says (245). Hemingway, it seems, finds something romantic in all this, and portrays Marita's supportive role as a self-fulfilling one:

> "I certainly hope you like stories," [Catherine said].
>
> "I like them," Marita said. She did not look at David but he saw her serene dark face and sea wet hair and smooth lovely skin and her beautiful body as she sat looking out at the sea (215).

Ironically, however, Marita affirms the dignity of her position by distinguishing herself from a dog. After David finishes one of his stories, she suggests that simply being there is not enough: "'Can't I read it so I can feel like you do,'" Marita says, "'and not just happy because you're happy like I was your dog?'" (203). To share in David's triumphs, that is all Marita asks. There is, therefore, some truth to David's jocular assertion that Marita is

merely "'decorative'" (98). Indeed, from this angle, Marita's previously noted contention that nothing she does is important might take on a new meaning.

Conversely, the importance of David's writing cannot be undermined. Considered as a whole, his work constitutes a textbook account of the heroic dilemma. David is, after all, "'the inventive type'" (5), and possesses the capacity to imaginatively recreate his own life experience. Not surprisingly, virtually all of David's writing concerns his father. For example, the latter apparently plays an important role in David's first novel, which deals with his boyhood in East Africa. Marita, who has already read this book and found it deeply distressing, suggests that David must have loved his father "'very much'" (111). David confesses that he did, but his attitude elicits a sense of ambivalence. His father is a subject that he avoids, one that he would never even consider discussing with Catherine (111). The novel itself is entitled "The Rift," a reference, perhaps, to the great East African Rift Valley, which some evolutionists regard as "the birthplace of man" (Bronowski 25). Here, then, we have a scientized Garden of Eden, a world navel where consciousness may have originated. Given our heroic theme, this is highly evocative. That is, David's novel (like Hemingway's) might well address the fundamental psychic fragmentation of man, the rift that emerges when the hero enters the conscious world of the

father. There is, in this situation, yet another rift, that which exists <u>between</u> the hero and the father as the former yearns for the pristine waters of the maternal sea. Accordingly, David balks at Catherine's suggestion that they go to Africa. For the world of the father is too much with him already, and can only impede his progress. "'It's too early [to go to Africa,]'" David says. "'The roads turn to mud and you can't get around . . . the grass gets so tall you can't see'" (30).

David's second novel, which he has just completed, focuses on his flying experiences during the war. Like the subject of his father, this is a matter that David now avoids (184). The connection should not be overlooked, for, as already noted, the war itself can be regarded as a metaphorical extension of the father-based disjunction which is at issue. That is, whether we are dealing with David the boy or David the fighter pilot, we have someone whose patriarchal loyalties force him to adhere to a violent code of behavior. In writing his war novel, David, it seems, tried to rid himself of this paternalistic consciousness. True to the heroic formula, Catherine explains that it is a novel which David had to "'die to write'" (112). Flying, then, becomes emblematic of David's attempt to free his soul from the terrestrial bondage of the fathers. Appropriately, David's references to flying generally connote a sense of spiritual transcendence. On one occasion, for instance,

David alludes to the symbolic dimension of Marita's character by depicting her as a self-accomplished individual who has successfully completed a dangerous flight (121). Nevertheless, while David clearly perceives the exhilaration of flying, his second novel fails to provide him with any real illumination. Indeed, despite the technical brilliance of the flying scenes, David is not satisfied with the work as a whole. He has come to realize that he was not intelligent enough at the time, that he did not know enough about himself (184). Thus, like the inexperienced Icarus, David has come crashing back to earth. That is, after a brief attempt to set his own course and fly above the father, his wings have melted. David, in short, has yet to perform the writing which will bring genuine self-understanding.

One morning in la Napoule, this writing begins. Interrupting a narrative of his time with Catherine, David turns to a trilogy of stories concerning his boyhood in Africa, suggesting that he is now ready to chart his way through the paternal territory. The first story relates, among other things, "the evil in the shamba [i.e., 'plantation' (Swahili)]," a scene that is not embellished (94). Catherine, however, through allusions to the African stories generally, characterizes David's shamba life for us. As she sees it, David's father reveled in "'cruelty and

bestiality'" (223). Admonishing David to return to the narrative, Catherine says:

> "It's certainly much more interesting and instructive than a lot of natives in a kraal or whatever you call it covered with flies and scabs in Central Africa with your drunken father staggering around smelling of sour beer and not knowing which of the little horrors he had fathered" (189).

Catherine's comments are interesting for a number of reasons. Worthy of particular notice is the fact that David's father seems to have authored numerous other children besides David. He is, in this sense, an archetypal father, a figure who ramifies beyond purely personalized associations. Moreover, as the drunken, all-powerful patriarch, Mr. Bourne presides over a chaotic condition. Jung, in his Science of Mythology, addresses the psychic implications of the shamba environment: "In the manifold phenomenology of the child we have to distinguish between the unity and plurality of its representations. Where, for instance, numerous . . . boys . . . appear, having no individual characteristics at all, there is the probability of a dissociation" (84). That is, the indistinguishable "little horrors" function here as evidence of the fragmented paternal world, a world which, in its dissolution and brutality, negates true self-definition, a world, in short,

that is without maternal insight. Indeed, as David's stories reveal, the "bibis [i.e., 'ladies' (Swahili)]" of the shamba are merely bar room concubines, or, alternatively, potential wives to be purchased like cattle (181).

The second story in the African trilogy concerns the Maji-Maji uprising, the native rebellion of 1905 that took place in what was then German-occupied Tanganyika. David, we learn, was "about eight years old'" at the time (157). Interestingly, the uprising itself was essentially an attempt to subvert the colonial plantation system mentioned above (Iliffe 168). The movement began amongst the people of Nandete, in the Matumbi highlands, and then spread throughout the southern half of Dar es Salaam to the Mwera plateau, uniting various tribal societies as never before. Inspired by a utopian zeal, the insurgents aimed to permanently rid their land of all white people. Indeed, as the rebellion gained momentum, it acquired a millennial content, including the belief that a new golden age was coming (Iliffe 173). It was, therefore, a highly spiritualistic enterprise, one that openly embraced a paradisiacal vision. Accordingly, the nature of the movement corresponds to the heroic psychodynamics expressed thus far: like Hemingway's characters, the rebels were attempting to overcome a restrictive, money-hungry patriarchy, and return to the primitive mysteries of nature.

To affirm the analogy substantively, one might recall Colonel Boyle, who perceives Catherine as a rebel warrior. Moreover, in accordance with the basic symbology of The Garden, water figures largely in the Maji-Maji conflict. "Maji," in fact, means "water," and refers to the magical solution that was administered to all insurgents as protection against German firepower (Iliffe 172). Ergo, in a novel where the sea functions as a medium of illumination, we are now asked to consider--within the telescopic frame of David's writing--a movement founded on a belief that water from a certain spring would bring political and spiritual emancipation. In pursuing this parallel, it can be argued that the protective water of the rebellion was a means of discovering unconscious energy. That is, maji induced "divine possession," an idiom marked by trances and other extreme behavior (Iliffe 189). "'It was,'" as David suggests, "'a very odd rebellion'" (158).

The story of the rebellion is the 'hardest" that David has ever written, one that he has always "put off writing" (108). Not coincidentally, it relates the first time that David "'got to know'" his father (154). As the story begins, Mr. Bourne is leading a hunting party across a "broken volcanic desert" (128). Both he and his "kamba servant [i.e. 'foreman' (Swahili)]" know that something terrible has taken place on the escarpment that shimmers in the distance, and share "the guilt" of not getting there

sooner (129). In writing the story, David realizes that whoever reads it will "find what . . . [is] there and have it always" (129). Although the particulars of the plot are difficult to ascertain, it becomes evident that the Maji-Maji rebels have just executed a successful "raid" (246), which Catherine apparently characterizes as a "massacre" (223). Accordingly, after hearing a prowling leopard, David's father indicates that there is "plenty" of meat ahead (147). Meanwhile, David, who concedes that it is "a rather awful [sanguine] story" (148), exercises "his father's ability to forget . . . and not dread anything that [is] coming" (147). The ensuing scenes are not described, but it appears that David's father responds to the slaughter in a disquieting way. Catherine, for instance, refers not only to the massacre in the crater, but "'The heartlessness of [David's] own father" (223). In fact, when Catherine reads the story, it is the behavior of David's father that most appalls her:

> She was halfway through the second part. Then she tore the cahier in two and threw it on the floor.
>
> "'It's horrible,'" she said. "'It's bestial. So that was what your father was like'" (157).

Marita, who describes the story as both terrible and wonderful (154), is also disturbed by the behavior of David's father: "'Was this when you stopped loving him?'"

she asks. Here, then, we have a crucial--albeit incomplete--testimony to the paternal evil with which the hero must grapple. More importantly, perhaps, David becomes his father as he writes the story (147), reinforcing the fact that the heroic personality is ultimately a reflection of paternal consciousness. Indeed, it is now David's turn to look in the mirror and see himself more clearly (129, 147). The realities of the paternal condition make this a painful process, however, and David knows now, more than ever, why he has always "put off writing about the rebellion" (148).

Unlike the works dealt with thus far--which are suggestive but exiguously documented--the last of David's African stories is related in considerable detail, occupying just over sixteen pages of text. David begins the story in the pre-dawn hours, immediately after waking from a series of dreams (159). Unaware of the rising sun, he becomes totally immersed in his work, where, as a young boy, he crouches amidst the dark African jungle, stroking his dog and waiting for the moon to rise. Boy and dog watch and listen as the moon comes up, giving them shadows. It is one of the most extraordinary moments in the Hemingway canon, a moment suffused not simply with moonlight, but the archetypal numinosity of the transpersonal realm. "The moon," writes Jung, "is ... a symbol of the unconscious." That is, "a man's unconscious is the lunar world, for it is

the night world, and this is characterized by the moon, and luna is a feminine designation because the unconscious is feminine" (Analytical Psychology 202). Here, in this mystical landscape, David's dog starts to shiver, and "all of the night sounds" stop. David is then covered by the shadow of a 200 ton bull elephant who moves past, "making no noise at all" (159). Feeling that he must see the elephant again, David starts off after him, "running in the moonlight." Eventually, the bull comes to an opening in the trees, and stands there, moving his ears with the moon shining down on his head (160). The big elephant, like the big fish who precedes him, is a full-bodied metaphor for the awesome power of the unconscious, a primal force that the hero must claim as his own. Indeed, days later, David feels hollow when he remembers the bull (169), and comes to regard him as a brother (197). It is at this point that David realizes how much it means to him "to have seen the elephant in the moonlight" (197).

The import of the bull is augmented as we learn that he is following an old migratory route through the forest. This "hard-packed trail looks as though elephants [have] travelled it ever since the lava cooled ... and the trees first [grew] tall and close" (119). The archetypal implications are obvious, for the elephant is on a timeless course, a "perfect road" of primeval origin that leads into the mountains. In fact, the elephant is going to see his

"dead friend," a bull killed by Juma, the Swahili native who now hunts with David's father (181). This detail is important, for it imbues the unconscious dimensions of the surviving elephant with substantive meaning. Indeed, the lonely bull is thereby associated with Eros, the feminine element of the psyche that encourages relatedness and love. Eros pertains to the sphere of benign instincts, to compassion, tenderness, and sympathy, to the human need to join with others in a spiritual union. The psychic designation of the bull becomes more compelling as his tracks indicate that, upon discovering the bones of his dead friend, he nudged the giant skill, exposing the "deserted galleries" of the beetle-ridden earth beneath (182). It is a subtle show of affection, one that uncovers the arcane catacombs of the mind. After leaving his friend, the elephant, being "too old" (197), apparently wanders off "to find where he was born" (198). The proposition is classically Jungian, suggesting a "katabasis," a mysterious ritual that prepares for the cessation of the subject's temporal existence, and, in this case, reaffirms his link to the unconscious, the eternal cradle of selfhood. The procedure, in short, is a divine occurrence whereby the soul, transcending the limitations of consciousness, plunges into the transpersonal depths (Knapp 199).

For David's father and Juma, the mythical numinosity of the bull is inconsequential. As professional hunters, they

are only interested in the monetary value of ivory, a perspective that accords perfectly with the narrow parameters of paternal consciousness. It is, moreover, a perspective that David has been conditioned to accept as his own. Indeed, upon discovering the elephant, his awe is mixed with opportunism as he pursues the bull, overtly, at least, to determine whether it has two complete tusks. He then betrays the elephant by putting his father and Juma onto the trail. However, given the ruthlessness of the two hunters, David's loyalties quickly change: "I should have kept [the bull] a secret and had him always," he tells himself. "Never tell anyone anything ever. Never tell anyone anything again" (181). Thus, in his own childish way, David rejects the patriarchal world and all it stands for. Despite his hostility toward the two men whom he now considers "friend killers" (198), David realizes that he cannot fight them (197), and must therefore be a witness to their butchery. Throughout these final, agonizing moments, the significance of the bull is writ large as pelagic metaphors clearly align him with the sea-based nature of the maternal unconscious. Rendered immobile by a lung and gut shot, the elephant stands "anchored" against a tree, "drowning" in his own blood, while the men come alongside him "as though he [is] a ship" (198-199). When the bull finally goes down, David gets a close look at his eye: "He had very long eyelashes and his eye was the most alive thing

David had ever seen" (199). No ordinary orb, the eye of the bull is a cosmic eye, a dark pool leading to the psychic essence of divine existence. As a tributary to the unconscious, this great eye is life itself, a reservoir of feminine grace that bathes David in a tender light: "He did not look at me as though he wanted to kill me," David later thinks. "He only looked sad, the same way I felt" (201). Oblivious to the wonder of the bull, David's father utters a last command: "'Shoot him in the ear hole with the three oh three'" (199).

The bloody killing scene captures the psychodynamic thrust of the entire novel in that the maternal unconscious--the seat of Eros--is obliterated by patriarchal forces. Indeed, once the killing is over, "the dignity and majesty and all the beauty [is] gone from the elephant and he [is simply] a huge wrinkled pile" (200). The ramifications of this dynamic are driven home as David scrapes a bit of dried blood from one of the elephant's tusks and puts it in the pocket of his short (200). Thus, the young boy is stained by the tyranny of paternal consciousness (204), and thereafter bears a symbolic wound that attests to his own psychic fragmentation. For, in addition to the blood, David takes from the elephant "the beginning of the knowledge of loneliness" (201). That is, as someone who lives amongst the fathers, David is cut off from others because he is cut off from the emotional roots of his own being. He is

someone who never tells, a victim who silently nurses his wound amidst the narrow confines of the enemy world. David's predicament, as stressed from the outset, is that of the hero, and this mythical context is now reiterated: "Juma and [my] father and [I are] are heroes," David tells himself (202). Moments later, this bitter and reluctant young hero assumes an honored place in the patriarchal hierarchy, where, ironically, his thwarted yearning for emotional affiliation is expended on a cock:

> ... they sat on old men's stools under the shade of the great fig tree with the tusks against the wall of the hut and drank beer from gourd cups that were brought by a young girl and her younger brother, no longer a detested nuisance but the servant of heroes, sitting in the dust by the heroic dog of a hero who held an old cockerel newly promoted to the standing of the heroes' favorite rooster (202).

The length of this last story is proportionate to its significance, for in clarifying the father-oriented dilemma of the heroic pattern, it provides David with a self-understanding that leads to spiritual rebirth. The illuminative nature of the story is explicit: "The understanding was beginning and [David] was realizing it as he wrote ... he must not try to show it by arbitrary statements of rhetoric but by remembering the actual things

that had brought it" (182). Having gained this understanding, David does, in fact, look to some sort of renewal: "Now," he resolves, "you must try to grow up again and face what you have to face" (211). Clearly, then, David comes to regard the writing process itself as a means of therapy. "You must write each day better than you possibly can," he tells himself,

> and use the sorrow that you have now to make you know how the early sorrow came. And you must always remember the things you believed because if you know them they will be there in the story and you won't betray them. The writing is the only progress you make (166).

Whereas Catherine's quest for self-illumination turns her into a raging fire, writing enables David to control and thereby intensify his perception:

> He had, really, only to remember accurately and the form came by what he would choose to leave out. Then, of course, he could close it like the diaphragm of a camera and intensify it so the heat shone bright and the smoke began to rise. He knew that he was getting this now (211).

Accordingly, after a particularly challenging day of writing, there is an explicit suggestion that David is moving toward psychic wholeness. Tired and happy, he emerges from his work room and embraces Marita: "They held

each other," we are told, "and he could feel himself start to be whole again" (183). When David finally finishes the story, his "perception" is sharper than ever, and the "clarity" comes with "no sadness" (204). The transcendent dimension of David's achievement is confirmed as Marita, after reading the story, kisses David so hard that she draws blood from his lip (203). David's old wound is thereby reopened and cleansed, permitting a true healing.

As interpreted here, The Garden depicts the efforts of the heroic personality to battle its way to autonomy by discovering and releasing the unconscious energies which lie untapped within its depths. The battle appears to be fought on at least two fronts. "If the individual is to become more than a set of conditioned social responses," explains Ralph Hallman, "he must oppose those forces in his tradition which coerce his identity into predetermined patterns. This struggle requires a violation of [external order], a repudiation of the father" (131). A second and even more crucial struggle occurs within the hero's own psyche as he seeks to combat the father in himself, and regain the unconscious domain of the mother. If he is successful, the hero is reborn into a higher consciousness. "Having returned to the mother and charged himself anew with creative power," writes Hallman, "the hero stands inviolable. The unhemmed spontaneity of his newly won power confers invincibility" (27). Indeed, as long as he

maintains this relationship with the mother, the hero will triumph; he will annihilate "the serpents sent to destroy him, for in his relationship he is wholly himself," uncompromised by the life-sapping institutions of the father (Hallman 26-27). Through David, this dynamic is fulfilled. Guided by his writing, he is able to neutralize the domineering father principle that has plagued his life, and rediscover timeless maternal values. Catherine's subsequent destruction of the manuscripts is anticlimactic, for David cannot be deprived of his victory. That is, despite a brief period of desolation, his new insight remains "intact" (247). He has only to write it out again, a process that will further enhance his vision. For David's heroic counterpart, however, there can be no such victory. Trapped in the fires of her own intellect, Catherine, who refuses to see a psychologist (158), races headlong toward oblivion. She remains, nevertheless, a peculiarly compelling character, an embodiment of the psychic disjunction which, for Jung, presents a universal challenge. "'I'm everybody,'" says Catherine, whose overworked array of machinations finally defy analysis. Exasperated by Catherine's unpredictability, David instinctively invokes the parental substructure of the heroic experience: "'I'm sorry your mother ever met your father,'" he says, "'and that they ever made you'" (224).

CHAPTER FOUR

Conclusion

Given his belief that the human psyche is "the womb" of all the arts and sciences, Jung contends that psychology can obviously "be brought to bear" upon the study of literature (Modern Man 175). However, in pursuing this application, Jung does not mean to associate himself with the profession of literary criticism. That is, for Jung, literature is less an art form than an expression of archetypal realities which directly address the human condition. As suggested earlier, the Jungian position evinces a shop-worn critical penchant for liberal humanism, but, paradoxically, the humanistic aims of Jungianism are what ultimately distinguish it from other forms of criticism. Indeed, Jungianism is anomalous precisely because it makes the transition between literature and life so easily. Philosophical idealism is the raison d'être of the Jungian critic, a lofty calling that obfuscates purely "literary" concerns. For example, in his analysis of Longfellow's "The Song of Hiawatha," Jung is as unconcerned with questions of poetic form as he is with the poet's minor stature. In Jung's view, "Hiawatha" deserves consideration simply because it manifests an archetypal "hero-reborn-from-nature theme" (Baird 5-6; Jung, Psychology of the Unconscious 346-354). This sort of nonevaluative approach imparts a measure

of profundity to The Garden, whose literary status is uncertain at best. Conveniently, in the case of a book that has undergone massive editing, Jungianism seeks numinosity rather than structural balance or believable characterology. In fact, Jung contends that "literary products of highly dubious merit are often of the greatest interest to the psychologist" (Modern Man 177). It is novels of this kind, says Jung, that prove most challenging, "for the [psychologist] alone can give them deeper meaning" (Modern Man 178).

Thus, we are left with a theoretical construct which is forever reaching beyond the text toward life's eternal verities. The artistic integrity of the poem, play, or novel matters less than the universal mysteries which it evokes. And these mysteries, it seems, crop up everywhere. An unusual image or even the most mundane detail can instantly trigger a transpersonal association, an archetypal dynamic that echoes throughout human history.

In an attempt to refine the extra-textual thrust of Jungianism, the preceding material relies primarily upon a close reading technique. Images and details are correlated, pondered, and ordered before archetypal associations are advanced. This tactic evinces an implicit assumption that textual "interpretation" somehow makes Jungianism more responsible to the literature it seeks to explicate. Such a premise raises problems of its own, though, for it smacks of

the old idea that if criticism properly adheres to the words on the page, objective and substantive meaning will inevitably unfold. This position has become virtually untenable given the theorizing of people like Derrida, Bloom, Barthes, and Fish, all of whom expose the indeterminacy of textual meaning. In truth, contends Barthes, "writing ceaselessly posits meaning ceaselessly to evaporate it, carrying out a systematic exemption of meaning" (147). Thus, the sort of close reading presented here constitutes a carefully filtered response to a body of writing which, if we accept Barthes's argument, ultimately undermines itself. Such a reading, from a deconstructionist standpoint, is not close enough, for it fails to recognize the broader play of representations which negate synthesis. In effect, then, the benefits derived from an attempt to mitigate the apparent arbitrariness of a theoretical determinism are at least partially neutralized by the equally arbitrary subjective determinism of critical judgment. Put differently, the problem of textual fidelity remains, but it relates to unspoken prejudices as much as those admitted up front. If there is any consolation in all this, it might be that unspoken prejudices pertain to everyone. That is, regardless of her theoretical affinities, the critic can never escape her own imagination.

The subjective determinism of the preceding treatment of The Garden can be easily demonstrated. In an effort to

explore the dynamics of individuation, Chapter Three focuses upon an obvious binary opposition (mother-father), and imbues each element of this opposition with a series of metaphorical equivalences. As in most binary combinations, the left side of the construct is favored. An equation emerges which looks something like this: mother=female=water=freedom=spirituality=Eros=unconscious=wholeness. Here, the mother concept is the key to individuation, the life-giving centre which fuels the critical imagination. Predictably, the father concept does not fare as well: father=male=money=tradition=rationality=Logos=consciousness=fragmentation. However, the text inevitably creates certain fissures within these basic ideological structures. Consider, for example, the gender-based reference to evil: "evil, when *she* poxed [David's father], never knew *she'd* scored [italics mine]" (146). In this instance, contrary to the system of equivalences offered above, the maternal "she" is malefic and unknowing, a designation that preys upon the paternal "he." Thus, in accordance with a wide sphere of potential mythical significations, the text may posit a mother who is not without a "terrible" side. Indeed, as David writes about le Grau du Roi, the feminine realm of the sea is associated with the destructive agencies of life: "He wrote it exactly," we are told, "and the sinister part only showed as the light feathering of a smooth swell on a calm day marking the reef beneath" (42). Similar discrepancies

arise in relation to the chain of father equivalences. For, despite his narrow-mindedness and brutality, David's father exemplifies nurturing, tutorial traits: he is a source of inner fortitude for David, someone who gives "marvelous advice" and prevents him from being a "tragic character" (148), someone whose "gently lying mouth" has the capacity to "kindly" turn the truth (238). Among other things, it could also be pointed out that the great elephant with the long eye lashes and gentle eyes, which is treated as a representation of loving, maternal traits, is actually male. Such details are neglected or receive only perfunctory notice precisely because they disrupt the continuity of the reading which their elimination makes possible.

Yet, if a deconstructionist perspective is maintained, the selectivity of the reading offered here becomes a kind of practical necessity in the critical pursuit of textual coherency. That is, given the hypothesis of an inconsistent text, the passages referred to above may actually resist meaning rather than enrich it. Interestingly, on a strictly theoretical basis, Jungianism itself allows for this possibility. Indeed, the indeterminacy of the Jungian unconscious has potentially the same effect as the deconstructionist belief in the indeterminacy of language, leaving room for unquantifiable "remainders" which do, in fact, resist meaning. Eric Gould goes so far as to say that Jungianism "has been a powerful corrective to various trends

in critical interpretation." It has, he believes, reasserted that "we cannot expect to know all of what is going on in reading and writing" (21). The Jungian belief in the indeterminacy of the unconscious gets us back to the nature of archetypes. For it is the eternal mystery of the archetype, with its unknowable essence, that denies conceptual certainty.

Ironically, however, in terms of practical application, Jungianism manifests a reductive tendency. That is, it attempts (either overtly or covertly) to explain away idiosyncracies, to uncover a universal language of symbols through which the text, in its entirety, can be understood. Indeed, given the saving factor of the symbol, archetypal unknowability is inevitably swept aside, becoming a mere nuance that is acknowledged only for the sake of technical accuracy. Whether he invokes amplification or the unspecified criterion of his own judgment, the Jungian cannot resist the deterministic drive to present an overall vision in which meaning is somehow purified and bottled. He has, in short, committed himself to a curiously deceptive brand of essentialism, a so-called science that negates the attainment of truth while simultaneously seeking it through secondary manifestations which are necessarily partial and incomplete. Consequently, despite every attempt to qualify and align symbolic meaning, the whole truth remains unrealized. Whether it is a terrible mother or a tutorial

father, the Jungian will always be forgetting something. Moreover, flushed with a sense of archetypal insight, he forgets that he forgets. It is, truly, a double bind from which there is no escape.

So what is the point? Why bother with a theoretical perspective that engenders so many difficulties? One reason might be that Jungianism retains an intuitive value. The archetypal experience of the hero, for instance, offers a compelling moment of praxis, a moment in which we somehow see ourselves and the world more clearly. The critical explication may be both mystical and fragmentary, but it is, nevertheless, gripping. A mirror is held to nature, and, despite the cracks, we come away with at least a fleeting glimpse of truth. Indeed, as the preceding material demonstrates, Jungianism is a viable humanistic tool. Through the process of individuation, it provides a framework of psychological development that brilliantly articulates the sensitivity and romanticism of a writer like Hemingway. As Earl Rovit suggests, Hemingway's work--in penetrating "those deep layers of awareness that the act of creativity may sometimes release"--makes an "extraordinarily 'round' shape" (164). Jungianism, in turn, illuminates Hemingway's mandala.

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Papa Portrays Individuation: Jungianism, Hemingway, and The Garden of Eden

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