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The feminized male character in twentieth-century fiction: Studies in Joyce, Hemingway, Kerouac, and Bellow

Grace, Nancy McCampbell, Ph.D.
The Ohio State University, 1987

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UMI
THE FEMINIZED MALE CHARACTER IN TWENTIETH-CENTURY FICTION
STUDIES IN JOYCE, HEMINGWAY, KEROUAC, AND BELLOW
DISSERTATION

Presented in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for
the Degree Doctor of Philosophy in the Graduate
School of The Ohio State University

By

Nancy McCampbell Grace

* * * * *

The Ohio State University
1987

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1987
To my friend Michael
and my husband Thomas
I wish to thank Dr. Patrick Mullen for his support, guidance, and patience. His egalitarian approach and respect for interpretive pluralism provided me with the security necessary to pursue independent research. Thanks also go to Drs. Marlene Longenecker and Anthony Libby for their critical insights and sensitivity to language. I am also grateful for the assistance of Ms. Joan O'Connor, curator of the Hemingway Collection at the John F. Kennedy Library.

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CHAPTER I
INTRODUCTION

Part One

As a woman and a student of twentieth-century literature, I continually confront my own conflicting and often disturbing reactions to works of fiction by male authors. Like many female readers, I approach texts such as Ulysses, The Sun Also Rises, On The Road, and Humboldt's Gift with the word "misogynist" ringing in my ears, a legacy of early feminist analyses. Even revisionist criticism, which has incorporated interdisciplinary skills to explore more fully the relationships of writer, text, and culture, in the process overthrowing simplistic reductivist interpretations, warns that authors such as Joyce, Hemingway, Kerouac, and Bellow represent a limited vision of women. Aware of the values imposed by a patriarchal culture—and the literary manifestations of such values—I remain troubled by the stereotypic portraits of women: Molly Bloom is gargantuan in both her fertility and narcissism; Lady Bret Ashley is numbed by fear of feeling and commitment; Kerouac's women are maternal, sexual toys; and Bellow's women appear to be either great bitches or motherly
housewives. But despite disappointment, frustration, and anger at the dearth of multi-faceted women in the fiction of these men, I enjoy their art—and not solely because of my sensitivity to or appreciation of their stylistic techniques, aesthetic theories, or general philosophies of the twentieth-century "human" condition. Quite frankly, I like and identify with certain of their male protagonists.

The above statement is not easily made, especially in light of Judith Fetterley’s *The Resisting Reader*, which astutely reveals the incidious manner in which male authors have led female readers of fiction to reject female characters in favor of males. With Fetterley in mind, then, I must ask myself: How can a woman like and identify with Leopold Bloom, a married man who masturbates on a public beach, carries on an epistolary affair under a false name, and uses prostitutes. How can she like and identify with Jake Barnes, a man enamoured of the bloody bullfight and all too willing to leave civilization and women for a trout-fishing stream? Or with Charlie Citrine, who looks between a woman's legs and sees "the promised land"? And as for Kerouac, how can a woman possibly find herself in a man who loved the open road and port wine above all else? Am I truly a victim of male rhetorical tactics, persuaded to deny my experience as a woman in order to perpetuate male-oriented standards of behavior? While part of me admits this possibility,
another part rebels against such an analysis. When I compare these characters with others, for example, Captain Ahab, Joseph K, Silas Lapham, Jay Gatsby, and Stephen Dedalus, I find that while I like the latter group, the quality of that "liking" differs markedly from my response to the former. Worlds populated by Captain Ahab's and Stephen Dedalus's simply do not coincide with mine in an intimately meaningful way. But characters such as Bloom and Jake Barnes touch something profoundly personal in my female experiences.

One obvious explanation for the attraction is the twentieth-century condition which dominates modern and post-modern literature. It is not difficult for a female reader, herself an "Other" in a male-centered world, to understand and empathize with Bloom, Jake, Sal Paradise, and Charlie Citrine, all confused and disadvantaged outsiders struggling to exist in a chaotic world that is unable to assimilate them because they are different. Another, and perhaps less apparent yet more significant reason lies in the way each author has portrayed these characters as masculine. Despite the failure of Joyce, Hemingway, Kerouac, and Bellow to create positive female characters, they have introduced specific male characters who are far from traditional. They blatantly lack what society has come to consider over time as "conventional" male behavior. Bloom, for instance, is passive and very
gentle. He instinctively befriends cripples, children, and animals; he extends a generous amount of care to both Molly and Stephen, and aggressive action is foreign to his very being. Jake Barnes functions similarly. He shows care and sympathy for Robert Cohn, the "bad guy" of the novel, and nurtures Brett through numerous travesties. Because of his physical impotence, his energies are redirected from sexual assertiveness to the emotional sustenance of others, rendering him the ear and thus the heart of The Sun Also Rises, the unifier of all the disparate human elements in his world. Charlie Citrine is one of Bellow's advocates of feeling, a loving, submissive man who forgives even the most egregious acts committed against him. His sensitivity to physical and emotional violence elevates him morally above the greedy, rapacious individuals who thrive in his world. Kerouac's narrators also deplore violence, exhibit tenderness for the weak and underprivileged, and impulsively search for a "nest to feather." The worlds of each of these characters are structured upon the primacy of personal relationships--their identities flow not so much from what they are, that is, salesman, ex-soldier, or writer, but from meaningful connectedness to others.

Ultimately, they are feminized males: characters who diverge from the most-often-cited cultural criteria of the "true" man: assertiveness, competitiveness, aggression,
highly controlled emotion, independence, self-control, and uninhibited sexuality. In lieu of these qualities, they possess characteristics which we categorize as feminine, those most often associated with women due to culturally created contingencies. As Viola Klein explains in *The Feminine Character*, these traits are indeed numerous and have fluctuated as "feminine" has been redefined by various disciplines such as history, psychology, anthropology, and sociology. They include passivity, emotionality, lack of abstract interests, greater intensity of personal relationships, instinctive fondness for children, dislike of rigid rules and principles, impulsiveness, modesty, vanity, lack of social conscience, masochism, narcissism, domesticity, submission, morality, purity, compassion, nonaggression, trickery, formlessness, confinement, materiality, emotional dependence on the marriage partner, and intuition. [1]

The feminized male in twentieth-century American and British literature has not been fully acknowledged and treated as a distinctly significant literary phenomenon. However, his presence is critical to the overall development and understanding of the novels in which he appears as well as to an on-going analysis of men and women in literature. We need first to recognize that he existed simultaneously with the women heroes of writers such as Shaw, Ibsen, James, and Lawrence. These female
characters, as Carolyn Heilbrun suggests, filled the cultural and individual need to transcend gender boundaries (to what extent these authors were conscious of this need we cannot be certain), but by the end of the Second World War, the female hero no longer served as an effective medium for the male creative impulse (Heilbrun, 49-50). The feminized male, however, survived his literary comrades. For the male author, he moved into a position of prominence as the embodiment of a complex of characteristics that have held throughout the century confusing connotations and denotations for both men and women.

To date, Judith Fetterley and Carolyn Heilbrun provide the only two literary theories of male characterization that consider the existence of the feminized male. On one hand, Fetterley's *The Resisting Reader* testifies to patriarchal power, her thesis being that fiction by male authors of American fiction presents male characters who are betrayed by women and struggle to validate and maintain control over them. She identifies the apocalyptic distortion of this conflict in Norman Mailer's *An American Dream*, a brutal novel portraying males as weak and endangered by women who possess "an elemental power of which their institutional, political, and personal power is but a sign" (171). Heilbrun, on the other hand, speaks for the androgynous perspective. In
Towards a Recognition of Androgyny, she traces the "hidden river" of androgyny, isolating male literary figures such as Oedipus, Jesus, and T.S. Eliot's Tiresias whom she believes exemplify "a condition under which the characteristics of the sexes, and the human impulses expressed by men and women, are not rigidly assigned" (x). But these two visions, in spite of their tremendous veracity and consequent power, do not totally account for the existence of the complex male figures discussed in this study. These characters exhibit distinctly feminine characteristics, specifically passivity, submissiveness, nonaggression, emotionality, sensitivity, and gentleness. At no point do they manage to gain complete power over the women they love, nor is it, in all cases, their paramount goal. Yet we cannot say that they live comfortably and peacefully with their nonmasculine qualities. We cannot even argue that they are truly cognizant of the existence and significance of these attributes. Granted, they all at times function in accordance with Fetterley's theory, sometimes struggling to assert themselves as keepers of power, and Bloom, in particular, is vested with specific elements that point toward androgyny. But ultimately they are neither entirely consumed by a need to destroy women nor wholly confident of accepting their own femininity. Consequently, neither Fetterley's paradigm of patriarchal power nor Heilbrun's androgynous concept adequately accommodates these characters.
It is just such a "failure" that can allow a female reader to sympathize with these characters and to like them, that is to see herself in them, her experiences as a woman, and to identify with them even though she may intellectually and emotionally reject aspects of their personalities or actions. She has become, as Kenneth Burke explains, consubstantial with them, at once unique as a reader but joined by shared experiences (20-21). In the cases of Bloom, Jake, Sal, and Charlie, the potential for reader sympathy becomes even greater since they are first person narrators, isolated consciousnesses with which the reader is virtually compelled to identify at some level if the narrator is to be believed and the story enjoyed. Such identification, according to Wayne Booth, is based on an implied dialogue among the author, narrator, other characters, and the reader; and one way in which an author can promote identification, as well as the authority of both narrator and implied author, is through the experiences of the characters. For instance, it is much easier for both male and female readers to identify with the conversation of the couple in Hemingway's short story "Hills Like White Elephants" than with Gregor Samsa in Kafka's The Metamorphosis. Both address real psychological conditions, but the average reader tends to trust and to judge as more realistic Hemingway's presentation of the "human" condition than Kafka's.
Of course, shared experience alone is not always sufficient to produce favorable reader response. The reader may see him or herself in a literary figure but not necessarily like what is seen. For example, I applaud Bloom's nonviolence, Jake's willingness to cry and to care, Charlie's forgiveness, and Jack Duluz's (*Big Sur*) love for his cat. I share these emotions and beliefs and wish that more men, for their own psychological and physiological well-being, were able to do the same. However, I am extremely uncomfortable with Bloom's timid reluctance to remove a bar of soap from his back hip-pocket as he rides with friends to Paddy Dignam's funeral, just as I wince at the whining of Robert Cohn (himself a second feminized male in *The Sun Also Rises*), and at Jake's passive willingness to allow Robert's girlfriend to lacerate him verbally. These particular actions, or non-actions as the case may be, are all too familiar to me—they have limited the lives of many women, myself included, more than I care to admit, and it is just such debilitating behavior that women must eliminate from their lives.

This bifurcated response can be explained by Booth's assertion that reader identification is determined according to any axis of value, be it moral, intellectual, aesthetic, or physical (55). The axis of moral value can most certainly be placed on the degree to which a
character meets our expectations of masculinity and femininity. "Try as we will to avoid terms [such as] 'moral' and 'good,'" Booth confesses, "... we cannot avoid judging the characters we know as morally admirable or contemptible, any more than we can avoid judgments on their intellectual abilities" (131). As readers, we think, "a good man would behave in this way, and a good woman would do this or that." We also assign criteria to recognize bad or inappropriate, morally unacceptable male and female behavior depending upon our understanding, or ideological expectations, of how men and women are to act in society. The success or failure of the characters according to the standards imposed on them by the reader will produce an emotional reader response ranging from intense love to scathing hate, as would a real-life encounter with someone who does or does not fulfill our expectations of appropriate male and female behavior (Booth 130, Pringle and Stericker, 203).

Not all readers have or will respond to the feminized male with the same sympathy and identification that I have. Reader response to Leopold Bloom, Jake Barnes, the Kerouac narrators, and Charlie Citrine, has varied considerably, both male and female critics of each producing evaluations ranging from disgust to admiration. But a common thread entwined throughout these critiques is the assessment of the characters based on their
performance as men. Whether consciously or not, each critic responds to them by asking, "Do they act as worthy men?" When the character falls short of whatever criteria of manhood the critic imposes, he/she labels him weak, ridiculous, inept, out-of-control—feminine. The evaluations become more laudatory in tone and content when the character fits the critic's image of worthy manhood. Therefore, the feminized male may be approved of if the critic can admire in particular circumstances specific feminine traits in men; however, if the critic finds such characteristics intolerable in men, his/her evaluation becomes more negative.

The definition of "manhood" or "masculinity" is a complicated phenomenon, and, as a result, responses to literary masculinity vary dramatically. It would be simpler if we could begin to clarify the term by listing equally weighted qualities which when found in a male identify him as masculine. After all, masculinity, for the most part, is a tacit assumption. We all possess a mental checklist to determine whether a man exhibits a masculine aura of competence; we expect a certain style of behavior, a distinct presence, to verify what we routinely refer to as "masculine." And no matter how much our consciousnesses have been raised, no matter how liberated or tolerant we consider ourselves, this evaluative process operates at some level. However, we cannot go so far as
to say that every man and woman places equal value on all masculine traits. Sociologist Clyde Franklin states that, masculinity for a particular male is determined by whether he is perceived to enact "masculine" gender roles. Judgments regarding the enactment of masculine gender roles are made on the basis of cultural subcultural definitions of masculinity. In addition, such judgments also derive from a judge's subjective comparisons of a particular male's behavior with some prototypical male. . . Of course, the judgments of others depend upon their interpretations of the behaviors along a masculine-feminine continuum (130-31).

The ranking of criteria is a common occurrence, and one would not have to travel far to find an individual who believes aggressiveness to be the primary indicator of masculinity, another who says it is competitiveness, and another who selects sexual potency.

This kind of judgment, so prevalent in the general population, naturally manifests itself in literary criticism and is partially responsible for the delayed recognition of the feminized male. An excellent case in point is Virginia Woolf's critique of Ulysses. Woolf, whose own art associates sexuality with masculinity and sensuality with femininity, reacted strongly to sexual references in Joyce's masterpiece, writing to Nicholas Bagenal that the "directness of language and the choice of incident. . . raised a blush" upon her cheek (The Letters
of Virginia Woolf, 23). She also speculated in her essay "Modern Fiction" that the novel failed in some way perhaps because of the emphasis placed on indecency which contributes "to the effect of something angular and isolated" (Collected Essays, 108). I hypothesize that Woolf's inability to deal honestly with sexuality and her aversion to it as a masculine characteristic led her to associate men above all else with sexuality and all that it signifies (power, aggression, etc.), thus blinding her to those qualities which make Bloom a "womanly man."

Our understanding of the term "masculinity" is further complicated by its changing definition over time. Although masculinity in western culture has always meant power over nature and women, the definition has not remained static. What was considered masculine to a man and woman at the turn of this century may not correspond unequivocally with the definition adhered to by men and women in the 1960s or 1980s. Even at a particular moment in history, men and women entertain radically different definitions of masculinity. Consequently, to best come to understand the emergence and import of the feminized male in twentieth-century fiction, as well as the critical response to him, we need first to review the cultural and historical dimensions of masculinity in the United States, Great Britain, and Ireland, those countries which shaped the psyches of the authors featured in this study.
Part Two

A primary reason for the complexity of masculinity is the fact that it is a social construct. As Andrew Tolson explains in *The Limits of Masculinity: Male Identity and The Liberated Woman*, "when we talk about masculinity, or when we respond to the masculine 'social presence,'" we draw upon certain specific forms of social knowledge" (12). Labelling someone or something as masculine or feminine requires that we make a distinction between biological determinants and cultural determinants, the latter encompassing personality, social behavior, and symbolic meaning transmitted in linguistic form through institutions (12). Robert Stoller succinctly articulates this distinction:

Gender is a term that has psychological and cultural rather than biological connotations. If the proper terms for sex are "male" and "female," the corresponding terms for gender are "masculine" and "feminine"; these latter may be quite independent of (biological) sex (9).

Therefore, whenever we deal with gender, we must remind ourselves that masculinity and femininity are cultural. Culture is the matrix of gender, and thus gender changes as culture changes. What we know as masculine and feminine actually emerges from an evolutionary background, and although an individual's physical characteristics as
either male or female usually remain easily identifiable, in every society masculinity and femininity are matters of collective rather than personal definition. As these definitions begin to break down, they lose their efficacy in the cultural milieu.

In English speaking countries, the concept of masculinity for middle-class males has over the past several hundred years undergone considerable change in areas such as sexuality, male-male relationships, father-child relationships, and authority within the home (Franklin 5-6). In the United State, Joseph and Elizabeth Pleck identify five major periods of white masculinity.[2] The first is the Agrarian Patriarch Period (1630-1820) during which time men, who controlled all institutions, were highly competitive, drank and gambled together, treated women much like children, and believed in intimacy with other males so long as no physical sexuality was involved. Sexual potency was the prime test of manliness. The Plecks identify the period from 1820 to 1860 as the Commercial Period. They maintain that during this time two distinct spheres of influence emerged: the public, business world of men and the private, domestic world of women. Men were considered competitive and practical; women were to conform to the four virtues of the "Cult of True Womanhood": purity, piety, submissiveness, and domesticity. Men were viewed as more passionate, and
women functioned to help them control their passions through moral education. Overall, the new style of manliness emphasized piety, self-restraint, discipline, and frugality. The third phase of masculinity, the Strenuous Life Period (1861-1919), stressed male control of the business world and emphasized physical fitness. The Plecks note the emergence of anti-intellectualism associated with the male as well as an obvious devaluation of the female/feminine: men who remained in occupations taken over by women (clerking, stenography, bookkeeping) were often called "effeminate." The Companionate Providing Period extended from 1920 to 1965. During this time, men began to interact more with women as romance began to emerge as a feature of a male/female relationship. Male friendships decreased, males became more competitive in the business world, and the duty of providing for the family became a primary masculine characteristic. The concept of recreational sex also began to replace the ideal of sexual purity. [3] Since 1965 and the development of the contemporary women's movement, men have been encouraged to acquire more feminine traits: to allow themselves to feel more, to assume traditionally female duties in the home. There has also been a tendency to question heterosexuality as a norm of male behavior.

All five of the above periods pertain to the transformation of the middle-class male. American
working-class culture, however, is much more rigid and traditional in its definition of masculinity. In *The Myth of Masculinity*, Joseph Pleck describes this more traditional male as one who prefers the company of men to women, forms strong emotional bonds with men, and perceives women as necessary for sex and child-bearing but not necessary as a source of intimacy. [4]

Great Britain has experienced changes analogous to those outlined by the Plecks. [5] Perhaps the most notable difference between American men and British men, however, is the middle-class English Gentleman who remained at the "summit of civilization" until the Second World War. Most assuredly a type, he has been propagated through historically rigid institutions: family, school, and peer group. Pervaded by a sense of moral justification, the English Gentleman exhibits a sense of fairness, a strong devotion to duty and service to country, and impeccable manners. The latter quality has graced him with a more feminine demeanor than that fostered by and for the American male. But since the Second World War and the decline of the British empire, the ideals of duty, service, and honor have lost power and meaning for the British man. Masculinity has come to be defined more in terms of domestic and personal aspirations (Tolson 113).
As in the United States, the definition of British working-class masculinity is fundamentally inflexible. The working class man is characterized by intense localism and aggression—a violent machismo explained by Tolson as an expression of an inner desperation as the male comes to learn that society has condemned him to inevitable failures. He focuses his identity on work, on his responsibility to earn a living for his wife and children "partly on the condition," Tolson argues, "that they, in return, reaffirm his patriarchal status" (68). Home, then, is the nucleus of the working class man's identity because it is here that he can reproduce the authority he faces at work: through the demarcation of domestic responsibility, he defends male supremacy.

The Irish have also experienced changes in their expectations of male behavior, although these changes have come more slowly than those in the U.S. and Britian. Until and even after the Famine, Irish middle-class masculinity continued to conform to older, more traditional definitions of manhood, definitions parallel with those of the British and American working class man. Especially after the Famine, Irish women tended to remain single longer, and, when they did marry, it was to older men. Consequently, the male held considerable authority, both because of his age and because he was the sole supporter of the family. Post-famine Ireland is also
colored by the fact that via the Catholic Church and the Irish farmer, the Irish middle-class and poorer classes began to adopt with vigour the values of Victorian middle-class morality (Lee 38-40). Men defined themselves in terms of their contribution to the perpetuation of the business sphere while women remained in the domestic domain. Simultaneously, Irish women were encouraged to conform to the four cardinal virtues while men were seen as more highly sexual—and in need of moral guidance from their women. Contemporary Ireland, however, has managed to narrow the power gap in male-female relationships. Irish historian Joseph Lee observes that men are learning that masculinity does not have to connote total domination of women, that it is possible for them to form genuine partnerships with women (44).

We can attribute these redefinitions of masculinity to several major factors. Industrialization, of course, stands at the forefront of these forces. Before the Industrial Revolution, production was primarily controlled by the family as a collective household enterprise. Society was organized in patriarchal fashion, but in practice men and women shared much of the work. Industrialization, however, removed production from the family. Men worked outside the home while women assumed full responsibility for childrearing. Sociologist Janet Saltzman Chafetz notes that this change also altered the
nature of productive labor: many men were restricted to a single, repetitive task, usually requiring little skill and little physical strength (226). As a result, the male role came to be "instrumental" and production oriented. But while making gender distinctions more concrete, industrialization also worked to undermine these differences. Its dehumanizing elements stripped men of their individuality and independence—of their ability to perform as rugged, aggressively competitive men—and transformed them into passive, manipulated tools. What ensued was a disjuncture between the way masculinity was traditionally measured and the reality of what men could actually attain (Stearns 97).

The advent of big business and our contemporary technological and bureaucratic oligarchy has done little to stabilize male gender prescriptions. The bureaucratization of business and the state has produced a middle-class populated by employees (predominantly males until recently) "owned" by monolithic corporations, employees with little control over the direction or speed with which their careers will proceed. Many are simply "paper pushers," victims of "an age of neurasthenia, impotence, and easy chairs" (Jung, Aspects of the Feminine, 62). Overall, bureaucratization has had what some scholars call a "feminizing" effect on twentieth-century man, in particular through the impact of management
strategists who have encouraged male executives to adopt "human relations" skills better suited to the bureaucratic environment (Filene 333). Christopher Lasch levels an equally powerful charge against bureaucracy; in The Culture of Narcissim, he blames bureaucracy for creating individuals who are "[o]utwardly bland, submissive, and sociable," but inside they seethe with anger. "The growth of bureaucracy," he continues, "creates an intricate network of personal relations, puts a premium on social skills, and makes the unbridled egotism of the American Adam seem untenable. Yet at the same time it erodes all forms of patriarchal authority and thus weakens the social superego, formerly represented by fathers, teachers, and preachers" (40). Ann Douglas presents a related analysis in her treatise on the roots of twentieth-century American consumerism. She identifies as feminine the country's obsession with popularity and its disregard of intellectual issues, finding the source of this "demasculinization" process in the marriage of the minister and the lady, each excluded from the masculine world of business and politics, yet each bent on propagating the potentially matriarchal virtues of nurture, generosity, and acceptance. Douglas concludes that their intentions were well-meaning but that their efforts only served to intensify sentimental values. [7]

War, too, has contributed to the transformation of existing male gender prescriptions. For the British male,
the Second World War shattered the concept of an imperialist masculinity, an ideal already damaged by the brutal realities of World War I. Soldiers began to experience a crisis of confidence, a disbelief which undermined their will to fight. Tolson speculates that "perhaps the modern army was too mechanized, too impersonal, to foster an awareness of physical combat. Possibly the involvement of women in the province of men penetrated the soldier's vain-glory" (113). Whatever the reasons, the British soldier lost his romantic ideal of war as an individual masculine endeavor, as an arena where he could prove himself in the name of God and country. For the American, this shock had been felt more forcefully some twenty years earlier. The American doughboy had dreamed of the battlefield as his proving ground, a place where he could take back the manliness that American culture seemed to be destroying and purify himself. However, World War I left many men stunned by the inhumanity of war and doubtful of their abilities to act in and on a world of such chaotic substance, a plight which influenced the development of existentialist thought as well as the art of many modernist authors; Hemingway, most notably, graphically depicted the psychological malaise of this "lost generation." [8]

The emergence of psychoanalysis and depth psychology is also responsible in part for the shifting perception of
masculinity. The western world at the turn of the century was significantly altered by the theories of men such as Havelock Ellis, Sigmund Freud, and Carl Gustav Jung. Ellis wrote in defense of homosexuality during Oscar Wilde's trial and also championed the right of every woman to have her natural erotic needs fulfilled. He proclaimed "reciprocal interest and mutual joy in the act of love." [9] Freud affirmed in the human being an innate bisexual nature, and Jung's theory of the anima and animus invited recognition and integration of the feminine and masculine in the male and female, respectively, thus implying a re-evaluation of gender prescriptions. [10] Instead of two gender-defined worlds existing separate and unequal, these theories called for the individual to realize that within each of us there are aspects of the "other." Men and women could no longer resoundingly state that "men were men and women were women." Such "certainties" were no longer undisputable.

At the same time, women in the United States, Great Britain, and Ireland were rallying for emancipation, a struggle that was again to take on new life in the late 1960s and 1970s. Both feminist movements, by virtue of their redefinition of femininity, have questioned and demanded fundamental changes in male dominated arenas. In a 1910 issue of the Westminster Review, for example, F.W. Orde Ward pleaded for acceptance of women in business as a
moralizing, civilizing and purifying influence.[11] In the 80s, sociologist Clyde Franklin contends that "increasingly more women are demanding modification on some level of society's traditional masculinist model" (26). Writing on the same topic, psychologist Herb Goldberg concludes that modern man, trapped by his inability to define himself as a person rather than as a masculine creature, must adopt a more feminine approach, emphasizing growth as a self-caring, fluid, expressive person (193-94).

Such demands are never met with spontaneous, whole-hearted acceptance, especially when what is being called into question concerns the elemental ways in which we define ourselves and our place and purpose in this world. "Taking a new step, uttering a new word, is what people fear most," Dostoyevski wrote, and, indeed, the response to the redefinition of masculinity has often been one of fear. Many men and women, recognizing the destruction of gender roles that furnish prescriptions of moral behavior, have balked at change, experiencing confusion, fearing that which appears capable of restructuring their worlds and their identities as human beings. Men stridently voiced these fears during the first woman's movement, which actually produced what historians have termed an identity crisis for men threatened by the growing moral, social, cultural, and
political influence of the New Woman. Their response was to lash out in fear of feminization. Magazine editorial writers, equating the feminine with civilization and civilization with Europe, bemoaned the Europeanization of both America and Great Britain if women were not restrained from cultivating crass "intense worldliness." And authors, including women, made it their mission to reassure their audiences that men would always be men no matter how liberated women became. Even the founding of the Boy Scouts of America in the early years of this century can be attributed to the advancement of the woman's movement and the growing fear that young boys would be feminized if their characters were not properly formed through participation in all-male outdoor activities (Hantover, 289-91).

The second women's movement has produced similar fearful reactions even while there exists an encouraging body of literature promoting a more feminine approach to masculinity. One very obvious indicator of the fear which gender redefinition creates is the American film, an entertainment medium equally popular in the United States as well as abroad. Despite recent films which affirm the feminized male (e.g., Saturday Night Fever, Tootsie, About Last Night, and Kiss of the Spider Woman), cinema glorifies the persona of the vigilante male who dominates movies of the 70s and 80s--the apex of the second feminist
movement. Joan Mellon's *Big Bad Wolves: Masculinity in the American Film* traces the image of the male throughout fifty years of film history and documents the steady evolution of this character, "a male supreme to women, defiant, assertive, and utterly fearless... a violent one" (3). These "big bad wolves" of film, providing a vicarious release for the audience and offering fulfillment of a need to reaffirm tradition through highly stereotypic masculine men, directly counter any attempt to redefine masculinity. In fact, Mellon asserts that "the more a man possesses those qualities deemed feminine--such as intuition, tenderness, and affection for children--the less secure our films make him feel about his identity as a male" (7). This tendency to idealize an extremely powerful, virulent male is corroborated by sociologists and psychologists who have found that as men continue to confront changing definitions of masculinity, they resist change by clinging to more sharply delineated images: the ideal of the powerful male who protects women, children, and country; the ideal of woman as a tender nurturer. [15]

Part Three

When we turn again to twentieth-century fiction, we find evidence of these same changes and conflicts. Viewed through a literary lens, the twentieth century has often
been characterized as a process of feminization and, of course, by the fears accompanying such a process. For instance, in 1984, George Stade used *The New York Times Book Review* as a soapbox upon which he bemoaned what he perceived to be the fact that contemporary American male authors, such as Philip Roth, Joseph Heller, and Saul Bellow, produce male protagonists who "retreat, admit defeat, [and] take the heat, all with a sheepish grin" (23). He called on male American writers to, in effect, quit apologizing for sexist characterization of women and give up the kind of protagonist that has regressed "to the preadolescent condition of Mama's boys, alternatively bratty and eager to please" (23). Unfortunately, Stade's opinion does not represent a minority position. When a critic has encountered the type, there has been a pervasive tendency to hide what has been found, to disguise it as something else, to deny its existence, or to minimize its significance. Take, for example, Mary Ellmans' assertion in *Thinking About Women* that the modern ethic is passive (18). What is interesting about Ellman's comment as it relates to the feminized male is the context in which it appears. She makes the remark in a brief analysis of Bernard Malamud's *The Fixer*, a novel in which the male protagonist, Jokov Bok, experiences couvade or psychological pregnancy. The passage is worth quoting in its entirety:

> We assume that femininity must
disparage, but I do not mean to disparage the considerable empathy with which readers have followed Bok's ordeal. I only indicate its passive, and probably for that reason, modern ethic. But the feminine character of Bok's experience helps to explain as well the uneasy position of women in the novel. Within the large metaphor of the couvade, specific women characters are obliged to appear as intruders, enemies or traitors. The visible manifestations of femininity are then offensive... (18).

While Ellman's analysis of the negative effects of the feminine male is perceptive, she ignores the implications of other comments with which she prefaces her position. She does not consider why the reader may feel empathy for the character, and she does not address the significance of the feminine male in terms of masculinity.

Anne Robinson Taylor makes a similar statement in the introduction to Male Novelists and Their Female Voices: Literary Masquerade, her illuminating discussion of male authors writing in female voices. Taylor contends that both Henry James and Samuel Richardson were deeply feminized males "whose identification with women must have come from their own sense of physical vulnerability... "(15). Yet, like Ellman, she does not acknowledge the possible implications of such a remark for the male characters which these men created.
The characters under discussion in this study have in the past been treated in much the same way. For example, Hemingway scholars Robert W. Lewis and Mark Spilka call Jake Barnes passive and the "newly Unmanned man," respectively, but go no further than to associate these terms with Hemingway's portrayal of the spirit of the lost generation. Others, such as Earl Rovit, argue that while the twentieth century "unmans" Jake, he overcomes this force triumphantly. Sal Paradise and other Kerouac narrators are repeatedly described as child-like, irresponsible men who lack the courage of self-definition and self-direction. Numerous critics identify Charlie Citrine as passive but Jonathan Wilson is the only one to discuss his femininity—a phenomenon which he calls the "internal mother"—a revealing term since it suggests a split personality or another being separate from the protagonist: in other words, Wilson distances Charlie from the feminine rather than acknowledging it as an integral part of his personality.

Of the major twentieth-century fictive characters, Leopold Bloom is the only one to be discussed at some length as a feminized male. But even these attempts do not confront the multiple implications of the character in the historical/cultural context of masculinity. Critics have repeatedly called Bloom half-ridiculous or perverted, and his womanly ways are often explained as necessary for
his victory over the feminine. Granted, a few scholars, such as Taylor and Joseph Allan Boone, have recognized in Bloom the artistic manifestation of Joyce's protest against cultural prescriptions of masculinity. But even such an expansive vision as this is quickly stifled--Taylor's argument, for example, concludes that Bloom functions in only a very limited fashion to dramatize two common modernist themes: the weakened state of Europe and the plight of the sensitive man lost in the world (190). Marilyn French has dared to present the most radical interpretation of Bloom; however, she too falls victim to the fear of tampering with masculinity. Perceiving in Bloom a redefinition of masculinity, French presents her findings in *The Book as World*, but instead of incorporating them as a critical part of her thesis, she hides them in an endnote. Within the text itself, French employs the term "feminate," which she equates with androgyny (250, 274-76).

French is by no means the only critic to call Bloom androgynous. Such a classification, however, actually represents another reader attempt to disguise and/or deny the feminized male. Androgyny, because it denotes an ideal rather than the real, always seems beyond us, something that we need not deal with as the punctilious present. We can speculate about its historical significance, search for evidence of it throughout Eastern
and Western literature, and espouse the need for men and women to become more androgynous, but males and females remain at present bound by the division of masculine and feminine--androgyny remains nebulous, a jewel to be sought, a dream that gives us hope for a more humane world. Consequently, it is all too easy for us to see androgyny where it does not exist, to use it as a convenient defense when the fictional characters that greet us do not easily fit the gender roles we have long lived with and are attempting either to shake off or to maintain, as the case may be.

That androgyny has been applied too quickly to literary texts is evinced by the fact that critics seldom include in their analyses a definition of the concept. But definition is imperative. Without it, we have no legitimate foundation upon which to build our arguments. We have erected houses on sand, so to speak, which in this particular case is to assume that a character, whether male or female, is androgynous simply because he or she exhibits traits culturally associated with the opposite sex. Androgyny as a literary vocabulary can be defined in two ways: as either the fusion of the male and female principles or as a balance of the two. [16] In the former, the male has historically been equated with the androgynous; the female/feminine is subsumed by the male. In the latter, both principles are considered valid and
contribute equally to the whole. [17] It is interesting to note that certain critics also equate androgyny with the negation of character, that when the male/masculine incorporates the female/feminine, the latter poisons the former and destroys character altogether. [18] Both definitions, however, connote an ideal of wholeness, a transcendence of being, determined solely by gender bifurcation.

A male character, therefore, should not be considered androgynous if he exhibits female/feminine traits while struggling to deny or repress them or if such traits are clearly presented as character defects. [19] For example, a character such as Meursault in Camus' The Stranger can be described as feminine in that he is passive and allows himself to be acted upon; even when he shoots a sinister Arab, he is the unconscious agent of a greater force. But such femininity does not make him whole or androgynous, certainly not an ideal worth realizing. To be androgynous, a character must consciously accept the intimacy of the masculine and feminine aspects of the psyche (Singer 21). He/she must be, as Marilyn Farwell explains, "free to move back and forth between roles traditionally segregated into masculine and feminine categories" (442). [20] Woolf's Orlando is probably the most vivid literary representation of this ideal. Orlando freely changes from male to female costumes as he/she
feels a change within him/herself, experiencing joy because of the fluid nature of such an existence. [21] But none of the male characters in this study experience such a free and conscious interplay. Bloom remains sexually impotent with Molly, feels inferior as a man, and consciously subverts his own abilities to be kind and caring. Jake Barnes craves the violence of the bullring, a vicarious form of hypermasculinity, and cannot fully accept his need to care for Brett. Sal Paradise and Charlie Citrine remain dissatisfied with their own gentler, quieter spirits, each finding a manic masculine guide to validate his manhood. They all possess the potential for androgyny, but ultimately all wrestle with the roles society establishes for them and in the process deny to a certain extent the essence of their personalities that would allow them to evolve toward full personhood.

The critical response to the feminized male, then, parallels the patterns identified by twentieth-century historians, sociologists, and psychologists: he has been ignored, denied, castigated, and feared. But he does exist. And his existence functions in a more complex fashion than most twentieth-century readers realize. The "standard" interpretation of the character is fundamentally negative, identifying passivity as his major distinguishing characteristic, a quality symptomatic of
two phenomena: the enervated state of twentieth-century western civilization and the difficulties of the sensitive man cast adrift in a hostile culture. [22] This understanding has merit; the feminized male can assuredly represent this particular weltanschauung. But the problem with this interpretation is that it severely limits understanding and is, in reality, blind to the energizing scope of the character.

What is most immediately significant about the feminized male is that he reveals in literary form the changing definitions of masculinity. Characters such as Bloom, Jake, Sal, and Charlie articulate our need to live more honest lives, calling into question the templates we apply to identify masculinity, sometimes presenting us with images we are not yet ready to accept. Indeed, my readings of Joyce, Hemingway, Kerouac, and Bellow suggest that the feminized male can function not only as a mirror of social change but also as a harbinger of such change. Bloom and Jake, for instance, exist contiguously with social movements advocating freer relationships among men and women and the destruction of rigid guidelines of social conduct. Kerouac, writing most productively in the 40s and 50s, spoke to the need for a more caring man. His narrative voice contradicts the pervasive male trend at a time which conditioned men to devote themselves to the
financial maintenance of the family, not to its emotional sustenance, and prefigures the New Male of the 70s, born of the Contemporary Women's Movement. Bellow's Charlie Citrine fits the mold of the New Man in that he is a caring/feeling/sensitive type but illustrates the problems inherent in such a being; change persuades us slowly, and the New Man confronts ridicule and confusion--from himself and others.

In addition, the feminized male may signify the importance of procreation, a man's need to understand what will always remain for him the ineffable act of bringing life into this world, as is again the case with Leopold Bloom. He may also represent the author's understanding of an individual's quest for knowledge of being: the feminine qualities enhancing a final realization of oneness and the eternal organicism of life as opposed to the continual masculine effort to act on the world and become something new or other. Jack Kerouac's Sal Paradise and Ray Smith are particularly vivid examples of this specific function. Then, too, he might illustrate the debilitating nature of certain feminine behaviors. For instance, all four authors under consideration here demonstrate that passivity can, if practiced to an extreme, harm an individual's self-identity and self-respect. However, they also teach us that passivity can possess a special power and function all its own, that
passive behavior may operate to actualize values and relationships of great importance to community.

Structurally, an author might choose to use the feminized male as a moral force against which other characters and cultures are to be compared and judged. In this respect, he exposes the inequities of people and societies. Or he may give his male protagonist feminine traits, such as passivity and/or intuition, to promote the visionary powers of the character and thus establish him as a more reliable and persuasive narrator or center of consciousness for the novel. Sal Paradise works to this end, and Hemingway brilliantly sculptures Jake Barnes for just such purposes, as does Saul Bellow with Charlie Citrine. Used in this manner, the feminized male functions as a rhetorical device to promote reader tolerance, understanding, sympathy, and support. In this same context, however, feminine qualities may be used to create reader distrust, anger, or hatred of the male character. As in the case of Hemingway's Robert Cohn, this particular usage can reflect another feminized male's (Jake Barnes) fears and self-hatred.

Above all, the feminized male is a connector, a peacemaker, a man dedicated to nurturing community, even if, as with Jake Barnes, he must separate himself from one community in order to nourish another. As such, he is not a victim. He finds ways to live in this world, to act out
that which constitutes his unique personality. And while he is a troubled soul—a logical consequence of the fact that he is above all a realistic representation of man, that is, culture bound—he is not a defeated man. We can call him hero, not because of his prophetic sensitivity to twentieth-century brutality, a modern variant of the romantic sensibility, but because he survives, because he continues to live with that which renders him feminine, because he simply strives to be in this world.

While we can contribute the existence of the feminized male to social and cultural factors which have reshaped our perceptions of masculinity, it is not enough to declare that he rose from the sea of history, an inevitable, naturalistic force. To do so would be to isolate him from the hands that gave him life, and we must be careful not to deny him his human source. Thus we must also evaluate the intentions of his creators as well as the artistic results, especially whenever we encounter the use of the first person narrative voice, which brings to mind in whatever form it takes the autobiographical impulse (Taylor 7). The characters in this study are not feminine—they are feminized; my use of the adjectival participle stresses their human creation. And as human creations, they are expressions of human drives. We may then ask, what impulses—conscious and/or unconscious—in Joyce, Hemingway, Kerouac, and Bellow led them or allowed
them to think of and/or identify with the feminized male? What elements of their personalities helped to forge the persona of the feminized male?

With respect to Joyce and Hemingway, we have access to numerous primary and secondary sources that enable us to speculate on this point with a certain degree of confidence. Scholarship on Kerouac has not progressed with nearly the speed or enthusiasm, no doubt because he is considered a minor writer with more social than literary import. However, publication of some of his litters to Carolyn Cassady as well as Gerald Nicosia's voluminous biography, Memory Babe, has begun to unveil a more true-to-life portrait of America's King of the Beats. As for Bellow, we have even less to work with. Still actively writing as the nation's foremost literary voice, Bellow is too close to us to allow for the compilation, editing, and publication of letters, memoirs of friends and colleagues, and biographies that when analyzed collectively with the clarity of temporal distance provide us with a realistic semblance of the writer.

With what we have, however, we know that Joyce and Kerouac understood themselves as feminine males: Joyce considered himself weak and deer-like; Kerouac identified intensely with the compassion and suffering of Christ. Hemingway, too, while constructing a "tough guy" facade for the world to emulate, harbored a sensitive, soft, and
sentimental side. We can hypothesize that in each case, Bellow included, creation of a feminized male represented the need to name or sculpt one's self, albeit indirectly, the need to give voice to or to legitimate in a relatively safe forum a personality lacking social acceptance. This theory is especially credible in the case of Kerouac, whose writings are highly autobiographical, and for Hemingway, who confessed that he "was" actually Jake Barnes. [23] We also know that Joyce, Hemingway, and Kerouac were deeply ambivalent about gender, a fact that may account for the comic tone in many of the works that are discussed in this study. Here, again, we include Bellow, suggesting that the use of humor helps to mask a questionable reality, to give it a more manly demeanor, as Bellow contends. In any case, we must also acknowledge that these authors were probably not fully conscious of the need to create such a character or of the many-faceted implications and ramifications of the creation itself.

It is also very possible that these particular feminized males sprang from a literary matrix. We know that Joyce, Hemingway, Kerouac, and Bellow significantly influenced each other. Joyce and Hemingway, for instance, were friends, drinking buddies, as their own anecdotes attest. As Robert Gajdusek has shown in his comparative analysis of the two ex-patriots, Hemingway learned a great
deal from Joyce about the polarities of consciousness and their metaphorical representations (28). Kerouac read extensively in both Joyce and Hemingway. *On The Road* contains passages illustrating the extent to which Sal and his friends admired, even mimicked, Hemingway language and attitudes, and Kerouac's own writing style is frequently a conscious recreation of Joycean aesthetics (see, for example, "Sea," sound of the Pacific ocean at Big Sur printed in *Big Sur*). Joyce and Hemingway made an impact on Bellow as well. He finds Hemingway likable but takes a special interest in Joyce, calling *Ulysses* "the modern masterpiece of confusion" (Harper 15). While he criticizes the degree of passivity with which Joyce invests Bloom, likening Bloom's mind to a sponge incapable of resisting the ocean that flows through it, his own protagonists, among them Charlie Citrine, bear a remarkable resemblance, in thought and deed, to Dublin's wandering Jew. We can then add to our speculations, deducing that the creation of the feminized male is the result of not only personal need but also of shared literary experiences.

But exactly what is it that renders each character his particular individuality, and, consequently, his classification as a feminized male? To answer this question, we must investigate the methods used to design these characters as well as the criteria we as intelligent
readers apply to identify them as feminized males. In the following chapters, analyses of the feminized male are based, to a certain extent, on the feminine stereotypes enumerated earlier in this chapter. This approach, the simplest and most often used by critics, is grounded in the assumption the "feminine" has been defined in specific ways and that an author constructs a feminized male by assigning certain of these "feminine" traits to him. This method is fruitful, particularly in a novel such as Ulysses where Joyce deliberately presents Bloom as feminine through such obvious female signs as menstual pains and pregnancy. A variant of this technique is to associate the male character with other figures, historic or cultural, that have been categorized as feminine. Joyce, for instance, establishes distinct parallels among Bloom, Christ, and the Jewish race. Hemingway also fabricates a Jewish connection for Robert Cohn, while both Kerouac and Bellow employ allusions to Christ in the creation of Sal Paradise/Ray Smith/Jack Duluoz and Charlie Citrine, respectively. The engineering of the feminized male, however--and the reader's evaluation of that character as feminine--is more complex than the application of stereotypic qualities or character associations. Feminization, a cultural construction and thus an arbitrary phenomenon, manifests itself in actions, consciously or unconsciously induced, and extends to the
very roots of self-identity. Analysis of literary feminization, therefore, must take into account not only personality characteristics but also the conscious and, in some instances, unconscious terrain of the character.

To accommodate both of these principles—action and identity—the analysis of the characters in this study focuses on gender role and gender identity. Here, I again rely on Robert Stoller's understanding of these terms. Gender role, as Stoller explains, "is the overt behavior one displays in society, the role which he plays, especially with other people, to establish his position with them in so far as his or their evaluation of his gender is concerned" (10). Gender role, then, accounts for those actions or personality traits which we exhibit to demonstrate our perception of our gender and/or others' perceptions of us. On the other hand, gender identity begins, "...with the knowledge and awareness, whether conscious or unconscious, that one belongs to one sex and not the other, though as one develops, gender identity becomes much more complicated, so that, for example, one may sense himself as not only a male but a masculine man or an effeminate man or even a man who fantasizes being a woman" (Stoller 10). When we investigate gender identity, we look at a character's perception of his gender: does he see himself as a masculine man or a feminine man, does he really want to be a woman, does he consciously or
unconsciously acknowledge his feminine nature, and does he have any sense of himself as androgynous?

The exploration of gender role and gender identity leads us to the discovery of fundamental forms of self-identity. Identity, of course, can be expressed in many ways. Of special importance to this study is identity as manifested in our moral development. As Carol Gilligan explains, men and women do not experience identical psychological patterns of development (13). Male identity stresses relation to "the world" while female identity is intricately connected to intimacy with other subjects. Men and women experience attachment and separation differently: men tend to see danger in connection, to see connection as the source of betrayal and to believe that there is no way of knowing the truth (42,45). Women, however, sense danger in separation and implement activities of care to make the world safer (42,43). Consequently, male and female moral attitudes differ. Gilligan informs us that for women:

...the moral problem arises from conflicting responsibilities rather than from competing rights and requires for its resolution a mode of thinking that is contextual and narrative rather than formal and abstract [as is the male model]. This conception of morality as concerned with care centers moral development around the understanding or responsibility and relationships, just as the conception of morality as fairness ties moral development to the understanding of rights and rules (19).
Based on Gilligan's findings, we can look at how male characters see themselves, either in relationships with others or as isolated individuals fearful of intimacy. We may also investigate their modes of moral judgment. A more masculine approach would be a judgment founded on adherence to rights and rules, logic and law. A feminine system would be contextual, emphasizing the responsibility of relationships, the need to avoid confrontation, and the equally important need to provide care. The protagonists in this study exhibit relatively feminine consciousnesses, in particular, relational modes of identification which direct them to perceive the giving of care as an elemental function of their being. With Bloom, Jake, and Sal, we also witness the process of judgment formation based on a feminine understanding of morality.

We also express and evaluate identity through sex, work, and language. With all three, we communicate to the world to what extent we wish to adhere to gender prescriptive norms and to identify with those norms. We also use sex, work, and language to judge the behavior of others: we can place an individual anywhere along the masculine and feminine continuums depending upon his or her expressed (or rumored) sexual history, work behavior, and language usage.

Of the three, sexuality is the most intricately connected with gender. Specific sexual actions as well as
any sort of deviation from prescribed behavior can cause someone in addition to his or her partner to question his gender. Men, for instance, are conditioned by parental, peer, and other social forces to initiate a sexual relationship with a woman and to assume responsibility for the success of that relationship. They are also encouraged to "experiment" with many women but to choose a single partner in order to raise a family. The man who meets these criteria is generally considered masculine. But, if for any reason, he fails in these areas—even in toady's more gender flexible society—his masculinity becomes a vulnerable issue, for himself as well as his wife/lover and/or male friends. A woman also experiences gender conditioning. She waits for a man to approach her and is more passive in a sexual relationship. She too is encouraged to date many men before marriage but the implications of such dating are different for her. Experimenting for men is strictly a sexual dictate; for women, dating connotes a personal relationship, one in which sex, if it does take place, is subordinate to social interactions, emotions, and mental companionship. Women do not compete with other women to "score" with as many men as possible, and even though the number of male friends a woman has may categorize her as very feminine (i.e., attractive to men), the basis of those relationships is not founded on sexual experimentation but on marriageability.
Sexual function, physical and emotional, then, has a great deal to do with the way we judge our success as human beings. The male norm remains strongly conservative. A man is expected to be highly sexual, to produce children to carry on his family name, and to find physical and emotional satisfaction in a heterosexual relationship. His inability or refusal to do so inevitably calls into question his masculinity (Goldberg 96). Therefore, in an analysis of the feminized male, the sexuality of the character reveals much about his gender, both how he and others in his world perceive it. If, for instance, he is impotent (Jake Barnes), rejects sex with a woman (Sal Paradise, Jack Duluoz, Charlie Citrine), or can only perform variants of full coitus (Leopold Bloom), his masculinity according to social norms is immediately diminished. What is interesting about these feminized males is that they all understand heterosexuality as a determinant of masculinity but are forced to and/or seem more inclined to value the intimacy of heterosexual relationships rather than the sex act itself.

Work is also important because it is the most visible barometer of a man's self-assessment and culturally determined success. If necessary, a man can hide sexual disfunctions or deviations from all but his sex partner(s); however, his work history and behavior are commonly displayed for the inspection of his family,
friends, and even potential employers. It is a badge of his ability to perform efficiently and effectively as well as a standard of identity, the manifestation of his need for individual achievement or distinct activity (Gilligan 163) and the means by which he and others evaluate his success. Bloom, for instance, draws the ridicule of many Dubliners, including his wife Molly, because he isn't a good provider; work does not symbolize identity for him and thus he fails to invest in it the amount of energy required to succeed in the business world. For both working-class and middle-class men, as Tolson explains:

... definitions of masculinity enter into the way work is personally experienced, as a life-long commitment and responsibility. In some respect work itself is made palatable only through the kinds of compensations masculinity can provide—the physical effort, the comradeship, the rewards of promotion. When work is unpalatable, it is often only his masculinity (his identification with the wage; providing for the wife and kids) that keeps a man at work day after day (48).

The working-class man primarily perceives work as a physical experience for which he receives a way in accordance with impersonal factory discipline. Middle-class male work is perceived as a career: a life-long commitment to fulfill his need for personal achievement through a profession outside the home. This class distinction is lucidly illustrated in Kerouac's On The Road where Sal, a young man interested in a career as
a writer, works temporarily as a security guard. His understanding of work clashes dramatically with that of the other guards who see work not as a career reflecting one's abilities and achievements but as a mechanized task which a man is duty-bound to perform.

It is important to state here that "profession" in this context may also connote education. The working-class man is not expected, and for the most part does not expect himself, to earn more than a high school diploma. The middle-class man, however, must often acquire an advanced degree if he hopes to pursue any number of professions. The acquisition of this education and the amount of education which he gains is a further indicator of his ability to succeed in the world. Bellow illustrates this standard in Charlie Citrine, who as a highly educated man is expected to do well in life, i.e., make money. When Charlie elects to pursue the spirit world rather than the world of rational intellect, he is condemned as degenerate and a moral failure.

This last point brings us to the kind of work a man does. Not all types of work are accepted equally in society. Jake's profession is journalism, which is generally considered a masculine field, yet because he adopts the attitude of the British gentleman--never let them see you working--rumors spread that he is a kept man. Bloom sells advertising, but appears more the artist than
the businessman and is thus ridiculed by his peers. Charlie Citrine, as a playwright and historian, is applauded by society, but Bellow makes it clear that Charlie's more poetic sensibilities set him apart as an American failure. Kerouac's narrators pursue careers as novelists, taking working-class part-time jobs and subsequently baffling and disappointing the middle-class world which expects them to pursue more stable, respectable occupations.

An equally visible—but perhaps even more powerful—sign of gender and identity is language. It is through language, our symbol-making system, that we produce a vehicle for the conception of phenomena in our world. Sex, admittedly, is an obvious phenomenon with which all cultures must deal, and it then follows that if a particular culture categorizes and prescribes behavior based on sex differences, that process is intrinsic to the formation and use of the language which may then reflect the sex and gender orientation of that culture. For instance, in white, middle-class, English speaking cultures, the population with which most sociolinguistic and psycholinguistic research has dealt, words associated with males appear to carry more power and prestige; language associated with women is perceived as more negative, that is, weak, inferior, immature and trivial (Thorne and Henley, Language and Sex, 15). We must
remember, however, that words themselves are not inherently sex and gender biased. It is only in a particular cultural context that words come to assume the role of gender indicator. Therefore, if a culture assigns women a subordinate role, female speech will then likely acquire a reputation of inferiority (Thorne and Henely 27). [25]

Recent sociolinguistic research has begun to treat seriously the issue of gender differences in language, and the findings reveal incidious and invidious patterns of language through which we signal self-identity, often unconscious of the impact of these signals. The first major commentary on the distinctions between male and female speech was written by Otto Jespersen who identified female speech as refined, euphemistic, and loosely constructed. He found male speech to contain a great deal more slang and innovations. [26] Jespersen's findings, however, were totally unsupported, and since then, researchers have applied more reputable research methods, identifying as "folk linguistics" many language descriptions actually based solely on nothing more concrete than the assumption that women are intellectually inferior to men.

More recent research, both imperically and impressionistically based, has identified language patterns and behaviors, vocabulary and syntax, which often
function to confirm the stereotypes of men as dominant and women as subordinate. Male language, for instance, is likely to contain more swear words, to focus on jokes or witticisms to signal group solidarity and status, to use more imperative structures, and to take the form of shorter, more direct statements. In contrast, women's language frequently communicates in content and form less self-assurance. Mary Ritchie Key and Robin Lakoff both state that women use more modal constructions (e.g., may, might, could, would) which can signal indefiniteness, uncertainty, and deference. They also find that women more often than men use tag questions, a syntactic form somewhere between a direct statement and a yes-and-no question (e.g., "Here is my schedule for today, okay?"). Women use it "not because of lack of information," Key argues, "but to reinforce the feminine image of dependency and the desire not to appear aggressive and forward" (76). Lakoff further explains that the tag question does not force agreement or belief on the individual being addressed (17-18) and more recent research indicates that women use it to elicit a response from an uncommunicative male conversational partner. [27]

Additional differences include specific vocabulary associated with women's language. For example, women tend to use more words denoting fine color distinctions, such as "peuce," "mauve," "apricot," "ecrue," a usage that
Lakoff contends is founded on the belief that such concerns are trivial and "unworldly," and thus more appropriate "to women and [to] men whose masculinity is not quite 'unquestionable'" (9). Women, however, are not entirely alone as the sole users of more refined vocabulary. The more aristocratic British Gentleman and the upper middle-class, more highly educated American man are both noted for language containing more diverse and "feminine" vocabulary. One reason for this characteristic may be that as the economic distances between classes widens, the class assuming the most power attempts to disassociate itself from the lower class work ethic through language which signals education, sophistication, and opposition to working-class male values (Lakoff 13).

Language also incorporates conversational behavior, that is the power structure established and maintained in conversations between mixed or single-sex groups or couples. This point has been universally ignored in critical discussions of the feminized male but is actually quite important for the dynamics of relationships established in the novels. Two characteristics of conversational behavior emerge as particularly significant in this study: the act of generating conversation and the interruption and consequential silencing of a speaker. In the case of the former, men are more successful at beginning conversations. Women, however, are the ones who
work more diligently to guarantee the successful pursuit of the topic by listening, providing reassuring responses ("mm hmm"), and pushing for a response ("D'ya know" to initiate a sentence) (Fishman, "Interaction," 89-101). But women's conversational maintenance work is often sabotaged by interruption. We generally view interruptions as a violation of a speaker's rights. If someone continues to interrupt another, we can safely assume that the interrupter has little respect for the other speaker and/or what he/she has to say and is exerting power over the latter by squelching the speech act. Sociolinguistic investigators have verified what many women have known for centuries: that they are as a group victims of this type of language behavior. For instance, in female/male conversations, whether between intimate or unacquainted individuals, men interrupt and silence women much more frequently than vice-versa. [28] Same sex conversations, in contrast, produce nearly equal amounts of interruptions and silences from both or all participants. If, then, male/male or female/male conversations exhibit a male participant who consistently carries the burden of sustaining conversation but frequently acquiesces to the power of the other(s), is constantly interrupted or silenced by someone else's speech, we can evaluate that behavior as more feminine than masculine.
In this study, I have categorized male and female speech characteristics and analyzed the speech, both in dialogue and narrative voice, of the feminized males to demonstrate that his language contributes to his feminization. These characteristics include those which have been empirically tested as well as those which are impressionistic and/or belong under the rubric "folk linguistics." The latter two are of special concern because what we have come to know as masculine or feminine language, even though it may prove totally untrue, may substantially influence the way we speak and interpret the speech of others.

Sociolinguists concur that it is a greater stigma for a man to use feminine speech than vice-versa. One reason, as Barrie Thorne and Nancy Henley point out, is that feminine speech connotes downward movement from a possession of power to submission to power. They also note that a psychological dimension exists as well, that a man, through his use of speech patterns identified as masculine, proves that he is not feminine (19). A man, then, can create through particularly masculine speech a gender role signaling strong masculinity. He can swear, use hostile verbs, and construct short, direct statements and by so doing, say that "I am a man." Here, a man may understand his gender identity as something other than masculine but can forge a role that communicates
masculinity. If he refrains from using masculine language when speaking with other men, he may very well be communicating his rejection of masculinity as a tough, forthright, earthy and even beastial construct. Such is the case with Charlie Citrine, who proudly makes a point of informing his readers that his own speech is more refined than that of a fellow Princeton professor who punctuates his speech with army slang. When analyzing the language of the feminized male, this point becomes critical. The character may speak highly masculine speech and yet think in a more feminine voice, as Sal Paradise tends to do at times; he might, on the other hand, use feminine language with his male friends and acquaintances yet think in an opposite voice, a pattern which Bloom employs. Both situations can illustrate gender ambivalence and identity confusion, and both can lead the reader to characterize the figure as feminized.

As these two possibilities illustrate, language cannot be reasonably evaluated apart from its context. Certain language patterns are acceptable within particular contexts but absolutely incorrect in others. Therefore, an analysis of the language of a character must determine whether he has employed the specific vocabulary or syntax in its appropriate setting and/or situation. What we find with the feminized males created by Joyce, Hemingway, Kerouac, and Bellow is that they all display language
behavior that is contextually more appropriate for a woman than a man. This behavior has various functions, ranging from maintaining group harmony to soliciting affirmation of self, to expressing self doubt, and contributes significantly, although subtly, to the feminine impression made by the character.
NOTES


[8] Not all American males came to the same conclusion as did the modern ex-patriots. As Peter Filine states, "[u]ntil the Armistice and even beyond, the American public believed that the crusade for world-wide democracy was also purifying their soldiers and themselves. And many of the doughboys, too, insisted romantically on this interpretation." See Filine, "In Time of War" in *The American Man*, p. 333.


[12] Joe Dubbert, "Progressivism and the Masculinity Crisis," Psychoanalytic Review, 61: 443-455; unfortunately, research on the reaction of men to the New Woman is indeed sparse. The only major research on the topic is a dissertation now being written by Kevin White of The Ohio State University Department of History; his emphasis is on American middle- and working-class men.


[14] See The American Man, Pleck and Pleck; The Myth of Masculinity, Pleck; The New Male, Goldberg; The Limits of Masculinity, Tolson; Him/Her/Self, Peter Filine; Masculine, Feminine or Human, Chafetz; The Interplay of Masculinity and Femininity in Human Development, John Moore; Be A Man. Males in Modern Society, Stearns; Men in Difficult Times, ed. Robert A. Lewis.

[15] Tolson notes that "middle-class [British] men have been growing more and more dependent on images of domesticity" (115-116) Goldberg states that "to fall back into the sex-object, success-object way of relating may be a temporarily anxiety-reducing, even seemingly pleasant seduction because it is familiar ground, but the price will be the continuation of the destructive gender fantasy which perpetuates the annihilation of each other's full personhood" (221).

[16] According to Pleck, the androgynous concept is defined in psychology as two distinct, independent dimensions rather than as opposing poles of the same dimension. These continuums sometimes overlap and sometimes diverge. Psychologists refer technically to androgyny as the dual-unipolar concept. The Myth of Masculinity (18, 47).


[19] Critical confusion concerning androgyny is exemplified by Suzette Henke's Joyce's Moraculous
Sindbook: A Study of Ulysses, albeit one of the most sympathetic analyses of Leopold Bloom. Henke concludes that Bloom is "one of these rare literary heroes whom we have recently learned to admire as androgynous" (224), but she provides no definition of androgyny and her use of the term as well as other descriptions of Bloom that appear throughout the text indicate equivocation. For example, in her discussion of "Calypso," she maintains that Bloom is fascinated by femininity but then asserts that it eludes and mystifies him (77). Later in the same discussion, she states that Bloom compensates for his lack of domestic authority by reveling in an aggressive fantasy life in which women are merely meat to be devoured (80). Both positions contradict androgyny and more accurately describe a man experiencing ambivalent feelings about his sexuality—-he is not comfortable with his personality which indeed possesses the potential to flow back and forth between masculine and feminine polarities. Her analysis of "Lotus-Eaters" contains a reference to Bloom's "androgynous fusion of navel and phallus, of masculine potential and feminine receptivity" as he lounges in his bath (93), but this statement fails to account for the difference between authorial description and character consciousness. Joyce may want the reader to recognize in Bloom the seed of androgyny, which he hints at anatomically, but such a juxtaposition of symbolic anatomy does not mean that Bloom is an androgyne: it is a third-person narrator, and not Bloom, who states "his bud of flesh" and describes "his bush floating. . .around [his penis,] "the limp father of thousands" (Ulysses 86). Henke's analysis of Bloom's fantasy of Boylan and Molly having intercourse also contradicts the androgynous interpretation. She explains that the "Circe" vision illustrates both the pain Bloom experiences when he thinks of Molly's adultery and the pleasure he feels "at having found a stud—surrogate for insemination. . . of his spouse" (196). Again, the fantasy reveals sexual ambivalence: Bloom rejects the role of male sexual partner but wants at the same time to be in Boylan's place. He is comfortable with neither the passive role nor the active—-hardly an androgynous condition. Ultimately, Henke herself feels uncomfortable with Bloom's character, a condition revealed by her statement that "Circe" concludes with Bloom coming "full circle" and regaining his manhood (emphasis mine) (204)—-a position which negates androgyny by excluding, by virtue of the word "man," the female/feminine. Henke, like many other more recent readers of Ulysses, seems to believe that if a character is a milder, less traditional male, he is androgynous. Yet her arguments do not support a truly androgynous character.
[20] Carolyn Heilbrun's definition of androgyny is similar: "Androgyny suggest a spirit of reconciliation between the sexes; . . . it suggests a spectrum upon which human beings choose their places without regard to propriety of custom." See Toward a Recognition of Androgyny, ix.


[22] See Taylor (190) where she uses this to explain the function of Bloom, T.S. Eliot's Prufrock, and D.H. Lawrence's Paul Morel.

[23] The following is a hand-written marginal note on the second set of galley proofs of The Sun Also Rises (John F. Kennedy Library, Hemingway Collection): "I did not want to tell this story in the first person but I find that I must. I wanted to stay well outside of the story so that I would not be touched by it in any way and handle all the people in it with that irony and pity that are so essential to good writing. I even thought I might be amused by all the things that are going to happen to Lady Brett Ashley and Robert Cohn and Mike Campbell, Esq and Mr. Jake Barnes. But I made the unfortunate mistake for a writer of first having been Mr. Jake Barnes."

[24] Twentieth-century feminist literature reveals a different fear: the fear of attachment. For these women, attachment threatens loss of identity. See Virginia Woolf's To The Lighthouse and Mrs. Dalloway; Margaret Atwood's Surfacing, Doris Lessing's The Four-Gated City, and Sylvia Plath's The Bell Jar.

[25] As Mary Ritchie Key notes, however, "the concepts of masculinity and femininity do not occupy so much attention in other cultures and languages of the world. There are languages where the terms do not occur." Male/Female Language: With A Comprehensive Bibliography. (Metuchen, New Jersey: The Scarecrow Press, 1975) 28.


CHAPTER II

VOGLIO E NON VORREI

Part One

That James Joyce endowed Leopold Bloom with feminine characteristics is undeniable. Ever a clue giver, Joyce made certain that readers of Ulysses would know that Bloom was not to be considered a traditional male hero. With little subtlety, he named his creation Leopold Paula Bloom—a "womanly man" who cannot throw straight or whistle very well—allowed him to experience menstrual-like cramps and to give birth, and transformed him into a woman subjugated to male brutality. Readers have astutely noted such direct elements of characterization, and ever since Sylvia Beach's Shakespeare and Company published the novel in 1922, critics have responded to Bloom's femininity—not all, however, with equal enthusiasm.

Early reviews lack specific references to Bloom as feminine, focusing instead on general themes or Joyce's innovative style. Many, though, evince strong reactions to a male character who fails to meet critical expectations of literary male heroism should be, and when Bloom is discussed in this reviews, the evaluative language is often typical of that used to describe or prescribe female
behavior. A 1933 book review for *The New York Times* blasted Bloom as "a moral monster, a pervert and an invert. . . . the simulcrum of a man who has neither cultural background nor personal self-respect, who can neither be taught by experience nor lessoned by example."

In 1925, R. H. Pender wrote for the *Deutsche Rundschau* that Bloom "... can believe in nothing higher than in the individual who consequently cannot serve and who yearns for a drunken condition where the limitations of [his] personality and [his] fear of the feeling of weakness can be erased." He continued to fault Bloom for lacking the fortitude to strive "like a 100 meter speed runner" for a definite goal. Six years later, Wyndam Lewis questioned the reality of Bloom, asserting that the very method of the novel imposed upon the reader sensations of softness, flabbiness, and vagueness. A similar negative feminine charge was leveled against Bloom by Rebecca West, who suggested that his attitude toward sexual matters represented a "coy titillating hesitancy."

Other early critics simply dismissed Bloom as a diseased mind, a little man with timid desires, a vile hero, and a man who would be unendurable if he existed outside the fictional world. [1]

Fortunately, not all early reviewers reacted so negatively to Bloom. In 1922, Gilbert Seldes wrote that Joyce had rendered Bloom with kindness (Deming 238), and
seven years later, S. Foster Damon declared that Bloom actually transcended humanity to become a Christ figure "who constantly sacrifices the selfhood and approaches everything with love and humanity." (Deming 484).

As these reviews illustrate, critical response to Bloom has identified a wide spectrum of conventionally feminine characteristics, ranging from the extremely negative (uncultured, lacking self-respect, stupid, fearful, nondirected, soft, coy, timid, diminutive, and crazy) to the more positive (kind, virtuous, loving, caring, and self-sacrificing). Critical appraisals of Bloom after the 1940s have generally followed this same pattern, the difference being that the issue of his femininity, that is, his status as an outsider in a patriarchal community, has been directly acknowledged and eventually analyzed at length. In his 1959 biography of Joyce, Richard Ellman specifically investigated Bloom's passivity, finding him to be heroic since he uses his pacific demeanor to fight narrowmindedness, that his submission is a willed act, and since it is of the mind rather than the body it is implicitly superior to overt militance (379-80). Casual kindness, Ellman concludes, overcomes unconscionable power. Frank Budgen, who considered Ulysses a revelation of "fatherhood in all social devotion" (281), describes a feminine Bloom, "equable in temper, humane and just," innocent, naive,
timid, deferential [2], fussy, and passive. He does not label Bloom as feminine, although in his discussion of the "Eumaeus" section, he ventures that "there is something feminine in Bloom's distress about Stephen's starving condition. He preaches solid food to him like a mother" (254). Harry Blamires, in his line-by-line explication of the novel (1966), hesitatingly summarizes Bloom as "in some respects a rather feminine man" but takes his qualified statement no further than to theorize that Bloom's femininity is of a latent kind that coalesces in "Circe" out of his sense of failure as a husband (194-95).

The first in-depth analysis of Bloom as feminine was Elain Unkeless' "Leopold Bloom as a Woman Man" (1976), in which she chastises Joyce for perpetuating stereotypes, particularly via "Circe" where Bloom and Bella Cohen exchange sexes. However, she admits that Joyce's strength lies in his ability to create a male character whose feminine qualities appear natural (44). Joseph Allan Boone's 1982 appraisal of the feminine Bloom goes even further toward acceptance. Seeing Bloom as an "everyday representative of humanity," Boone contends that Joyce's creation of a feminine male functions as a direct attack upon traditional gender prescriptions and indicates the relative normality of Bloom (82).

Other contemporary critics have not been so kind. Darcy O'Brien's 1968 study of Bloom is especially vicious:
"He lacks the masculine assertiveness which might make more normal sexual habits possible: and this womanish timidity, coupled with his powerful love of the flesh, lies at the root of his character" (18). He concludes that Bloom's kindness is really only sentimentalism caused by his personal failings, that he is cowardly, morally deficient, and ultimately absurd. Both Erwin R. Steinberg (1973) and Phillip Herring (1969) reach similar, although less emotional, conclusions. Herring simply maintains that Bloom obviously and woefully falls far short of the male ideal personified in Ulysses; Steinberg, relying on Freud, describes Bloom as a feminine masochist, asserts that he completely fails to measure up to Ulysses, and sees him only as an ironic commentary on our lives (Herring 60-61; Steinberg 213-14). Even more recent studies reveal hostile reactions to Bloom's femininity. Anne Robinson Taylor (1981), in her discussion of male authors writing in female voices, summarizes Bloom as a "half-ridiculous figure," one who identifies too much with women and thus becomes an "odd hybrid" (19, 201). R. Barrie Walkley's analysis of couvade as a structural device in Ulysses (1976) is equally negative. Focusing on Bloom's maternal, biologically female characteristics, particularly the birth of his eight children in "Circe," Walkley implies that Bloom's femininity is a charade, stating that Joyce intended to illustrate the supremacy of
masculinity over femininity, that Bloom, by participating in female activities, gains strength through the ancient ritual of couvade to reassert his masculinity (66).

A somewhat different approach to Bloom as feminine is represented by critics who find Bloom to be androgynous. These evaluations are for the most part favorable and include Richard Ellman's statement in *The Consciousness of Joyce* (1977) that Joyce believed every artist to be a womanly man or manly woman, thus espousing androgyny through Stephen and Bloom as artists (28). Marilyn French glorifies Bloom as the new androgynous hero (1976), and Carolyn Heilbrun declares that "he is the only androgynous figure in Dublin, one supposes in all of Ireland" (95).

However, several proponents of androgyny present critical positions calling into question the validity of the model. Sandra Gilbert believes Bloom to be an example of false degraded androgyny, a character who comes to learn dominance through submission (198). In "Androgynous Fatherhood in *Ulysses* and *Women in Love*" (1983), Mary Burgan states that Joyce made a significant movement away from phallic images of authorship when he created Bloom but that the figure of the androgynous father strips woman of any role whatsoever (197). A more subtly invidious position is taken by Roy Gottfried, who in *The Art of Joyce's Syntax in Ulysses* calls Bloom balanced, a trait which he interprets as the absence of character rather than the enhancement of it (168).
How then are we to understand Bloom? Since critical appraisals have diverged so dramatically and continue to do so, how is a reader to characterize him? Can a consensus be reached? It is doubtful whether an accord will ever be achieved, especially considering the explosive nature of gender as an interpretive construct. However, a fuller picture of Bloom can be obtained if we examine in depth just what it is that constitutes his femininity, how his femininity functions in the novel, and what Joyce might have intended to accomplish by creating a feminized male.

The first step in the pursuit of these ends is to clarify that Bloom is **not** androgynous. Granted, Joyce provides evidence of androgyny: he associates Bloom with Shakespeare, whom Stephen calls androgynous (213), describes him as having a "firm full masculine feminine passive active hand" (674), and refers to androgyny several times in his Notesheets. [4] Structurally, the book itself speaks for androgyny, or at least a seemingly balanced representation of both sexes and genders: Stuart Gilber's exegesis of the text, a seminal study to which Joyce himself contributed, evinced Joyce's intention to compose chapters focused on male/female, masculine/feminine themes and styles. There is little doubt that he wanted to suggest that Bloom possessed the potential for androgyny. But potential is as far as we
can safely and accurately take this line of argument. We cannot assume that Bloom as fictive reality exemplifies androgy ny simply because Joyce incorporated signs of an androgy ny into the text.

To be androgy nous, as we have already defined the term, Bloom must be conscious of his ability to flow back and forth between masculine and feminine behavior and to feel comfortable existing in both worlds. This he cannot do. Although his feminine actions appear natural, as does his masculine defense of the Jewish race in Barney Kiernan's pub, he in no way seems comfortable moving between the gender polarities. His sexual impotence with Molly is the most obvious sign of his nonandrogy ny--the role of husband and father is highly problematic for him. As "Circe" reveals, he experiences a great deal of guilt and fear because he cannot fully function as a husband and father, and he suffers identical sensations because he cannot comfortably express his feminine sensibilities. Bloom struggles throughout June 16, 1904 to convince himself that he is a man--and a masculine one at that.

Joyce's portrayal of Bloom's conflict expresses an awareness of the fact that the achievement of satisfactory gender identity is an extremely complex process, one aggravated not only by rigid cultural dictates but also, and paradoxically, by the contradictory forces of these dictates. How can Bloom be expected to feel at ease with
himself when society cannot decide how to interpret his behavior? Take, for example, the comments of the Unnamed narrator of "Cyclops." He accuses Bloom of cow-towing to the whims of old Mrs. Riordan who lived at the City Arms Hotel during the time that Bloom and Molly stayed there: "doing the mollycoddle," he jeers, "playing bezique to come in for a bit of wampum in her will" (306). While this comment might not sound unusual coming from such a hypermasculine voice, it is interesting to note that Molly also reflects on Bloom's illnesses at the City Arms, finding them not feminine but a typically masculine maneuver to win a woman's sympathy and attention (738). Gender, then, may be said to lie in the eye of the beholder.

Joyce never allows Bloom to go so far as to fully assert his masculinity and to suppress his femininity or vice-versa. Despite couvade, his stand against Bella and the nymph, even his request that Molly make him breakfast, by the end of his Dublin wanderings, Bloom remains unsure of himself, acting in characteristically feminine fashion, yet denying that part of himself. His gender role, the persona he assumes in a social context, signals a man who is more himself in a feminine mode, whose gender identity if fully realized would reflect a dominant feminine and subordinate masculine; but at a conscious level, his identity is stridently masculine. The result is a man
with an unreconciled psyche. [5] We can confidently say that Bloom represents a movement toward androgyny, but as he lays his head at Molly's feet, he is a feminized male—a character consciously created by Joyce to grapple with the reality of his being and the reality of a world that shows little tolerance for anyone who does not conform to its prescribed norms of behavior. He ultimately personifies the line that he misquotes from Don Giovanni—voglio e non vorrei (I want and I wouldn't like to)—wanting to express his feminine self, and, in fact, doing so, but at the same time unable to admit this need. He also exemplifies Herb Goldberg's definition of traditional masculinity as a "psychologically defensive operation rather than an authentic and organic process" (18). Bloom's psychic energy is channeled to defend against rather than to express what he is and could be, "to prove to himself and others what he [thinks he] is not: feminine, dependent, emotional, afraid, helpless, a loser, a failure, impotent, and so on" (Goldberg 18). He sometimes succeeds in this endeavor and sometimes fails. However, his "failures," or so they may seem to him and most of his Dublin acquaintances, actually testify to his humanity, his potential wholeness, the fact that he might, sometime in that distant "heaventree of stars hung with humid nightblue fruit," come to know and to understand himself with more clarity of vision.
We are first introduced to Bloom as he putters softly about his kitchen at 7 Eccles Street, lovingly preparing breakfast for Molly and admiring the cleanliness of his cat. He is truly at home here and comfortable, dramatizing what is later said of him in "Eumaeus"—that he "attaches the utmost importance to homelife" (645). He keeps his kitchen clean and orderly, and although Molly returns no thanks for his morning offerings, he genuinely seems to enjoy his role as housekeeper, an obvious inversion of traditional husband/wife responsibilities. The role is important for several reasons. First, it establishes a context for Bloom, one which immediately identifies him with the domestic arena and sets the scene as well as tone for Joyce's development of his character. Secondly, it tells us that it is a role which Bloom fosters and does not find contemptible or demeaning. Although many readers have reacted negatively to Bloom as "housewife," seeing his condition as a sign of his moral weakness and cuckoldry, he does not complain to himself or to anyone else about making Molly's breakfast. He assumes the role willingly—Molly's monologue informs us that he had done so for a long time—and by so doing shows both his family and the reader of Ulysses that his manhood does not coincide with cultural prescription.

Molly has known since she first met Bloom that he is
unlike other men: "that was why I liked him because I saw he understood or felt what a woman is" (782). The reader may not possess Molly's intuitive understanding of Bloom, but if we carefully observe him we will learn the wisdom of her words--that Bloom's femininity is more than a fondness for cooking and cleaning. It is a phenomenon that extends much deeper, constituting a fundamental psychic identification with women that not only allows him to feel like woman but to think like her as well.

It has been argued that Bloom's feminine personality manifests itself psychologically in two ways: the need to yield and the need to feel full or filled. Bloom's need to yield is most graphically illustrated in "Calypso" as he sits on the jakes, slowly and pleasantly releasing his stool, an act which foreshadows his midnight delivery of eight multi-colored sons. However, Michael Zimmerman contends that Bloom's desire to give birth is not what makes him most feminine. Rather "it is [his] simultaneous physical and psychological satisfaction in being filled full--his psychophysiological delight in the receptive pleasures of the body. . ." (178). There are several instances in which Bloom refers explicitly to being full. While in the jakes, he tells himself, "No great hurry. Keep it a bit. Our prize titbit" (68). This thought conveys a double meaning, referring both to intellectual fullness--the Philip Beaufoy story that he is reading--and
physical fullness—the stool that he is going to pass.

Later in the Ormond Hotel, he thinks, "Fill me. I'm warm, dark, open" (282), and in "Circe," just before his trouser button snaps, he confesses that a woman's warm form overpowers him—"So womanly full It fills me full" (552). [6] Eating too gives him pleasure, a full stomach taking away feelings of sadness, loneliness, or anger. Zimmerman asserts that what Bloom appears to be doing on the psychic level is identifying with women to combat the fear of loneliness and death which he often associates with women, particularly his loss of Molly to Blazes Boylan and Milly (his daughter) to imminent adulthood. Zimmerman is correct in this respect. Bloom greatly fears death, which threatens him with separation and loneliness. By focusing on "womanly" sensations, he can alleviate these fears. Early in the morning, for example, after purchasing meat at Dlucaz's, Bloom sees a vision of "the grey sunken cunt of the world" (61). Feeling his blood chill and his body begin to crust with age, he shakes off the dread with a superstition ("Got up wrong side of the bed") and homey images of food and womanly flesh—"To smell the gentle smoke of tea, fume of the pan,
sizzling butter. Be near her ample bedwarmed flesh. Yes, Yes" (61). [7]

Bloom's identification with women is actually more extensive and psychologically fundamental than Zimmerman's analysis would lead us to believe. While it functions to help him ameliorate his qualms, it is not something he resorts to or draws upon only during moments of psychological distress. It is an everpresent component of his personality, affecting his thoughts as well as his social behavior. A rather clever way in which Joyce stresses this point is through the catechismic narrative voice of the "Ithaca" section. "What anagrams had he [Bloom] made on his name in youth?" it asks. The answer reveals an individual with the willingness to play with names, a man who can see himself in others, especially women. Of the four names which he makes—Ellpodbomool, Molldopeloob, Bellopedoom, and Old Ollebo, M.P.—three are distinctly associated with women (real or imaginary) in his life (678). The first corresponds to his mother, Ellen Virag; the second to Molly; and the third to Bella/Bello. [8] Similarly, in "Circe," Bloom's conversation with Mrs. Breen, a former girlfriend, emits a decidedly feminine tone:

Because it [a hat] didn't suit you
one quarter as well as the other
ducky little tammy toque with the
bird of paradise wing in it that I admired on you and you honestly looked just too fetching in it though it was a pity to kill it, you cruel creature, little mite of a thing with a heart the size of a fullstop (499).

Phrases such as "duddy little" and "little mite of a thing" contribute to an impression of diminution and are also examples of reduplicated modifiers associated with women's speech; "you honestly looked just too fetching" contains the expressive intensifier "just too" which also characterizes feminine language.

It is Bloom's identification with Molly, however, that forms the core of his being. As Joyce's friend Frank Budgen explained, "Leopold's wife is something more to him than his sexual complement. She is his destiny, like the weight of his body, the shape of his nose, his family, race, and fortunes" (203). Herein lies a critical feature of Bloom's femininity: his identification of self through others and/or another. This point is not altogether new to Joycean scholarship. Critics have often speculated about the form and function of Bloom's identity. Wyndam Lewis (Deming 362) and Sheldon Brivic (144) conclude that there is no Bloom since his identity appears so fluid and diffuse. Robert M. Adams describes Bloom as a dim and azy personality (Hart and Hayman 110);

Erwin Steinberg's linguistic analysis of Bloom posits that Bloom's relatively scant references to self confirm
little egocentricity" and a "sense of not belonging" (208). Richard Ellman also explores this aspect of Bloom's character, concluding in *Ulysses on the Liffey* that Joyce's use of Hume represents his [Joyce's] refusal to accept the belief that all things have signatures or fixed identities (95). He further maintains that in Bloom we see that "the discovery of coincidence is the middle-aged counterpart of the youthful discovery of singularity" (133).

However, Bloom's mode of identification is more than an epistemological factor of age. In reality, it corresponds more closely with descriptions of female identification (Gilligan 35). Historically, women have found their identification through relationships with husbands and families which provide them with place and purpose. The very fact that they take their husband's name is a potent and visible reminder of where a woman's identity has been, and often remains, fixed. Their worlds, and consequently, their sense of self, are more connectional in nature. Men, on the other hand, have been conditioned to find identity through separation and individual achievement. Overall, they have not had to settle for an identity that is possessed first and foremost by another but have been encouraged to go out into the world to discover their own unique beings.

Bloom, while he knows himself as Leopold Paula Bloom,
achieves his sense of importance and purpose directly from his relationship with Molly. His self mirrors the wine pouring from opened barrels that he sees in the morning on his way to All Hallows Church; it flows, winds, and swirls, absorbing parts of others as it moves (79). Molly is that which is the closest to him and thus that which enhances most powerfully his sense of being. It is not surprising then that many readers find Bloom without reality--to be, in fact, invisible (actually an absurd interpretation of one of the most compelling characters in English fiction) since his sense of self deviates so markedly from masculine norms.

_Ulysses_ abounds with a wealth of material to exemplify Bloom's relational mode of identification, particularly with Molly. Most striking in this respect are his thoughts concerning Molly and sex. He associates both with home and communal intimacy, images consecrated by familial cleanliness. Two of the most lucid examples of this occur in "Lestragonians." The connection between intimacy and sex emerges in Bloom's memory of the night of Professor Goodwin's concert. It was a happy evening for Bloom, and he remembers

... when we got home raking up the fire and frying up those pieces of lap of mutton for her supper with the Chutney sauce she liked. And the mulled rum. Could see her in the bed-
room from the hearth unclamping the busk of her stays. White. Swish and soft flop her stays made on the bed. Always warm from her. Always liked to let herself out. Sitting there after till near two, taking out her hairpins... (156).

The images he creates are warm and full like a Reuben painting, evoking a sense of dark, golden shadows, an aura of wholeness, unity, and harmony. There is no tension in this memory, no sexual aggression, only an intimation of Bloom flowing between the warmth of his kitchen fire and the warmth of Molly's bed.

   The second memory is of Milly in her bath:

   Happy. Happier then. Snug little room that was with the red wallpaper, Dockrell's, one and ninepence a dozen. Milly's tubbing night. American soap I bought: elderflower. Cosy smell of her bathwater. Funny she looked soaped all over. Shapely too (155).

This image remarkable resembles Mary Cassatt's impressionist painting *The Bath*, and one should not have much difficulty imagining a firm, full, dark-haired mother lovingly scrubbing her apple-cheeked baby. As with the first memory, this one conveys no sexual tension; the association of sex, carried in the phrase "shapely too," with home and Molly establishes a relationship of intimate purity. What is particularly significant about this memory, however, it its ambiguity. Who does Bloom see giving Milly her bath? Is it Molly, or could it be himself? Perhaps it does not really matter. By recreating
that moment, Bloom becomes whomever it was who bathed Milly that night—as well as whoever was watching. His identity then rests in Molly, in Molly's care of Milly, in his own care of Milly, in the warmth and harmony of their closeness as a family.

Both of these passages illustrate that Bloom does not find identity as Molly's possessor; sex with Molly has never been a matter of male domination for him, of assertion of ownership or will. Sex is intimacy and unity because Molly is a coextension of himself—he a coextension of Molly. In less lyrical fashion, Bloom's thoughts reflect those of Lily Briscoe as she sits at Mrs. Ramsey's knee in Virginia Woolf's To the Lighthouse:

"...for it was not knowledge but unity that she desired, not inscriptions on tablets, nothing that could be written in any language known to men, but intimacy itself, which is knowledge. . ." (79). Knowledge of himself is not expressed in the language of men—i.e., natural law or phenomena—it is felt, felt as an intimacy transcending the uniqueness of the wandering self.

Bloom's thoughts also expose his deeply rooted need for Molly to confirm his self-worth. We learn, for instance, that he has a very poor self-image. He thinks himself ugly (55), even referring to Gerty MacDowell and himself as Beauty and the Beast, respectively. But almost as soon as this metaphor strikes him, he looks to Molly
for verification of his worthiness: "Besides I can't be so if Molly" (369), he reassures himself. In this line, what is not written becomes just as important as what is. Joyce leaves us to fill in the blanks. The most obvious completion would be: "Besides I can't be so [ugly] if Molly [married/loved me]." But "ugly" carries significant connotations. One's feelings of ugliness usually reflect a deeper insecurity; therefore, "ugly" can also connote "bad" and "unworthy." As with many women, marriage then provides Bloom with affirmation of self-worth: if Molly married him, he must be attractive, he must be a good and worthy person.

Molly also represents creativity and artistic success--both of which are very important to Bloom. Through her career as a singer, Bloom discovers a sense of self-worth, a modicum of success for himself as a participant in an artistic endeavor. He frequently refers to her by her stage name, Madam Marion Tweedy, and at one point he tells us that she is "the accomplished daughter of Major Brian Tweedy," a child prodigy who made her singing debut when she was barely sweet sixteen (652-54). On occasion, he has served as her manager, and his thoughts and remarks to friends often center on Molly's performances as well as his own contributions to their organization and development. He is eager to brag to M'Coy that Molly will be singing at a "swagger affair" in
Ulster Hall, Belfast, and a little later in his day, a notice on All Hallow's door announcing a sermon by the reverend John Conmee S.J. reminds him that he should have approached Conmee about allowing Molly to join the choir (80). As he listens to the service, he reflects on a performance of Rossini's *Sabat Mater* that Molly gave, taking pride in remembering that the voice coaching he had given her facilitated her success:

Music they wanted. Footdrill stopped. Could hear a pin drop. I told her to pitch her voice against that corner. I could feel the thrill in the air, the full, the people looking up... (82).

And as he and Stephen walk home together many hours later, his thoughts return again to Molly's triumph with the Rossini:

He also yielded to none in his admiration of Rossini's *Sabat Mater*, a work simply abounding in immortal numbers, in which his wife, Madam Marion Tweedy, made a hit a veritable sensation, he might safely say greatly adding to her other laurels and putting the others totally in the shade in the jesuit fathers' church in Upper Gardiner street, the sacred edifice being thronged to the doors to hear her with virtuoses, or virtuosi rather (661).

Overall, Bloom considers himself a connoisseur of art, and something of an artist himself, through Molly he finds an expression of this sentiment as well as vicarious public approval. In fact, his attitude toward his own creative abilities is so intricately connected with Molly's talents and achievements that when he contemplates
writing a short story for possible publication in Tidbits, he envisions the piece under the by-line "Mr and Mrs L.M. Bloom" (69).

He takes pride as well in Molly's wit, intuition, and, of course, attractiveness to other men. Molly can "knock spots" off other women, and Bloom derives pleasure from remembering how she enticed men such as Professor Goodwin and an unidentified opera-goer who "[stared] down into her with his operaglass for all he was worth" (284). This aspect of Bloom's personality has been interpreted as evidence of his latent homosexuality (O'Brien 187-88), but another possible, and more likely, explanation lies in his relational mode of identification: the pleasure that he receives may not signal his need to relate intimately and physically with another man so much as it expresses his need to find identity through Molly. Just as their marriage symbolizes affirmation of his personal worthiness, Molly's continued attractiveness to other men invests Bloom with a sense of who he is: the husband of a voluptuous, coveted woman, a man worthy of such a gift. This position is supported by a link between Bloom and Molly described with stellar coldness in "Ithaca." Here, the narrative voice, speaking from the darkness of Bloom's bedroom, and having reduced Bloom to a "negligible negative irrational unreal quantity," queries, "What play of forces rendered departure undesirable?" (725, 728).
The answer joins Molly, Bloom, and Narcissus, the juxtaposition clearly illustrating that through Molly, Bloom sees himself: "... the proximity of an occupied bed, obviating research: the anticipation of warmth (human) tempered with coolness (linen), obviating desire and rendering desirable: the statue of Narcissus, sound without echo, desired desire" (728).

It is no wonder then that when Bloom attempts to win Stephen's friendship in the Cabman's Shelter, he should show him Molly's picture. This scene is often construed as Bloom's pandering of Molly. However, Suzette Henke's analysis is more accurate given the nature of Bloom's identification with Molly. As Henke explains, "Molly is so conspicuously a part of Bloom's identity that he must allude to her in order to establish intimacy with Stephen" (213). Bloom's sense of self-worth is so enmeshed with Molly that to give of himself to Stephen, he must give, or at least show, Molly as well. And Stephen's acceptance of Molly, his complimentary remarks, signal to Bloom that he himself has won approval:

The vicinity of the young man he certainly relished, educated, distingué, and impulsive into the bargain, far and away the pick of the bunch, though you wouldn't think he had it in him... yet you would. Besides he said the picture was handsome which, say what you like, it was... (653).

That this relational mode of identification is
fundamental to Bloom's personality and extends beyond Molly's influence is illustrated by a comparison of Bloom's and Simon Dedalus' understanding of Stephen's identity. The two men see Stephen as they ride together to the cemetery for Paddy Dignam's funeral. Simon immediately identifies him by determining where he is and emphasizing the destructive nature of the relationships that he fosters, especially with "that Mulligan cad." Bloom, however, identifies the young man by referring to the positive relationships which give Stephen significance: he is friend, son, and heir. What is demonstrated here are two diametrically opposed approaches to the process of determining who somebody is; Bloom's is more feminine, one which deems connection important, while Simon's is more masculine, one which views relationships as harmful and stresses individual separation and independence. [9]

Another salient feature of Bloom's psyche which illustrates his feminine nature is his ideas of and feelings toward work, work being a traditional demarcation of male separation, independence, and individual achievement. His relational mode of identification coupled with his relationship with Molly contribute to the development of a man who does not perceive work in this way and thus isolate him from the average middle-class Dubliner. He is basically more interested in helping
advance Molly's career than in furthering his own, but a
cursory reading of *Ulysses* may lead a reader to a
different conclusion. Joyce equipped Bloom with certain
trappings that can easily create the impression that he is
an ordinary, modern-day businessman. His job, first of
all, is a rather mundane affair; he sells ads for *The
Weekly Freeman*. But it is an occupation that, while it is
looked down upon by Dublin's self-appointed intellectual
aristocracy (135), is definitely more masculine than
feminine, women at the turn of the century not functioning
as a dominant presence in the day-to-day operations of
Irish newspapers. Then too, Bloom's business companions
are primarily men, newspaper editors and skilled laborers
as well as area businessmen. In addition to these
details, Joyce equipped Bloom with a mind intrigued by the
idea of money and money-making schemes. At a culturally
conscious level, Bloom assuredly connects money, work and
individual success, placing them in a male context. He is
impressed by the way his father-in-law cornered the stamp
market, considers Simon Dedalus silly for not taking
advantage of his vocal talents to make "oceans of money"
(274), and seems mildly jealous of Micky Hanlon, an
ignorant, uneducated man who made a fortune in the fish
industry (175). He knows that "where you can live well,
the sense is, if you work" (644). In these respects,
Bloom is just as masculine as Simon Dedalus, Miles
Crawford, or even the Citizen.
However, at an emotive-behavioral level, the correlation among money, work, and individual success is not nearly so strong. Bloom is not really a dedicated, directed businessman whose entire life revolves around the need to attain a reputable career, not comparable to the motivations of a Willy Loman, Silas Lapham, or Jason Compson. He does not identify himself through the work that puts bread on his table, and he is not fixated with the pursuit of a career as a salesman. And of the series of jobs that he has held, from clerking to selling insurance to bill collecting, none are highly lucrative or otherwise rewarding for him. [10] But these facts do not seem to bother him. Nor does he appear compelled to sell ads no matter what the cost. True, he works diligently to get the Keyes ad, determining that his failure to do so renders his day imperfect (729), but of the eighteen sections in *Ulysses*, in only one do we see Bloom actually working--if June 16 is at all a typical Bloomsday, he is not the type to push for a sale. He can easily ignore a potential advertiser, out of either fear of offending (O'Brien 126-27) or even kindly respect for another's personal business preferences. Both may be the case when he passes Larry O'Rourke's bar: "Baldhead over the blind. Cute old codger. No use canvassing him for an ad. Still he knows his own business" (58). Masculine competition, personified for Bloom in Blazes Boylan, the "bester" and
"boaster" (732), thoroughly appalls him, an attitude that he expresses as he gazes into the mouth of the Burton restaurant: "Every fellow for his own, tooth and nail. Gulp. Grub. Gobstuff. . . Eat or be eaten. Kill" (171). As he tells Stephen, he would be happier in a world where everyone, no matter what their job, race, class, or religion, would earn approximately 300 per year; such a Utopia, he decides, "would be provocative of friendlier intercourse between man and man" (644).

His work behavior is judged harshly by Dublin society. Nosey Flynn and Davy Byrne discuss it quite openly, Flynn stating confidently that Bloom "doen'st buy cream on the ads he picks up" (77) and must be helped financially by the freemasons. Molly takes a more direct approach, explicitly questioning his manhood. Before they were married, she had hoped that he would be a member of parliament, but his political dabblings never won him such an august position, and she now detests the fact that he can't seem to keep a job (771-72). She would much prefer that he leave the Freeman, since it pays so poorly, and take a job in an office. "I wish he'd even smoke a pipe like father to get the smell of a man," she thinks, "or pretending to be mooching about for advertisements when he could have ben in Mr. Cuffes. . . I could have got him promoted there to be a manager. . . ." (752). Critics have even agreed with this perspective. Stephen Swynn, in a
1923 review of modern Irish literature for The Manchester Guardian, showed no tolerance for a man who does not perform more efficiently:

Seven hundred pages of a tome like a Blue-book are occupied with the events and sensations in one day of a renegade Jew, whose trade is tout-ing advertisements, but whose subsis-tense comes through marriage; I need not be more precise. . . (Deming 302).

Almost a half-century later, Darcy O'Brien echoed these sentiments:

This short glimpse of Bloom at his work fills in further the picture we are getting of him as a timid, ineffectual, inward-looking little man, whose chief interest appears to lie in not offending anyone and in obtaining what sensual gratification he can from his secret reveries (126-27).

And Bonnie Kime Scott, in Joyce and Feminism, maintains that Molly probably would have been a better breadwinner than Bloom (169).

Granted, Molly's grit and self-confidence would render her more financially productive if she were so inclined, but she is not, and thus Bloom, as the husband and head-of-household, is expected to support his family. But what all three of the above critics fail to recognize is that Bloom does not perceive work as an essential part of his identity—not in the traditional masculine formula of work=money=individuality=sucess=self. This
psychological template is imposed on him. It is assumed that that is the way he thinks and should think. He does not, however, rely on a job or a profession to validate his position in the family or to achieve power in his community. For Bloom, work functions in two specific ways, neither of which is ordinarily valued for men. The first is the "secret reveries" noted by O'Brien. These are actually psychologically more healthy than O'Brien realizes, for it is through the "touting" of ads that Bloom indulges in creative mental activity which affords him psychic balance, a means to offset his fears of death, old-age, loneliness, and separation. It is not the sale itself that captivates Bloom but the invention of the advertising scheme, the poetry of a slogan, the visual and verbal metaphors. He can take great pleasure in silently redesigning a college sports ad (86), and he is still enamored of his promotional scheme for a stationery shop: a transparent show cart featuring two beautiful girls carrying paper, envelopes, and other supplies (154). His cogitations are stimulated not so much by the actualization of an advertising plan--the here-and-now of the thing--but by futuristic, fluid potential, "the infinite possibilities hitherto unexploited of the modern art of advertisement" (683). His fondness for the more artistic aspect of advertising lends credence to Lenehan's remark that "there's a touch of the artist about old Bloom
(235) and to Bloom's own identification as an artist of sorts: an author-journalist (458). Bloom is the author of images, and we might hypothesize that this talent contributes to his poor showing as a salesman. Bloom, lacking the masculine aggression necessary to vigorously sell purely for the sake of persuading someone to part with his/her money, would probably have been more at home in a design studio where his more feminine aesthetic sensibilities could have developed, where he could have "given birth" to art forms which someone else could then have peddled for him.

Bloom also understands work as a way to care for Molly. But when Bloom thinks about money, he does not dwell on the need to pay rent, to purchase groceries or insurance, or to build a nestegg for his old age. He intends, instead, to use his ad money to buy clothes for Molly (160, 260-261), a desire that drives him to sell the Keyes ad (381). One could argue that Bloom's motivations are identical to those of any man who considers himself the family provider, that Bloom is driven to buy petticoats and other lingerie for Molly because that is what a husband should do. The text of Ulysses, however, provide no evidence to support such an argument. The Bloom that we walk with is not motivated by the need to prove his manhood to Molly through work. He works because he wants to buy her beautiful gifts, he wants to make
offerings to her and to lounge in the luxurious sensuality that she exudes. He evinces no pressures, other than those of his own caring and sensual nature, forcing him to do so.

But just because Bloom's self-concept is not grounded in work, we cannot contend that he has little understanding of himself as a social being, as a man living in a man's world. Identification of self through others actually sensitizes Bloom to the nuances of social propriety and customs, both actions and appearances. Unlike Stephen, who for comparison's sake is more egotistical and cares very little about others' opinions of him, Bloom is ever aware of himself as a public presence. This statement may seem to contradict what we have just explained about work, and in some respects it does. Bloom's professional performance fails to meet society's expectations. Since his identity is so firmly based on relationships, though, his actions simultaneously counter and correspond with particular prescriptions for middle-class male behavior. He cannot relate to work in a manner requiring a more self-centered personality, yet as an individual who is relationship-oriented, he is extremely conscious of the proper middle-class way to behave in public: the almost prudish values of middle-class Ireland (Lee 41)—politeness, cleanliness, tasteful clothing, avoidance of scandal or the slightest
hint of moral impropriety--constitute his code of social behavior.

Bloom is steadfastly polite to whomever he socializes with and, in addition, is ever conscious of his own clothing and personal hygiene (85) as well as that of others, an impulse that sometimes causes him to make hasty, superficial judgments of others. When he meets Bantam Lyon in the morning, he immediately notes Lyon's dandruff and yellow, blacknailed fingers. His attention is drawn to Josie Breen's worn blue dress and dowdy hat--shabby genteel he decides (158). The clothing of an unidentified woman on the street also catches his eye, particularly her loose stockings which he finds tasteless and detestable (166). He identifies "Father" Bob Cowly as a musical chap with bad breath and is quick to judge Stephen's friend Corley by his dilapidated hat and generally sloppy wearing apparel. Then too, the cleanliness of the Ormond Hotel impresses him while the dirtiness of the working-class Burton restaurant disgusts him. The latter stinks of men wolfing, spitting, and bolting food, and he knows that he cannot possibly eat there (169). The example of the Burton is also important because it demonstrates not only Bloom's penchant for cleanliness and his middle-class values but also the connection he makes between dirtiness and men in general, further evidence of his identification with women.
Bloom is equally concerned about his own actions in public and goes to great lengths to eschew anything that might draw attention to himself. His *modus operandi* is to subordinate himself for the sake of appearances, to maintain his position as a good middle-class Irishman. After he and Stephen leave Nighttown, for instance, he sees a whore with whom he had earlier made an appointment. In proper middle-class fashion, he speedily turns away, not wanting her to recognize him and thus publicize his relationship with her (632). When he and Stephen reach 7 Eccles Street, he refrains from telling Stephen that he had frequented the "university of life," fearing that he had already mentioned the fact that he might look ignorant, forgetful, or old. His sensitivity to social propriety is so acute that he carefully plans his actions in advance so as not to appear out-of-place and/or ill-mannered. For example, in the course of contemplating a trip to learn about certain scientific apparatus, he reasons:

> If I could get an introduction to Professor Joly or learn up something about his family. What would do: man always feels complimented. Flattery where least expected. . .Not go in and blurt out what you know you're not to. . .Show this gentleman the door (167).

A more dramatic illustration of this sensitivity occurs in "Hades" as Bloom rides to the cemetery. Earlier in the day he had purchased a bar of lemon soap which he had
placed in his back pocket, and as he sits in the carriage he notes that he is sitting on the soap. But instead of removing it, he does nothing, apparently hesitant to disturb the others in the carriage and draw attention to himself. It is only after they reach the cemetery and leave the carriage that Bloom swiftly transfers the soap to his inner pocket.

His reluctance to remove the soap is particularly feminine in practice. A verbal parody of his action might sound something like this: "Oh, don't you worry about me. I'll just sit on this bar of soap. The pain won't bother me at all. Don't think a thing about it"--a speech that has that all too familiar "suffering-wife-or-mother" tone. Women have long been more likely than men to subordinate their own needs and desires, to refrain from drawing attention to themselves and upsetting others. Behavior of this kind has characterized them as self-sacrificing and masochistic, two traits which have come to be expected of women as part of their role, literally and symbolically, as unifiers and peacekeepers.

Bloom is by nature both--a unifier and a peacekeeper. He generally does not act to divide and conquer but to maintain the status quo, to guarantee that the waters, although always moving and changing, remain whole, smooth, and undisturbed. Even during the one major conflictive social moment of his day, the argument with the Citizen,
Bloom defends love and brotherhood in the face of blind, divisive racism and nationalism. Therefore, in terms of his sensitivity to social propriety, Bloom's need to act gentlemanly in public, that is, to follow the norms of male behavior, is eventually subsumed by his need to sustain relationships. As a result, his behavior is socially acceptable as masculine only to a limited degree. As he continues to side-step confrontation, to subordinate his thoughts and feelings to those of others, to shun force in any form, to accommodate and conciliate, he begins to emerge as decidedly weak and ineffectual in a social context. The most obvious and thematically significant example of this is his unwillingness to confront Molly and Boylan with his knowledge of their affair, but many others exist and accumulate throughout the text. The degree to which we find them either singularly or collectively uncomfortable to witness, reprehensible in essence, degrading in substance, or, for that matter, laudatory, depends upon what we each place the greatest value—the power to assert self or to create harmony and unification.

When we first see Bloom interacting socially, he is at home with Molly preparing their breakfast, and as has already been noted, Bloom's homemaker duties cast him as feminine in a general sense. But they also establish a context in which he is associated with women as unifiers:
the home is the source of our physical and spiritual roots, a place where every member of the family can return for physical and emotional sustenance. Molly, of course, is the supreme unifying element of *Ulysses*; her voice envelopes Stephen and Bloom, firmly rooting them both in time, matter, and an affirmation of life processes. But Bloom too is feminine, absorbing Molly just as she absorbs him. Thus Bloom functions as a unifying principle.

Joyce meticulously begins the development of this facet of Bloom's character in "Calypso" where the language of the early morning conversations between husband and wife serve to position Bloom as an accommodating individual, one intent on promoting a harmonious atmosphere. As he leaves the house to buy a pork kidney for himself, he is certain that Molly will not want anything from the butcher's—she likes thin bread and butter for her breakfast—but he checks with her nonetheless. "She might like something tasty," he reasons. "Still perhaps" (56). The qualifying adverbs, and the modal "might" suggest hesitancy and an unwillingness to act on one's own knowledge of a situation, an unwillingness to risk Molly's anger if by chance she does want something from Dlugacz's. But they also imply a need to show her that he is thinking of her, that they share a caring relationship. [11] The way in which he phrases his question to her, very typical of
British speech, also communicates a reluctance to risk tension as well as a desire to consider her wants and needs perhaps above his own. Instead of using the interrogative, "Do you want anything for breakfast from the butcher's?", he employs a declarative sentence converted to question form through intonation: "You don't want anything for breakfast?" The latter is somewhere between a direct statement and the yes-or-no question and functions not so much to elicit information--Bloom already knows that Molly does not want anything--but to promote an air of accommodation. By telling her in question form that she does not want a special breakfast, Bloom avoids a posture of disinterest, forwardness, or dominance. He fosters harmony and his status as her caregiver. After returning from the butcher's, he work assiduously to maintain this tranquility, carefully asking her if she would like him to raise the shade, open the window, or buy her a new romance novel. Even when she does not respond to her queries (her silence is actually more typical of a male response to a female question [Frank and Ashen 32]), he does not press her for an answer but continues the discussion in the new vein that she has introduced.

The first person that Bloom meets as he sets out on his Bloomsday adventures after breakfast is Charley M'Coy. He is really in no mood to chat with M'Coy, though, having just picked up a letter from Martha Clifford, the woman
with whom he is having an epistolary affair. "Get rid of him quickly," he decides. "Take me out of my way. Hate company when you" (73). But despite his resolve, he becomes involved in a lengthy conversation (three pages of the text) with M'Coy, politely answering his questions, never directly excusing himself in order to leave more expediently, and eventually agreeing to put M'Coy's name down as a mourner at Paddy Dignam's funeral. Ultimately, Bloom wastes some time, his immediate plans put on hold, but he preserves his relationship with M'Coy, avoiding any aggression or hostility that would create tension or ill-will on M'Coy's part.

While riding to the funeral, Bloom acts in similar fashion. This time, however, the outcome is less satisfactory. The group in the carriage sights Reuben J. Dodd, a Jewish moneylender, and all make rather derogatory remarks about him. Martin Cunningham comments that they all have been to see him, but while looking at Bloom, he adds, "Well, nearly all of us." Bloom as a Jew does not react with hostility but instead tells a humorous story about Reuben J. In this context, the joke functions in two ways: to allow Bloom to defuse a tense situation and to become part of the all-male group. It is common knowledge that humor can work in the former way, but it is also frequently used by men in particular to signal group solidarity (Thorne and Henley 17). In this case, Bloom
acts masculine to revive the harmony of the group and to thwart a potentially volatile, or, at the very least, uncomfortable situation for himself and the others. The humor works for the group but backfires for Bloom. He does not tell the story well and is cut off by Cunningham who employs a dramatic flourish to finish the tale. This situation elucidates Bloom's femininity both positively and negatively in terms of what he had hoped to accomplish. His nonconfrontational behavior salvages group harmony, a positive gain, but he tells the joke "like a girl," badly that is, and thus isolates himself from the more expert story tellers, a negative effect. Ironically, the feminine act of unification which he implements in a masculine form to verify his manliness serves primarily to magnify his "otherness."

It is explicitly in "Aeolus" that Bloom's gender role appears most vividly feminine, virtually self-effacing. Again, examples abound, the first being a narrative description of Bloom entering the sidedoor of the newspaper office with a meek smile on his face. Within minutes, he meets Joe Hynes, who owes him money, and tells him where he can cash a check; instead of seizing the opportunity to remind Hynes of the debt, Bloom opts for preserving the relationship as is. He is equally accommodating when talking with the newspaper foreman about the construction of the Keyes ad. Not wanting to
appear bossy, he cautions himself, "Better not teach him his own business," and continues, "I could ask him perhaps [emphasis mine] about how to pronounce that voglio. But then if he didn't know only make it awkward for him. Better not" (120). [12]

Bloom also seems to apologize profusely in "Aeolus," and when dealing with Miles Crawford, the editor, his tone is unquestionably deferential. During his discussion with Crawford about the Keyes ad and Keyes' request for an editorial favor, he dutifully asks, "What will I tell him, Mr. Crawford?" Crawford's response is like a blast of rank air: "Will you tell him to kiss my arse?. . . Tell him that straight from the stable" (146). Bloom, who rarely swears, does not defend himself but offers a conciliatory response before Crawford interrupts him: "Well, Mr. Bloom said. . . if I can get the design, I suppose it's worth a short par. He'd give the ad I think, I'll tell him . . ." (147). This response is strewn with vocabulary signaling hesitancy and indefiniteness: the modal "can," the adverb "well," the verb "suppose," and the tag line "I think." Here, Bloom's words ward off argumentation and also preserve the distribution of power in a professional relationship: editor over salesman.

Bloom remains fairly consistent in this behavior. Even in "Cyclops," where he appears the most self-confident and masculinely heroic, he espouses a
philosophy of love and his actions indicate that he desires to practice what he preaches; after all, it is the Citizen who throws the biscuit tin, not Bloom. His language, however, projects even more distinctly his nonconfrontational, unifying yet subordinate posture. In spite of his eager involvement in the discussions in Barney Kiernan's, his rhetorical style differs substantially from that of the Citizen who embodies a working class rather than middle-class mentality, swearing more prolifically than Miles Crawford and exhibiting what Andrew Tolson calls intense localism and aggression. In apologetic form, Bloom joins the Citizen and his entourage, trying to politely explain that he does not want anything to drink (a rather elitist statement to make in a working-class establishment):

As they started arguing about the point, Bloom saying he wouldn't and couldn't and excuse him no offense and all to that and then said well he'd just take a cigar (304).

Once the group gets down to the serious business of free-for-all debate, Bloom's language is noticeably more polite than that of the others--also more sophisticated, containing a plethora of "jawbreakers" according to the Unnamed narrator. The politeness and extensive vocabulary do not earn the respect of the Citizen, however, who freely interrupts Bloom to assert his own strident
opinions. For the most part, Bloom's speech is not forceful, and he sounds confused at times. When trying to explain why he was to meet Martin Cunningham at the pub, his explanation is riddled with "I mean" and "don't you see" phrases which can communicate uncertainty and weakness (These structures also appear elsewhere in his "Cyclops" dialogue; see 321, 323, 329.) The latter phrase, "don't you see," and its variants "you see" and "you know," however, also function to unify the individual speakers in the communal act of debating. As linguists Francince Frank and Frank Ashen explain, these forms are employed to develop and sustain conversations, to maintain the relationship, and although men use them occasionally, women tend to rely more heavily on them (32). Another structure that works similarly is "now don't you think," which Bloom uses to preface a discussion of lawn tennis and blood circulation. These linguistic tactics fail to ease group tensions, though. The discussion turns into a back-stabbing session, and Bloom is finally forced to assert himself in defense of love and his Jewish heritage.

Bloom's defensive stand in "Cyclops" does not mark a radical change in character. Although on a psychic level he later quells Bella/Bello and the putrid Nymph, when in the company of his peers he remains fundamentally concerned about smoothing ruffled feathers, behavior that makes him seem ineffectual when compared to males who act
more aggressively. In "Circe," for example, his response to Stephen's highly masculine shenanigans—the brawl with Private Carr—is decidedly less than macho. He first attempts to defend Stephen by arguing that the fight was all a misunderstanding (569). After the entrance of the two night watches, he then identifies himself as a witness to the fact that Carr provoked the incident, adding that the constable should take Carr's regimental number. But his remarks go unheeded, and the night watch fires back, "I don't want your instruction in the discharge of my duty" (603). Bloom is silenced, afraid to make the situation worse but not sure how to take charge himself. Stephen is finally saved from further police action and personal embarrassment by the opportune appearance of Corny Kelleher, the undertaker, whose jovial "boys-will-be-boys" banter satisfies the two policemen. Bloom is left to shake their hands and mumble a "thank you" to guarantee that no one departs with hard feelings.

For Bloom, fault-finding is a "proverbial bad hat" (634)—at least socially—and although he enjoys intellectual interaction, he is careful to avoid an outright attack on his companion. "Eumeaus" provides several cases in point. During their short stay in the Cabman's Shelter, Stephen and Bloom listen to the ramblings of Murphy, the sailor, and Bloom develops
serious doubts about the man's credibility, "sherlockholmesing" him up and down and thinking that he might be a murderer or simply a buffer. But he finally reasons that "the lies a fellow told about himself couldn't probably hold a proverbial candle to the wholesale whoppers other fellows coined about him" (636). For all his doubts and shrewd observations, Bloom never acts on his suspicions to catch the man in a lie and expose his deceit; he maintains what congeniality he can and only whispers his speculations to Stephen. As they depart the Shelter, he continues to sustain this low-keyed posture:

... Bloom ... was the first to rise to his feet so as not to stay their welcome having first and foremost, being as good as his word that he would foot the bill for the occasion, taken the wise precaution to unobtrusively motion to mine host ... a scarcely perceptible sign when the others were not looking. ...

(659-60).

His conversation with Stephen explicitly embodies his unwillingness to confront an individual and to risk creating bad feelings of any kind. In regards to this relationship, one must bear in mind that Bloom does not wish to antagonize or alienate Stephen, but at the same time he eagerly anticipates a stimulating intellectual discussion. His ensuing conversation is an expression of his effort to appear conciliatory at all times, to
inhibit the least bit of tension or disagreement from surfacing. As their talk progresses, Bloom persists in prefacing and/or concluding his remarks with qualifying phrases and clauses to soften his opinions, in other words to strip them of any semblance of superiority or aggression toward Stephen. These include "I don't mean to presume to dictate to you in the slightest degree but..." (619); "I wouldn't personally..." (620); "Of course, I grant you, to concede a point..." (634); "...though I believe" (634); "I'm not so sure...that's a matter of every man's opinion...I beg to differ...to tell you the candid truth..." (634); "Mind you, I'm not saying..." (636); "Am I not right?" (643); and "I mean, of course..." (644). The narrative itself is also threaded with similar constructions, and its overall style is convoluted and indirect, creating an impression of uncertainty, conciliation, and placation.

The process whereby Bloom suppresses his opinions and feelings to appease Stephen is exemplified by the scene in which he expounds on economic philosophy, specifically his belief that everyone should receive a uniform wage (644). Stephen retorts that he can be counted out of any scheme involving work. The remark catches Bloom off guard, but he tries to save face and passify Stephen by explaining that his definition of work is wide enough to encompass literary endeavors since both "brain and brawn" belong to
Ireland. Stephen, much consumed with himself, has no sense of belonging to anything or anybody; in his mind, Ireland belong to him, a philosophy which Bloom cannot at all comprehend. When Bloom pushes him for clarification, albeit in the most polite, apologetic manner, Stehen becomes cross and demands that they change the subject. Bloom is puzzled but, not wanting to jeopardize the relationship, sits quietly in thought before turning to a newspaper to find a less controversial topic to discuss. Not long after, he offers Molly's picture to Stephen and the two leave for 7 Eccles Street, Bloom's arm locked through Stephen's.

Again, his strategy maintains peace and the status quo, thereby protecting their relationship for further growth in "Ithaca" where he continues the same pattern of behavior. Here, he restrains himself from lecturing Stephen about bathing and eating properly, but this deferential conduct is more interestingly expressed in the answer to the narrative question, "Were their views on some points divergent?" For our purposes, the points themselves are not as important as the narrator's descriptions of how each disagrees. Stephen dissents openly while Bloom dissents tacitly; when they agree, Bloom assents covertly (666).

Bloom's manner of dissent and assent is characteristic of a passive individual, and "passive" is
the word most often used in descriptions of Bloom as feminine. That Joyce wanted passivity to appear as one of Bloom's most natural traits is clear from the text, and we are not to infer that Molly is totally responsible for this behavior. We learn that even as a youth he spent a great deal of time watching the gyrations of the world rather than actively participating in them:

... in middle youth he had often sat observing through a rondel of bossed glass of a multicoloured pane the spectacle offered with continual changes of the thoroughfare without, pedestrians, quadrupeds, velocipedes, vehicles, passing slowly, quickly evenly, round and round and round the rim of a round precipitous globe (681).

Life for Bloom is not defined as action. He understands it more instinctively as sensual pleasures, his body a large, sensitive receptor to natural stimuli. When he defies death in the Dublin cemetery, for example, he does not concentrate on what he has yet to accomplish in life, that is, what he can do, but rather on what he can sense: "Plenty to see and hear and feel yet. Feel live warm beings near you. . . . Warm beds: warm fullblooded (115). His pleasure also comes from the images he can create in his own mind, images such as those of his garden newly fertilized and planted, of a two-story house on a prominent bucolic plot of ground, and of a quiet dusky evening in which he can take a long, luxurious rest.
Action for Bloom is more mental than physical. It is
dreaming in the waking state, and he has little need to
actualize his dreams. Like his ads, his fantasies bring
him creative mental pleasure—and physical pleasure as
well: he uses them to help him relax before bed in order
to sleep more soundly (720).

Bloom's senses, feelings, and identity are
intricately connected in his psyche. His ability to feel
deeply and to see imaginatively, to appreciate tactile,
visual, and auditory stimulation lead him to perceive
himself as a "bit of an artist in his spare time" (653),
one of the few ways in which he actually identifies
himself. [13] Sheldon Brivic, author of *Joyce between
Freud and Jung*, extrapolates on the interdependency of
senses/feelings/identity, and his argument is pertinent to
our discussion at this point because it is an excellent
example of an interpretation that fails to consider as
valid a feminine mode of identification. The majority of
criticism on Bloom is written from this perspective and,
consequently, many of the above mentioned samples of
Bloom's passivity are judged harshly. Brivic utilizes
Jung's classification of psychological types to categorize
Bloom as an extraverted sensation and feeling type. The
sensory type, he explains, "tends to conform to prevailing
values, to react to environmental stimuli, to lose himself
in absorption in the object" (151). Feeling types are
almost always women according to Jung, and Brivic, quoting Jung, notes that in extreme cases, they "can dissolve into a succession of contradictory feeling states" and lose ego identity. Brivic considers Bloom to be an extreme case, determining that his identity is not consistent because he moves too easily and with apparent enjoyment from one feeling to another. What Brivic has actually done in his analysis is to see inconsistencies where they do not exist as a result of the theoretical framework that he has applied. Bloom's identity is very consistent in its basic relational mode—although he is not the happiest fictional character, he capably carries on a day-to-day existence that brings him feelings of satisfaction. And he certainly does not suffer from hysteria, which Jung claims to be the principle form of neurosis in the extraverted feeling type (*Portable Jung* 212). His ability to rapidly traverse a multitude of feelings also remains consistently controlled. Even though he experiences mood swings on several occasions, he does not allow himself to be consumed by contradictory feelings. In the Ormond Hotel, for instance, while listening to Simon Dedalus conclude Lionel's song from *Martha*, he feels a tremendous orgasmic, transcendent rush, followed by a plummet into depression marked by thoughts of death and divorce. But he quickly stifles his self-pity—the ride of elation is sustained longer than that of despair—regaining his composure with
the snap of the catgut thong with which he plays, demystifying the music that temporarily entranced him: "Muse/mathematics. And you think you're listening to the ethereal... Time makes the tune. Question of mood you're in" (278). His knowledge of Molly's affair with Boylan bothers him, but overall, he uses his feelings as facilitating mechanism to stimulate and ease his mind.

I do not wish to suggest that Bloom's relational mode of identification makes him a psychologically healthy individual. It is in basic conflict with the way western culture determines masculinity, and Bloom exhibits symptoms of the psychic conflict that must inevitably result. However, such a method of identification is a real way of knowing oneself and should not be judged abnormal. When we bring to a text preconceived notions of what constitutes male ego-formation, we run the risk of denying dimensionality of character. Only when one applies a male-defined process of identification and being-in-the-world can Bloom's sense of self appear pathetically deviant in toto.

The critics, however, are not the only ones to fault Bloom and to judge him less than a man. Stephen, for one, considers Bloom to possess "a strange kind of flesh of a different man... sinewy and wobbly and all that" (660). Bloom's Dublin cronies as well as Molly also ridicule him. His Jewishness, to begin with, is an easy target for the
men in Barney Kiernan's. They attack his money making schemes and call him, and they do his father, a shyster:

> God save Ireland from the likes of that bloody mouseabout. Mr. Bloom with his argol bargo. And his old fellow before him perpetrating frauds, old Methusalem Bloom, the robbing bagman. . . Loans by post on easy terms (336).

In general, they lack respect for him. He is an outsider, someone unlike themselves, someone they do not quite understand; their ignorance transforms him into a ready target for their abuse. The newsboys in "Aeolus" mock him, Lenehan mimics his walk, Miles Crawford sends him a message to go to hell, the group of newspaper men exit the office for drinks without inviting him along, and J. J. O'Molloy and Ned Lambert ignore him as they enter Barney's.

At times, he is also treated more like a child than an adult. On two occasions, Martin Cunningham's comments to Bloom are distinctly paternal in tone. Taking charge of the group of mourners departing for the Dignam funeral, he asks, "Are we all here now?" and then chides, "Come along, Bloom" (87)—almost as if he were talking to a lagging eleven-year-old. As Bloom later taunts the Citizen, Cunningham again takes charge of him, correcting his explanation of Christ's parentage and verbally slapping his wrist: "... And the Savior was a Jew and his father was a Jew. Your God. --He had no father, says
Martin. That'll do now. Drive ahead" (343).

Cunningham's treatment of Bloom corresponds to the way minority or suppressed groups are treated—women, blacks, and homosexuals, for instance—so it is not surprising that Bloom's male acquaintances are acutely aware that he is not masculine according to prescriptive white, middle-class norms. Their dislike of him, in reality, extends beyond his Jewish heritage and centers on his femininity, prompting them freely to mock and speculate about his sexuality. John Henry Menton, the lawyer, cannot fathom why a woman like Molly, "with plenty of game in her" (106), would marry a "coon" like Bloom. Lenehan and M'Coy also share a hearty laugh reminiscing about the night Lenehan took advantage of an enebriated Molly while an oblivious Bloom sat beside them in the car:

Every jolt that bloody car give
I had her bumpting up against me.
Hell's delights! She had a fine pair, God bless her. . . I was tucking the rug under her and settling her boa all the time.
Know what I mean? (234).

The Unnamed narrator of "Cyclops" is especially vicious. He jeers at Bloom's use of "but don't you see" and "but on the other hand" and disgustedly admits, "God, he'd have a soft hand under a hen" (315). Bloom is a mixed middling, the type that the Unnamed one would be happy to see thrown in the sea: "Justifiable homicide" (338). Others in Barney Keirnan's are equally as hostile. The Citizen
wonders if Bloom can rightfully be called a man and questions the paternity of Bloom's children. Joe Hynes also speculates as to whether Bloom has ever had sex with woman.

Molly as well doubts Bloom's ability to support a wife—financially, emotionally, and sexually. She blames him for not giving her a satisfactory sexual relationship (777) and believes that in many other ways he is simply not manly enough for her (752). The fact that he is content to "[plotter] about the house" (752) instead of finding a well-paying job bothers her, and she actually becomes agitated as she remembers the time he took her for a boat ride without knowing how to row, almost drowning them and embarrassing her in front of a crowd (764-65). Molly considers Bloom a coward, and although she believes he has more spunk than Boylan (742), her monologue contains considerable references to his timidness. She declares that he provides, at best, inept protection for herself and their property (765), and she conjures a vivid recollection of him fearfully trying to ward off thieves one night. Then, too, she wishes he would take the initiative to discipline Milly (768) and is disheartened to think that he even lacks the courage necessary to conduct an affair with a married woman (773).

This less than satisfactory peer review, coupled with Bloom's persistent nonconfrontational, almost
self-effacing behavior, contributes to our feeling that Bloom is powerless to assert self in a masculine way. It is tempting when analyzing Bloom's conduct to justify this behavior as Christ-like. Such an interpretation, however, ignores the fact that Joyce did not intend to structure a Christian character [14]; he intended humanity with all of its contradictions and paradoxes. And human Bloom is. He is not totally self-sacrificing; "Father forgive them for they know not what they do" is a philosophy that he cannot apply indiscriminately. The "I. AM. A." that he scratches in the sand of the "Nausicaa" section is a powerful, conscious articulation of an ego uniquely separate from the material world. His apparent powerlessness in social dimensions and the lack of respect shown him are not unknown to him, and he tries to balance the scale of power through passive-aggressive behavior.

Women, more often than men, are accused of such behavior. They are habitually described as sly, tricky, manipulative, and indirect, and to the extent that these descriptions are accurate, they are the product of a culture that denies women power. Bloom, driven by a relational process of identification, has limited power in a masculine sense, that is, through dominance, achievement, and independence, and is therefore forced to resort to passive-aggressive acts in order to reconcile two conflicting energies: his need to connect and his
need to assert self. For example, when he agrees to put M'Coy's name down as a mourner at Paddy Dignam's funeral, he does it not only as an act of kindness but also as a surreptitious way to gain power over M'Coy: "Thanks, old chap: much obliged. Leave him under an obligation: costs nothing" (112). He is more than willing to give Bantam Lyons his newspaper as an expedient way to get rid of him, and by telling Joe Hynes where he can cash his check, Bloom hopes to remind the man that he owes him money, making him feel uncomfortable and guilty enough to pay the debt. After the funeral, Bloom courteously informs John Menton that his hat is dented, but again, the overture is not entirely a peacemaking gesture (Menton dislikes Bloom and Bloom knows it); after Menton curtly acknowledges his efforts, Bloom reasons, "be sorry after perhaps when it dawns on him. Get the pull over him that way" (115). The incident galls Bloom a bit, and he continues to mull over things he could have said at the time to get Menton's "goat" (121).

The fact that he forgets to pick up Molly's skin lotion from Sweny, the druggist, may also be a case of passive-aggressiveness. As we discover from her monologue, she has told him repeatedly to buy her more of the concoction, but she doubts whether he has remembered this time (750-51), a prospect that irritates her no end. While we do not know whether Bloom intentionally forgot
the lotion, we can speculate that it would not be out of character for him to do so, consciously or unconsciously, in order to lash out at her in a small yet bothersome way. Despite his love for her and his need of her, his constant subordination of self and the negative responses it draws may eventually cause him to rebel in sly ways. Events in "Circe" inform us that the act of forgetting the lotion is somehow significant to Bloom. He obsequiously explains to Molly that he was just going back to get it for her and then buys it from the druggist. Molly, however, ignores the purchase and saunters off humming a tune from Don Giovanni (440-41). Perhaps at an unconscious level Bloom harbors guilt about his forgetfulness, an indication that the memory lapse may not be entirely the result of advancing age.

Bloom's manipulative methods of gaining power assuredly disqualify him for sainthood, but, ultimately, his feminine nature, especially his relational orientation to his world, allows him to act in the most admirable of ways. In particular, the hallmark of his femininity, that which distinguishes him from so many of his Dublin peers and furnishes him with a strength to offset any weaknesses, is his kindness and compassion for others. [15] That he cares so deeply and gives of himself is evident throughout Ulysses. In "Calypso," we see him kindly caring for his cat, an attitude that he extends to
all animals that he happens to encounter and think about on June 16: he unhappily contemplates the cruel treatment of circus animals, feels sympathy for a gelding that he passes on the street, reflects on the pain suffered by any animal slaughtered for human food, thinks the sight of a dead animal to be very sad, and buys banbury cakes for the "poor" gulls. These sentiments are in concert with Bloom's behavior and attitude toward human beings as well. He expresses sympathy for many people and demonstrates an equal amount of kindness. While attending the funeral, he feels bored but hastily concludes that Paddy should not be faulted for his own death (84). He extends these sympathies to both Dignam's widow and his five children to whom he generously gives monetary assistance and to the priest who must make a living blessing corpses: "Tiresome kind of job," he observes realistically, "But he has to say something" (104). He pitied both Martin Cunningham, whose drunken wife leads him "the life of the damned" (96), and Mina Purefoy, suffering in her third day of labor while a houseful of children awaits the new sibling. He is so concerned about Mina that he visits the hospital to check on her condition, and as she gives birth, he bemoans the indelicacy of the medical students who laugh callously about the process of childbearing. Earlier in the day, he had charitably helped a blind stripling to cross the street, his sympathy shared by only one other
character in the novel—a woman, Miss Douce of the Ormond Hotel. In this case, Bloom goes so far as to imagine himself in the boy's place, to wonder how the boy feels and how he might dream (180-81). Generally, Bloom expresses kindness and compassion for anyone who suffers and is looked down upon by society: whores who contract venereal diseases but cannot pay for medical expenses, wives with drunken husbands, even "Father" Bob Cowly who has bad breath.

The bulk of his sympathies, however, is saved for two people: Stephen, his would-be son, and Molly, the most important person in his life. While we first see Bloom caring for Molly, the novel itself pushes Bloom toward a meeting with Stephen. And when the two finally join, Bloom gives himself unselfishly to the young man. [16] Critics have generally ascertained that Bloom's compassion for Stephen is paternal in nature. This is true to a certain extent. Bloom still mourns the deaths of his consubstantial son, Rudy, at the age of eleven days, and the many parallels which Joyce constructs between Bloom and Stephen encourage the reader to see Bloom and Stephen as a father-son tandem. [17] Bloom also acts paternally toward Stephen, most noticeably during their stay in Nighttown at Bella Cohen's. Here Bloom takes control of Stephen's money, makes sure that no one steals it, pays for the chimney lamp that Stephen breaks, and then rushes
out of the brothel after him to keep the young man from harm. At this point, the father-son theme is vividly dramatized: as "Circe" ends, Stephen lies sleeping in a fetal position on the ground and Bloom stands watch, a vision of Rudy as a young boy, radiantly bedecked with jewels, shimmering before him. The father is at last united with both the lost and the would-be son.

Bloom's paternal attitude toward Stephen continues in "Eumaeus," most conspicuously when he cautions Stephen about the risk of seeing prostitutes and drinking in bad company (615)—very solid advice from an older man who has "been there" and knows of what he speaks. But their relationship falters at this level. Bloom does not leave Nighttown as a man in the most masculine sense. Why should he? His femininity is a part of him, something which he cannot, and need not, eradicate no matter how viciously others may ridicule him. Why then should his behavior with Stephen be more paternal, more manly, than before Nighttown? We should not expect it to be and Joyce did not make it such. It has already been pointed out that Bloom assumes a deferential pose with Stephen, but in conjunction with this, he actually acts toward Stephen more maternally than paternally, behavior grounded in the fact that he needs to have a son not only to prove his masculinity, to achieve an immortality of sorts, but also to satisfy his desire to help others. It is through a son
that Bloom believes he can demonstrate great care and kindness. When he rides to the funeral with Simon Dedalus, listening to him rant about Stephen's insolence, Bloom's thoughts turn to what he could have done to care for Rudy: "I could have helped him on in life. I could. Make him independent [more manly than Bloom himself?]. Learn German too" (89). With Stehen, he wishes to express this same kind of care.

By the time Stephen and Bloom wind their way along the darkened streets of Dublin toward Bloom's house, the reader is well aware of Bloom's interest in maternity. His special sympathy for Mina Purefoy—the wonder that he felt for a "woman's woe" (386)—and his psychological birthing of eight children instruct us that parenting means more to him than merely dressing a son in an Eton suit and sleeping soundly with the assurance that the family name will survive. Parenting means motherly connection and caring. From the moment the two men sit and drink together in the hospital to their final departure, Bloom treats Stephen in a motherly manner. As they talk in the hospital, for instance, thunder cracks the night sky. Stephen is fearful of the rumblings, but Bloom quickly comes to his aid. Like a mother with a child whose sleep has been disturbed, he offers "calming words to slumber his great fear" (394). Later, as they sit in the Cabman's Shelter, Bloom eagerly pursues his
relationship with Stephen by voicing his concerns about
Stephen's health. Again in a motherly fashion, he repeatedly urges Stephen to eat a bun and drink coffee, going so far as to stir Stephen's drink for him and to break off a tiny piece of the bun for him to nibble on. Food is a feminine symbol of sustenance and unification, the mother being the one who by preparing food maintains the health of the family and unifies its members, and Bloom uses food in just this way—to nurture Stephen physically and by so doing to forge a bond between them (622, 634, 656).

Stephen does not respond readily to Bloom's mothering, but his hesitancy does not deter Bloom who continues to contemplate ways in which he can help Stephen financially and artistically (661). He settles for offering him a place to stay the night and a cup of Epp's cocoa, a gesture that reassures him that "at least he [Stephen] would be in safe hands" and "as warm as a toast on a trivet" (658), language remarkably like the feminine third-person narrator in "Nausicaa." To Stephen's credit, Bloom's efforts do not go entirely unnoted. As he kindles a fire for Stephen, Stephen remembers others who have performed the same act of love for him: two priests, his father and mother, his godmother, and his sister Dilly (670). He also accepts the cup of cocoa.
Bloom's greatest act of care, however, is the way in which he handles Molly's affair with Blazes Boylan. His willingness to live with her adultery and his apparently fatalistic attitude toward the affair have bothered many readers. His general approach to the problem has been called passive, wimpish, cowardly, and masochistic. One can easily understand such interpretations, since Joyce makes it obvious that Bloom cares for Molly, that her affair with Boylan pains him, and that he seems unable or unwilling to do anything about it. He forgoes an afternoon opportunity to return home to stop the affair, and he appears purposefully to perpetuate his own emotional discomfort, to find pleasure in knowing that Molly will betray him. As he climbs into their Gibraltar bed, telling himself that "each one who enters imagines himself to be the first to enter whereas he is always the last term of a preceding series even if the first term of a succeeding one. . . " (731), Bloom appears amenable to his cuckoldry and thereby becomes exemplary of modern man impotent before Nature, unable to assert himself fully through creation. This interpretation has some credence, especially in light of the "Oxen of the Sun" section in which Bloom as spermatazoa fails to perform an act of creation. However, it does not account for the fact that Joyce intended Bloom to become more heroic. Why then, we may ask, is there not a more definite and positive
resolution of Molly and Bloom's relationship? Why don't they make love? Why doesn't Bloom tell Molly that he loves her (the kiss on her rump hardly seems to count)? Or why doesn't he confront her with what she has done? The answers to these questions reside in the moral dilemma which Bloom faces all day and in his resolution of it. We find Bloom's heroism not in his ability to become more manly and to ask Molly to bring him his breakfast in the morning but in his constant struggle to solve a moral problem, the solution of which does not evolve as a moral equation but takes a more feminine shape.

Psychologist Carol Gilligan maintains that men and women tend to solve moral problems differently. A man tends to conceive morality as the understanding of rights and rules; a woman is more concerned with morality as an understanding of responsibility, relationships, and interdependence. For the man, resolution of a moral issue tends to require thinking that is more formal and abstract; for the woman, the thought process seems to be contextual and narrative (19). It is the feminine approach that we see developed in Bloom. He does not react to the situation from a morally calculating position, for example, by relying on civil law or natural law, at least not immediately as he does with some other matters. He does not tackle the problem by determining who is right or wrong, by dwelling on the injustice done
him or of his legal rights to Molly's body. The questions epitomizing his problem are not "Should I allow Molly to have the affair?" and "How can I gain back what is rightfully mine?"; instead, his thoughts and actions can be summarized as "How should I act in response to my awareness of my wife's needs?" [18] Because Bloom is aware of Molly's needs, of himself as the cause of their sexual discord ("Could never like it again after Rudy" [168]), and of each other's dependence on the relationship, the issue for him is not the assertion of his rights but how to give Molly the physical love that she so badly needs. He has basically decided before the morning of June 16 to accept the affair, but he still doubts the wisdom of his judgment. His interior monologue lays bare his attempts in narrative form to come to understand the context in which he finds himself and to determine how to act toward Molly. To do so, he creates scenarios corresponding to his own dilemma, proceeding from the very personal to the general.

One of the earliest appears in "Hades" where Bloom sympathizes with Martin Cunningham whose drunken wife causes him enough consternation to "[w]ear the heart out of a stone" (96). Bloom identifies with Martin's predicament [19] since Molly's relationship with Boylan causes him similar embarrassment, and he contemplates Martin's perseverance, his "shoulder-to-the-wheel"
attitude. Later, after his voyeuristic encounter with Gerty MacDowell and several hours after Molly and Boylan consummate their affair, Bloom tries to understand how a woman might feel if married to an unruly husband:

And Mrs. Breen and Mrs. Dignam once like that too, marriageable... Husbands rolling in drunk, stink of pub off him like a polecat. Have that in your nose in the dark, whiff of stale boose. Then ask in the morning: was I drunk last night (373). [20]

He juxtaposes a contradictory thought, however: "Bad policy... to fault the husband... Maybe the woman's fault also" (373).

One of the most personally revealing scenarios which Bloom creates takes place in "Circe." As Bella/Bello Cohen verbally whips him for his marital inadequacies, Bloom breaks down and cries to Molly for forgiveness. But none is forthcoming, and Bello ruthlessly continues, evoking the legend of Rip Van Winkle: "No, Leopold Bloom, all is changed by woman's will since you slept horizontal in Sleepy Hollow your night of twenty years. Return and see" (542). Bloom is transformed into Rip Van Winkle, and peering through the windows of his house sees not Molly but young Milly in the arms of a lover. Bella/Bello taunts Bloom with his own philanderings, teases him with descriptions of Molly's lovers, and rails, "Turn about, Sauce for the goose, my gander, 0" (542). Bloom wants to
go back to Molly, but Bello interjects, "As a paying guest or a kept man? Too late. You have made your secondbest bed and others must lie in it" (543). The intent of the tale is clear. Unlike the Washington Irving legend in which Rip sleeps to escape his wife and awakens in a paradise shortly after her death, Bloom is confronted with the realization that he needs Molly and that he is responsible for his predicament, that he left both Molly and his home, opening the door to adultery. Bloom as Rip Van Winkle returns not to find a shrewish wife dead and gone but to know himself as the one to blame for a less than ideal marriage.

Afterwards, Bloom's consciousness moves more distinctly toward expressions of need. In "Eumaeus," while listening to an account of Parnell's affair with a married woman, he decides:

Whereas the simple fact of the case was it was simply a case of the husband not being up to the scratch with nothing in common between them beyond the name and then a real man arriving on the scene, strong to the verge of weakness, falling a victim to her siren charms and forgetting home ties. The usual sequel, to bask in the loved one's smile (651). [21]

As in "Circe," Bloom indirectly acknowledges his responsibility for Molly's affair. Although the husband in this passage is the victim of Parnell's passion, he is
also Bloom, the husband not "up to scratch"; but Parnell also merges with Bloom who has fallen victim to Martha Clifford's siren charms and has forgotten home ties. Even more importantly, we see that Bloom's thoughts are beyond the domain of rights and are firmly focused on need: the needs of each marriage partner are valid and must be born in mind in the total assessment of the situation.

The "eternal question of the life connubial" enters his mind at this point, but he finds no definite answer to this abstraction, marriage being a conundrum for all who enter it, and determines in narrative form that both husband and wife have their weaknesses and needs:

. . . that man, or men in the plural, were always hanging around on the waiting list about a lady, even supposing she was the best wife in the world and they got on fairly well together for the sake of argument, when, neglecting her duties, she chose to be tired of wedded life, and was on for a little flutter in polite debauchery to press their attentions on her with improper intent, the upshot being that her affections centered on another, the cause of many liaisons between still attractive married women getting on for fair and forty and younger men (655-56).

He is left with his gift to Molly and the sage advice he had given Stephen earlier in the evening: "... You must look at both sides of the question. It is hard to lay down any hard and fast rules as to right and wrong but
room for improvement all round there certainly is. . ."
(643). [22]

At the surface level, Bloom's determination to stand by his decision to condone the affair may suggest a posture of noninterference in the rights of others. In other words, he understands Molly's rights as an individual and does not interfere in her exercise of these rights. This explanation is characteristically masculine, and in light of Bloom's thought processes, it must be ruled erroneous. His decision is fundamentally based on his understanding of need and thus his own need to care for Molly and to preserve their relationship. It is action in non-action form structured upon the principle of connectedness, designed to sustain interdependence. Bloom accomplishes this end, preserving for himself and Molly a relationship upon which the both depend, and each one welcomes in the new day with more than he and she might have otherwise had. Molly receives the sexual gratification for which she yearned, the financial support that Bloom provides, and the assurance that her singing career under Boylan's management will continue as planned (736). Bloom, giving to Molly the only way he can, receives something as well--by acting out of care and kindness he gives himself identity: Molly, the fixed center around which he chooses to circle (French 89). What Bloom saves, of course, is far from perfect; the
reader, Bloom, and Molly all know that there is "room for improvement all round." But at least they are together, and Bloom can minimize the pangs of jealousy that he still feels, finding satisfaction in his decision. The affair is not an imperfection of his day (729) because he has "brought a positive gain to others. Light to the gentiles" (676).

Interestingly enough, Bloom cannot remain content with a moral decision based on such an unscientific or nonlegalistic foundation. His final thoughts on the matter reflect a man who after finalizing his decision falls back on more masculine reasoning. He does so by first comparing the affair to thirty-two crimes encompassing murder, treason, perjury, blackmail, and trespass, concluding that Molly's adultery is less reprehensible than all of them. He then reduces her act to purely scientific form, a distinct echo of Darwin's theory of evolution: "the adaptation of a being to altered conditions of existence resulting in a reciprocal equilibrium between the bodily organism and its attendant circumstances, food, beverages, acquired habits. . . ." (733). In other words, Molly has specific natural needs that must be satisfied, and her actions are quite compatible with the behavior of natural phenomenon under these conditions. Thus, a decision based on the need to care for someone is justified and rationalized by natural law—the feminine shadowed by the rigor of the masculine.
This point is extremely important to our discussion of the quality of Bloom's femininity because he thinks of himself as masculine and strives to be so. In fact, subconsciously and consciously, he wages a gender war. His personality is restricted by social definitions of masculinity and femininity, and he vacillates ambivalently between these polarities. Many thoughts, actions, and comments illustrate his sense of himself as more manly than womanly. Simply the way he carries his newspaper, rolled up like a baton and stuck under his armpit—a definitely masculine mannerism—signals his need to act like a man. And the people with whom he associates unquestionably participate in masculine activities. The young medical students at the hospital join in ribald talk about women and birthing, and Bloom willingly heads off to Burke's pub with them. The crew in Barney Kiernan's, including Bloom, engages in debates concerning areas which have traditionally excluded women—politics, science, law and sports. Bloom eagerly jumps into the fray, arguing earnestly and putting on a self-assured expression: the Unnamed narrator describes him as having a "knock medown cigar" and "putting on swank with his lardy face" (305). Eventually, he has to be restrained as he yells at the Citizen in final, frustrated retaliation. His moment of self-assertiveness invests him with a lasting sense of pride: "Then that bawler in Barney Kiernan's. Got my own
back there. Drunken rante rs. What I said about his God made him wince. Mistake to hit back. Or? No."
(380). His pride is tempered with a touch of self-doubt but not enough to deter him from relating the incident to Stephen while in the Cabman's Shelter. Again, however, there is a slight wavering of will: "Am I not right?" he asks, a question not just rhetorical but indicative of self-doubt and the need to be accepted as a man by a man. Before they leave the shelter, his thoughts turn once more to the incident, this time incorporating language slightly more violent in tone: ". . . he, though often considerably misunderstood and the least pugnacious of mortals, be it repeated, departed from his customary habit to give him (metaphorically) one in the gizzard (657).

While Bloom espouses and practices a philosophy of nonviolent charity, arguing in "Cyclops" against the development of sport as way to rebuild the manly strength of Ireland (317), he secretly harbors a desire to wield a weapon and acknowledges to himself "a certain kind of admiration for a man who had actually brandished a knife, cold steel, with the courage of his political convictions" (642). At a deeper psychic level, this desire emerges as his Nighttown declaration that he was a staunch Britisher who "fought with the colours for King and country" (457). His experiences in Nighttown also express his need to achieve worldly success and to win society's approval
based on his performance as an aggressive, powerful leader. He becomes Leopold the First, emperor, president, king and chairman, who performs deeds of heroism as well as charity for his people, leading them joyously into battle (484). At a more conscious level in "Oxen of the Sun," Bloom drifts back in thought to his youth, a time when he felt powerful, self-assured, and virile. "In retrospective arrangement," the Charles Lamb-like narrator tells us, "he beheldeth himself":

That young figure of then is seen, precociously manly. . . . Or tis the same figure, a year or so gone over, in his first hard hat (ah, that was a day*), already on the road, a full-fledged traveller for the family firm, equipped with an order book, a scented handkerchief (not for show only), his case of bright trinketware. . . and a quiverful of compliant smiles for this or that halfworn housewife. . . or for a budding virgin. . . The scent, the smile but more than these, the dark eyes and oleaginous address brought home at duskfall many a commission to the head of the firm seated with Jacob's pipe after labours in the paternal ingle. . . (614).

In this passage, work, sex, women, and success are intricately connected, forming a four-cornered structure upon which masculinity has been culturally and historically built. Of these four, as we have already noted, work and success are actually less powerful gender gages for Bloom than they may appear in the above memory, and while he is aware of the cultural link between manhood, success, and work, in his day-to-day life they do
not assume a great deal of importance. Sex and women, however, are a different matter. Both are critical barometers of his efforts to solidify his psychological and social identification as a man. Let us first consider women.

Women are in reality problematic for Bloom because of his basic identification with them. But since he also identifies himself as masculine, he is forced to prove to himself and to others that he is not feminine. A primary manifestation of this drive is his assumption of a stance of superiority over women. Although he can empathize with them, he judges them inferior beings who must be guided, taught, and, above all, not trusted. His interior monologue is littered with a plethora of stereotypic, demeaning comments and cliches about women to this effect. He believes that women are vain, crave sex, like their men untidy--a thinly veiled sexual reference--and are concerned with social class distinctions only until sex is involved: then "handsome is and handsome does" (73). In addition to their animalistic appetites, he finds that they are void of the intellectual equipment necessary to independently achieve equality with men. They must be taught how to dress, how to improve their vocabularies (Bloom diligently instructs Molly in the meaning of metempsychosis), how to appreciate literature, and how to spend their time. Bloom can even list the
methods he has used to remedy Molly's "ignorance": "By leaving in a conspicuous place a certain book open at a certain page: by assuming in her, when alluding
explanatorily, latent knowledge: by open ridicule in her presence of some absent other's ignorant lapse" (687). The method he finds most effective is "indirect suggestion implicating self-interest" (687).

Bloom also very adeptly objectifies women, equating them at various times with food and musical instruments ("Body of white woman, a flute alive. Blow gentle. Loud. Three holes all women." 285). The most prominent stereotype to which he clings is that of woman as evil, an object of fear and distrust. In this respect, his arsenal of clichés is well-stocked. No matter what a woman might do, he is ready to fire at will. He freely volleys the following at different times: women have no loyalty to each other, are unforgiving of insult or injury, and will deceive men on a whim. And while they may profess to like the "language of flowers," he has cleverly discovered that they really use flowers as poison bouquets to strike men down (78). He is also quite capable of transferring these notions from the level of generalization to that of the particular. For example, he feels a touch of remorse for Gerty MacDowell because she limps, but affording his sympathy little time to establish itself, he reins in his emotions based on what he perceives to be a reality of
female nature: "... must be on your guard not to feel too much pity. They take advantage" (377). Bloom believes it best to be wary of women and to control them whenever possible; if he is not on his guard, a woman will drain him of his powers (288); after all, "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world" (288) but "possess her once [and] take the starch out of her" (73).

At the same time, Bloom uses women to affirm his sexual prowess, his youthful virility which is a crucial component of his self-concept. The lyric line "those lovely seaside girls" haunts him all day, evoking images of youth and sexual bliss with Molly. More explicit and less poetic literature does likewise. *Sweets of Sin*, the romance that he buys for Molly and briefly peruses in the process, excites him physically, transforming his middle-aged mind into that of a young man preying on woman's flesh (236). The act of masturbating in Gerty's presence functions similarly, making him feel young and potent again, a sensation for which he silently thanks her (382). Then too, his exhibitionism verifies for him what he considers woman's animalistic, indiscriminating sexuality:

Bloom constantly needs to know that women are still attracted to him, a need that is partially fulfilled by his clandestine correspondence with Martha Clifford, but he still shaves at night to make his skin soft in case he meets a woman the next day, and he does not care if the newsboys mock him so long as women do not. He also fantasizes about situations in which women validate his sexuality: he thinks he would be happy as a "bull" for the voluptuous Mrs. Miriam Dandrade, a born courtesan (160-61). This same desire surfaces in "Circe" where Josie Breen calls him a lion of the night as well as a favorite of the ladies and where the veiled sibyl kills herself for him. One of his last thoughts of the evening centers on the fact that three women (Mrs. Breen, Nurse Callan at the hospital, and Gerty MacDowell) responded pleasantly to his physical person (722).

But Bloom is not the virile young man he so longs to remember. Sexuality is not simply a matter of animal passions--men preying on women, women wanting sex no matter what--or of romantic interludes with Molly on Howth Hill. It is more complex and associated with his gender battle in an elemental way. Bloom's attitude toward sex is above all connected with the death of Rudy for which he feels responsible (46, 285), and full genital intercourse with Molly has not been possible for him since that time. He would still like to have a son (285), but because he
has terminated sex with Molly, he denies himself the
chance to actualize this desire. Here we see what Marilyn
French articulates as the link between the theme of
sexuality and the theme of relationships. French makes
this observation in her discussion of "Scylla and
Charybis" where she finds that "sexual encounter becomes a
metaphor for encounter with the real (not-self) and one's
particular sexual adaptation becomes an emblem for one's
adaptation to the real (not-self) (114). Stephen takes
center stage in "Scylla and Charybis," but French's
insight can be related to Bloom as well. Bloom, who so
deeply needs and appreciates relationships--particularly
with Molly (the not-self)--has come to perceive the sex
act, the ultimate union of two people, as symbolic of
destruction, danger, and unhappiness. In turn, he
projects this fear, born of Rudy's death, onto other
people and events in his life. He especially fears
Milly's and Molly's sexual relations, each of which
signals the deterioration of his family, the passage of
time, and his separation from the source of his identity
(67). Sex, then, which he associates so fundamentally
with homelife and emotional intimacy, is also emblematic
of emotional and physical death: bloodred wombs and the
great grey cunt of the world.

Relationships thus become a source of psychological
tension for Bloom. Because of his guilt regarding Rudy,
he cannot complete the one relationship he needs most, that with Molly, yet by abstaining from sex, he only perpetuates those feeling of guilt and suppresses fulfillment, as well as recognition, of his relational mode of identification. The situation is highly troubling. On one hand, this fear of relationships is characteristically masculine (Gilligan 42), a manifestation of the self's struggle to dominate and control. On the other hand, it is a subversion of his feminine drive to implement and sustain connections: he simultaneously affirms himself and denies himself. The result is a man ridden with doubt because he feels different, inadequate, and incomplete—in other words, masculinely inferior.

Bloom's sense of masculine inferiority shapes itself in many ways. His judgmental reaction to a British regiment which he happens to pass after collecting Martha Clifford's letter is initially related to women and sexual attraction: "Redcoats. Too showy. That must be why women go after them. Uniform" (72), words implying that he feels personally powerless and envious of the soldiers (His conscious reaction here substantiates his declaration in "Circe" that he was a loyal British soldier. 457). His thoughts turn to the political implications, the soldiers signifying for him a disgrace to the Irish capital, but the concept of powerlessness and Bloom's irritable
reaction to it remain analogous to his initial response.

A series of thoughts which follow soon after portray his continuing struggle with his identity. He first briefly thinks about a male impersonator playing Hamlet, wondering if the Danish prince was actually a woman, then reflects on his father who committed suicide, and finally ruminates on several geldings standing in the street (76-77). The juxtaposition of these is especially significant. The first indicates Bloom's sense that he is only acting the part of a man, that perhaps he is more womanly than manly. The second, the suicide of his father for which he feels both pity and humiliation, is further indication that he feels inferior. Suicide, of course, carries the stigma of cowardness and irrationality (both commonly associated with women), and Bloom fears that he too may some day take his own life. While he does not seem capable of either murder or suicide, as late as his early morning preambulations in "Ithaca," he is concerned about losing control: "What did he fear: The committal of homicide or suicide during sleep by an aberration of the light of reason, the incommensurable categorical intelligence situated in the cerebral convolutions" (720). Suicide is clearly connected with the father, but an additional reference in Ithaca establishes a connection among homicide, Jews, and women. Stephen sings the legend of Little Harry Hughes who is murdered by a Jew's
daughter, and as Bloom listens to the song, he has mixed feelings and is reminded that he too is susceptible to two phenomena that might effect such a crime: hypnotic suggestion and somnambulism (692).

The third element in this particular slice of stream of consciousness, his speculations about the geldings, manifests his fear of sexual inadequacy. His descriptions and comments about the beasts are negative in tone, and although he can admit that they might really be happy as they are, his other thoughts are less charitable. He calls them fools with irritating neighs and a "Stump of black guttapercha waggin limp between their haunches" (77). Likewise, when he contemplates the popes' patronage of music, he mildly condemns their placement of eunuchs in their choirs but also speculates that being a eunuch may present an escape from sexual fears and pressure (82). A similar image occurs in the "Siren" section as he listens to Ben Dollard sing: "No eunuch yet with all his belongings" (283), his comments alluding to his own lack of respect for men without sexual power, and therefore implying that he may doubt his own powers in this respect.

It is in "Circe," though, that we see most vividly Bloom's fear and guilt. As Joseph Allan Boone explains, "the fantasies of sex-change, role-reversal, tranvestism, submission, and homosexuality [are] reactions in various degrees to his own internalization of societal norms of
masculinity and femininity" (78). We come to learn that Bloom feels his femininity--expressed as his birthing of eight sons--and understands his need to care for Molly (the Rip Van Winkle scene), but that he also dreads that which sets him apart from other men and experiences guilt, self-hate, and humiliation as a result. He is burned as Christ, and his transformation into a woman and the masochistic brutalization he endures at the hands of Bella/Bello comprise the most effective representations of this, his guilt forcing him to expect and to want punishment for his unmanly acts.

But there is other evidence as well. He is accused of being morally rotten, Bella's fan tells him that Molly rules his house, and Molly herself mocks him for being a "poor old stick in the mud." Go and see life," she says, "See the wide world" (440). When Bloom breaks Bella's spell, he subdues both his feminine personality and abhorent hypermasculinity expressed as Bella/Bello. However, his triumph is temporary. His fears persist: Zoe calls him a henpecked husband, and Molly cries that he is a wimp as he watches Boylan make love to her. In the latter scene, Bloom actually appears more slave-like than pimp-like, and the debased pleasure he derives from observing them suggests that he is not thoroughly comfortable with the decision of care that he has made for Molly. Even the vision of Rudy that comes to him at the
conclusion of the section suggests that unequivocal masculinity has eluded him. He may recapture his son for a fleeting moment, but Rudy is severely dandified, resembling a cross between Cinderella, Little Lord Fauntelroy, and Little Bo-Beep (French 206) with his tiny mauve face, diamond and ruby buttons, slim ivory cane, and white lambkin in his pocket. He is truly more the child of Bloom the artist than of Bloom the ad-canvasser or "weekend politico/inventor/scientist."

That Nighttown does not radically alter Bloom's gender battle is supported by actions and remarks made by Bloom in "Eumeaus" and "Ithaca," many of which we have already discussed. However, others are well worth mentioning, especially since so many interpretations of Bloom's character turn on the assumption that he becomes more masculine in his last two sections and thereby represents Joyce's affirmation of absolute masculine superiority. To begin, Bloom still feels very uncomfortable discussing Blazes Boylan, and in "Eumeaus," when Stephen repeats his friend Corley's request that Bloom ask Boylan to give him a job, Bloom is obviously ill at ease and dodges the question (619). Molly's affair continues to bother him; he is in the midst of shaping his moral judgment, and as he looks at the slightly soiled picture of her than he has shown Stephen, he catches himself wondering, "Suppose she was gone when he [Bloom
came home?" (653), again doubting the validity of his
decision to condone the affair--a decision, however, that
persistently reminds him of his sexual impotence. He is
also able to admit to Stephen, as Stephen also does to
him, that heterosexual relations are at best problematic,
having "alternately stimulating and obtunding
influence[s]" (666). He remains uneasy about the loss of
his son and in "Ithaca" remembers an incident at a circus
when a clown pretended to be his son. The gist of this
memory serves to show that Bloom retains a sense of
masculine inferiority: the best he could produce as a
father was a clownish imposter and a baby destined to die
within a few days. As he climbs into bed with Molly, his
thoughts still present us with evidence of a personality
in conflict. The face of virile Major Tweedy looms before
him, the bed is described as a "lair or ambush of lust or
adder" (731), and he invents a list of lovers for Molly.
He feels envy and jealousy of Boylan, which he counters
with a weightier volume of abnegation and equanimity, yet
despite these charitable feelings, his thoughts also
settle on retribution: he rules out assassination and
duel by combat but does not entirely reject divorce,
spying, a damage suit, and several other nonviolent
measures (733-34). He concludes, however, that protest,
triumph, or vindication is futile, and he falls asleep
without mentioning to Molly his three most masculine
"triumphs" of the day: his correspondence with Martha Clifford, the heated debate with the Citizen, and his exhibitionism with Gerty MacDowell.

One would hardly expect him to confess or trumpet the first and the third, but it is interesting that he does not brag to her about his masculinity as he did with Stephen by recounting his battle in Barney Kiernan's. We can only speculate that perhaps he feels no need to, that with Molly—as with no other—he can express himself as feminine. Such expression is far from untroubled, but it is a beginning, a beginning of a process of coming to be himself, a beginning that enables him to fall asleep as does a little child—safe, secure, at rest in his world.

Part Three

"In Ulysses I have tried to forge literature out of my own experiences," Joyce told his friend, the artist Arthur Powers. "[Portrait] was the book of my youth but Ulysses is the book of my maturity, and I prefer my maturity to my youth" (36). That Joyce would incorporate a feminized male in the book of his maturity and find it satisfying is not altogether surprising—not at least to developmental psychologists and scholars of Joyce. The former tell us that as a man enter middle-age, he frequently becomes more feminine, putting aside the need
for self-achievement and domination in favor of more intimate and fulfilling relationships based on care. [23] This is the Bloom we know: a man who has travelled beyond Stephen Dedalus' world of extreme egoism where one thinks it is possible to forge the consciousness of a race, a man learning to know himself in his own home where his love for his wife becomes the focus of his existence. Scholars have documented Joyce's experiences, revealing a man who felt a very close affinity for the feminine and prided himself on his possession of particular feminine behaviors. Understanding Joyce's feminine sympathies can help us to clarify our understanding of Bloom's construction and function, and since Joyce's experiences played such a significant role in the writing of the novel, understanding those experiences can become a worthwhile adventure for the reader.

With Joyce, experience encompassed the full range of human activities, from the highly intellectual to the purely physical. Joyce's curiosity and prolific reading proved to be an essential element in the creation of Ulysses. [24] Without the collaborative correspondence of his Aunt Josephine, who included details of Dublin life in her letters to Joyce, along with his voluminous personal library on topics ranging from astronomy to the history of English literature, Bloomsday would never have been so universal and yet so provincial.
Joycean scholarship has shown that two books, in particular, contributed significantly to Joyce's portrait of Bloom as feminine: Samuel Butler's *The Authoress of the Odyssey* and Otto Weininger's *Sex and Character*. Weininger's work was of special interest to Joyce because the man upon whom Bloom was based, a Mr. Hunter, was a Dublin Jew who had once rescued a very young and very drunk Joyce from a fight. As early as 1907, Joyce's interest in and association with Jews began to grow as he continued to see himself as an outcast and victim (Ellman, *James Joyce*, 238, 384). *Sex and Character* is an extremely misogynist and anti-Semitic tract, and I would be remiss to imply that it speaks with any authority whatsoever on women or Jews or that Joyce used it extensively in his creation of Bloom. In fact, certain feminine Jewish characteristics noted by Weininger are noticeably absent in Bloom. One of the most prominent is Weininger's assertion that a Jew feels a need "to enhance his own personality by depreciating that of his fellow creatures" (308). Bloom obviously feels a great deal of sympathy and pity for his fellow Dubliners and does not to any real extent waste his thoughts and conversations on the slander of others. Even his demeaning attitude toward women is no more depreciating than that of many men who are not Jewish. Other traits elucidated by Weininger, however, are found in Bloom, and surprisingly (or perhaps not so)
virtually echo some of the critical descriptions of Bloom.

For example, Weininger found that

... [t]he congruity between Jews and women further reveals itself in the extreme adaptability of the Jews, in their great talent for journalism, the "mobility" of their minds, their lack of deeply-rooted and original ideas, in fact the mode in which like women, because they are nothing in themselves, they can become everything... he is in constant relation with the lower life, and has no share in the higher metaphysical life (320).

He also argued that Jews and women take a practical, mechanical interpretation of life, that they are absorbed by sexual matters, and that they have no true concept of the state and citizenship. Bloom, too, looks at the world as pure phenomena, explicable by natural law; he dwells on sexuality, and as Everyman lacks a very rigid concept of nationality espoused by characters such as the Citizen.

Of a less vituperous nature, The Authoress of the Odyssey presents Butler's intriguing thesis that The Odyssey was written not by Homer but by a woman, Nausicaa. Maintaining that the Greek epic deals primarily with female/feminine concerns, Butler asks his readers:

What... is the most unerring test of female authorship? Surely a preponderance of female interest... Hence if in any work the women are found to be well and sympathetically drawn, while the men are mechanical and by comparison perfunctorially treated, it is safe to infer that the writer is a woman... (105).
Seeing domestic life as "the tissue into which is woven the thread of the poem," Butler perceived the women of The Odyssey to be directors, counselors, and protectors of the men, figures poetically illustrating the moral that a man cannot be trusted not to make a fool of himself unless a woman directs him otherwise (106, 109). Such an interpretation heralding strong women may definitely have appealed to Joyce who had grown up in a family system in which women were hapless victims. As he explained to Nora Barnacle in a letter written in 1904, his mother was slowly killed by his father's ill treatment and by his (Joyce's) own cynical conduct. As he looked at her face soon after her death, he knew that he was "looking on the face of a victim" and "cursed the system which had made her a victim" (Selected Letters, 25). Through Bloom, Joyce attempts to restructure that system, to strike, as Joseph Allan Boone calls it, "a blow at the values of Dublin's sexually bifurcated society" (82). Men, Joyce is saying, cannot continue to define themselves as men through acts of narrowminded violence—whether it be the violence of one man attacking another (either physically or verbally) or the violence of man against woman through endless childbirths or poverty. Man must become more womanly if he is to ever realize the insensitivity and destructiveness of traditional masculinity. Bloom, as womanly man, accomplishes these ends by uncovering the
shallowness of the Citizen's world and at the same time representing male empathy for women, an empathy that can come only through parallel experiences. Because Bloom is feminine, and suffers for it, even denying it himself, his sympathies for a domestic life become more genuine for us and consequently more powerful. They radiate not from a character whose actions contradict his rhetoric but from a character whose very ambivalence testifies to his struggle to discover himself.

Joyce's ability to create a feminized male and to call him a complete man and a good man (Budgen 17) finds its source in something more reputable and significant than Butler's rather eccentric dissertation, however. An even more powerful influence was Ibsen. Joyce openly admired the Danish playwright, writing about and to him—the latter in a very emotional and youthful letter informing Ibsen that he had sounded his name "defiantly" through University College Dublin (Selected Letters, 6-7). In Ibsen, Joyce found a voice of inward heroism, one unafraid to perceive and open up for his audience a great truth or question. One such truth was women, and Joyce was especially struck by Ibsen's ability to sense and then to express a woman's life. In a review of Ibsen's *When We Dead Awaken*, Joyce remarked that

... he [Ibsen] amazes one by his painful introspection; he seems to know them [women] better than they
Know themselves. Indeed, if one may say so of an eminently virile man, there is a curious admixture of the woman in his nature. His marvellous accuracy, his faint traces of femininity, his delicacy of swift touch, are perhaps attributable to this admixture. But that he knows women is an incontestible fact. He appears to have sounded them to almost unfathomable depth (Critical Writings, 64).

Written fourteen years before he was to begin Ulysses, these remarks illuminate Joyce's youthful hesitancy to call into doubt the manhood of his idol, but they also illustrate his sensitivity to the feminine, an admiration for the "admixture" which he himself would later fictionalize so vividly.

Joyce's admiration for Ibsen's knowledge of women is explained by his own identification with the feminine. This was not entirely unusual since by Joyce's day Ireland had heartily adopted the values of Victorian middle-class England (Lee 40). As the son of a middle-class gentleman, Joyce grew up with the more feminine upper and middle-class man as an ideal and his artistic sensibilities suited the role well. However, Joyce's identification with the feminine went beyond role prescription. I posit that it was a more fundamental way of knowing himself and setting himself apart from other men, of distinguishing himself as different. Although he was very athletic and aggressive in pursuit of his personal and professional goals, he inevitably identified
himself with feminine characteristics such as weakness, passivity, wiliness, delicacy, and gentility. He had long admired Ulysses, for example, because of the hero's feminine attributes of cunning and wile as opposed to "the general admiration for the heftier, muscle-bound dealers of Homeric blows" (Staninlaus Joyce 43). As for passivity, it is a known fact that Joyce detested violence and bloodshed, a belief that he articulated early in his career as a writer. The topic was important enough to him as a young college student that he wrote a theme about it. Titled "Force," it establishes as an ideal the sailor's method of force: a patient trial requiring the skill to know when to both advance and retreat and how to use the wind to one's advantage. When used properly, this more cunning kind of force, according to Joyce, would enable humankind to develop the "greatest charity. . . utter unselfishness in all things [demanding] constant practice and worthy fulfillment (Critical Writings 18, 23). In a later review of H. Fielding-Hall's book on Buddhism, The Soul of a People, he openly condemned a hypermasculine civilization bent on testing itself only on the battle field and wrote quite tenderly of the Buddhist who can smile as he refuses to participate in combat, anger, and rudeness (Critical Writings 94). As Richard Ellman explains, "He was attracted. . . by the image of himself as a weak child cherished by a strong woman, which seems
closely connected with the images of himself as victim, whether the deer pursued by hunters, a passive man surrounded by burly extroverts. . . . [26]

Joyce's correspondence reveals these associations. For example, in a letter written to his brother Stanilaus in 1907 while Joyce was living in Rome, he directly attacks the Italians, men as well as women, for their lack of delicacy, and two years later he confessed in a letter to Nora that he never used obscene language, not even passively condoning it by smiling at a "filthy or lecherous" story told by a man (Selected Letters 182). Of course, Joyce was stretching the truth here—a great deal, in fact, since the letters themselves from this same period contain numerous obscenities. However, it is interesting that he deemed it crucial to convince Nora, and perhaps himself, that he was pure like Jesus or the Virgin Mary—in other words, not masculine.

Even more revealing are the pornographic letters that he wrote to Nora in 1909. In these, he frequently refers to himself as a weak child, one desperately needing selfless mother love. Joyce remained intrigued by mother love and the mother-child relationship throughout his life, understanding it as one of only two forms of love in the world (the other being a man's love of lies). Ellman conjectures that he "longed to establish in himself all aspects of the bond of mother and child," and Maria Jolas,
a friend of Joyce's and publisher of early fragments of *Finnegans Wake*, informed Ellman that "Joyce talked of fatherhood as if it were motherhood" (303). *Ulysses* illustrates these feminine aspects of Joyce's personality, and Bloom may very well represent his attempt to give form to these feelings--as Bloom falls asleep on June 17, 1904, he is "the childman weary, the manchild in the womb" (737). Earlier in his day, he had consciously acknowledged his empathy for Mina Purefoy, the archetypal "mother of thousands," and his unconscious desire to become a mother was brought to life in "Circe." [27] For Joyce, the creation of Bloom was perhaps as close as he could come to retreating from masculinity and yet be loved by a strong mother-woman. [28]

Yet *Ulysses* is a novel of paternity. The father-son relationship between Bloom and Stephen constitutes a central theme, moving the two men through their day, each hour bringing them closer to their meeting and their discovery of each other. In his own life, Joyce thought most highly of the father-son relationship. His love for his father was a dominant passion, and his brother Stanislaus remembered that "he [Joyce] believed in fatherhood and considered it a form of cowardice, 'too great a fear of fate,' not to have children" (Stanislaus Joyce 152, 237-38). Paternity, though, presented itself as problematical for him. As Joyce himself once wrote and
then attributed to Stephen, paternity is a legal fiction (Selected Letters 74). How is a man ever to know that he really is a father, and how is a child ever to know who his or her real father is? "Fatherhood," Stephen pontificates, "in the sense of conscious begetting, is unknown to man" (Ulysses 207). How then to ascertain the truth of paternity? Here, Maria Jolas' observation again becomes important. If we can never be sure who our father is or if we are a father, perhaps by making fatherhood more like motherhood, the uncertainty, that void of male succession, can be lessened. Jolas' comment allows us to consider that Joyce did just that: by treating fatherhood as though it were motherhood, he attempted to create for himself the mother-child bond, thus securing the certainty of his participation in paternity.

His art provides ground for the hypothesis that he at least entertained this idea. In Ulysses, he expresses two distinct forms of this endeavor. Stephen achieves this end intellectually and aesthetically in his Hamlet dissertation: Shakespeare is androgynous, the father, mother, and son contained in one. However, this position is pure theory--unrealizable in all but a rarified, philosophical setting. [29] It is Bloom, who as feminized male, most realistically and effectively functions to blur the distinctions between paternity and maternity. This is not to say that he operates as an androgyne--he has only a
little bit of the artist about him, but enough to shift him away from a purely male centered personality in which paternity remains unknowable. His feminine nature, despite the fact that he tries to repress it, allows him to approach Stephen in a way that Stephen's own father never will. Simon is "full of his son," but it is a fullness of domination and possession; Bloom's relationship with Stephen is a relationship based on nurturing and care (French 38). There is a tenderness in Bloom's dealings with Stephen that is missing from Simon's.

Bloom can feed Stephen, and give him a place to stay, or at least try to, and in the attempt nurture Stephen physically. He can also talk with him, acknowledge and affirm his ideas and opinions, thus nurturing him mentally as well. He can find satisfaction in planning a secure financial and artistic future for Stephen, and his acts of care, as Marilyn French explains, presume "an ability to live with incertitude or, conversely, to relinquish the demand for certitude from the people and things around one" (42). But by so doing, by living with incertitude, Bloom implies a reduction of the incertitude that permeates paternity. He moves closer in his feelings and actions to the mother who knows with utter clarity that the child is hers and loves it and cares for it out of this knowledge. His feminine attention toward Stephen is, in a sense, his validation that a bond of paternity can
with a degree of certitude exist, that a man can care for and nurture a child and forge a bond that is knowable--that one can proceed "from the unknown to the known through the incertitude of the void" (Ulysses 697).

The feminized male was forged not only from Joyce's consciousness of himself as a man and as a father but also from his observations and beliefs about the human condition. In one of his many conversations with Arthur Powers, he commented that "the eternal qualities are the imagination and the sexual instinct, and the formal life tries to suppress both. Out of this present conflict arise the phenomena of modern life" (Power 74). By "phenomena," Joyce could very well have been alluding to Bloom the feminized male born of the conflict between the formal life, or the prescriptions for behavior that force us into unnatural roles, and the imagination and sexual instinct. That which is eternal in Bloom is his sexual instinct, the most primal form of the relational mode of being; that which distinguishes him from the mass of male Dubliners is his imagination, his ability to create a world for himself, to incorporate all that surrounds him in a unique Bloomian manner. But Bloom is not free from external pressures. The form that his life as a twentieth-century Irishman is to take is laid out for him: his role as father, provider, businessman dominates--and haunts him because it conflicts with his feminine self.
The product of such a conflict cannot be the idyllic androgyne but the feminized male, a man representing the realities as well as the potentialities of modern life.
NOTES


[2] Budgen does not label "deferential" as feminine. He maintains the masculine context, defining Bloom's deference as that of a kind of father to a self-willed son; p. 249.


[5] Joseph Allan Boone presents a similar interpretation in his tripartate division of Bloom's characteristics. These are (1) his unselfconsciously "feminine" mannerisms and attitudes, (2) his more consciously humanitarian values such as compassion and empathy, traditionally associated with women, and (3) the "effeminacy" or abnormality of which his antagonists accuse him. See Boone, "A New Approach to Bloom as Womanly Man: the Mixed Middling's Progress," James Joyce Quarterly, vol. 20, 1982, p. 70.

[6] "Circe" is probably the most startling chapter in Ulysses—and the most controversial. No consensus has been reached as to its intent; readers still puzzle over it and ask if Bloom and Stephen are aware of the revelations that take place, if these scenes are dreams, hallucinations, or sparkling moments of insight. What did Joyce intend? My reading of "Circe" is based on Marilyn French's position that Bloom and Stephen are not hallucinating. Rather, "the hallucinations are hypostatizations of their hidden feelings; on the naturalistic level, the characters are simply feeling. The hallucinations are production numbers staged by the
author for the audience; they are a running commentary. . ." (187). Thus the reader experiences Bloom's feelings in a dramatic form, coming to see the myriad of ways in which Bloom perceives himself-in-the-world. Overall, his experiences in Nighttown are comprised of confrontations with numerous aspects of himself.


[8] We have to admit that for Bloom the second and third names would represent what C. G. Jung called synchronicity, a significant coincidence, since the names were created years before Bloom met Molly or Bella.

[9] I wish to thank Suzette Henke for pointing out this example, although our analyses of it differ in focus; see Henke, p. 48.


[11] Henke believes that these qualifying adverbs suggest a roving, speculative mind (p. 77). While this analysis is accurate in terms of Bloom's intellectual interests, it does not take into account the context in which the words are used and Bloom's feminine nature.

[12] Bloom is very conscious of correct grammar and pronunciation. After reading Martha Clifford's letter, he thinks of a bawdy Irish song:

| 0, Mary lost the pin of her drawers. |
| She didn't know what to do |
| To keep it up |
| to keep it up. |

The grammar of the line "to keep it up" bothers him; is it "them" or "it?" he wonders. He also questions whether Molly can pronounce voglio correctly. Many sociolinguists have noted that women usually put greater emphasis on proper speech, a phenomenon that Mary Ritchie Key explains as an attempt to achieve a social equilibrium with males "by reaching a higher status in language to compensate for their lower status as members of society" (104). Bloom, who lacks power and status in a masculine sense in his community and home, may also use language to gain a sense of social balance.

[13] Other ways in which Bloom identifies himself include Irishman, Jew (which he also denies), author-journalist, and the husband of Molly.


[16] Sheldon Brivic (p. 177) explains Bloom's love for Stephen as a result of his (Bloom's) decision to not protest Molly's affair with Boylan. He contends that Bloom's act rekindles Molly's love for him and "by reviving her love he gains the spiritual ability to [father] Stephen." I concur with Brivic's basic point that Bloom ignores the affair out of love for Molly. Unfortunately, the remainder of the argument is based on the faulty conception of time: Bloom meets and converses with Stephen before we meet Molly and before her thoughts (many very hostile toward Bloom) carry her back to the sweetness of Howth Hill and her acceptance of Bloom's proposal.

[17] These similarities include the fact that they both wear black, carry talismans, use the word "plum" metaphorically, and share a dream with a Turkish motif. See Marilyn French and Robert Adams for further enumeration and explication.

[18] These questions are paraphrases of questions which Carol Gilligan uses in her example of the following moral problem: should a man named Heinz steal a drug for his wife if it is her only chance of survival and he cannot afford to buy the drug. Gilligan determined that female respondents in her study tended to consider not whether Heinz should steal the drug but "how he should act in response to his awareness of his wife's needs"; p. 31.

[19] Joyce clarifies this identification by comparing Martin to Shakespeare with whom Bloom is also identified; see Ulysses, pp. 96, 567.

[20] The position expressed in this passage differs markedly from one expressed by Joyce in 1906 in a letter to his brother Stanislaus: "A woman's love is always maternal and egoistic. A man, on the contrary, side by side with his extraordinary cerebral sexualism and bodily fervour... possesses a fund of genuine affection for the 'beloved' or 'once beloved' object. I am no friend of tyranny, as you know, but if many husbands are brutal the atmosphere in which they live... is brutal and few wives and homes can satisfy the desire for happiness." See Selected Letters, pp. 129-30.

[21] Gerald L. Bruns, in "Eumeaus" (in James Joyce's Ulysses: Critical Essays edited by Clive Hart and David Hayman) contends that Bloom's use of Parnell constitutes a
"kind of determinant theory of adultery, thus to place specific episodes of adultery within the governance of a fixed law of nature" to defend himself against cuckoldry (p. 377). Brun's analysis, however, does not consider the process Bloom undergoes to reach a more tranquil generalized perspective and a decision based on the need to preserve connections with Molly.

[22] The source of the theme of betrayal can be traced directly to a conversation Joyce had with an old friend, Vincent Cosgrave, whom he saw while visiting Ireland in 1909. Cosgrave told him that Nora had been unfaithful to him during the summer of 1904 before they eloped. Cosgrave's story was a falsehood, but before Joyce learned this he had dispatched several letters to Nora, then in Trieste, confronting her with her "crime." Joyce's reaction was highly emotional, demanding, and entirely self-centered. He condemned her for violating his trust in her and questioned the paternity of their son Georgie. The letters scream outrage and are in sharp contrast to the manner in which Bloom handles Molly's affair. To illustrate the distinction between Bloom's feminine approach and Joyce's masculine approach, I include below representative passages from the letters:

(Aug. 6, 1909) "... I have been frank in what I have told you of myself. You have not been so with me... at the time I used to meet you, every second night you kept an appointment with a friend of mine outside the Museum... he put his arm around you and you lifted your face and kissed him... And the next night you met me... My eyes are full of tears, tears of sorrow and mortification. My heart is full of bitterness and despair... My faith in that face I loved is broken... I cannot call you '... dear name because tonight I have learnt that the only being I believe in was not loyal to me."

(Aug. 7, 1909) "... Is Georgie my son? The first night I slept with you in Zurich was October 11 and he was born July 27th. That is nine months and 16 days. I remember that there was very little blood that night. Were you fucked by anyone before you came to me?... I have been a fool. I thought that all the time you gave yourself only to me and you were dividing your body between me and another. In Dublin here the rumor here is circulated that I have taken the leavings of others. Perhaps they laugh when they see me parading 'my' son in the streets... If I could forget... that the girl I loved was false to me and remember her only as I saw her with the eyes of my boyish love I would go out of life content. How old and miserable I feel! Jim. (Selected Letters 157-59).

[23] See Carol Gilligan, In a Different Voice, and

[24] See Ellman's *Consciousness of Joyce* and Adam's *Surface and Symbol*.


[27] Suzette Henke touches on this point, although her interpretation deals with Bloom's need to give his love freely to Molly without the complications inherent in a sexual relationship and focuses on Bloom as child rather than Bloom as child-mother: "Leopold demands of his spouse a primordial 'mother's love'. . . . As a surrogate son-husband, he can freely bestow on his wife the unmitigated devotion of filial attachment. Beyond the jealousy of Eros lies the fertile terrain of agape. Loss of erotic obsession allows Bloom to achieve a higher, more liberated sympathy for his spouse. . . . Mother-love is unconditional: it implies a deep, unshakable, personal faith, independent of performance of activity. Like the humanistic agape, the ideal of Christian charity, maternal affection is soul-directed and nonjudgmental. It concerns being rather than doing; and as such, it is the closest thing on earth to divine beneficence" (226-27).


[29] Whenever discussing Joyce's attitude toward maternity and paternity, one must acknowledge that he interpreted the act of artistic creation in much the same way--the artist, as Stephen declares, must be both father and mother. He holds within himself, in his artistic womb, the seed of experience, soon to be born; it is then brought forth, slowly, painfully and with an abundance of care and nurturing. This concept of androgynous fatherhood has already received attention (Ellman, *Consciousness of Joyce*; Mary Burgan; Mary Ellman) and critics such as Burgan and Ellman are correct when they argue that such a vision robs woman of any creative role other than that of irrational nature. However, while Joyce's theory of the artist is sexist, it is a theory only. Such a theory also does not discount the possibility of a woman artist experiencing the same process.
In 1927, Ernest Hemingway published "Hills Like White Elephants," a short story chronicalling a conflictive moment in the lives of a young man and woman. The story is a continuation of Hemingway's "lost generation" theme, but it also presents a sensitive exposition of gender differences. The girl, Jig, appears indecisive about whether to have an abortion while her unnamed lover confidently urges her to go through with it. "It's really an awful simple operation, Jig," he cajoles. "They just let the air in and then it's all perfectly natural" (219). but Jig knows that life is not that simple, that there is something decidedly unnatural about the advice her lover gives her. He speaks the words "simple" and "perfectly natural" in a patronizing tone, in effect creating irony--the irony of man instructing woman about a condition and event he can never experience and thus not fully know. Jig senses this and hesitates to reduce a major moral decision to such a simplistic plain. Her apparent equivocation is the result of this knowledge, and she finally decides to have the abortion because,
as she explains, "I don't care about me." Her remark indicates that she has made her decision in favor of the man's needs, electing to offer him happiness (which we can also interpret as irresponsibility) even though she knows that by so doing they have lost "the whole world." At the conclusion, Jig ironically and bitterly states that she feels fine, but the reader knows differently. Jig is not content with her decision because it has compromised her--her need to care for others (the potential baby) and herself.

Hemingway's story is a shocking elucidation of a selfish, cold masculine approach to life juxtaposed with a more insightful, caring feminine approach. At the same time, it warns indirectly of the dangers of living in accordance with rigid gender-defined modes of being--that when we do, we deny a part of ourselves and are thus bound to suffer or to lose our right to the pleasure and bounty of the world. We come away from the story, admittedly unhappy with Jig for denying her own needs, but aware that of the two, she is the more complete, the one whose selfhood is grounded in a need to nurture life, not to control and degrade it with hollow platitudes that are "awfully simple."

It is no accident that Hemingway was able to illustrate these differences and to hint at the debilitating consequences of gender prescriptions in the
twentieth century. A year earlier, he had dealt with similar material in The Sun Also Rises—only in a more provocative and daring manner. In his first work of long fiction, Hemingway created Jake Barnes, a feminized male who, because of a war wound that leaves him unable to act on his sexual feelings, must come to know and understand himself in a new way. Fate does not allow Jake to develop compatibly with his culture but instead forces him, emotionally and intellectually, consciously and unconsciously, to learn anew both who he is and how he is to relate to the world. Jake is actually much like Jig in "Hills Like White Elephants": he distrusts all "frank and simple" people because he realizes the complexities of life, the need to build relational bonds and to generate moral decisions based on the need to care for others, to foster peace and harmony even if at times doing so demands that he deny his own needs. Jake is a man who would love to believe that life can be lived according to an ethic of simplicity—the simple exchange of values—but he is continually confronting himself, a more feminine self, that will not acquiesce to redefinition by masculine standards. Like Jig, Jake knows that life is not "perfectly simple," that learning how to live in it—in other words, learning who you are—is a difficult, often painful task.

Hemingway, of course, never explained the novel in
these terms. As scholars have long known, he intended that it not be "a hollow or bitter satire, but a damn tragedy with the earth abiding forever as the hero." He wrote Maxwell Perkins that he had "a great deal of fondness and admiration for the earth, and not a hell of a lot for [his] generation." [2] However, as Arthur Waldhorn points out, when we rely on Hemingway to clarify his literary intentions for us, the waters only become muddier. For example, if he truly believed that Gertrude Stein's remark, "You are all a lost generation," was bombast as he alleged, are we then to interpret his use of the epigram as ironic and the characters as more heroic than tragic (105)? The application of his so-called "ice-berg" technique certainly does not help matters (Plimpton 34). The invisible 7/8 which we are left to discover is vulnerable to the idiocyncrasies and nuances of literary interpretation. We are immersed for the most part in a present tense experience and are privy to very little reflective analysis. Hence, the submerged, unspoken story easily gives itself up to multiple and sometimes contradictory readings, to the dangers of eisogesis. [3]

But whatever Hemingway intended his novel to be, we cannot disregard the fact that readers have applauded or condemned the characters based on their performances as men and women. Robert Cohn, for instance, has been roundly and soundly whipped as the villain and/or buffoon
of the novel because he cannot act with dignified, stoic, and manly Hemingway style. Brett has been castigated for her unlady-like, lascivious behavior. Jake, too, has been the target of critical slings and arrows. In fact, there is a long-standing critical consensus that Jake, a passive spectator, is acted upon rather than acting on others. [4] Philip Young's interpretation exemplifies this approach; he identifies Jake as Hemingway's Fisher King who is the

. . . protagonist gone impotent, and his land gone sterile. Eliot's London is Hemingway's Paris, where spiritual life in general, and Jake's sexual life in particular, are alike impoverished. Prayer breaks down and fails, a knowledge of traditional distinctions between good and evil is largely lost, copulation is morally neutral and, cut off from the past chiefly by the spiritual disaster of the war, life has become meaningless. . . (88).

Jake's sexual impotence is routinely interpreted as a symbol of the condition of modern man—an entity which can do little but survive in an absurd world of "ennui and emotional exhaustion" (Baker, Writer as Artist, 93). As Harold Kaplan comments, "Jake Barnes represents the man interrupted in life and spoiled by his wound. At the extreme Hemingway's man is stalemated completely. When he suffers he cannot define the issues or alternatives except that he knows he has been betrayed by all previous prescriptions for action" (99).
By and large, critics have chosen not to investigate fully the particulars of Jake's "unmanliness" other than to catalogue general qualities, such as extreme sensitivity to feelings and emotions, masochism, weakness, a feminine unconscious, and self-effacement. Indeed, there has been a tendency to prove the opposite—that Jake is truly masculine and has not allowed his sexual disability to destroy his manhood (Baker, *Writer as Artist*, 92) and/or that he overcomes the feminizing process of the twentieth century, learning to act and to achieve the famed Hemingway stance of "grace under pressure." Earl Rovit, for example, finds that Jake is not a broke, weak modern hero (exemplified, according to Rovit, by Bloom and Joseph K), but rather a man who triumphs over his passivity,

[creating] his own miracle of rain, irrigating his dead lands out of the fructifying love of life to which his passion for nature (Burguete) and his admiration for heroism (the bullfights) testify. And he is able to force himself to a new beginning, eradicating the determinism of his past—through self-forgiveness and faith in his own human resources (24-25).

Others assert that either he learns to fight the destructive nature of self-suffering, realizes priest-like rejuvenation, earns pleasure and dignity through work, is really a hero functioning inside the facade of the antihero, or becomes more manly as he disengages himself
from Brett. The dominant impulse is to contend, as does Carol Volpat, that by the time Jake rescues the penniless but morally enlightened Brett from Madrid, he "has erect and vigorous within him--if not without--a source of masculinity too potent to allow him to be taken for a ride" (254-55).

But does he? Does his Grail-quest for love and self-hood culminate in a triumph of the masculine over the feminine--like that of Odysseus over the evil Circe? Despite a plethora of criticism suggesting as much, the answer is not quite that predictable. Just as Joyce's use of the Homeric epic presents a more problematic portrait of male gender, so does Hemingway's roman à clef. Recent criticism has begun to address this reality. Robert W. Lewis, while working from a Freudian perspective, argues that Jake undergoes a subtle change and progresses from unreasoning passion to a more mature sense of relationships defined in terms of responsibility and care--that is, from eros to agape (28). Kathleen Nichols, without using any classically defined psychological paradigm, makes a similar claim, finding that the key to Jake's world is "to [maintain] enduring relationships with affirm the individual's sense of integrity and meaning" (322). Richard Gebhardt presents a complementary interpretation, stating that through Jake Barnes, Hemingway illustrated the dual and holistic reality of
human values, that Jake (i.e., human nature) simultaneously affirms and denies values such as discipline, inner strength, and self-honesty "in a way that acknowledges the essential complexities of moral truth and of modern life" (9). Robert E. Gajdusek's Hemingway and Joyce goes one step farther, arguing that Hemingway was concerned about integrating the masculine and feminine and that Jake's missing phallus "is the device which allows Hemingway to study the difficulty of crossover to the other side where a bridge is lacking" (29). These interpretations move us toward a much needed clarification of Jake's character. What all four contribute to our understanding is validation, or a healthy recognition, of Jake's duality: Lewis and Nichols indirectly address what Carol Gilligan identifies as a feminine mode of consciousness and self-identification; Gebhardt and Gajdusek reveal the ambivalences of a consciousness sensitive to the inadequacies of certain moral and ethical norms.

Jake, then, has eluded us as informed readers largely because of his gender. He neither totally affirms nor denies femininity or masculinity. He blatantly baffles us and disappoints our preconceived expectations of what he should or should not be and do. Neither the "dumb ox" that Wyndam Lewis once called him (389-412) nor a simplistic personality more recently posited (Pullin 191),
Jake's character testifies to the fact that, for a man, learning how to live in the modern world involves more than faithful adherence to the "pure and natural" line of masculinity. To begin to piece together the intricacies of this gender puzzle, we again turn to Hemingway himself. Granted, his biography can in no definitive way erase critical confusion and pluralism, but it can refine our approach to the task at hand.

That the Hemingway myth, perpetuated by Hemingway as well as his admirers and critics, has distorted our understanding of his work is another well-accepted fact. His masculine bravado, developed at a very early age and encouraged by both his formidable mother, Grace Hall Hemingway, and his father, Dr. Clarence Edmond Hemingway (Spilka, "Fauntleroy and Finn," 300), dominated his life--his personal and literary reputation--earning him a place in the "School of Virility." [7] The twentieth-century fascination with the psyche of the artist has led critics to analyze Hemingway's obsession with the masculine, his compulsion to dwell on exploits of violence, brutality, strength, courage, sexual prowess, and alcohol consumption. In most of these psycholiterary studies, the figure of Grace Hall Hemingway looms ominously. Grace was a creative, assertive, independent, adventurous, and highly moral woman, who, unfortunately, became Hemingway's scapegoat as well as a scapegoat for
Hemingway experts eager to explain the author's darker side. Harold Loeb, the unwilling model for Robert Cohn, was the first to speculate that Hemingway's hypermasculinity was attributable to Grace's mothering techniques. Specifically, Loeb reported that Grace dressed her oldest son in girl's clothes when he was little in order to pretend that he and his older sister Marcelline were twins: "One day he must have waked up to what was happening to him. Possibly a playmate called him a sissy," Loeb imagined. [8] Others, such as Jackson Benson, openly assault Grace, casting her in the role of supreme tyrant, a wife who psychologically castrated her husband, "almost entirely exchang[ing] parental roles" with him, a representative of Victorian gentility who suppressed her son's emotional and self expression (4). Mark Spilka exemplifies more objective revisionist studies and argues that Grace, following the Victorian belief in "muscular Christianity," did not want to feminize her son but wished instead to expose him to a fuller range of human possibilities; that is, to present to him the holistic world of androgyny (293-300).

Given the limited information we have on Hemingway's mother, Grace Hall Hemingway will always remain something of an enigma to us. Consequently, we can only guess at why she did what she did and why Hemingway responded to her as he did. But what we do know is that Hemingway's
formative years in conservative, middle-class Oak Park, Illinois, where he grew up in a predominantly female household (four sisters, mother, nurse, cook), left him with an unusual amount of hatred for his mother, "that bitch" as he would often refer to her (Kert 21). He expressed kinder sentiments for his father, but these too were mixed with feelings of shame and disgust stemming from his belief that Dr. Hemingway was the weaker and more dependent of the two. [9] It may very well be that Hemingway consciously and/or unconsciously developed an excessive masculine persona to counteract the powerful presence of his mother and the more submissive presence of his father. Dr. Hemingway, however, was not a Walter Mitty-ish personality. Criticism such as Benson's may lead us to believe as much, but the doctor was actually a man who invited clean living and initiative from his children (Sanford 24), inspiring his son to admire work and duty. [10] Both he and Grace were products of an age influenced by the self-reliant, rough, and rigorous ideal embodied in Teddy Roosevelt. [11] Theirs was a culture dedicated to the pursuit of a vigorous life encompassing both the gentile drawing room and the untamed forests. The young Hemingway was expected by his parents and his culture to pursue the activities of Grace's locally famous music room in addition to the more rugged adventures that characterized the family summers at Walloon Lake in
Michigan. Hemingway was decidedly more adept at the latter. (He did not inherit Grace's vocal talents, nor did he become a skilled cellist as she hoped he would.) We can only suggest that the boy-scout-like education that he received (Leicester Hemingway 32)--designed to make him a thoroughbred as his mother later described him [12]--coupled with his personal feelings toward his parents may have subverted his ability to express a fuller personality, in particular his more sensitive and gentle self.

That he had these qualities seems certain--the tough guy, "afraid of nothing" image (Baker, A Life Story, 27), while it was a very real part of his personality, did not represent the complete man and did not fool all of his relatives and friends. His first wife, Hadley Richardson, remembered him as "generously loving" and capable of sentimentally bursting into tears (Sokoloff 20). His son Gregory noted that during a visit with the Hemingways in Bimini, author Majorie Kinnan Rawlings wondered, "Why does a man with such great talent continually deny his sensitivity and overprotest his masculinity?" (53-54). Rawlings' comment was echoed by other Hemingway friends including Max Eastman, Morley Callaghan, Harold Loeb, William Seward, Major Charles T. (Buck) Lanahan [13], and James Joyce. Joyce, for one, concluded that Hemingway and Robert McAlmon, another Sun set compatriot, were playing
each other's part: "Hemingway posing as tough and McAlmon as sensitive, should swap poses and be true to life" (Kert 138). In basic agreement with Joyce, Dutch Pailthorpe, a friend of Hemingway's during his Toronto days, rebuked the total authenticity of Hemingway's toughness and maintained that he was actually "soft as a meringue pie" (Baker, A Life Story, 93). Kitty Cannell, the woman upon whom Hemingway modeled Frances Clyne in *The Sun Also Rises*, did likewise, surmising that "Hemingway's tough man act masked compassion, pity, and softness. . . to his own loss." [14]

Throughout his almost 62 years, Hemingway never succeeded in coming to terms with his feminine self. His son Patrick once recalled that he was not allowed to visit his grandmother Grace because his father considered her androgynous (Reynolds, Young Hemingway, 81). If Patrick's recollection is accurate, it confirms that Hemingway had difficulties dealing with the fluidity of human nature. Perhaps, as Mark Spilka states, Hemingway's obsession with sports and soldiers marked his attempts to self-define maleness in a world where self-definition was becoming more confusing and difficult (Spilka 309-10), to shield, and, we must add, deny, his feminine sensibilities with a tough exterior in part countenanced and validated by a culture that itself was struggling to ward off feminization. The need to hold onto a more stable and simple set of values in the midst of a world and a self
that continued to contradict these values may have produced a personality that seemed to glorify the masculine while fearing and hating it and the feminine as well. [15]

Such ambivalence may account for the rather confusing picture of gender that emerges in *The Sun Also Rises*. So might the fact that by 1926, Hemingway was diligently pursuing a career as a writer, a profession that in the popular mind was not altogether manly. [16] Then, too, he was in an extremely tumultuous emotional state during the composition and revision of the novel, a condition instigated by multiple factors including his infatuation with Duff Twysden (Lady Brett Ashley), his dissatisfaction with Hadley complicated by his love for her, and his affair with Pauline Pfiefer, his soon-to-be second wife. The affairs left him with a great deal of guilt, confusion, and feelings of extreme emotional vulnerability. I speculate that what Hemingway did in the wake of all this was to expose not only his artistic genius but also the ambivalent forces of his own personality: he glorified the masculine in the character of Pedro Romero, the bullfighter and the only one to live life "all the way up"; in Robert Cohn he dramatized the fear and hatred of and yet identification with and need of the feminized man; and in Jake Barnes--referred to as "Hem" and "Ernie" in the first draft of the novel [17]--he
laid bare innate feminine qualities fused with rejection, denial [18], and authentication. All were components of Hemingway, a vibrant, intense young man endeavoring to determine how all these pieces fit and if they all should fit. After all, which part was to be the hero of his novel? The holograph of The Sun Also Rises informs us that Hemingway was not quite sure himself; at times, it was Brett, at times Romero, at times even Cohn. Finally, it was Jake.

What is it then that makes Jake heroic? To my mind, it is an authenticity of character. There is a fundamental truthfulness about Jake's femininity that extends beyond his tragic physical emasculation and what has been denominated the resulting passification of his character. It is a truthfulness that extends beyond external artistic manipulation of a character, beyond signs of femininity such as Jake's impotence or the kind with which Joyce equips Leopold Bloom. What we meet in Jake Barnes is more than an emblematic Fisher King (although he can certainly function in the thematic and symbolic capacity). More accurately, he is a fictive form of a man with a strong feminine consciousness which is not the product of his wound (the world) but is rather an integral component of his personality which has become a source of psychological conflict for him because of the wound (world).
Jake's feminine character is not manifested in the extreme relational mode of identification we encounter in Leopold Bloom. Bloom's identity is firmly cemented in his relationship with Molly Bloom, but with Jake we appear to have a text-book example of the pervasive masculine form of self-identification outlined by Carol Gilligan: identity found through separation and individual achievement. Jake seems very much the loner, his wound isolating him from a world where the "missionary position," literally and figuratively, represents the standard of conduct between the sexes. Yet he strives to function successfully in a male arena. In early drafts of the novel, cut at the galley stage, he brags to his readers that after being wounded in the war, he founded and operated a highly lucrative press association and that his current job as European director of the association pays well, provides him with an impressive title, and the opportunity to write under his own by-line. It is a nice job, and he wants "to hang onto it." [19] As numerous critics have argued, he also appears to achieve some sense of dignity at the conclusion of the novel by ridding himself of Robert Cohn and Lady Brett Ashley: of all the characters, he alone achieves through separation an awareness of his own limitations and abilities. This interpretation is persuasive and infectious—primarily because it is based on the patriarchal construct that man
must overcome/dominate his world in order to define himself and thus gain worth in both a personal and social sense. However, the masculine form of identification does not fully represent Jake. The foundation and substance of his consciousness and unconsciousness is equally connectional in nature, his sense of purpose issuing from the promotion of unity, peace, and harmony, from the establishment and sustenance of relationships.

As he muses during one of his rare, self-reflective moments, he "play[s] it along," trying not to make trouble for anyone (31). Although he conjectures that it is Brett who is causing him trouble, his actions over the course of the novel suggest that with or without Brett he would strive to ensure the tranquility of the moment for himself and for others. One of his finest qualities, apparently more innate than learned, is his consistent sensitivity to the feelings and needs of others. He demonstrates this trait early in the novel when he rearranges travel plans with Robert Cohn to avoid antagonizing Robert's jealous girl friend, Frances Clyne. Instead of insisting that they go to Strasbourg where Jake knows a girl who can show them around, he is respectful of Robert's predicament and recommends that they go somewhere without a ready-made female tour guide—obviously, no harm, no foul. He is also concerned about Robert's writing and on several occasions inquires about the progress of his new novel,
encouraging him to continue his work (37, 45). Even when Robert interrupts him at the association office, Jake acts to accommodate rather than to offend and suggests that they go out for a drink. Despite his tough-guy facade, and his pat "good-old-boys" explanation ("Once you had a drink all you had to say was: 'Well, I've got to get back and get off some cables'. . . .It is very important to discover graceful exists. . . . in the newspaper business. . . ."[11]), what he really succeeds in doing is allowing Robert the opportunity to express his fears that his life thus far has been meaningless. When Jake eventually makes the calculated remark about the cables, Robert foils the plan by inviting himself back up to the office, and Jake grants the request, offering Robert the comforting busyness of his office and a place to sleep after a night of domestic unrest.

Jake shows this same sensitivity and respect for others on numerous occasions. He willingly listens to Frances unburden her fear that Robert wants to leave her and that she is too old to attract a replacement. His responses are positive, reassuring; never once does he criticize or question her feelings. In effect, he tells her that he understands and sympathizes with her pain. Lady Bret Ashley also benefits from Jake's ability to sympathize and empathize. He is the one who comforts her whenever she begins to feel miserable--he walks with her,
holds her tightly, takes her wherever she wants to go, and listens to her express her feelings—anything to help ease her through her miseries. He is even giving enough to extend himself to a virtual stranger such as the prostitute he picks up in Paris or the over-worked waiter on the train to Bayonne whose jacket is stained purple under the arms. With respect to the latter, when Jake's friend Bill Gorton devilishly wants to ask the man an embarrassing question about the stains, Jake considers the waiter's feelings and stops Bill from bothering a man too tired to cope with Bill's brand of humor (88).

His interaction with the alcoholic Harvey Stone, the most pathetic and lost soul in the novel, is probably the most dramatic expression of this sensitivity. With Harvey, who can give absolutely nothing in return, Jake acts tenderly, providing gentle care, sustenance, and a nonjudgmental ear. He unquestioningly gives him money, and in a scene resembling Leopold Bloom's efforts to feed young Stephen Dedalus, suggests that what Harvey really needs is a good meal. Like Bloom, Jake offers food to sustain his friend and to demonstrate that he cares. Also like Bloom, he respects his friend's feelings, not wishing to offend by being overly critical. He understands Harvey's announcement that "When I get like this I don't care whether I eat or not." Rather than alienate him,
Jake continues their camaraderie by buying him drinks (42-43).

As several of these examples illustrate, Jake's sensitivity is also coupled with a need to offer care, to assume a subordinate position, if necessary, to nurture relationships by buoying the other, allowing him or her to self-express in an atmosphere void of inhibiting or destructive tensions. Jake's friendship with Bill, especially during their reunion in Paris, manifests these efforts. Their first conversation covers almost two pages of the text, and in its entirety illuminates Jake's need to care for, encourage, and support his friend. The dialogue centers almost entirely on Bill's escapades with a Black boxer in Vienna and is punctuated with the phrase "go on," an imperative that Jake uses not so much to order Bill to do something but to acknowledge approval of Bill's remarks and to signal his desire to hear more:

(Jake) "Where did you go?"
(Bill) "Don't remember. Wrote you a post-card. Remember that perfectly."
(Jake) "Do anything else?"
(Bill) "Not sure. Possible."
(Jake) "Go on. Tell me about it."
(Bill) "Can't remember. . . ."
(Jake) "Go on."

... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ...

(Bill) "Remember something about a prize fight. . . Had a nigger in it. Remember the nigger perfectly."
(Jake) "Go on."

... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ...
(Jake) "What happened?"
(Bill) "...Wonderful nigger. Hope I gave him the right address."
(Jake) "You probably did."
(Bill) "Well, anyway, let's eat... Unless you want me to tell you some more travel stories."
(Jake) "Go on" (71-72).

On could argue that Jake's role in the dialogue is reportorial, that he is primarily functioning as a good reporter trained to elicit as much information as possible about a newsworthy event. But while such an interpretation speaks to a certain aspect of Jake's personal history, it ignores both the existence and quality of the relationship between Jake and Bill. Jake does learn something about Bill's activities, but more importantly in terms of their friendship, he assumes the feminine conversational role, that of promoter and sustainer of interaction—the one who validates the comments and thus the self-worth of the conversational partner. [20]

This behavior pattern remains in place during their peaceful fishing trip along the Irati River. At this point, Jake contributes more substance to their conversations, clearly colored with masculine language (jokes and witticisms to signal the bond between them, swear words, and slang and innovative expressions [e.g., Bill's fondness for "utilize"], but it is Bill who dominates, particularly during the early morning conversation their first day in Burguete. Again, it is
Jake who listens attentively and works to encourage Bill's light-hearted banter, to erase any and all signs of tension. The most notable such example is Jake's response to Bill's quip about his impotence: "He [Bill] had been going splendidly, but he stopped. I was afraid he thought he had hurt me with that crack about being impotent. I wanted to start him again" (155).

At times, his conversational behavior with Brett is much the same, although not always so successful. During one of their rare moments alone together, Jake pushes forward with the conversation after Brett, in characteristically masculine fashion, declares that "talking's all bilge" (56). He plies her with questions (where is she going, why and when and can they go together?), ultimately prolonging the communication between them and consequently a relationship that has little else to rely on except words. [21]

Basically, Jake is unwilling to hurt others' feelings, and, as a result, he expends time and energy to ameliorate conflictive encounters. The behavior, which has been labeled passive, is actually a form of power: to facilitate human connection. But it is a form generally expected of female characters and thus generally not recognized as power in a male character. In the above example, when friction begins to develop because of Jake's need to prolong the interaction, he is quick to smooth
ruffled feathers. Brett demands that he stop being obstinate, and he immediately admits that she is right, attributing his foolish talk to his low mood (57). He is equally willing to forget the fact that she had stood him up earlier that day at the Hotel Crillon. Suppressing any hurt feelings, he merely asks her if she had remembered their date. He feels "rotten" about the situation, as one might naturally expect, but still manages to ignore her negative reply, all the while knowing that she is lying.

[22] Even after learning that Brett has spend time in San Sebastian with Robert, a discovery that pains him deeply, he struggles to avoid an irreparable rupture in the relationship. His use of sarcasm communicates his hurt to her (e.g., [Brett] "I rather thought [the affair] would do him good." [Jake] "You might take up social service." 83-84), but he quickly controls his bitterness before telling her that they should allow Robert to decide for himself whether he will go to the fiesta with Jake, Bill, Brett, and her fiance Mike Campbell (84). By turning the decision-making responsibilities over to Robert, Jake manages to smooth a tense encounter with Brett and to side-step an open, direct confrontation with Brett as well as Robert.

But confrontation with friends is not the only tension that Jake avoids. Other relationships, including those with strangers, must be handled delicately. He is
extremely conscious of his social presence and consistently strives to display a demeanor of quiet civility. It cracks only when he finds himself a little drunk, as he does when he becomes angry at Robert Prentiss, the insufferably snobbish friend of the Braddocks (21). When interacting with strangers, Jake will occasionally take the path of least resistance and purchase his relationships by over-tipping. But more often than not his methods are less crass. On the train to Bayonne, for instance, despite the fact that he has to wait hours for lunch because American Catholic pilgrims have over-booked the dining car, he waits patiently and mannerly—refusing to make a scene or disrupt his relationship with either the staff or the travelers, even though the situation makes him a bit "sore." His behavior and attitude are in marked contrast to a rather crude American, non-Catholic family that without a qualm barges in on the pilgrims and pretends to be "snappers." Upon reaching the inn at Burguete, Jake remains equally polite and deferential, leveling only minimal protest when the innkeeper overcharges them for their room. Argumentation and conflict seem senseless, especially since their stay will be brief and the inn furnishes plenty of wine. Only when he and Bill are alone, out of ear- and eye-shot of the innkeeper, does he becomes more assertive, taking a bottle of rum from the cupboard to compensate for a hot
punch without much spirit. Bill applauds his direct action --"It beats legislation" (110)--but Jake is careful to act only when the management is absent and can't be offended by his behavior. He also works to avoid conflict with Robert. As will be explained later, this is a more difficult task because of the unique relationship between Jake and Robert, but he tries nevertheless, holding his tongue when Robert proudly confesses that Mike and Brett were expecting him to meet them in San Sebastian. He begins to say, "Why in hell didn't you stay and meet them?" but thinks better of it and checks his tongue. [23] Jake's need to sustain relationships and to avoid confrontations that could jeopardize those relationships also motivates him at times to act as peacemaker. At several points, he moves in to stop arguments involving Robert. The first such event takes place in Paris where Jake is caught in the middle of a confrontation between Robert and Harvey Stone. Stone assaults Robert by calling him a moron and a case of arrested development, and Jake quells the outburst by offering Stone another porto (44). In like manner, he assuages Robert's bruised ego by implying that he has nothing to fear from Harvey and then smoothly refocusing the conversation on Robert's work. He is caught in an almost identical situation in Bayonne with Robert and Bill. Robert, knowing full well that Brett and Mike would not be arriving that night, goads Bills into
betting that they will. They argue back and forth like two obstreperous little boys until Jake warns, "That's enough," assuming the role of a determined parent who must mete out discipline (95). He also defuses an explosive situation during the fiesta by stopping Mike from hitting Robert (178). Jake's most touching peacemaking act, however, occurs at the end of the celebration of San Fermin. Suffering physically and emotionally, he valiantly makes the effort to go to Robert's room where he delivers peace of sorts to the man who has just called him a pimp and knocked him unconscious. While at first reluctant to give up his anger and humiliation, his defiance is soon subsumed by a more pressing impulse to harmonize and to preserve what little is left of the relationship. Telling Robert that everything is alright, Jake forgives him and shakes hands—a gesture of reconciliation that Brett and the more masculine Romero are unable to grant him.

The final scene between Jake and Robert clearly underscores Jake's relational mode of identification, but by this point, the reader has come to expect such behavior from him. His actions as we have just delineated them constitute the primary device by which Hemingway creates these expectations. Characterization, however, is enhanced in a minor yet powerful way by images of home and family distinctly associated with Jake's need to preserve
and protect harmony. These images and the corresponding feelings which they evoke in both Jake and the reader are most delicately and dramatically portrayed in the Irati River trout fishing scenes where Hemingway fashions an almost idyllic familial atmosphere permeated with peace and tranquility. Masculine drives to assert, dominate, and compete are noticeably absent. Jake, Bill, and an Englishman, Harris, for at least a short period of time, are brothers in a Garden of Eden, their inn at Burguete a cozy domestic retreat. Jake establishes the connection between home, peace, and harmony the first night at the inn: "Once in the night I awoke and heard the wind blowing... It felt good to be warm and in bed" (110). Peace, home, and harmony are also linked, metaphorically as well as literally, with cleanliness. It is important to Jake to be clean in body (he showers and bathes almost as frequently as Brett and Robert, and takes a deep cleansing swim after the Pamplona bullfights). He also values a small clean room in a clean hotel in a clean town (89, 90-91). In this respect, he is propelled by the same Victorian prudishness that grips Leopold Bloom.

The fishing expedition is the most sustained expression of communal harmony in the novel, but the emotive configuration of peace-home-harmony is not confined exclusively to the male-dominated world of Burguete and the Irati. Granted, in the Spanish mountains, women
appear and function only to serve men, but Jake does not categorically exclude the female from the harmonious familial unity for which he strives. During the last day before the fiesta, he and the entire group, Brett included, achieve a serenity that approaches the emotional quality symbolized by Irati and Burguete. It is a serenity based on equality and tolerance of others promoted by clean living in a clean setting:

During the morning I usually sat in the cafe and read the Madrid papers and then walked in the town or out into the country. Sometimes Bill went along. Sometimes he wrote in his room. Robert Cohn spent the mornings studying Spanish or trying to get a shave at the barbershop. Brett and Mike never got up until noon. . . . . It was a quiet life and no one was drunk. I went to church a couple of times, once with Brett. . . . We met Cohn as we came out of church. . . . he was very pleasant and nice. . . . It was a good morning, there were high white clouds above the mountains. It had rained a little in the night and it was fresh and cool on the plateau, and there was a wonderful view. We all felt good and we felt healthy. . . . You could not be upset about anything on a day like that (150-51).

Through action and images, Hemingway creates in Jake a character whose gender role, or the way he acts in society, suggests a strong feminine consciousness—a relational mode of identification grounded in the need to assert himself by unifying and harmonizing, to sustain a community of souls rather than to isolate and/or glorify
himself. This quality of Jake's personality is equally essential to the structure of the novel, for as Leo Gurko observes, "Jake is...the connecting link in all the human relationships of the novel. Without him many of these could never have been established, and others would have broken down" (58-59). Jake, then, as the structural fulcrum of the narrative exhibits a personality suited to the technical task, a correspondence that renders him more believable and trustworthy as a narrator. He is very much the kind and giving servant, a male reflection of a girl he takes note of who is cooking potato-chips and stew in the Cafe Aux Amateurs, ladling "some onto a plate for an old man who [stands] holding a bottle of red wine in one hand" (77).

While the relational mode of identification sets Jake apart as one who more fully comprehends the connectedness of the human community, it does not always serve him well. At times, it actually increases his emotional pain instead of alleviating it. It leaves him vulnerable to minor irritations, such as the soreness he feels as a result of the Catholic pilgrims taking over the Bayonne train, and to major ones as well, the latter best exemplified by his intimacies with Brett. After the ill-fated lovers resume their relationship, Jake channels his energies to preserve the bond between them, and what he sacrifices in the process is full expression concerning the romance. He
declares his love for her, but the reader is well aware that the relationship produces emotions which he cannot and/or does not express to anyone. We are privy to both the "smooth wave" of tears brought on in private by his thoughts of Brett as well as his silent declaration of anger and frustration: "To hell with Brett. To hell with you, Lady Brett Ashley" (30). When he is with her, however, he masks his inner turmoil, concealing from her as much as possible the truth of his feelings. For instance, he wants to be alone with her, but when she and Count Mippipopolous visit him, he objects to her offer to send the Count away, using as excuses the fact that he likes the Count and the impropriety of dismissing him. Granted, he is trying to avoid the pain of wanting her physically and is protecting her from the same pain. But everyone involved knows that his words contradict a deeper desire (55-56). In the process, the sacrifice of his own needs becomes mere feminine coyness--dishonest, unflattering--and within minutes he lets her dispatch the Count for champagne.

The self-sacrificing posture is one which he usually cannot manipulate or drop so easily. Denying his intense attachment to Brett, he agrees to have Brett and Mike join him in Pamplona for the fiesta, tells Brett to let Robert decide if he wants to come with them, expresses fondness for Mike as if his engagement to Brett does not affect him
at all, and even defends Mike, explaining to Brett that her relationship with Robert has been emotionally difficult for Mike (181). His defense of Mike is a vicarious enunciation of his own feelings, but at no point does he fully confide them to anyone--Brett knows that he wants her, but he never confronts her with his fears and jealousies and their ensuing frustrations. It is just this behavior that has led many readers to condemn Jake as passive, ineffectual, and masochistic. To a certain extent, these accusations are valid; a part of him senses intimations of disaster associated with Brett, yet he cannot escape the foreshadowed nightmare (65). However, his behavior is consistent with his relational mode of identification and is definitely not masochism in a clinical sense. It is not that Jake seeks pain but that he hopes to avoid it. And breaking with Brett would cause a great deal of pain.

Psychologist Paula Caplan explains that many behaviors that we describe as masochistic are really based on the effort to avoid punishment, rejection, or guilt; the ability to delay gratification or wait for rewards and pleasures; the capacity to put others' needs ahead of one's own; or the belief that one has about all one can expect to have (14). In Jake's case, he clearly puts Brett's needs above his own because he loves her and wants to give of himself to her. He may even stay with her
because he believes that his wound will allow him nothing better. It is also plausible that he suppresses expression of his own feelings because doing so would jeopardize the relationship which to him represents his masculinity (a point to be discussed in detail later); the break-up of the relationship might signal to him social rejection or guilt—something which he fears, at least until he "pimps" for Brett, more than the pain of the relationship itself.

But no matter which reason(s) we judge more credible, what makes his behavior particularly uncomfortable to witness, and in effect to participate in because of the first-person narration, is not only the continuation of a measurable level of pain but also the way in which Jake's compatriots respond to him. He is the connector, the hub or fulcrum of the group, but he is altogether, and frighteningly so, invisible to them as a peer. The general "niceness" of his character and his position as a sexually nonfunctioning human being render him in their eyes a sort of confidant or moral guide—a sexless priest. [25] They trust him with their problems and he is the one expected to hold their lives together. Brett and Robert claim that he is their only real friend (181, 194), and even Bill's friend Edna asks him to take her to the bullfights if Bill and Mike are too drunk to do so (195–96). They rely on Jake as a helping personality, but
they cannot see him as a human being with hurts and needs of his own. Although Brett offers him care and consolation at one point (56-57), for the most part, the characters talk around and through him, venting their own wants and concerns without ever acknowledging that before them stands a man who himself requires care and comfort. Brett, knowing that Jake still loves her, speaks freely to him of her own miseries, of her disgust with both Robert and Mike, and of her passion for Pedro Romero, while Robert flaunts his affair with a "lady of title" even though he knows that Jake and Brett are close. Bill too tends to perceive Jake as invisible. He can defend and feel sorry for Robert, a man he barely knows, yet at times he seems oblivious to the untenable emotional trap in which Jake is caught. Mike Campbell, however, is probably the most callous of them all, ranting and raving to Jake about Brett's infidelities: "No, listen, Jake. Brett's gone off with men. But they weren't ever Jews, and they didn't come and hang about afterward" (143). In these three short sentences, Mike demonstrates with crystalline clarity that Jake as a contender for Brett's affections, as one who is still "hanging about" in love with her, is unequivocally invisible to him. Jake, since he poses no sexual threat to Mike, is merely someone to whom Mike can purge his own agonies, someone who is there simply to act the silent, submissive servant. As the following
encounter at the conclusion of the fiesta illustrates, when Mike does "see" Jake, the vision is one of total 
instrumentation:

"I'm rather drunk," Mike said. "I think I'll stay drunk. This is all awfully amusing, but it's not too pleasant. It's not too pleasant for me."

He drank off the beer.

. . . . . . . . . .

He leaned forward. "I say, Jake, do you mind if I drink this bottle of yours? She'll [the chambermaid] bring you another one."

"Please," I said. "I wasn't drinking it, anyway." Mike started to open the bottle. "Would you mind opening it?"

I pressed the wire fastener and poured it for him (203).

That Jake's suffering is invisible to his fellow revelers, individuals basically consumed with and by their own egos, is a disquieting factor in our reading of The Sun Also Rises. For a woman reader who has experienced such invisibility in a patriarchal world which has long neglected the significance of women and female culture, Jake's invisibility is a painful reminder of a tenacious and destructive reality. For a male reader, it must speak to all that a man has been trained to be—a human being that acts on and shapes his world—and to the horrors of losing that identity. No matter whether male or female, we most likely sympathize with Jake but also feel compelled to disassociate, to accept and reject identification with
first-person narrative "I" who seems so unimportant to those he deems most worthy.

Coupled with Jake's invisibility, and perhaps just as disconcerting to some readers, we also find a certain fluidity of character or the ability to appear to move effortlessly between worlds (France and Spain, society and nature, Catholicism and paganism) and roles (comforter and teacher, peacemaker and devotee of violent sports). Jake can virtually change shape depending on the circumstances. Fluidity is a physiological impression which often pejoratively connotes the feminine, and Mary Ellman observes that the verbal translation of the image amounts to "soft body, soft mind" (74). We can speculate that perhaps Jake's fluidity has contributed to the critical contention that he is unmanly because he avoids thinking—in other words, he has a soft mind. Fluidity may also imply androgyny as we have defined it, and textual evidence does exist in the form of Jake's relationship with Bill Gorton to support this possibility. The tandem relationship aligns Jake with the masculine and the feminine, to show him comfortable with both.

Many readers tend to view Jake and Bill as brothers who share similar attitudes, beliefs, and behaviors. [26] This reading is relatively accurate: they both have the same kind of humor, enjoy the same sports, write professionally, and appreciate the beauties of nature.
Bill is also a very masculine individual and for this reason Jake's association with him helps to create a masculine aura for Jake as well. When with Bill, Jake becomes part of a highly male-centered world in which he seems very much at home. But Hemingway's creation of the two men, a unit distinctly separate from the rest of the group, is a subtly wrought device that works not only to depict Jake's ability to exist comfortably in a man's world but also to establish the naturalness of Jake's feminine behavior. Paradoxically, Jake, when compared to Bill, emerges as the one who quite naturally and without guilt is the less aggressive, defensive, and competitive of the two as well as the more compassionate, caring, and humanistically mature.

Bill represents what we would call a "man's man." A take-charge type, he virtually bristles when his self-perceived needs and rights are abused in any way. The train ride to Bayonne proves a particularly opportune time for him to actualize his manhood. Informed that he will have to wait for lunch service, he directs Jake to bribe the conductor for an earlier lunch reservation. When the money is refused, he explodes with epithets, surly comments, and immediately orders Jake to instruct the waiter to send sandwiches and wine to their car (85). As the afternoon wears on, he becomes more difficult and
disgruntled, finally buttonholing a priest and ridiculing him to his face (87-88).

He is also highly defensive and competitive, qualities exemplified by his futile bet with Robert in Bayonne. Masculine pride spurs him on to bet, and as he tells Jake, "I was sorry as soon as I opened my mouth. But I had to call him" (95). The same masculine pride chains him to the dinner table when Jake and Robert head to the train station for what all three know will be a victory for Robert (97-98). He is just as defensive of his friends. At the height of the fiesta, he becomes enraged when some English "swine," as he calls them, insult Mike. He jumps gallantly to Mike's defense, and as a result, his friend Edna has to keep him out of several fights.

Bill's hair-trigger bravado is matched by confidence in his physical and sexual magnetism. In the scene where he is shaving while talking to Jake before they catch a bus for Burguete, he looks thoughtfully at his face and then begins a comic eulogy to himself that verbally struts across the page: "All women should see it...It's a face that ought to be thrown on every screen in the country. Every woman ought to be given a copy of this face as she leaves the altar. Mothers should tell their daughters about this face..." (102). His "advertisement to himself" then ends with an ironic humbling coda—"My God!"
. . . isn't it an awful face?" His monologue replicates the kind of self-deprecating humor characteristic of "locker-room" talk that exudes male self-assurance. The overall impact of the scene establishes Bill as a man who feels very confident about his physicality. Jake by contrast tells us nothing about his own physical appearance and when juxtaposed with Bill actually seems shy and modest.

I do not mean to imply that Bill is void of feminine or softer virtues. For example, he seems to feel honest sympathy for Robert during the fiesta. But his sensitivity lacks the encompassing breadth of Jake's, a deficit sadly and ironically demonstrated as he tries to comfort Jake after the disastrous conclusion of the fiesta. Instead of speaking gently and supportively, attempting to reach out and elicit Jake's feelings, Bill cannot overcome the impetus to act as lawgiver and lecturer. As a consequence, a conversation that begins on a note of care quickly deteriorates into a nasty argument and a temporary parting of the ways:

(Bill) "How do you feel"
(Jake) "I feel like hell."
(Bill) "Have another [drink]?"
(Jake) "It won't do any good."
(Bill) "Try it. You can't tell. . . ."
. . . . . . . . . .
(Bill) "How is it?"
(Jake) "Fine."
(Bill) "Don't drink it fast that way. It will make you sick."

. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

(Jake) "I feel tight."
(Bill) "Sure. Get tight. Get over your damn depression."
(Jake) "Well, I'm tight. Is that what you want?"
(Bill) "Sit down."
(Jake) "I won't sit down," I said. "I'm going over to the hotel" (223).

In many respects, Bill's manhood is mere posture, a superficial guise that proves itself impotent and thus false. Jake, by comparison, remains relatively free of false pride and honor. He maintains a solid friendship with Bill, at ease in the presence of masculinity, but is also free to be himself—to take responsibility for controlling Bill's temper to allow Bill the center stage, to give of himself to others. It would be a egregious error, however, to define Jake as androgynous. Hemingway's coupling of the two, at most, alludes to the possibility of androgyny. Jake himself suggests otherwise, providing us with several clues indicating that his actions and the nature of his awareness of those actions are not always tuned harmonically. Fluidity, in his mind, is not necessarily an asset or an ideal.

His impotence, of course, is a major factor contributing to his emotional unrest. His dislike of Brett's homosexual friends is evidence that his wound has forced him to identify with what has culturally and
historically been judged aberrant conduct, a definition of self which he finds distasteful. He may have tried the sage advice of the Catholic Church--do not think about your misfortune--but the wisdom provides little solace: "Oh, it was swell advice," he thinks sarcastically. "Try and take it sometime. Try and take it" (31). Jake's dissatisfaction with himself also extends to a dislike of self connected to his role as unifier. It is a role and a way of being that constitutes a substantial part of his personality, but he does not always like it. For instance, he degrades the quality of his friendship with Robert even before Robert and Brett have had their affair. His "God help you" when Robert tells him that he is his best friend is not only a harbinger of the divisiveness to come but also an on-the-spot evaluation of their friendship as well as of Robert and himself. The comment implies that Jake does not think highly of himself as a friend, although his actions toward Robert evince a goodly amount of support, care, and forgiveness. His friendship with Brett is also unsatisfactory, complicated by his culture-bound theory that a man must "be in love with a woman to have a basis for friendship" (148). Unable to consummate their love physically, his commitment to friendship is an uneasy one. He notes at one point that he resents being the "ear" and "the helper," that he feels put-upon by the demands of others and wishes to be left
alone to simplify his life. When Brett and Robert are in San Sebastian, he doesn't have to cope with their troubles, and he "enjoy[s] not having to play tennis" with Robert. He pleasurably devotes himself to rather mechanical, low-cognitive, impersonal pastimes: working, going to the races, and eating casual dinners with unnamed friends (69). His affirmative response to this posture of disengagement signifies that a part of him wishes to disassociate, that he does not altogether countenance identity and role based on the maintenance of relationships.

Jake manifests this drive through the development of a distinctly masculine persona. His friendship with Bill is one form of this inclination, as is his avid interest in sports, both spectator and participatory. He spends his leisure time gambling, playing tennis, hunting, fishing, or watching the fights. Concerning the latter two, he appears to be something of an authority. As for bullfighting, there is no doubt that he possesses expertise. He is an aficionado, one who truly feels, knows, and understands the passion of the bullfight. He takes pride in this select, all-male group which identifies its members with a slightly embarrassed touch to ascertain the authenticity of the "buen hombre" (132). Montoya, the owner of the hotel where the group stays in Pamplona, recognizes and respects Jake as an aficionado;
he knows that Jake comprehends the greatness of Pedro Romero, and he actually seeks out Jake's advice about a relationship that could prove harmful to the young bullfighter. Brett, Bill, Robert, and Mike also admire Jake's knowledge of bullfighting; Brett, in particular, listens attentively as he teaches her the movements of the bull's horns, the functions of the steers, and the craft and skill of the matador's capework. Ultimately, Jake establishes the bullfighter as the epitome of manhood, glorifying the inner strength of Pedro Romero, his solitary confidence, his controlled and effective aggression, his mastery of the sport, and his willingness to face death head-on—to challenge and conquer with each bull that he kills.

Jake's very language reflects his association with a male culture. There is little doubt that Hemingway's ear for the masculine voice was finely tuned. Jake's voice has been described as muscular, masculine, and terse and is typified by a paucity of words; a direct, often blunt tone; few modals; short sentences, and the frequent use of invective. In contrast, Brett's speech, despite her affinity for swear words and slang, such as "chaps" and "tight," conveys a distinctly feminine tone created by her habitual use of the intensifier "so," feminine words such as "darling," longer sentences, softer alternatives to imperatives, and intonation patterns to signal emotion.
Also in characteristically masculine form, Jake frequently hesitates to use his voice, remaining silent most noticeably when asked to express emotions. During the visit of Brett and the Count to his apartment, he utters only four short responses in four and a half pages of dialogue in which the Count often addresses him directly. Here, his silence could very well be an attempt to control his highly emotional state brought on by the preceding private interlude with Brett. However, it is not only Brett's presence that produces silence and controlled emotions. Any expression of deeply felt sentiment is difficult for him, language seeming to be an inadequate device to express such feelings. He cannot, for example, tell Bill how he really feels about Brett, and at the conclusion of his fishing holiday, he is genuinely unable verbally to reciprocate Harris' open proclamation of fondness for his new-found friends—the most Jake can do is to offer the Englishman another drink (129). This quality of masculine reserve points to Jake's fear of the power of the unknown: that part of himself, the feminine, which he has not yet fully accepted and made his own. By talking, as Peter Schwenger explains in his discuss of phallic literary styles,

... one opens up to another person and becomes vulnerable. It is by putting words to an emotion that it becomes femi-
nized. As long as the emotion is restrained, held back, it hardly matters what the emotion is; it will retain a male integrity (44).

Jake undoubtedly fears emotional vulnerability, and as we have already noted, these fears are not wholly irrational. Involvement can lead to emotional pain, which is exactly what causes him to be wary of his relationship with Brett and to reject total honesty with Bill. Yet he needs people, his existence depending on relationships that allow him to give of himself.

The result is a problematic consciousness composed of conflicting masculine and feminine impulses of relatively equal magnitude and force. The feminine relational mode of identification asserts itself, but the masculine fear of vulnerability and emotional defeat continues to thrust itself into the world, undermining Jake's need to express thoughts and emotions and to forge relational bonds. Ironically, the feminine need to self-deny feeds the masculine fear of vulnerability. That which is in conflict with the other conflicts with itself as well. Jake is left in a state of psychic stalemate where full expression of the feminine means denial of the masculine and vice-versa.

Hemingway constructs Jake's ambivalence as an intricate network of beliefs, disbeliefs, and affects. Artistically, this psychic web takes two organically
related forms: Jake's attitude toward work and his relationship with Robert Cohn, both of which are inextricably connected from the beginning of the narrative. Work, although the less important of the two structurally and thematically, must be discussed first because it provides an essential backdrop for our understanding of the second—Jake's reactions to Robert.

In essence, Jake simultaneously accepts and rejects the middle-class work ethic, and it is the former that seems to dominate the text. Hemingway creates for Jake a traditionally middle-class masculine attitude toward work, equating work with career and career with achievement and self-identity. He emphasizes the fact that Jake earns his own living, makes sufficient money to live a comfortable life, and values himself as an efficient, hardworking professional (Grebstein 40-41). More importantly, Jake gives voice to the belief that a man shapes his identity through work, that a man must control and feel confident about his work. He is careful to note, for instance, that once Robert falls in love with Brett he loses his "healthy conceit" about work (45). The connection between work and self-identity becomes more explicit when Jake describes Romero's last fight of the fiesta. The young bullfighter, bruised and in great pain, does not allow his wounds to defeat him:

Pedro Romero had the greatness. He
loved bull-fighting, and I think he loved the bulls, and I think he loved Brett. Everything of which he could control the locality he did in front of her all the afternoon. Never once did he look up. . . Because he did not look up to ask if it pleased he did it all for himself inside, and it strengthened him. But he did not do it for her at any loss to himself. He gained by it all through the afternoon. . . Out in the centre of the ring Romero profiled in front of the bull, drew the sword out from the folds of the muleta, rose on his toes, and sighted along the blade. . . . for just an instant he had the bull were one. . . The fight with Cohn had not touched his spirit but his face had been smashed and his body hurt (216, 218-19).

It is work that strengthens and purifies Romero, ideal work necessary to effect ideal character. Romero and work (symbolized by the bull and the bullfight, respectively) are one, a unity embodied in the striking image of Romero fused with the bull at the moment of the kill. It is through this unity that he regains his self-respect. In stark opposition to Brett, who uses one man (Romero) to cleanse herself of another (Robert), Romero rides himself of the pain and humiliation in a more masculine way—"Each thing that he did with [the] bull wiped out a little cleaner" (219).

For Jake, this is the most authentic sign of manhood: to wear the scars of battle and to reassert oneself through action fueled by inner strength. Other systems of masculine authority, such as the cigar Romero smokes to
like himself seem older or the need to achieve immortality and to amass a material fortune, are inauthentic. Before his fight with Robert, Romero is guilty of possessing all three. Jake, however, has no such illusions of grandeur. As the holograph of the novel informs us, he gave up the opportunity to be a millionaire and chose a relatively poorer life in Europe. [28] In this material, also cut from the galleys, Jake sounds conceited, proud of his successful career in journalism, and still impressed with the power inherent in money. [29] But in the published text, his attitude toward money is less worldly and calculating. Money has an immediate value in his life because of the physical comforts (and, sometimes, friendships) it can buy him, but he does not compute or monitor his personal or business prosperity according to his take-home salary. Knowing that he has adequate funds and has handled them wisely satisfies him sufficiently. He also lacks motivation to acquire power through money. This quality is succinctly illustrated by one of Bill's comments to Jake during the Irati fishing trip. He jokingly remarks that he should dream like Ford, Coolidge, and Rockefeller, but Jake offers no response to Bill's advice on how to get ahead in the world, a sign that perhaps he cannot identify with men driven to master industrial or political power (124).

On a social scale closer to home, Jake is isolated
from men whose lives constitute a continual battle to inch their way up the corporate infrastructure. As he shares a cab ride with Krum and Woolsey, his fellow journalists treat him as an equal, but it soon becomes clear that he does not favor their values or their lifestyles. He quickly fades from their conversation as the two men begin to complain about work, to lament the responsibilities of raising and supporting a family, and to wish for more prestigious positions. He has nothing to contribute to a conversation between men whose lives and identities are shaped by their need to make money, to grasp social and personal success through the kind of jobs they hold. For Jake, money, as well as the social position and power accompanying it, is something that you pray for, childlike, as he does before the fiesta, when you have nothing else to ask for; it is secondary to friends, self, bullfighters, fiestas, and fishing—an afterthought and soon forgotten (99). In contrast to Krum and Woolsey, who are virtually slaves to their work, Jake adopts the attitude of the British upper (and more feminine) class; in short, as we have already noted, it is important in the newspaper business to appear not to be working. [30]

But maintaining identity as a "good-old boy" is a superficial explanation for Jake's publicly displayed attitude toward work. At a deeper level, what appears to be adherence to a male code of behavior is actually a
rejection of the middle-class masculine work ethic. Jake believes in work as a validation of a self that incorporates the masculine as well as the feminine. He can simultaneously perceive work as a vehicle for self-identification while scoffing at the trappings of that vehicle, relating to work not as a way to achieve individual power and glory but as a way to assure his humanity, his connection with the common man and woman. This conception of work is conveyed in his imagistic portrait of the Paris streets on a beautiful June morning:

In the morning I walked down the Boulevard to the Rue Soufflot for coffee and brioche. It was a fine morning. . . . There was the pleasant early-morning feeling of a hot day. I read the papers with the coffee and then smoked a cigarette. The flower-women were coming up from the market and arranging their daily stock. Students went by going up to the law school, or down to the Sorbonne. The Boulevard was busy with trams and people going to work. . . . I passed the man with the jumping frogs and the man with the boxer toys. I stepped aside to avoid walking into the thread with which his girl assistant manipulated the boxers. She was standing looking away, the thread in her folded hands. The man was urging two tourists to buy. . . . All along people were going to work. It felt pleasant to be going to work (335-36).

On this fine day, Jake views work not as a way to assert himself over others--to establish the supremacy of the self--but as a way to feel that he belongs, to make
bridges between people and things, between people and people. Even money at times is associated with this need to bridge the chasm of loneliness between human beings. Jake uses money to help Harvey Stone and to buy drinks for friends; he is also willing to pay Brett's hotel bill in Madrid. Work and money for Jake mean a family of friends to whom he gives because he wants to give—not a traditional nuclear family like that of Krum and Woolsey, loveless families that expect a man's support because of his position as provider. Interestingly enough, Jake is much like the girl assistant whom he passes on his way to work. Like her, he may hold the strings that make others jump (his journalistic pen does wield power), but he has little compulsion to control people or to coerce them into buying his wares. Like her, his eyes and mind are turned elsewhere, out to the world which, as an artist and first-time novelist, he creates for us with such delicate power and verisimilitude.

We can conjecture at this point, with some admittedly sketchy evidence, that Jake's attitude is not his secret alone. While his newspaper buddies readily accept him as one of their own, others may perceive him differently. Bill's humorous comment that Jake has been ruined by fake European standards could be based on actual rumors that he does not work and is not the man he should be. As Bill jokes, "One group claims women support you. Another group
claims you're impotent" (115). Both claims strike at the heart of what it means to be a man in the twentieth century—work and sex merge as an omnipotent cultural symbol of manhood. Hemingway himself struggled with both, desperately needing to publicly assert his virility (Meyers 244) and habitually feeling morally obligated to work (Reynolds 29). Jake does too, although he has no need to defend himself against Bill's good-natured charges and on the surface seems perfectly at ease with an apparently balanced conceptualization of work and self. However, his recreation and analysis of his relationship with Robert Cohn furnishes us with a window through which we can observe him more closely and accurately. What we see behind the flawless pane of emotional calm is a deeply rooted ambivalence embracing both work and sex and revealing intense gender confusion.

The psychological connection between Jake and Robert has been duly recognized in the canon of Sun criticism. Evaluations include Earl Rovit's statement that Robert is Jake's double, Richard Hovey's implication that Robert is a projection of Jake's feelings of self-hatred, Sheldon Grebstein's assertion that Jake unconsciously identifies with Robert, and Wirt Williams' conclusion that the two men are mirror images—unity in opposition.[31] All four make perspicacious although limited analyses, for Jake is like and unlike Robert, identifying with him and denying
that same identification. He has a love-hate relationship with Robert which is extremely complex, so much so that, as Sheldon Grebstein notes, Jake identifies and confesses some of these ambivalences, but others he does not (71). The nature of his response to Robert is so intense that we cannot satisfactorily explain it as anti-Semitism, at least not within the context of the novel itself. [32] Analogous to Leopold Bloom's Jewishness, Robert's racial heritage does not serve foremost as political or religious commentary but instead operates primarily as a tool to identify him as an outsider. In both cases, Bloom's and Robert Cohn's, status as an outsider entails a certain femininity that cuts against the grain of western white middle-class masculinity.

For the most part, critics have reacted vituperatively to Robert's femininity. The list of faults nailed to his literary cross is indeed a lengthy one. At various times, he has been condemned as emotional, cowardly, dependent, self-pitying, rude, passive, romantic, empty, egotistical, soft, vain, masochistic, weak-willed, uncontrolled, and sentimental—the most despicable of Hemingway's characters as Earl Rovit sums him up. [33] To some degree, readings mirror Jake's assessment of Robert. But overall, the critical response to Robert has been "knee-jerk," too many all too readily castigating him as the antithesis of Jake or as that part
of Jake (the feminine) that he finds disgusting and wishes to shed. The critical tendency is to find defects that are not there or to magnify those that are. For instance, Robert is certainly not a passive, weak-willed coward. He is more than willing to act and to brave physical and psychological abuse if necessary, and he has strong principles (love and personal honor) that he defends religiously. He can hardly be called rude; in reality, he is extremely polite and apologetic, and if any of the characters deserves "rude" as a descriptor, it is Mike, not Robert. Neither is he empty. He is filled with a very real love for Brett, and although he may not express it in the most admirable way, it has much greater depth than Mike's feelings for his fiance, which seem composed of little more than sexual urges and shared despair.[34]

Contributing to the pervasive negative interpretation of Robert is, first, the fact that most readers respond to him in accordance with the cultural stigma attached to the feminized male, and, secondly, the fact that Jake never fully analyzes his feelings for Robert. He primarily reports actions/non-actions, the significance of which readers must decipher for themselves. Again, with the best of Hemingway's art, simplicity is misleading. When we finally assemble Jake's scattered references to Robert, we find that the two are indeed much alike and much
different—that Jake is attracted to and repelled by Robert's femininity as well as his masculinity.

Links between the two men are numerous. Both, of course, love Brett and are faithful to her. Both are accommodating and forgiving; Jake remembers that before Robert fell in love with Brett, he had never heard him make a remark that would "detach him from other people" (45), and even after the affair, Robert is quick to try to accommodate himself to the group: he does not press Bill to make good on his bet that Brett and Mike will arrive in Bayonne on time, and he is more than willing to admit that he was foolish to think that bullfights might bore him (165). Both are modest; Jake sits undressed on his bed only because it is pushed away from the windows (30), and Robert closes the window of his hotel room so the people on a balcony across the street cannot see him undress (160). Both also possess an air of naivety; Robert naively asks if one bets on bullfights and wonders who the foreigners are at the fiesta (90, 154)—Jake is fooled twice by a peasant's imitation of a klaxon horn (103-04). Of more thematic relevance, Robert sustains the naive belief that Brett is "fine and straight"; Jake, too, at least for a while, naively clings to the hope that he and Brett can live together. Both are artists, Robert a published novelist and Jake a soon-to-be novelist. Both like sports and gambling; boxing and tennis, in
particular, unite them. Both cry, Jake alone and Robert in front of Jake. Both are wounded—Jake by the war, Robert in a boxing match. Both also appear passive—most emphatically with Frances whose infamous harangue subdues Jake as well as Robert. Both are ultimately outsiders and insiders: Robert is an outsider because of his race and persistent alienation from the group, an insider because he is sexually active; Jake is an outsider because he lacks the ability to perform sexually, an insider because of his ability to develop friendships with all of the group.

It is only natural that any two people with so much in common might actually like each other. And Jake "rather" likes Robert. He makes a concerted effort, in fact, to persuade his readers that Robert is not as loathsome as Jake may have led us to believe. He is impressed by Robert's athletic skills, pointing out that he is a very fast boxer and a competent tennis player with a good body which he keeps in shape. Jake also approves of Robert's civilized, competitive nature: his love of winning coupled with the ability to lose gracefully. Jake makes special mention of Robert's broken nose, the result of learning to defend himself against anti-Semitism at Princeton. The injury, which Jake claims "certainly improved his nose" (3), is the equivalent of Jake's war wound and Romero's bruised face. It serves as an emblem
of his suffering and ritualistic passage into manhood.

[35] He also favors Robert's ability to remain attached to the crowd, to say nothing to offend or alienate others. Jake compliments Robert's nice, boyish cheerfulness molded by his mother and his first wife and also associated with a persistent shyness (89). Thus, Jake's appreciation of Robert is based on his identification with and affirmation of Robert's masculinity and femininity.

His antagonism toward Robert follows the same pattern, only in a more pronounced and convoluted form. The source of his dislike is multifold, resting in Robert's representation of masculine qualities which Jake himself desires to have, in his possession of masculine and feminine qualities of which Jake disapproves, and in his abandonment of specific masculine and feminine attributes which Jake reveres. Regarding the last category, Jake is disappointed in Robert after he has his affair with Brett and consequently loses his ability to connect with people to sustain harmonious social relations. In this case, Jake's negative feelings are the result of Robert's failure to maintain a feminine standard of behavior which he had previously shared with Jake.

Predominantly, however, Jake cannot condone what he perceives as Robert's femininity. He describes the young Cohn as a nice but wimpish individual, a victim of domineering women who is "led quite a life" by his girl
friend, Frances Clyne (7). Although Jake makes light-hearted note of Robert's stature as hen-pecked, his narrative discloses more complicated feelings. Whenever Robert implies or states explicitly anything related to men being controlled by women, the tone of Jake's voice changes with mercurial swiftness as his generally accommodating nature is threatened by a feminizing force. He becomes much harsher with Robert than with any of the other characters. For instance, early in the novel, he first responds to Robert's frantic under-the-table kicks by firing a verbal round at him: "If I know an American girl that lives in Strasbourg, what the hell is it to Frances?" (6). When Robert admits that he cannot take Frances to South America because she doesn't like that kind of trip, Jake fires again: "Tell her to go to hell" (38). Later, as he witnesses Robert's quiet acceptance of Frances' public tirade, he can only wonder, "Why did he sit there? Why did he keep on taking it like that?" (51). Jake's disgust and lack of patience with Robert may reflect discomfort with his own tendencies to act to preserve relationships which can be painful rather than to assert his own feelings and risk the loss of those ties. This argument gains credence when we consider his thoughts at the end of the fiesta after Robert knocks him out: "My jaw was sore on both sides. He should have hit somebody the first time he was insulted, and then gone away. He
was so sure that Brett loved him. He was going to stay, and true love would conquer all" (199). At this point, Jake favors direct action—violent declaration of emotion, rejecting as destructive the powers of love, responsibility, and the need to preserve human bonding.

Jake also finds fault with Robert's distance from nature, his preoccupation with self rather than the sensual world around him. With exemplary journalistic detachment, he reports that Robert prefers to pursue Brett instead of fishing with Jake and Bill and to sleep rather than share Jake and Bill's appreciation of the Spanish mountains. Not a "woodsman" in any sense of the word, Robert is blind to the immediacy of the vision of nature, lacking what Tony Tanner describes as the "wondering eye as it enters into a reverent communion with the earth that abideth forever." [36] His stance is more intellectual, a quality which Jake brings to our attention by way of his brief description of a visit to the Bayonne cathedral: "We went out into the street again and took a look at the cathedral. Cohn made some remark about it being a very good example of something or other, I forget what" (90). Jake considers such an intellectual approach to a cathedral not worth remembering. What is important is that it be used, that one go into it to pray, to experience its darkness and the enveloping mist of incense. This position is diametrically opposed to
Robert's. Characterization thus reveals two mutually exclusive yet related dichotomies: intellect versus senses and thinking versus acting. Richard Hovey understands these polarities to be typical of Hemingway and explains them as the artistic manipulation of Hemingway's fear that "thinking might unman him. . . ." (212). This interpretation has merit in terms of Robert's portrayal. He is "unmanned," for instance, by thinking and talking about his trip to South America, his intellectualization of the adventure helping to subvert his ability to actualize the desire. Jake, on the other hand, advocates action and achieves sensual stimulation by acting on his own need for adventure through immersion in the cult of Spanish bullfighting.

The first chapter of *The Sun Also Rises* presents our greatest source of information about Jake's disposition toward Robert, particularly as it relates to sports and work. Jake begins the novel with the now famous line "Robert Cohn was middleweight boxing champion of Princeton." He denies being impressed by the title in the second sentence but adds that "it meant a lot to Cohn." In these two short sentences, Jake exposes a very sensitive nerve. On one hand, the opening reflects his dislike of masculine systems of authority; on the other, it suggests a latent envy of such authority. Like Romero's cigar, the boxing title is a superficial and
inauthentic sign of manhood; it represents culturally prescribed and perpetuated facades of being. The falsity of the title corresponds with Robert's attitude toward boxing: he dislikes it but learned it as self-defense, being void of the inner passion for the sport which Jake values in a man. Jake's perception of Robert is confirmed after Robert falls in love with Brett lets the romance destroy his competitive drive. His tennis game, as Jake reports, "went all to pieces" (45). It is also interesting to observe that what Jake considers to be a healthy competitive nature he also depicts as vanity: he admires Robert's drive to win at tennis, but when Robert wins at bridge, a game which Jake plays too, and dares to speak of his skills, he concludes that Robert had become "rather vain" (9). The contradiction supports the introductory statements of the novel. The fact that Jake opens with a discussion of Robert's title and his superiority as an athlete implies that perhaps the title and the success that it signals are more important to Jake than he will admit--after all, he did go to considerable lengths to verify Robert's championship status. When one so defiantly defends one's disinterest or demeans the competitive triumphs of another, we cannot help but doubt the sincerity of the disclaimer. While Jake may fault Robert for being susceptible to false systems of masculinity, he himself may not entirely escape the attraction of such a powerful social paradigm. [37]
The same holds true for his description of Robert's professional resume. It is obvious that he doesn't fully approve of the affluent life Robert has led or of his cavalier attitude toward work. For Jake, work, like sports, is the product of the inner life; one's identity comes through work but is suspect if imposed from without. Robert fails to meet this criterion. First, he has lived on inherited monies rather than the fruits of his own labors and has shown bad form by squandering the inheritance. Secondly, he really had no career objectives until he happened "to fall among literary people" and began to edit and financially support a literary review. His philanthropic activities introduced him to the seductive power of a titled position, and he found that he liked the authority. Hemingway makes it clear that it is not art or literature itself that intrigues Robert, that he didn't associate with the publication in order to voice his artistic talents, but rather that he needed a title to affirm his worth as a man. That Jake does not believe Robert to be a real artist is evident when he critiques Robert's first novel as a very poor one indeed (6). Again, we can surmise that Jake's negative portrayal of Robert's career is based on his [Jake's] discomfort with the middle-class work ethic which emphasizes public, but often specious, signs of professional competency. But then, since Jake considers himself an artist/novelist, his
ill will toward Robert may stem in part from jealousy; it is likely that he covets the public esteem afforded an up-and-coming young writer.

Jake is decidedly disappointed when Robert begins to appear insecure about his work. As we have already mentioned, Jake admires a man who is confident about his work, and after falling in love with Brett, Robert begins to lose that sense of knowing himself and his work, feeling "rotten" about his inability to write a second novel and admitting to Jake that he is "having a hard time handling it" (45). His confession is an honest exposure of self-doubts—in reality a public admission of emotional vulnerability—and it bothers Jake who himself has difficulty emoting. To Jake, such displays attest to diminished masculinity, and Robert gives Jake irrefutable evidence of this sort. In addition to the statement about work, he is genuinely bothered by the brutality of the bullfight, especially the death of the horses, and Jake leaves the reader to gather that Robert is incapable of moving beyond a gut response to unexplained horrors in order to appreciate what Jake would call the beauty and more noble objectives of the bullfighter's craft (167).

Jake, however, does not unequivocally favor the stoic masculine stance. His impulse to repress emotion is contradicted by a subtle and well-hidden need to emote. When Robert coolly states that the bullfights will
probably bore him, Jake silently agrees with Bill Gorton who complains that "[he's] got this Jewish superiority so strong that he thinks the only emotion he'll get out of the fight will be being bored" (162). Jake acknowledges concordance by stating that he and Bill will watch through their binoculars to see first-hand if Robert shows any emotion. Earlier in the narrative, Jake furnishes evidence suggesting that it is not only emotion correlated with sports which he wishes could be expressed but also feelings toward human beings. In a tone of noncondemnation, perhaps of shy and wishful admiration, he reflects of Robert's very public display of his love for Brett: "He could not stop looking at Brett. It seemed to make him happy. It must have been pleasant for him to see her looking so lovely, and know he had been away with her and that everyone knew it. They could not take that away from him" (146).

Of course, Jake's feelings for Brett complicate his relationship with Robert, and it is no wonder that he tends to blame her for destroying Robert's masculinity and Jake's relationship with Robert. But his accusations against Brett merely hide his own confused feelings about himself, which are the real destroyer. While one can understand why Jake would respond with hostility to Robert's initial articulation of his love for Brett, feeling jealous of and threatened by a rival, group
interaction throughout the fiesta clearly demonstrates that Brett cares nothing for Robert. In reality, Robert poses no threat to Jake's relationship with Brett. Yet he continues to mount a personal campaign against the man. The growing and immediately unfounded intensity of his animosity is best explained as the result of Robert's symbolic presence. Robert has, and thus symbolizes, what Jake cannot have but desperately wants—a penis, sexual relations, women (i.e., Brett), and romantic love. Robert has proven his virility by having children, and he can flaunt his attractiveness to women as he does after the publishers herald his novel. Lacking the physical equipment and the stature of a published author, Jake can do neither. He makes special note of the latter, involuntarily revealing resentment as he explains that Robert's new-found appeal to women rendered him "not so pleasant to have around" (9). Robert's affair with Brett also represents romance and his belief in romantic love. Jake has no hopes for romance, a fact which continually affronts him each time he sees Robert. Thus Jake's dislike for Robert grows with almost geometric intensity because of the symbolic power of both Robert and his affair (temporary though it may be) with Brett (99).

But even while hating Robert for his emblematic qualities, Jake is fundamentally ambivalent about him. Even the syntax and vocabulary which he employs reveal the
conflict. At a particularly tense moment during the
fiesta, Robert readies to defend himself against Mike, an
encounter which Jake relates as follows: "He stood
waiting, his face sallow, his hands fairly low, proudly
and firmly waiting for the assault ready to do battle for
his lady love" (178). It is this portrait of Robert that
illustrates Jake's simultaneous admiration and repulsion
for Robert. Here, in syntactic balance of opposition, we
find Jake's discomfort with both Robert's femininity
(symbolized by his sallowness [38] and his belief in
connection with others) and masculinity (his willingness
and ability to defend Brett as well as himself); bonded to
this discomfort is his approval of Robert's masculine
persona (represented by his selection of the adverbs
"proudly" and "firmly"), which he then undermines with the
ironic "his lady love." Jake's polarized attitude toward
Robert remains static throughout the novel, his final
meeting with his rival-friend enveloping both rejection
("Don't call me Jake") and acceptance (the handshake).

The nature of Jake's relationship with Robert affects
his actions, and we can explain certain of his less
admirable moments as the result of the enervating effects
of his ambivalence. As noted previously, Jake can become
hostile and obnoxious with Robert, a response that
counters his usual behavior toward others, and while it is
a relatively healthy release of heretofore repressed
feelings, it is also a subversion of his need to foster harmonious relationships. The ambivalence also produces passivity coupled with passive-aggressive behavior, the former clearly noticeable on several occasions: he tolerates Frances' verbal crucifixion of Robert, makes no effort to defend Robert when Mike viciously calls him a steer and attacks him for his squeamish reaction to the bullfight, and silently watches while Brett rudely tells Robert to leave her alone. His need to avoid conflict could possibly account for these instances of inaction, but because Robert is involved, the explanation is more convoluted. When Jake refuses to act, he is being true to one way in which he knows himself—as a nonaggressive, peaceful individual—but this assertion of self is ultimately undermined by other facets of his personality, specifically his impulses to suppress emotions and to self-deny as well as his dislike for Robert (and himself). When perhaps Jake should act more forcefully, defending Robert and/or squelching Mike and Brett's attacks in order to thwart conflict and to promote peace and harmony, he is paralyzed, unable to express himself in any way whatsoever, a victim of his own internecine war that eventually disrupts the social unity he so dearly loves.

Jake's paralysis is coupled with passive-aggressive behavior intended to humiliate Robert. Refusing to interpret for Robert during their first meal in Pamplona,
Jake allows a waitress to bring him a second meat course that he knows Robert doesn't want (94). Jake is unwilling to ease Robert's nervousness the evening that Mike and Brett are due to arrive from San Sebastian, and he goes with him to the train station just to needle him (97-98). Later that night, after the train arrives without them, Jake receives a telegram from them but refuses to let Robert see it, another petty gesture of revenge for the jealousy he feels (148). To his credit, however, he recognizes and objects to these tendencies. He wishes that Mike wouldn't mistreat Robert but admits that "I liked to see him hurt Cohn. I wished he would not do it, though, because afterward, it may me disgusted at myself. That was morality; things that made you disgusted afterward. No, that must be immorality" (148-49).

Jake is never quite able to make himself feel good about Robert. His wrestling match with morality as far as Robert is concerned ends in a draw. But he is by no means lost or crippled at the conclusion of the fiesta. His emotional level suggests as much, but as is often the case, emotions do not always keep pace with intellect. While Jake is struggling emotionally with Robert, he is thinking about Brett and in the process coming to understand something more profound about himself and morality.

Many critics have discussed the fact that dual
systems of morality conflict in *The Sun Also Rises*. These have been identified in various ways including the following syzygies: Brett/bullfighting, thinking/acting, romanticism/realism, poverty-abuse of money/financial soundness, impurities/purities, group need/individuality, and wimpishness/manliness. It is usually a reading espousing the triumph of masculinity that wins reader respect for Jake—realism over romanticism, individuality over group norms, acting over thinking, manliness over wimpishness. Readings that claim the triumph of the feminine, particularly Brett, the lure of romanticism, and wimpishness, signal Jake's moral failure. What we have then, no matter how we label the dichotomies, is an elemental conflict between masculine and feminine systems of morality: the masculine based on rights and rules and preservation of the individual; the feminine on connectedness, the responsibility of relationships and the need to provide care.

Throughout most of the novel, Jakes tries to live life according to the former. His efforts to do so manifest themselves most explicitly in his attitude toward Brett and his allegiance to the code of the bullfighter. With Brett, he wants a more traditional relationship, one in which he can have her—if not sexually then in any other way that will communicate to the world that she belongs to him. He is desperate enough for such public
validation of his manhood that he repeatedly pleads that perhaps they could live together (56). Brett is more honestly realistic and knows that their ideal union could never exist without sex, that if they lived together she would be unfaithful and hurt him as a consequence. What is unstated here is Jake's belief that he has a right to Brett because he loves her. The conviction contributes to his anger toward Robert who has usurped property that "rightfully" belongs to him. Augmenting these beliefs is his fascination for Latin machismo represented by Montoya and Pedro Romero. Theirs is a male-dominated culture, one in which men respect the purity of the bullfight, assert their honor at all costs, and live with an inner integrity subordinate to no one and nothing else. It is a world in which a man pays the bill for a woman and expects her to grow her hair long for him.

But as the fiesta progresses, and as Jake is confronted with his hostility for Robert, he begins to assess his treatment of Brett. What evolves is a thought process, minimal though it is, that "unmans" him in the most positive of ways. He admits to himself that he has been basing his friendship with her on love (i.e., sexual romance) and has not been thinking of her feelings. Putting himself in her place, he deduces that it is the woman who pays and pays and pays—withdwithout idea of retribution or punishment (148). Jake's quiet moment of
contemplation leads him to a cultural truism: it is the man who takes and the woman who gives. He also discovers a personal truism: like Henry James' Winterbourne and Isabel Archer, he comes to know in an instant of revelation that he has been wrong, that although he thought he had been paying for life's pleasures, the reality of payment is something other than what he had observed and practiced himself. At this point, as Kathleen Nichols correctly maintains, Jake begins to reorder his values (325). Not pay in the sense that he understood it when he paid the prostitute, Georgette, or as Robert understood it when he offered money to Frances, or as Romero viewed it when he paid Brett's hotel bill--not pay in the sense of buying someone off or ending responsibilities and human involvement--but paying by giving of the self, risking emotional pain in order to assume responsibility and to act charitably.

Jake does not fully articulate this new morality--in effect, he demonstrates it by fulfilling Brett's needs. He gives her Pedro Romero and by so doing satisfies her sexual desires as well as her emotional and moral needs. She is finally able to feel good about herself, to nurse Romero (and thus to act as servant for him), to wipe away the guilt caused by her affair with Robert, and to sacrifice her own need to possess Romero in order to save him from corruption. This gift of self is not easy for
Jake to offer. The pull of masculine morality is forceful, and when Brett asks him for Romero, he balks at first, moralizing that what she feels and wants is wrong (183). But he sees that she is in pain, and to ease her suffering, he sacrifices his membership in Montoya's all-male aficionado club. In addition, he relinquishes his own desire to possess her, and he forfeits his friendship with Robert as well. In the process, he causes others pain—Montoya, Mike, Robert, himself—a consequence that he does not enjoy. But he acts to help the one who needs him the most, the one to whom he is most responsible.

Jake's action, or his payment, bonds him to Brett in a new relationship based on care and responsibility rather than on passion and dominance.[39] He remains faithful to this bond, even though it troubles him: his swims at San Sebastian suggest that he is attempting to cleanse himself and that he is not entirely certain of the rightness of what he has done. But he still gives up the peaceful solitude of this interlude to rescue Brett in Madrid where he offers her tender gestures, reassuring words, and a noncritical ear. Contrary to the argument that Jake's heroism is marked by his ability to disengage himself from Brett, he actually becomes more human and whole—and thus heroic—by aligning himself with her. By caring for Brett, he is realizing and acting according to a morality
consistent with a part of his personality that deserves and demands recognition and validation. He is caring for and being true to himself because he has learned to act selflessly and to risk maximum exposure in order to provide care for someone he loves.

This new-found relationship is underscored imagistically by the two cab rides which begin and end the novel. In the first, Jake and Brett are sitting apart. The evening street, torn up and lighted by bright acetylene flares, jolts them together and gives Jake the opportunity to kiss Brett, who responds but then pulls away. The scene communicates division, strife, sexual tension, and Jake's need to possess Brett. The final cab scene is distinctly different. This time it is Brett and not the bumpy pavement who initiates physical closeness, and while Jake cradles her comfortably in his arm, it is the hot, bright sun, rather than man-made torches, that brings their world sharply into focus. Sexual tension and the need to possess are now mitigated. There is also clarity for Jake whose more feminine—that is, accepting, forgiving, and caring—nature is mirrored in his final words, "Isn't it pretty to think so?" It is important to note here that Hemingway was conscious of the distinction between these two scenes, that he wanted the last scene to convey a more natural, purer relationship between Brett and Jake, one signifying accommodation, equality, and
peace. A comparison of the holograph and the published novel demonstrates that he eliminated a blatant allusion to sexual tension in the final scene. The sentence "I put my arm around her and she rested her body against me" (194-6-55) became "... she rested against me comfortably" (247). [40] Revisions of the last line also altered it tone measurably:

Version 1:  "It's nice as hell to think so."
Version 2:  "Isn't it nice to think so?"
Version 3:  "Isn't it pretty to think so?" [41]

The movement from declaration to question, from "hell" to "pretty" softens the remark considerably. The old Jake would have stated "it's nice as hell," but the new Jake can afford to be less hostile.

By the conclusion of the novel, Jake has moved in a new direction, developing a highly sophisticated state of consciousness. But as with his response to Robert Cohn, he is still not entirely sure. He feels bad enough to ask Brett not to talk about the Romero affair and bad enough to become extremely drunk on two occasions: at the end of the fiesta and as he and Brett eat dinner in Madrid. During the latter, Brett sensitively notices his pain and tries to convince him that everything will be fine, but he will have none of what she says. Here, we must bear in mind that his reaction is not that unusual. Losing a part
of oneself, even a part that is self-destructive or based on false assumptions of human nature, is a difficult, perhaps often traumatic, process. Jake's care for Brett forces him to begin to abandon the myth of masculinity, the belief that there is one right and true way for a man to live, and it is only inevitable that the ensuing reality would will be painful. The last line suggests a peace of sorts, an acceptance of his feminine self, but it is wed to a half-wistful yearning for another world where he could be different, where he and Brett would have had "such a damned good time together." There is no happy ending for Jake, no fairy tale transformation of frog into prince, no total resolution of conflict. He remains static and dynamic, held prisoner by inner forces that work to subvert his knowledge and understanding of what it really means to be a man, but simultaneously evolving toward psychic integration made a potential reality by his courageous attempt to be faithful to himself rather than to an ideal of self.
NOTES

[1] As Hemingway informed George Plimpton, Jake could feel sexually but was unable to relieve those feelings; see George Plimpton, "An Interview with Ernest Hemingway" in Hemingway and His Critics, An International Anthology, ed. Carlos Baker (New York; Hill & Wang, 1961) p. 29.


[5] See Bakker, pp. 4, 68; Young, p. 54; Hovey, pp. 66, 213; Spilka, 129; Kaplan, p. 96; and Linda Wagner,


[9] Hemingway's sister, Carol Hemingway Gardner, explained the relationship between their parents more objectively and realistically: "If there was an imbalance it was that my father was more devoted to my mother than vice versa. . . . Not that she did not love him, but she was the one with the greater confidence in herself. She had a strong sense of freedom that went along with her self-assurance. Perhaps he did need her more, and was even a little bit in awe of her at times, but she depended on him for his solidity, even as he was buoyed by her effervescence. . . . ; see Kert, p. 37, and Marcelline Hemingway Sanford, At the Hemingway's, A Family Portrait (Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1962) 194-98.


[16] In _The Way It Was_, Harold Loeb remembers that when he first met Hemingway he admired him because of "his toughness and tenderness, his love of sport and his dedication to writing. I had long suspected that one reason for the scarcity of good writers in the United States was the popular impression--for which Oscar Wilde and his lily were in part responsible--that artists were not quite virile. It was a good sign that men like Hemingway were taking up writing," p. 194.

[17] In the second chapter cut from the galley version of the novel, Hemingway/Jake writes of his difficult position as the author, admitting that "... I made the unfortunate mistake ... of first having been Mr. Jake Barnes."

[18] Richard Hovey in _The Inward Terrain_ presents a similar argument. However, he focuses on the inability of the characters to find love and does not really explore the issue of gender, although he concludes that the Hemingway hero "is passive and thus, unconsciously, feminine" (p. 213). When discussing _The Sun Also Rises_, Hovey states that "in creating the two opposing figures, Cohn and Romero, Hemingway as artist lays bare something of his own inner conflict. He wants to turn away from the Robert Cohn's of this world. He prefers the Romero's" (p. 72). Hovey also finds that Hemingway's anxiety about his mother was projected onto all women and limited his artistic rendering of them: "It was a struggle in which art and culture, bound up in his heart with the maternal and the feminine, were the losers. ... After the fierceness of his revolt against their (his parents) Victorianism, he could rely only on what was in himself: on the one hand, his sexual aggressive drives and, on the other, the puritanic conscience which was drilled into him. ... In another form that conscience, burdened by a largely unconscious hostility toward his parents, made for an abnormal sense of guilt. To appease that inward tyrant, a towering penance was necessary. Couple this need for punishment with an equal need to assert masculinity, and we see why in Hemingway's own life, as in the careers of his heroes, the supreme test of virility is the capacity to take blows" (p. 213).


[21] This interpretation differs from the usual reading of the novel. Schwenger, for example, argues that Jake represents masculine reserve, the dislike of talking; while this is sometimes true (see p.203 of this chapter), it is not always so. Jake may not be able to express emotions easily, but he does work to carry on conversations, to prolong relationships that are important to him.


[23] Jake's need to avoid conflict is presented more explicitly in the holograph of the novel. In chapter 10 of the published version, when Robert Cohn confesses that Brett and Mike were expecting him to meet them in San Sebastian, Jake's response is as follows: "Why in hell didn't you stay there and meet them?" I started to say, but I stopped. I thought the idea would come to him by itself, but I do not believe it ever did" (p. 100). In the holograph, the paragraph contains an additional sentence: "... I started to say but I stopped. It was not any use and I did not want to make a row [emphasis mine]. I thought the idea..." John F. Kennedy Library, Hemingway Collection, 194-3-34.

[24] Carlos Baker in Hemingway: The Artist as Writer (p. 102) was the first to discuss Hemingway's use of the home/peace/harmony concept.

[25] Gurko calls him "a kind of confessor" (pp. 58-59); see also Stoneback's fascinating but not altogether persuasive discussion of Jake's role as religious guide and proselytizer.

[26] This reading is fostered by Hemingway biographies that detail the close relationship between the young Hemingway and Bill Smith, one of the models for Bill Gorton.

The young Hemingway held a similar view, although he was, and remained throughout his life, more deeply concerned than Jake with societal recognition of his personal and artistic achievements. As he wrote in his high school notebook: "I desire to do pioneering or exploring work in the 3 [sic] last great frontiers Africa, central South America or the country around or north of Hudson. . . . I believe that any training that I get by hiking in the spring or farm work in the summer or any work in the woods which tends to develop resourcefulness and self reliance is of inestimable value in the work I tend to pursue./ I have no desire absolutely to be a millionaire or a rich man but I do intend to do something toward the scientific interests of the world"; see Reynolds, pp. 29-30.

Chapter 2, cut from the galley, includes the following paragraph in which Jake describes his personal business history: "In 1916 I was invalided home from a British hospital and got a job on The Mail in New York. I quit to start the Continental Press Association with Robert Graham, who was then just getting his reputation as Washington correspondent. We started the continental in one room on the basis of syndicating Bob Graham's Washington dispatches. I ran the business end and the first year wrote a special war-expert service. By 1920 the Continental was the third largest feature service in the States. I told Bob Graham that rather than stay and get rich with him the Continental could give me a job in Paris. So I made the job, and I have some stock, but not as much as I ought to have, and I do not try to run the salary up too high because if it ever got up past a certain amount there would be too many people shooting at my job as European Director of the Continental Press Association. When you have a title like that, translated into French on the letter-heads, and only have to work about four or five hours a day and all the salary you want you are pretty well fixed."

Bill Smith, Hemingway's model for Bill Gorton, remembered that he and Hemingway "tended to buy the English gents' code of gallantry as revealed in fiction. The idea of being 'under wraps' was part of it, particularly for me. I mean the kind of attitude Jake Barnes had about the newspaper business in The Sun Also Rises--one should never seem to be actually working or pressed--and yet the work must get done, etc., etc." See Donald St. John, "Interview with Hemingway's Bill Gorton," in Sarason, 164.
[31] Hovey, p. 71; Grebstein, p. 71; Williams, pp. 46-47; Rovit, p. 152.

[32] Jeffrey Meyers' research indicates that Hemingway probably was, to a certain extent, anti-Semitic, a "fashionable hostile" attitude at the time, but that it did not keep him from having a large number of Jewish friends including Harold Loeb; See Meyers, p. 72.

[33] See Baker, Writer as Artist, p. 86; Rovit, p. 152; Bakker, pp. 70-71; Wylder, pp. 50-51; Gurko, pp. 66-67; Waldhorn, p. 104; and Williams, pp. 46-47.

[34] For a defense of Robert Cohn, see Arthur L. Scott, "In Defense of Robert Cohn," College English 18 (March) 1957, pp. 309-14.

[35] See Hovey who notes that Jake likes Robert's broken nose because he feels more kindly toward a fellow sufferer; p. 70.


[37] This possibility is supported by evidence quoted in note 29. Here, Jake takes great pride in his press association title.

[38] Emily Stipe Watts, in her lucid discussion of Hemingway and the arts, notes that Hemingway "consistently used colors for definition of specific qualities or elements. Dead people are nearly always yellow "and he often used the color yellow to signal cowardice." Ernest Hemingway and the Arts (Urbana: University of Chicago Press, 1971) pp. 141-55.

[39] Robert W. Lewis makes this same observation, but he sees Jake's giving of Romero to Brett as actual pimping. He also finds that Jake somehow achieves agape, the kind of love which involves the "doing for others without individual loss"; however, this interpretation fails to account for Jake's stoic ambivalence toward Robert and his nagging "bad" feelings after he has helped Brett (pp. 27-28, 32-35). Kathleen Nichols' analysis acknowledges these feelings, calling them ego-deflating, but does not explain why Jake continues to feel this way (p. 326).

[40] Frederic J. Svoboda points out this difference in Hemingway and The Sun Also Rises, The Crafting of a Style (Lawrence, Kansas: University Press of Kansas, 1983) p. 94.
[41] Versions 1 and 2 are from the holograph, 194-6-55, The Hemingway Collection, The John F. Kennedy Library.
"You boys going somewhere, or just going?" Sal Paradise, a young awestruck hitchhiker on his first trip west, ponders this question in Jack Kerouac's beat novel On The Road. The query is posed by a carnival owner looking for cheap, temporary help, but Sal doesn't understand its significance--neither its literal nor symbolic meaning. However, the Sal who looks back, narrating the story of his life on the road, knows better:

"We didn't understand his question," he admits, "But it was a good question" (22).

Sal Paradise is indeed going somewhere, although at times he appears confused and uncertain about why he is on the road. A rather vague, romantic notion of finding the west compels him to leave his home in Paterson, New Jersey: "I could hear a new call and see a new horizon," he remembers (11). But meaningless circumstances seem to send him careening across the great heaving continent, running from "one falling star to another," until the dream of discovering America gives way beneath him, revealing the
"filth" of his own "impure psychologies." Aided by hindsight, he confesses, "I had nothing to give anybody except my own confusion" (126).

But Sal's travels are not entirely meaningless. His often spontaneous trips are symptomatic of a quest which takes distinct yet intricately bound forms at both the conscious and unconscious levels. On one plane, he searches for social consciousness; as he slowly joins the beat generation, "the sordid hipsters of America," he actively repudiates many middle-class American social values. He becomes the proponent of Emersonian individualism, aligning himself with those who stand outside the system and attempt to live life intensely in the here and now. He also seeks religious enlightenment: a transcendental feeling of oneness or knowledge of the interrelatedness of the temporal and spiritual worlds. And at a third level, he searches for psychic wholeness, the answer to or resolution of the internal and to some extent unconscious drives that send him on the road, attracting him to a "young jailkid shrouded in mystery," Dean Moriarty.

The Sal who first heads west in 1947 is caught between two psychic and cultural worlds--that of the mother and the feminine and that of the father and the masculine--and his narrative manifests his struggle to come to terms with both of these forces as they relate to
his identity. The importance of the father is the more
easily recognized of the two since it is heavily and
explicitly emphasized throughout the novel. The text
contains no such abundance of direct references to the
mother--yet her influence controls the narrative and can
be discerned through the character of Sal's aunt as well
as through Sal's actions, self-image, and perceptions of
others in his world. It is this mother/feminine construct
that has been virtually ignored in criticism of both On
The Road and other Kerouac novels. Most scholars have
simply acknowledged Kerouac's misogyny (attributing it to
his life-long attachment to his mother [1]) or the
flatness of his female characters; others have taken a
more extreme and misleading approach, isolating passages
out of context in an attempt to persuade us that Kerouac
was a feminist. [2] Both positions severely limit our
understanding and response to the novels by ignoring the
complexity of gender which can admittedly cast a sharp and
deceptively inviolate shadow. Hasty assessments of
Kerouac's treatment of gender have lead critics to
pronounce On The Road "supremely masculine" fiction
(Tytell 205) and to conclude, as does Barbara Ehenreich,
that for the Beats, "women and their demands for
responsibility were, at worst, irritating and more often
just uninteresting compared to the ecstatic possibilities
of male adventure" (54).
To more completely understand the "male adventures" of Sal Paradise and other Kerouac narrators such as Leo Percepied, Ray Smith, and Jack Duluoz, we must investigate what Kerouac meant by masculine—and to do so, we must be willing to explore the underside of those fictive forms which embody the feminine. On one hand, they reveal an author whose narrative voices continually assert "the personal pitfalls of rampant macho sexuality" (Gribitz 7) and in the process expose the destructive nature of middle-class norms of masculinity. Kerouac's first-person narrators, most notably Sal, defy the passive, grey-flannel, bread-winner concept explicated by Ehrenreich [3]. But contrary to popular interpretation, he presents more than a hypermasculine response to a feminized America. While urging restoration of energy and individuality to man's life, freedom from the dehumanizing grind of a 9-to-5 job, he pleads for the feminization of man, for the male incorporation of the "softer" virtues: charity, kindness, and tender bonding among individuals. In accord with Ihab H. Hassan's definition of the rebel-victim, Kerouac's narrators yearn for and attempt to "create those values whose absence from our society is the cause of [their] predicament and ours" (30). They are by no means androgynous in spite of their persist efforts to validate both the masculine and the feminine [4]; they remain conflict-ridden, often confused and unaware of the
nature and implications of their gender choices—very much the feminized male searching for a way to reshape his identity in a world that, while theoretically tolerant of the nonconformist, demonstrates little leniency toward nonconformist behavior.

On The Road, the novel that propelled Kerouac into national prominence, reveals the basic masculine and feminine motifs that characterize this struggle for the Kerouac narrator. Most conspicuously, the novel associates fatherhood and motherhood with masculine and feminine, respectively. Parenting, then, becomes a major force in Sal's attempts to comprehend and deal with gender. It is important to note here that references to the mother and father in the novel denote not only Sal's real parents (who are seldom mentioned) or his surrogate parent (the aunt) but also Sal's perception of the image of mother and father within his own understanding of reality. These images may be attributed legitimately to the personalities of the real parents but may also be produced by the very act of parenting in a male-dominated society, an act which results in our vision of what it means to be female/feminine and male/masculine. As psychologist Nancy Chodorow explains, parenting "creates specific conscious and unconscious attitudes or expectations in children." They "expect and assume women's unique capacities for sacrifice, caring, and
mothering, and associate women with their own fears of regressions and powerlessness." On the other hand, "they fantasize more about men and associate them with idealized virtues and growth" (82-83). Chodorow also maintains that an individual's sense of self is developed in relation to the mother, since it is the mother who provides a child with almost exclusive care and the most intimate and meaningful relationship of its life (78). Therefore, to grasp the extent and significance of Sal's quest for the father or the masculine, and the gender conflict in which he finds himself embroiled, one must first explore his relationship with and attitudes toward the mother and the feminine.

Sal's biological mother is never described in On The Road, but his aunt functions as a real mother, specifically drawn as a woman willing to self-sacrifice for her children. She is concerned only with Sal's happiness and immediately agrees to let him hitchhike to the west coast as a reward for "working so hard all winter and staying in too much" (11). Wiring him money when his trip falls apart, she welcomes him back without recrimination, protecting him and brooding over him. This pattern persists throughout the novel, the aunt remaining an image of the Great Mother, the loving and nurturing source of life whose only concerns are those of her children. In short, she is the intensification of the maternal.
The emotional/psychological bond between the two is an intense one. After all, Sal is twenty-six years old when he begins his first trip, has recently experienced an unsuccessful marriage, still lives at home, and still needs his aunt's permission to travel. He is financially and emotionally dependent on her and continues to return home whenever life on the road becomes more than he can handle. His associations with her, and the home which she symbolizes, are critical to his sense of identity: clearly, son-of-the-mother.

The mode of identification, like that of Leopold Bloom and Jake Barnes, is relational in nature and manifests itself not only in Sal's immediate relationship with his aunt but also in his desire to find a mate just like the mother. The women which he portrays most favorably are reflections of the Great Nurturer: pure, innocent, life-giving, and self-sacrificing. Camille, Dean's second wife, is described as a suffering, self-sacrificing mother who always relents and takes Dean back into her nest; the wife of Victor, Sal's Mexican guide, is depicted as lovingly cradling her baby in her soft, brown arms; and Laura, the girl Sal meets at the conclusion of the novel, is pure and innocent and empathizes with Sal's every mood. But his relationship with Terry, the Mexican girl whom he meets during his first trip west, is the most vivid example of his need to
find the mother image in other women, and the quality of their relationship becomes a memory which Sal carries with him for a long, long while. Terry represents the most approximate recreation of the all-satisfying mother. A mother herself, she gives herself completely to Sal and is as unquestioning as the aunt: "Anything I did was all right with her . . . " (90). More importantly, she provides him with strength and security, persistently planning to keep them together, showing him how to pick cotton, cooking for him, and believing in him. She is also the one who restores life in him at a time when he feels extremely inadequate:

I looked up at the dark sky and to God for a better break in life and a better chance to do something for the little people I loved. Nobody was paying any attention to me up there. I should have known better. It was Terry who brought my soul back; on the tent stove she warmed up the food, and it was one of the greatest meals of my life, I was so hungry and tired (96-97).

But despite Sal's vision of Terry as a life giving source, he cannot stay with her. His identification as son is too strong, and he cyclically returns home, unable to have "close relationships with anybody any more," unable to decide what to do with them (213). It is his sense of himself as son-of-the-mother which confounds his efforts to form fulfilling heterosexual relationships. He makes a distinct connection between the mother image and a
son's sexual relationships with women. The nature of this connection is most lucidly described as an aspect of Dean's sexual make-up, but Sal's recognition of it implies that perhaps on some level, the same drive is alive in him as well:

I could hear Dean, blissful and blabbering and frantically rocking. Only a guy who's spent five years in jail can go to such maniacal helpless extremes; beseeching at the portals of the soft source, made with a completely physical realization of the origins of life-bliss, blindly seeking to return the way he came (132).

But Sal, contrary to Kerouac's public image, is not a "swinging" Beat who can casually jump from bed to bed at the whim of his libido. He associates sex with love, with the need to communicate with another human being. At one point, he declares that "[b]oys and girls in America have such a sad time together; sophistication demands that they submit to sex immediately without proper preliminary talk. Not courting talk--real straight talk about souls... (57). Kerouac uses the word "sophistication" ironically in this passage. Easy sex is really the illusion, while for Sal a mature relationship is based on the intimacy of shared thoughts, feelings, and desires.

Sal's identity as "son" is so strong, however, that the sex act itself sometimes becomes problematic for him. For instance, when Terry asks him to make love to her in the same room where her son Johnny is sleeping, Sal is
concerned about the boy's presence and uncomfortable with the fact that the boy will observe them. In one respect, this attitude reflects class difference, but we can also speculate that in light of his relational sense of self, making love in the presence of a child violates the mother-child relationship and is thus an actual violation of himself. This interpretation becomes more plausible when we note that in Part V he is totally restrained from sexual relations with a Mexican prostitute after he observes her speaking with her mother. What seems to be operating here is a symbolic mechanism informing him that physical possession of the women violates the pure mother-child relationship, an act which he cannot commit.

With respect to heterosexual sex and love, Sal's identification as son is a negative force foiling his efforts to achieve the cultural norm of male behavior. But sexuality, although important to Sal, is not the major vehicle through which he manifests identity. Rather, it is his understanding of home that reveals both the positive and negative effects of his sense of self. Most readers of *On The Road* readily recognize home as a haven or refuge for Sal. Home (and mother) remains steadfast in the background of his adventures. It is always there, and, consequently, he is never really forced to "tough-it-out" alone: Home will always welcome the son. In terms of developing self-reliance, his understanding of
self and home thus appears to be another negative force. Since home is manipulated structurally in opposition to life on the road, the latter metaphoric of the male maturation process, it is easy to see why a critic such as Orm Overland can conclude that for Sal, home "is resignation to life rather than acceptance." (464).

However, there is another side to this coin. Sal's identity as son and his subsequent perception of home may paralyze or passify him to some degree, but it also invests him with the capacity to find "home" an energizing, revitalizing source. Like the beautiful rag rug woven for him by his aunt, home to Sal is not a one-dimensional phenomenon but a rich, complex, and powerful construct. And contrary to most interpretations of *On The Road*, home is to be found not only in Paterson, New Jersey, but anywhere along the road. Sal makes a concerted effort to create home wherever he is, to forge family-like bonds. He is virtually unconscious of this impulse—believing instead that his trips are usually without purpose—but he is pulled along by a magnetism compelling him to bond with other human beings. He seeks out and enjoys long conversations with men as well as women, and as he criss-crosses America, he is always cognizant of where he is, of the group of friends—his extended families—with which he will connect. If it is not his Denver gang, it's Remi Boncoeur and his girl
friend Lee Ann; or Dean, his wife Camille and their child; or Old Bull Lee's family, and, of course, his aunt. And if there isn't a ready-made family waiting for him, he finds one as he does with Terry and Johnny. At each stop, he eagerly enters the family circle, reveling in the joy of being and sharing with others.

It is the harmony of home that appeals to Sal. In its perfection, it is Terry's family in Southern California:

Her five brothers were singing melodious songs in Spanish. The stars bent over the little roof; smoke poured from the stovepipe chimney. I smelled mashed beans and chili. The old man growled. the brothers kept on yodelling. The mother was silent. Johnny and the kids were giggling in the bedroom (100).

The pervasive feature of this passage is Kerouac's attention to the sound of family, a sound that is fundamentally harmonious. Even the growl of the father rings like a complimentary bass note rather than a discordant interruption. Harmony is essential for Sal. He cannot feed on or easily manage discord as Dean does. Whether it be discord produced by excessive adventuring or discord resulting from perpetual passivity and lack of purpose (e.g., his brother's "whining" family), he escapes the ensuing tensions, seeking a smoother, yet exciting, environment. He knows, for instance, that it's time to leave Old Bull Lee's home in New Orleans when Dean and
Bull begin to quarrel; rather than jeopardize the tranquility that has existed up to that point among himself, Dean, and Bull, he follows Dean west and thus avoids severing the relationship with either Dean or Bull. He is also pained by the conflict between Dean and Camille which he steps into in the Spring of 1949—to such an extent that he blames himself for their marital difficulties. He attempts as much as possible to avoid alienating either party and feels total humiliation when in order to reach their bathroom he is forced to walk through the bedroom where Camille is crying. In this situation, Dean shows little concern for his wife, but Sal is more sensitive to her pain and willing to lock himself in the bathroom rather than witness their battle. In general, separation of a family, and the sorrow and discomfort accompanying it, grieves and shames Sal (266). What he ultimately needs and searches for in relationships is analogous to the Bop music which nourishes his soul: fluid harmony encompassing the emotional extremes of wild ecstatic joy and soothing mellow peace.

Admittedly, such a familial world is difficult to find and even more difficult to sustain. But Sal works to do both even though he senses failure at times. When he finds it necessary to move on (sometimes because others have destroyed the harmony; sometimes because he has), he tends to hold onto the thought and image of home as long
as possible. Good-byes and the separation they signal can be difficult for him, a problem represented metaphorically in the novel by his manipulation of the image of telephone wires. Sal tells Dean that humanity is bound by something unseen like the wires that link miles and miles of telephone poles (210), and on several occasion, this image expresses imminent separation for Sal: his good-byes are shaped as long, thin threads extending his connection with himself and whomever he is leaving. For instance, on his first trip west, he meets and then leaves Mississippi Gene, a sweet elderly man with whom he shares a ride. Although he elects to celebrate in Cheyenne rather than to ride on with Gene, the separation is painful: as "the truck left, threading its way through the crowds. . . I watched it disappear into the night" (emphasis mine) (33). His separation from Terry is similar. As they walk away from each other, he turns at a hundred feet to look at her once again; she continues toward her shack, but Sal stands there with head bowed, watching her walk into his past (101). His departure for his last trip, the apocalyptic journey into Mexico, most vividly demonstrates his reluctance to give up the quality of familial bonding. He and Dean say good-bye to one of their buddies, Tim Gray, and Sal's description of their parting evokes an invisible connection symbolic of both physical and metaphysical bonds:
We left Tim in his yard on the plains outside town and I looked back to watch Tim Gray recede on the plain. The strange guy stood there for a full two minutes watching us go away and thinking God knows what sorrowful thoughts. He grew smaller and smaller, and still he stood motionless with one hand on a washline, like a captain, and I was twisted around to see more of Tim Gray till there was nothing but a growing absence in space and the space eastward view toward Kansas that led all the way back to my home in Atlantis (267-68).

This image of a thread or wire stretching through time and space indicates that although Sal needs to venture in the snowy west, his sense of self, that is, his knowledge of himself in relationship with other human beings and with forces transcending human time, is deeply connectional in nature. He longs for a home on earth, an existential connection, but also a mystical birthplace shared by all humanity.

Sal's concept of home also takes more traditional and easily recognizable imagistic forms. His narrative is characterized by references to Norman Rockwell-esque homes, and he is fixated on searching the unbounded American plains for places that remind him of home: homey little towns like Truckee or "comfortable little homes with chimney smoking," places where he can enjoy buttermilk and beans (161). In the latter, the connection between home and food is explicit, and it is a significant association for Sal. [6] The home/food configuration signifies both
physical and spiritual sustenance, and is personified by
the mother/aunt/girlfriend who cooks heartwarming meals to
nourish him after he has starved on the road. Terry's
care for Sal exemplifies this connection, but it is his
vision of his Dickensian Mother at the end of Part II that
most dramatically illustrates the connection he
establishes between the feminine and the spiritual.
Starving and alone in San Francisco after Dean has
callously deserted him, Sal envisions a recriminating
mother--the anatithesis of his aunt--who berates him for
his drunkenness and ungrateful behavior, calling him lost
and mean-minded. She wails that she was forgotten him
because his sinful life pains her too much and, in
essence, informs him that he has denied what he is: a
giving, caring, loving individual--qualities that bind him
in character to the maternal, the feminine. Her words,
although harsh, are food to his starving soul, creating
the pinnacle of ecstasy for which he has been striving:
"the complete step across chronological time into timeless
shadows, and wonderment in the bleakness of the mortal
realm" (173). With lightening quickness, he realizes the
infinitude of his existence, the bliss of spiritual
revelation. The vision of the the mother forces him to
acknowledge his fundamental goodness--his own feminine
nature--and the realization allows him to experience a
visionary moment of eternity.
On a less ethereal plane, we discover that Sal himself is a bit of a mother—he exhibits no psychological need to give birth like Leopold Bloom, but he feels comfortable cooking and cleaning (47, 52, 117) (a characteristic that becomes more pronounced in later Kerouac narrators) and dearly loves children. His joy in being with Terry comes to a great degree from the opportunity it affords him to love her little boy, Johnny; here, love primarily means playing with Johnny. His stay with Old Bull Lee is marked by Sal's recognition and appreciation of Old Bull's gentleness with his children, particularly the "pretty sight" of Old Bull napping in his chair with his little son Ray "curled around his neck sleeping" (152). Later, Sal finds similar enjoyment with his Okie friend Frankie, a single mother with several children. He takes pleasure in being with them remembering that he had once "spent a lot of time with [her daughter Janet], talking about books and little things she was interested in" (218).

Generally, Sal's behavior reflects his admiration for this gentle, more feminine world. His is a personality that needs to see itself in a caring connection with other human beings. He goes out of his way to share his food and clothing with fellow hitchhikers, is polite to his elders, forgives those who hurt him (Dean, in particular), and attempts to keep his friends from fighting and being
arrested (55, 69, 219). He even turns down a job as a carnival worker because he can't tolerate the thought of using cheap carnival tricks to "rook" rosy-faced Nebraskan children and their parents (23).

Throughout the novel, Kerouac consistently presents the feminine as small and child-like. Terry, for example, is Sal's baby; she stretches to only 4' 10" and her narrow-hipped framed is supported by stick-like little legs (84). It can be argued that this image of woman represents the male need to exert power over women. As long as woman is idealized as a baby she cannot be an adult who can then threaten to usurp male power. Sal's image of women functions in this way (as will be discussed later); however, the narrative presents not only the ideal woman as small and child-like but also extends these feminine qualities to Sal as well as others in his world. Kerouac accomplishes this characterization through the narrative voice itself, which projects a feminine tone created by Kerouac's usage of vocabulary specifically associated with the feminine. Although I have not preformed a quantitative linguistic analysis of Kerouac's language, such a study would most likely reveal that he relies heavily on a limited number of feminine adjectives, primarily "little," "cute," "pretty," "sweet," and "tender." [7] Hotel rooms and homes are cute and/or little, while the badge of an individual's true worth is
Sal's judgment that he/she possesses a sweet and tender existence. [8] He also tends to add a "y" or "ly" to nouns, thus converting them into feminine-sounding adjectives (e.g., "childly," "dewey," "grapy," "cobwebby," and "shroudy"). In effect, he constructs a diminutive, feminine narrative voice, that of a man who, although he can swear with the best of them, is, in essence, a sweet and gentle soul--a far cry from either the professional breadwinner or the wild yea-saying Beat rebel. The very sound of his voice symbolizes that which he venerates: sweetness and tenderness as human qualities of profound moral and spiritual value. [9] The voice ultimately speaks to the need and ability to bridge gender spheres--not to a need to dominate, subsume, or suppress.

The narrative voice compliments Sal's childlike persona, the eternal "son" or "Ti Jean," the name Kerouac often used to refer to himself. We watch Sal clinging to a child-like state, playing cowboys with his friend Remi in California, scooping up ice-cream with his hands, and responding to individuals who seem childlike themselves--spontaneous, joyful, unconcerned about the adult nine-to-five world and all the restrictions and responsibilities that such a lifestyle dictates. Dean Moriarty initially attracts him for this very reason. "...he reminded me of some long-lost brother...His dirty work-clothes clung to him so gracefully, as though you
couldn't buy a better fit from the custom tailor but only earn it from the Natural Tailor of Natural Joy... (10). On his first trip to Denver, he wishes he could see the Denver Gang when they were ten years younger, "when they were all children, and in the sunny cherry blossom morning of springtime in the Rockies rolling their hoops up the joyous alleys full of promise" (58). His extended analysis of Remi is even more revealing: "...just like a little boy. Somewhere in his past, in his lonely school days in France, they'd taken everything from him... He was out to get back everything he'd lost..." (69). Sal, like Remi, is fighting for his lost childhood. The thought of losing that childlike nature, of growing old, is the one thing that can anger him and rile his usually accommodating personality; a comment about advancing age, in fact, is the cause of Sal's only real argument with Dean (212-13). Age eventually threatens, at least to a certain extent, his childlike innocence, and the joy, security, and sweetness that such a state represents to him.

Critics have interpreted Sal's fascination with childlike nature as a fear of adult responsibility, of his desire to run from self-definition and self-direction. [10] There is evidence to substantiate this position, and when Sal rails, "Nothing in this lousy world is my fault, don't you see that? I don't want it to be and it can't be
and it won't be" (213), he sounds much like a small boy stomping his food in frustration after being caught with his hand in the cookie jar. His apparent attitude toward work adds further credence to the argument. He seems incapable of holding a job, of being a responsible man who can choose and stay with a job in order to care for a family. On his first trip, he hires on at the Denver markets but doesn't even show up for the first day of work. Neither can he manage the back-breaking life of a cotton-picker in California, and he fails miserably as a security guard. At times, when he needs money, he asks rich women or his aunt to bail him out. His track record suggests that he is incapable of working, that he is indeed irresponsible. This assessment is not entirely accurate, however. For instance, he is able to make some money as a security guard, and he is very diligent about sending weekly checks to his aunt, enough so that she can buy a new refrigerator. Midway through the novel, he has a book published and is then able to settle his rent with his aunt for the rest of the year (249). It is simplistic to conclude that Sal is merely irresponsible or childish. He does lack a certain staying power. But we must also recognize that his apparent lack of ambition and self-pride is an overt rejection of white middle-class male ambitions. He abhors the mechanization of work that produces individuals passified to the extent that they can
do nothing but whine about the weather, the crops, new babies, and new houses (109).

The regimented work world stifles Sal, and he consciously refuses to quest for the middle-class American dream. He perceives middle-class America as a civilization populated with "cop-souls," men who punch time clocks and are intent on terrorizing others, whether by building a military industrial complex or by waging psychological warfare (135-36). In response, he repudiates the notion that a man must work constantly to prove himself to the world (68). His repudiation is articulated in no uncertain terms: he is a "white-man disillusioned." He wishes he could become a Mexican, "even a poor overworked Jap" or "exchange worlds with the happy, true-hearted, ecstatic Negores of America" (148-49). Within his limited means, he tries to do so, taking working-class jobs whenever he finds that he must work. His fascination with the working-class life and minorities, albeit it highly romantic, carries a two-fold significance: first, it signifies his rejection of success-oriented power through work, and second, it speaks to his efforts to combat the passivity of the middle-class man's life. Working as a poor Jap, Mexican, or black may be physically wrenching, but at least the man has worked in those shoes knows that he is alive. Working class jobs are also easy for Sal to obtain, another appealing feature
for someone at odds with the mechanized industrial and corporate work world. Work a few weeks here and a few weeks there; you remain essentially your own boss—not a slave to the timecard or a supervisor's icy glare. It is this very freedom that attracts Sal to cotton picking: "If I felt like resting I did, with my face on the pillow of brown moist earth. Birds sang an accompaniment. I thought I had found my life's work" (96).

Interestingly enough, the career Sal does choose, creative writing, is actually more pre-industrial in character—you work at it as long as and hard as you want, when you want. It is also considered a more feminine occupation. Although Sal is quick to disassociate himself from the "arty types," believing himself to be more like Hemingway (41), his chosen occupation is a marked protest against the middle-class Puritan work ethic (Widmer 158). Basically, work for Sal is purely a periodic necessity. Even his writing doesn't preoccupy his thoughts and in actuality plays only a minor role in his life (although it assumes greater prominence in Kerouac's later novels). Work simply affords him a way to make money to eat and to survive, not to gain power and authority through professional status or the acquisition of personal property.

Clearly, Sal has neither the inclination nor the temperament for hard-boiled "claw-your-way-to-the-top"
masculinity. As his experience as a security guard for overseas construction workers illustrates, he possesses a nature too gentle to be set among the wolves. The job that Remi Boncoeur finds for him requires that he carry a badge and a club. Remi, who is also a guard, talks him into carrying a gun. But Sal hates weapons, admitting to the reader that even the thought of loading a gun scares him (67). In addition, he feels extremely uncomfortable asserting himself over the construction workers. As the following passage attests, he instinctively takes the accommodating/conciliatory approach rather than wield power to control others:

Lights were burning in practically every damned shack on the grounds. Men were shouting, bottles were breaking. It was do or die for me. I took my flashlight and went to the noisiest door and knocked. Someone opened it about six inches. "What do you want?"
I said, "I'm guarding these barracks tonight and you boys are supposed to keep quiet as much as you can"—or some such silly remark. They slammed the door in my face...I knocked again. They opened up wide this time. "Listen," I said. "I don't want to come around bothering you fellows, but I'll lose my job if you make too much noise."
"Who are you?"
"I'm a guard here."
"Never seen you before."
"Well, here's my badge."
"What are you doing with that pistol-cracker on your ass?"
"It isn't mine," I apologized. "I borrowed it."
"Have a drink, fer krissakes." I didn't mind if I did. I took tow. I
said, "Okay, boys? You'll keep quiet quiet boys? I'll get hell, you know" (65). This scene, which displays Kerouac's natural gift for comedy, also presents sociolinguistic evidence of Sal's feminine nature. He initially approaches his task with "schoolmarmish" politeness, and when this tact fails, he pleads for cooperation on the grounds that he will lose his job, both positions of weakness in the face of the drunken workers. He then apologizes for the fact that he's wearing a gun and meekly _s, rather than demands, that they remain quiet. Instead of asserting any kind of authority, he would prefer to be one of the group. He drinks with them and ends his evening by running the American flag up the flag pole up-side down.

The scene is an artful piece of humor, and the comedy functions not to mock Sal's "femininity" but to use that less-than-manly behavior to expose as a sham the occupation of guard. Sal may do everything wrong, but it's because the job requires that he be somebody he is not. What he does comes naturally to him: He is by nature polite and accommodating, and he knows that the workers are human beings just like himself. Ultimately, we laugh at his antics because they so cleverly strip bare the absurdity of a job that forces man to suppress man.

Sal's conflict with American patriarchy is further elaborated on in the description of the old cop, one of
the regular barracks police. "A fat cope who'd spend twenty-two years as a guard in Alcatraz" (6), the old man is a tough, play-by-the-book company man who is nourished, as Sal puts it, by the violent atmosphere of the prison environment. One evening, he lectures Sal for being too "leenent" with the men who have begun to take advantage of him. Sal is perfectly willing to admit that he "wasn't cut out to be a cop," but the old man cannot resist the opportunity to set Sal straight:

Yes, but that's the job that you applied for. Now you got to make up your mind one way or the other, or you'll never get anywhere. It's your duty. You're sworn in. You can't compromise with things like this. Law and order's got to be kept (67).

To deal with what he perceives to be Sal's problem, he moves immediately to an impersonal system of logic and law. Sal's duty, he maintains, is to acknowledge respect and live solely in accord with an abstraction: the concept of "Job," specifically that of security guard. Sal's personal relationship with the men as well as his feelings about himself and the job are unimportant. According to the cop, a man cannot compromise, the implication being the compromise diminishes manhood. Law and order must eventually be considered, and a man's actions must communicate that he understands law and order as the highest of values. The old man thereby constructs
a hierarchy of values (i.e., Sal's feelings about his job are subordinate to his job description which is subordinate to law and order), and in an impersonal fashion, he relies upon cut-and-dry logic to cope with both Sal and Sal's relationship with the workers.

Sal seems to agree with the cop's argument. Left speechless by the logic and values presented to him, he can only linguistically nod his head: "he was right" (67). Yet all the while, he wishes he could simply disappear into the California night, a gut response signalling to the reader that we should not fully trust Sal's judgment of the policeman's morality. Sal is actually a naive narrator, and Kerouac carefully assures our understanding of the distance between Sal's assessment of the situation and Kerouac's own evaluation. The cop is depicted as such a disgusting character that his morality has virtually no credibility. As a result, Sal's more humanistic, although less "manly," treatment of the workers assumes superiority. Sal may not thoroughly understand the righteousness of his position, but he is free enough to expose his true feelings: he stays on the job not because his elders have persuaded him to honor law and order but because he honors his friendship with Remi. The implication of this motivation is that personal relationships and commitment to them form the greater good; when we act out of love and concern for one another, our actions carry moral force.
What is also interesting about Sal's concept of the male work world and morality is the violence associated with it. It is a world that destroys the human life force, either by mechanized repetition of a task or by political hegemony. It can transform both men and women into suspicious, hateful creatures, eager for the chance to exploit one another—natural-born thieves, as Sal calls them. Even Sal himself "gets the bug," temporarily falling victim to the impulse to steal. Sal perceives this world as impersonal and achievement oriented, a world in which personal affiliation is trampled by the self's all-encompassing need to control. In this respect, he is aligned with a more feminine understanding of relationships, seeing, as did the women in Carol Gilligan's study, "more violence in impersonal situations of achievement" (41). There is a sense in which Sal's narrative articulates a recognition of the violence inherent in inequality (Gilligan 10).

Thus, we can conclude that Sal emotionally and intellectually rejects the passivity of middle-class masculinity but also its violence, hatred, and self-absorption. Instead, he favors a more feminine civilization built on the virtues of the family and the mother: tenderness, love, and the sanctity of the individual as a feeling human being who needs care and can also care for others, a world in which the "little
people," the disenfranchised, can act in accordance with these values and find dignity, peace, and self-worth.

However, I do not believe that we can argue that Sal is entirely conscious of these values as feminine. He makes no direct statement calling for men to act more like women. The closest he comes is the following remark made to Dean: "The truth of the matter is we don't understand our women; we blame on them and it's all our fault" (122). Although these words might suggest that men can learn from women, Sal certainly isn't altogether willing to school himself in this way. In fact, he often seems uncomfortable with the possibility that he is masculinely inferior. Here his descriptions of himself indicate that he is applying the term "masculine" as it is more generally defined in white middle-class America, that he is measuring himself not against his own redefinition of masculinity but against cultural standards of male success. He quite honestly confesses that he is a lout compared to the Dionysian energy of Dean Moriarty, and the brooding intellectualism of Carlo Marx. He considers himself a lazy shambler who can't make a dime to support his family, a follower who just can't get started in the world, a pliable piece of humanity willing to follow on impulse the suggestions of anyone who wants a "good time": "Anything was all right with me" (90). He isn't proud of the fact that he's afraid to drive, and, in general, sees
himself as "a speck on the surface of the sad red earth" (180).

Basically, Sal is plagued with a confused sense of identity. Even as early as the half-way point of his first trip, he experiences a conscious loss of identity, waking up in a cheap hotel room not knowing who he is, his entire life haunted like "the life of a ghost" (17). This confusion creates dissatisfaction for Sal. Disappointment and frustration meet him at every turn. His exhuberance for life repeatedly evolves into hypermasculinity that often results in destruction. He becomes angry, selfish, boorish, spiteful, often drunk, destroying the peace of the familial bonds he so dearly loves and paralyzing his initiative. He despises himself for such actions and inaction. Calling himself an evil angel in a snow-white fleece (183), he loses control of what appears to be instinctual aggression. As the novel progresses, Sal demonstrates a growing awareness of this crippling state. At no point does he specifically explain the association between his internal confusion and gender, but the link is made visible in several ways illustrating his fear and hatred of the feminine.

First, womb imagery is presented negatively at key places in the narrative, one of the most revealing being the self-eradicating Detroit theatre experience. After a wild ride across the plains with Dean, Sal finds himself
in an all night movie theatre where image of George Raft, Sidney Greenstreet, and Peter Lorre continually flash before his eyes, permeating his being and creating a "horrible osmotic experience" for him. As he sleeps with his head on the wooden arm of the seat, he almost becomes part of a huge rubbish pile swept up by the theatre attendant. In this scene, the womb is depicted as unsafe, insecure, disgusting, and terrifying:

He [Dean] would have to roam the entire United States and look in every garbage pail from coast to coast before he found me embryonically convoluted among the rubbishes of my life, his life, and the life of everybody concerned. What would I have said from my rubbish womb? (244-45).

Sal's Dr. Sax dream contains equally negative references to the feminine. The big snake of the world that he sees "coiled in the earth like a worm in an apple" is an allusion to Satan, Eve, and the fall of man; it can also be interpreted as Sal's own fear of self-destruction by woman (or the feminine) and of his need for a male saviour, Dr. Sax who destroys the snake, to bring him peace (171-72.).

The threat of the feminine is also illustrated by Sal's dual vision of women, for he sees them not only as nurtures but also as devouring, vicious creatures. For example, Dean's first girl friend, Mary Lou, is described as a whore, "awfully dumb and capable of doing horrible things" (16); concerned only with her own welfare, she
seeks true compassion or love. Remi Boncoer's girl friend Lee Ann is merely a carbon copy of Mary Lou—a manipulative woman whose only interest is money and making Remi's life miserable. Galetia Dunkel appears in similar guise, pursuing Ed Dunkel across the country, desperate to possess him and unable to comprehend his need for male companionship. And Lucille, a woman with whom Sal has an affair in Part II, is too demanding and unwilling to understand him: "I knew my affair with Lucille wouldn't last much longer," he explains. "She wants me to be her way ... besides which Lucille would never understand me" (125). It is also the women who lecture Dean and Sal about the need to become more responsible. Although Sal rarely invests his women with power of language, when he does allow them to talk, their words often embody bitterness, recrimination, advice, morality, and sadness—everything that stifles Sal and signifies the death-in-life of the brow-beaten, middle-class man. The women in Sal's life represent the evil aspects of the mother image which when combined with the vision of woman as self-sacrificing nurturer forms of the Great and Terrible Mother, the life-giving but life-taking force. In this respect, Sal's perception of women and his relationships with them exemplify the male fear of personal relationships which is associated with betrayal and deceit, indicative "of a problem with connection that
Sal's death wish is the most significant indicator of his negative attitude toward the feminine. Death, like his confused identity, is with him from the beginning of the novel and takes on more monstrous form as the narrative progresses. During Sal's first trip, there is no expressed death wish, but he does refers to himself as a "haggard ghost" several times (16, 50, 70). By the end of the trip, death has become more than simile or metaphor; it is anthropomorphised. Sal has seen the Ghost of the Susquehanna, an avatar of the Shrouded Traveler who pursues him in his dreams. Death is now an over-powering reality. The wretchedness of his life as he has known it is suddenly revealed to him in one horrible moment:

Isn't it true that you start your life a sweet child believing in everything under your father's roof? Then comes the day of the Laodicaens, when you know you are wretched and miserable and poor and blind, and naked, and with the visage of a gruesome grieving ghost you go shuddering through nightmare life. I stumbled haggardly out of the station; I had no more control. All I could see was a whiteness like the whiteness of a tomb (105).

Death is still with him on New Year's Eve, 1948, when he tells Dean about his Shrouded Traveler dream. Dean instinctively recognizes it as the need for "pure death." Sal agrees, but his own interpretation links the death
wish to the mother: "The one thing we yearn for in our living days, that makes us sigh and groan and undergo sweet nauseas of all kinds, is the remembrance of some lost bliss that was probably experienced in the womb and can only be reproduced (though we hate to admit it) in death" (124).

But Sal doesn't die. His passion for death is a symptom of psychic unrest, not a cure. Besides, the death wish is countered by his urgent need to participate in the intensity of the moment. He wants to race in society like Dean, "eager for bread and love," hungry, starving for his portion of the world. The only people who interest him are "the mad ones," the ones who are "mad to live, made to talk. . . [and] burn, burn, burn like fabulous yellow roman candles" (8). As we have already noted, he desires closeness with the earth and those individuals, such as Blacks, Mexicans, and Okies, who appear to him to gather their strength from hard work at the very source of life, to have achieved an honest reality. Collectively, then, there is in him, as Carl Jung describes it, "a desire to touch reality, to embrace the earth and fructify the field of the world" (149). Sal is struggling to attain his masculinity, to become the doer and the conqueror and the giver of light.

Although Sal cannot sustain his efforts to live like a common laborer, the fact that he feels the need to seek
such an existence is vitally important to our analysis of his search for masculinity. While identification with the working class represents his rejection of middle-class masculinity, it simultaneously functions as a mechanism to help him achieve masculinity. We see this in his affair with Terry. While living with her and picking cotton, he feels that he is "a man of the earth," a macho Mexican who carries a big stick to protect his little family from trouble (97). The psychic process which Sal manifests at this point entails, as Nancy Chodorow explains, "the giving up of the original attachment to [the] mother. . . [to achieve] personal masculine identification with the father" (168-69). The father represents a reality distinctly separate from the mother and becomes a fantasy figure which the child must imagine and idealize. Chodorow concludes that a boy seeks to define himself through his father image as more separate and with a greater sense of ego boundaries than does a girl who tends to experience herself as more continuous with others (80).

This search is a necessary part of perpetuating western society as a patriarchy, and it is just such a world with which Sal identifies. Despite his fundamentally relational mode of identification, he possesses a powerful impulse to assert himself as a patriarch. At one point, he actually sets out to live
that kind of life, travelling to Denver with thoughts of settling down "in Middle America, a patriarch" (179). He also expresses this drive in two distinct ways. The first is his perception of women. As mentioned earlier, he tends to categorize women as either self-sacrificing (the Virgin Mother) or as self-centered and vicious (whore and bitches). Both images constrict the dimensionality of the female. In Kerouac's own case, we can surmise with a certain degree of safety that this understanding of the female was partially the result of his staunch Catholic background which permeated his entire life and oeuvre. In general psychological terms, both images aid in the development of a man's masculine identity. According to Chodorow: "[Both] girls and boys... associate women with their own fears of regression and powerlessness... The boy achieves [a greater sense of rigid ego boundaries] partially through disparagement of women [to establish] his primacy over the powerful, primal mother-child bond" (82-83, 161, 168). Sal's vision of women as whores and as pure mothers is evidence of his need to disparage women and to restrict their roles--perhaps to control the frightening spectre of relationships and most assuredly to solidify his own masculine identity as superior. Although he states that men need to make an effort to understand women, his tacit approval of Dean's philosophy that a man should cultivate
a woman and make her soul his suggests that Sal finds himself seeking the same power over women.

Sal's negative attitude toward homosexuals may also be explained within this context. Dean tries to con homosexuals and has no respect for them; Sal pulls a gun on one in a bar restroom, literally and figuratively asserting his masculinity (power), an act based on the fear of being without power. For both Dean and Sal, homosexuality symbolizes the anxiety of losing masculinity.

But Sal learns that for some men the reality of patriarchy is far less attractive than the ideal. Life at the top can be lonely, and Sal ends his patriarchal experiment in Denver when he discovers that "nobody was there"; without his friends--his on-the-road family--he is confused and bereft. This experience typifies Sal's psychic and social difficulties throughout the novel. He faces a conflict between self and other; that is, how is he to come to know himself as a human being within the social context? The struggle is inherently fraught with ambivalence, and reveals his discomfort with both the masculine and the feminine. The Denver patriarch experience demonstrates how the feminine can undercut the masculine; his need to be with a supporting network of friends keeps him from creating an existence based soundly on his own strength of character. But contrary to the
conclusion that latent femininity ultimately threatens fragile masculinity in the novel (Tytell 205), it is frequently the crass masculine that threatens the fragile feminine. For example, consider Sal's relationship with Remi and the Mississippi Gene/Montana Slim encounter. In both, Sal's masculinity thwarts full expression of his femininity, a triumph that actually saddens rather than gladdens him. In Remi's case, Sal feels genuine affection for his friend. "I really loved Remi," he tells us, believing himself to be "... one of the very few people in the world who knew what a genuine and grand fellow he was" (77). But he's lost when it comes to communicating these feelings. He allows himself to get drunk during an important dinner with Remi's stepfather and eventually destroys the friendship for a number of years. Although he doesn't like what he's done, he seems unable to corral his more "brutish" nature. The same tension highlights his encounter with Mississippi Gene, the wise, patient hobo who shares a ride with Sal. Gene is looking after a sad sixteen-year-old boy, and Sal carefully records Gene's maternal tenderness toward him: "Every now and then Gene leaned out of his Buddhistic trance over the rushing dark plains and said something tenderly in the boy's ear. The boy nodded. Gene was taking care of him, his mood and his fears" (30). Entranced by their gentle graciousness, Sal squanders his cigarettes on them. But instead of staying
with them as their truck moves through Cheyenne, he decides to follow Montana Slim, a drifter full of insinuation and a long, goofy grin. Slim recommends that Sal investigate Cheyenne with him, and Sal, eager for masculine adventure, quickly follows—but not without a wistful feeling of sadness, a painful twinge because of something denied or left behind. He only begins to feel better about his decision after he reads a postcard from Slim to his father. The words are gentle and kind, giving Sal a sense of "how tenderly polite he was with his father" (34).

Dean functions in several critical ways in *On The Road*, but one of his most obvious roles is that of masculine hero—or that which Sal has come to imagine and idealizes the father and the masculine. The first and most striking feature of this role is Dean's larger-than-life appearance. He is the epitome of manhood for Sal, a Gene Autry cowboy who can do just about everything better and faster than anyone else. He excels athletically and is "awesomely" courageous, courting death—but defiantly rejecting it—and driving like a demon. He is also highly sexual and fertile; the man has no trouble finding women or making babies. He works and sweats to "cultivate" his women, striving to teach them to see life his way. In the process, he sweats just as hard to control time—and, to a degree, does a fairly decent
job, managing to set and keep dates with his various women at odd times such as 3:14 a.m. There must be a schedule for everything he does, an ordering of players, scenes, and props, a manipulation of lives and events. He boasts that he knows time—a phenomenon totally beyond expression via man-made language but related to an individual's ability to travel synchronously with time rather than in opposition to it. Dean is also "arbiter, old man, judge, listener, approver, and nodder" (269), the one to whom others, willingly or not, gravitate for spiritual and emotional stimulation, for a freeing of the soul. The life force emanates from Dean, and Sal is mesmerized by it, caught up in his masculine, messianic presence. Dean becomes the incarnation of Sal's own dream of riding a white horse "alongside over every possible obstacle... dodging posts, hurling around houses, running over hills, across sudden squares with traffic..." (207).

Then, too, Dean has been in jail. Having stolen over five hundred cars and loathing the police, he is the masculine antithesis of Sal's perception of the American middle-class man. Dean steals cars only because he wants to joy ride or to release all of his pent up disappointments. His masculinity is not threatened as is that of the American police "involved in psychological warfare against those Americans who don't frighten them with imposing papers and threats" (136). In this sense,
Sal's association with Dean becomes a condemnation of the killing of a certain kind of father figure or masculine image in Sal's life—in particular, that of the Alcatraz cop who lectures him about law and order.

Dean also represents something which Sal's aunt dislikes. From the moment she meets Dean, she decides that he's mad and later warns Sal that he is wasting his time "hanging around with Dean and his kind" (129). In this context, Sal's friendship with Dean represents an overt rejection of the mother and feminine society.

Finally, Dean is also questing for the father, although his search is grounded in a history qualitatively different from Sal's. Unlike Sal, Dean has grown up without a secure homelife provided by biological or surrogate parents. His father, Old Dean Moriarty the Tinsmith, is a bum and a drunk. In order to survive, Dean has been forced to become his own father or to father his father. Both Sal and Dean have similar childhood dreams of traveling across the country with a giant scythe, literally slicing through life (207-08), but it is Dean who has actually had to spend his life panhandling, cutting his own way and living on the edge. He simultaneously shares Sal's search while functioning as the culmination of that search.
The guide-follower relationship is not fully established until Part II, but even before Sal begins his first trip, the urge to go west is linked with Dean. As Dean gets on the bus to Denver, Sal promises himself that he'll soon be heading in the same direction. And by the time Sal goes on the road for the second time, he explicitly couples the impulse to travel with Dean: "... but now the bug was on me again, and the bug's names was Dean Moriarty and I was off on another spur around the road" (115). At this point, Sal is torn by a need to root himself, and he confesses that he wants to marry a girl so he "can rest [his] soul with her till [they] both get old" (116). But even greater is the need to move, and Sal follows Dean back across the continent to California, listening and agreeing as Dean expounds on women, time, IT, and the pure vision of the road. In the fine white line penetrating the blackness of space and time, Sal escapes from the confusion and nonsense of society.

In his relationship with Dean, Sal understands himself as Dean's surrogate brother. However, the union is more analogous to that of boyfriend and girlfriend. Dean, several years younger than Sal, assumes responsibility for initiating the relationship, courting Sal by shyly asking him to teach him to write. But the shy facade is quickly dropped as the friendship grows. Within a short time, Dean begins to dominate and Sal
settles into a subordinate, more feminine role primarily characterized by passivity. The attraction and need for Dean is so intense, at least during the initial phases of their relationship, that Sal loses all self-initiative. For example, abandoned by Dean in San Francisco, he is willing to wait alone, helpless and hungry, until Dean decides that he is worth saving (174). He literally gives himself up to Dean's superhuman presence and is battered back and forth across the country like a tiny piece of driftwood caught by a crashing wave. Time after time, he explains that he has no choice: he doesn't want to leave Old Bull Lee's, but "Dean was all energies and ready to go" (155); his quiet country Christmas in 1948 is shattered by the "bug" that he catches: Dean's all-consuming energies (115); and although fearful of Dean's high speed driving in Part III, he "resigned [himself] to all"L (234). Rarely does he question Dean's directives which constantly riddle him like machine-gun fire. Whether it is buying a newspaper or trying to make love to Mary Lou, he does whatever Dean tells him to. At times, he's also left to clean up Dean's messes. In this respect, he's much like Mary Lou and Camille. Dean dishes out abuse, and Sal accepts it.

This subordinate posture also expresses itself in the emergence of Sal's silent understanding of Dean. Despite the cruel, careless quality of Dean's friendship, Sal
needs to see himself in Dean and Dean in himself. There is in him a craving for knowledge and wisdom that speaks of his own special place in this universe—an identity that is achieved through his connection to Dean, through his identity as Dean's friend. When part of the San Francisco gang begins to attack Dean for his apparent lack of concern and irresponsibility, Sal savors the thought that "this was not true. I knew better and could have told them all" (194). And when the gang bluntly tells him that he doesn't really know Dean, their criticism merely amuses him. His analysis of his relationship with Dean illustrates that he is molding his identity through Dean. In particular, his belief that he alone understands Dean suggests that the relationship provides him with uniqueness; in other words, it enhances his self-esteem.

While in a certain respect Sal's relationship with Dean appears to be the simple exchange of one attachment for another, the fact that the cyclic dependency on the aunt is temporarily broken indicates that Sal is beginning to detach from his identity as son-of-the-mother. By Part III, he senses this change, believing that "there was nothing behind me any more, all my bridges were gone" (182). At this point, he rushes to Dean, attempting to assert his identity in a masculine relationship. But the union with Dean proves fruitful in ways that Sal would never have expected. Their involvement affords him the
opportunity to demonstrate dramatically for himself and
Dean the life-giving depths of his feminine consciousness.
By so doing, he validates the moral superiority of those
who selflessly give care, and he begins to ameliorate the
inner conflicts that torment him.

The opportunity, as in the cases of Leopold Bloom and
Jake Barnes, shapes itself as a situation that demands that
Sal make a moral decision. As soon as he arrives in San
Francisco from Denver, he is forced to rescue Dean who is
thrown out of the house by Camille. Dean's marriage was
in a rocky condition before Sal's arrival, but Sal's
presence accelerates its break-up: Camille can no longer
tolerate Dean's lying and conniving. Sal is caught in the
middle and tries to placate both sides. His attempts
fail, but in the midst of trying to avoid their marital
artillery fire, he is astonished to see a full-length oil
painting of Galatea Dunkel over the Moriartys' sofa. His
response to the portrait is characteristically brief but
important to the events that follow: "I suddenly realized
that all these women were spending months of loneliness
and womanliness together, chatting about the madness of
the men" (187). Like Jake Barnes coming to realize that
he must consider Lady Brett Ashley's feelings and Bloom
trying to come to terms with Molly's sexual needs, Sal
suddenly learns that others in the world also suffer and
that they cope with their suffering by sharing and caring.
Unlike Jake and Bloom, Sal's new-found knowledge does not result in a noticeable change in his attitude toward a woman, but it does alter the quality of his relationship with Dean. He now sees Dean not as a symbol of freedom and energy but as a symbol of the principle of care. Responding to this, he emotes sympathy and empathy for Dean, finding new purpose in caring for his friend.

Recognizing Dean's motherlessness, Sal himself becomes the mother, committing himself to Dean, deciding their future, comforting him, and preserving his guide and their relationship. With tears in his eyes, his emotions laid bare for his friend to see, Sal accepts his own maternal nature and takes responsibility for nurturing someone else. In so doing, he also strengthens his masculinity: within a few hours, he staunchly defends Dean in front of the vengeful San Francisco gang which now wishes Dean dead (195). His stand preserves Dean's energy, his life force or masculinity. It also salvages the group bond, and moments after Sal's defense, his on-the-road family is together again, led by Dean, adventuring in the Frisco night.

Acceptance of his feminine nature, however, is momentary and ambivalent. Immediately after committing himself to Dean, Sal feels "perplexed and uncertain of something." He notices a Greek wedding party emerging from a nearby house and hears Dean's shy, sweet question,
"shall we go?" The associations are enough to move Sal within seconds from the role of comforting mother to that of husband. But this role is equally evanescent. As the two head off down the walk, they become male peers, "two broken-down heroes of the Western night" who pledge to be buddies until death (190).

Caring for Dean is indeed a difficult task, and before the two are midway to New York where Sal hopes to create a home for Dean, Sal initiates a heated argument that reveals his continual need to project a viril, youthful male personna. He becomes enraged when Dean makes a harmless comment about growing old, associating old men with homosexuals. Lashing out at Dean, he denies that Dean had ever suffered enough to be able to feel pain and to cry. But even as he speaks, he knows that he is wrong. His words cut into himself like knives, and he thinks, "everything I had ever secretly held against my brother was coming out: how ugly I was and what filth I was discovering in the depths of my own impure psychologies (213). Based on Sal's past, we might conclude that at this point his hostility is the result of his fear of relationships. He may not want to accept the burden of caring for Dean because relationships bring heartache and disappointment. The reference to his brother Rocco, however, supplies us with a key to an alternative interpretation of his actions. Rocco is the one with whom
Sal spent the "whiney" Christmas of 1948, and his life typifies that of the passive, materialistic middle-class man. Sal's anger toward Dean then may be anger unleashed at all men who lead plastic, empty lives, who haven't allowed themselves to suffer: that is, to really feel life. He may also be lashing out at that part of himself which fears life and is susceptible to duplication of his brother's world.

Sal and Dean manage to mend their differences, however, and the temporary altercation proves healthy for Sal. He realizes that he can misjudge people and that he can, when necessary, find the strength to believe care for somebody, that his masculine pride does not warrant or deserve defense at the cost of friendship (217). This realization is connected thematically with the subsequent all-night theatre experience in Detroit. His vision of the rubbish womb evokes memories of a similar night when he had gotten drunk, fallen asleep wrapped around a toilet bowl, and became the target of seamens' "sentient debouchments." Both experiences are disgusting and immediately speak to humanity's disregard for humanity. They have also been interpreted as inhuman and the communication of personality loss (Askew 394). However, when we consider Sal's own analysis of these experiences, the interpretation becomes less horrific. Sal concludes his description of the events with a series of
questions: "What difference does it make after all? anonymity in the world of men is better than fame in heaven, for what's heaven? what's earth? All in the mind" (245). In interrogatory form, Sal reveals the soft underbelly of the western patriarchal understanding of such experiences. The loss of ego—a terrifying predicament in patriarchy—is an absurdity, for what is ego? Nothing more than garbage and, ultimately, an illusion. The self which Sal discovers is fluid and repudiates the notion of human reality as supreme. This sense of fluid ego boundaries is consistent with his Dickensian mother experience and also aligns him with Leopold Bloom and Jake Barnes as feminized males. He elucidates and affirms the feminine quality of the self by juxtaposing anonymity, historically a feminine state of being, with fame, the corresponding masculine state, and determines that the former is better. Since both heaven and earth are illusions, the masculine drive to asset ego is unnecessary. It is better to be alive and unknown than to be famous and dead. Sal's logic produces the following polarity: feminine-life versus masculine-death.

By Part IV, Dean himself is subsumed by the masculine-death construct and thus becomes that which Sal rejects. While in Denver and readying to leave for Mexico, Sal receives word that Dean is on his way to Denver to join him. Instead of feeling elated, as he
would have in the past, Sal reacts negatively to the news, envisioning Dean as

... a burning shuddering frightful Angel, palpitating toward me across the road, approaching like a cloud, with enormous speed, pursuing me like the Shrouded Traveler on the plain, bearing down on me. ... I saw his old Jalopy chariot with thousands of sparking flames shooting out from it; I saw the path it burned over the road. ... It came like wrath to the West (259).

Sal has come to understand that Dean is just as capable of destroying Sal's life as he is of saving it. This is not to say that Sal has given up his need for Dean as masculine guide. Sal at this point is still living with his aunt and still reaching out for something unreachable. However, the masculine which he so admires has now taken on terrifying proportions. This transformation is not altogether surprising when we consider the experience shared by the two in Part III. During their most intimate time together, Sal had christened Dean "BEAT--the root, the soul of Beatific" (195), but he also came to know Dean's real madness, in particular, his hatred for his father (215). Sal witnesses the fact that when pushed too far, Dean can go utterly wild without thinking at all about those who really care for him. The event which triggers the explosion of madness is Dean's meeting with his cousin Sam who acts as family spokesperson and reports that the family wants nothing more to do with Dean. Now
abandoned himself, he lashes out and begins stealing cars again: "All the bitterness and madness of his Denver life was blasting out of his system like daggers. His face was red and sweaty and mean" (221). His fury culminates in the theft of a detective's car which Dean leaves in front of the house where he and Sal are staying. Sal, left to clean up the mess, goes to bed that night disillusioned, lonely as "the Prince of Dharma who's lost his ancestral grove..." (222).

Dean has now become a "mad Ahab at the wheel" (234), a vengeful, destructive force which one might logically assume results in Sal's vision of Dean as death. The vision simultaneously functions in two ways, representing the paradoxical nature of Dean as Sal sees him and making known the complexity of Sal's identification with the masculine and the feminine. In one sense, the vision indicates that Sal seeks to free himself from Dean and that he may be nearing a secure, stable sense of his own identity. In another sense, the vision may represent Sal's ambivalence toward his guide; he may see Dean as a frightening force since Dean symbolizes that which is not feminine and threatens Sal's world and his identity as son-of-the mother. In this light, the vision depicts on-going struggle. Dean's eternal energy, his refusal to allow time to encroach on his freedom, and his ability to retain the aura of the
child still draws Sal's admiration and slakes a great inner thirst. Consequently, Sal not only needs Dean to lead him from the terrifying world of the feminine but also to bond him to that which he cannot as yet give up--his childhood and the mother image associated with it. Therefore, despite apparent advancements in understanding his gender role and identity, Sal continues psychic fluctuation.

The Mexico trip marks a major turning point in Sal's quest. Dean's words prove prophetic: Sal enters "a new and unknown phase of things." By going to Mexico, he leaves America behind and discovers a people who exist according to an entirely different life concept. It is a life stripped of suspicion and greed, one in which the male has license to express a feminine sensibility. These points are illustrated by Sal's portrait of the Mexican police. Instead of acting hostile and paranoid like their American counterpart, they are gentle and thoughtful, not dictators or psychological terrorists but gentle guardians of their sleeping towns.

Mexico is also where his internal worlds finally synthesize, allowing Sal to move toward a new level of personal understanding. In this ancient land, the images of the mother, father, and child merge in the faces of the fellahin:

These people were unmistakably Indians and were not at all like the Pedros and
Panchos of silly civilized American lore--they had high cheekbones, and slanted eyes, and soft ways; they were not fools, they were not clowns, they were great grave Indians and they were the source of mankind and fathers of it... The waves are Chinese, but the earth is an Indian thing. As essential as rocks in the desert are they in the desert of "history." And they knew this when we passed, ostensibly self-important moneybag Americans on a lark in their land; they knew who was the father and the son of antique life on earth, and made no comment (emphasis mine) (280-81).

Dean, too, becomes part of this vision, the hardness of the masculine and the softness of the feminine meeting in his childlike wonder, his own femininity allowed unthreatened expression: "His eyes were red-streaked and mad and also subdued and tender--he had found people like himself" (280).

Following this discovery, Sal experiences a dramatic union with the mother or loss of the old self in the hot, screaming womb of the jungle, the same fluid sense of self that he had testified to in the Detroit theatre: "... the jungle takes you over and you become it... for the first time in my life... the atmosphere and I became the same" (294). This time, the images are less horrifying, more tender and care-filled: soft infinitesimal showers of bugs wripple across his face, and the starless sky caresses him like a harmless velvet drape. The moment is followed by rebirth and a symbol of movement into the world--Sal's apparition of a wild, white horse, "bedeviled
dogs," but running steadily through the night. It is
after this that Sal comes to perceive the young Mexican
girls as strictly spiritual beings:

Their great brown, innocent eyes looked
into ours with such soulful intensity that
not one of us had the slightest sexual
thought about them; . . . "Look at those eyes
breathed Dean. They were like the eyes of the
Virgin Mother when she was a child. We saw
in them the tender and forgiving gaze of
Jesus (298).

He now sees the pure mother, no longer confusing
motherhood, sexuality, destruction. The terror produced
by the Great and Terrible Mother has dissipated, giving
way to calm and peace, spiritual and social awareness
directly linked with the feminine.

Clearly, Sal associates the feminine with spiritual
and social purity. The Mexican girls embody the soul of
Jesus, the gentle, caring shepherd of the world's lost
sheep. This Biblical quality is also reflected in the
desert Mexicans whom Sal observes--men wearing long flowing
robes and carrying staves, the women holding golden
bundles of flax. More specifically, the association of
the feminine and the spiritual involves language--or lack
of language, in actuality. As Sal gazes into the
Christ-like eyes of the Mexican girls, he notes that when
they talk they become frantic and almost silly, but when
silent, they are themselves: honest and pure. At a
certain level, his understanding of female language is an
expression of the stereotype of women's language as frivolous and nonsensical, a belief that leads to the rubric, "the best woman is a silent woman"—a view that Sal basically subscribes to. However, in Mexico, the feminine is cast differently. The silence of the girls is connected with the divinity of Jesus but also with Dean's spirituality. Bear in mind that when Sal defends Dean after Camille kicks him out of their home, Sal is struck by Dean's holiness, expressed not by his typical mad rush of intoxicating language but by his silence. Arnold Krupat had noted that "Dean's progress away from language parallels ever deepening levels of mystic knowledge" (405), and the same observation can be made of the Mexican girls. Their silence is not valued because of their sex but because it symbolizes spiritual knowledge. And in this culminating experience, Sal directly affirms a more feminine spirituality: that which transforms Dean the wrangler into Dean the Holy Good is the divine spirit of tender Jesus, incarnated in the little Mexican girls.

The link between the feminine and social purity is almost as specific. Sal contrasts the dense, dark, ancient life of the Mexican Indians with the destructive nature of modern patriarchy: "They [the Indians] didn't know that a bomb had come that could crack all our bridges and road and reduce them to jumbles. . ." (299). Here, the Indians are the gentle innocents trustingly beseeching
of civilization which can only hand them lies, pain, and devastation.

The spiritual enlightenment which permeates Sal's Mexican experience prepares him to face a final trial: again, abandonment. Dean takes off to New York, eager to carry on his crazy, complex life, and leaves Sal to suffer dysentery. But Sal survives Dean's mistreatment of him, returning to America with a stronger, more stable self identity. Allowing his feminine to take control, he forgives Dean:

When I got better I realized what a rat he was, but then I had to understand the impossible complexity of his life, how he had to leave me there, sick, to get on with his wives and woes. "Okay, old Dean, I'll say nothing" (303).

In effect, he becomes a Christ figure (Nicosia 3347), exercising with supreme selflessness the same gentle, tender caritas that has characterized him, albeit to a lesser degree, throughout his travels.

The transcendental experience of Mexico seems to purge Sal of much of his inner turmoil. His dependence on his aunt is lessened (virtually nonexistent in Part V), and he finds Laura, a girl to whom he finally commits himself. His family life also appears more secure, largely because irresponsible, manic Dean is no longer a part of it. Sal, in fact, can now choose to fulfill a commitment to spend an evening with Remi rather than to go
with Dean. But despite such changes, Sal emerges in Part V as a diminished human being. That which is most obviously missing is his ability to forgive and to care for others, even the "rats" of this world. Gone is the apotheosis of Mexico that granted him the gift of charity for Dean: Sal now abandons Dean, leaving him sad and forlorn on a cold New York City street corner, and it is Lura who now voices his feminine conscience: "Oh, we shouldn't let him go like this. What'll we do?"

In actuality, Sal's transition from the feminine spiritual world of Mexico to the more masculine social world of New York City is rather abrupt and not entirely convincing—neither for the reader nor for Sal. Sal is filled with the knowledge that Lura is right, that Dean, who has traveled 3000 exhausting miles just to see Sal, deserves more from his friend, especially since Sal can give more. After all, Sal knows that god is Pooh Bear. This reference, while on one level an allusion to the absurdity of western theological and philosophical institutions, also refers to the nature of god. Sal doesn't perceive god as a vengeful Yahweh, but, if he exists at all, as a gentle, kind, and innocent being like A.A. Milne's Winnie the Pooh. His use of the allusion implies that we should act in kind, an interpretation compatible with Kerouac's own understanding of Jesus. [11]

It is not surprising then that Sal's last thoughts should
be gentle and caring, and focused on bot. Dean and the blessed night that enfolds us all in its arms, transcending time, man, and Fatherhood in its all-forgiving oneness. With these thoughts, Sal is also left with sadness and discontent, an indication that he has denied intrinsic qualities that render humankind the blessing of salvation.

We can attribute Sal's discontent to the fact that the self which he attempts to actuate in American society conflicts with what society, and Sal himself, expects of a man. Opposing concepts of self and other (i.e., relationships) operate simultaneously, butting heads without achieving full resolution. On one hand, Sal's narrative itself projects a feeling of equality; that is, in form and structure, it communicates his need to equalize his relationships. For example, his adventures with Dean, although important, don't begin until Part II, a third of the way into the novel. Part I's adventures with Remi and Terry are featured prominently, and Sal makes no effort to present them as qualitatively subordinate to many of his other relationships. Each new adventure and the relationships it produces are added with such speed and such minimal transitions that they begin to fuse, to assume equal proportion in the text. Sal also needs to hold onto these relationships, and, as we have already discussed, he fights separation. In
effect, then, Sal's travels constitute the construction of a giant social web, an ever-expanding, non-hierarchical formation based on the need to maintain relationships of equality: the feminine relational phenomenon identified by Carol Gilligan.

But, on the other hand, his efforts to build this web and stymied by a culture that provides men with few avenues and very little validation for such behavior. The urgency with which Sal looks for a girl to marry and the pressure he feels to abandon Dean at the conclusion are products of a cultural imperative: a man, in order to be a worthy man, must become a responsible provider for a nuclear family. This imperative demands separation and replacement of relationships (wife replacing mother; wife replacing best friend), based on a hierarchical ordering of attachments. Sal, in some ways, minimizes replacement by looking for a mother twin, but the directive cannot be obliterated entirely. Neither can he live untroubled by the changes he must make. The note of sadness that rings throughout the closing passages of the novel echoes unspoken questions: "Why must these relationships be forfeited? What good comes of leaving them behind? Why can't they all co-exist?" Unfortunately for Sal, no answer resonates across the continent.

Kerouac himself faced similar conflicts. As his biographers have pointed out, his life reflected to a
great extent the lives of his fictional narrators. Kerouac was a gentle, kind, caring, yet shy man opposed to violence (although thirsting for adventure) and dedicated to the tender, self-sacrificing, anti-materialistic image of Jesus epitomized for him in the short, saintly life of his brother Gerard. [12] His fundamentally religious character was also coupled with a compulsion to create. He turned to creative writing, a decision which met with the resistance of family and friends who couldn't understand why he didn't marry, settle down, and find a "respectable" job. [13] Working-class, middle-class hungry Lowell, Massachusetts, considered creative writing sissified--certainly not the kind of occupation that would enable Kerouac to start a family and/or care for his mother for whom he felt a deep need to provide. Before his death, Leo Kerouac, Jack's father, had instructed him to take care of Gabrielle. Motivated by his father's directive as well as his own belief in the man's role as head of the family, Jack tried the best he could to support his mother but never believed that he was doing an adequate job. John Tytell speculates that Kerouac ultimately felt inadequate because he couldn't fully replace his father and provide for his mother (53). The attachment to Gabrielle, which extended way beyond the need to fulfill a father's last request, also drew disapproval from Kerouac's friends (as several of his later
novels illustrate). His need to find a "fantastic woman" may have been intended to silence such remarks and may also have been motivated, as Nicosia posits, by his desire to meet his mother's ideal of masculine success (150). Kerouac was quite obviously at odds with his culture and his own internal universe. It is safe to assume that his drinking problem and subsequent erosion of his gentle spirit was at least partially the result of these conflicts.

Some of Kerouac's later fiction, in which his drinking is explicitly associated with his failure to find a satisfying heterosexual relationship, supports this hypothesis. In fact, what we discover in novels such as *The Subterraneans* (written in 1953, published in 1958), *The Dharma Bums* (written in 1957, published 1958), and *Big Sur* (written in 1960, published 1962) are many of the same masculin/feminine themes revealed in *On The Road*. However, in these later novels, the first-person narrators exhibit even greater fragmentation and project images of the masculine and feminine which, relative to *On The Road*, are magnified and often distorted or grotesque. The narrative voices communicate an intense hatred of both genders and basically represent a steady back-pedalling from the integration achieved in *On The Road*.

*The Subterraneans*, written only a few years after Kerouac lived the adventures chronicled in *On The Road*, is
an excellent case study of an individual frantically trying, with a certain degree of consciousness, to cope with gender. The narrator, Leo Percepyed, is a Beat writer living in the 1950's but endowed with more of the staid Victorian worldview than a Dionysian Beat perspective. His understanding of women is especially Victorian. Almost as if he had just read and immediately internalized Coventry Patmore's "Angel in the House," he tells the readers that...

...you've got to fall down on your knees and beg the woman's permission, beg the woman's forgiveness for all your sins, protect her, support her doing everything for her, die for her but for God's sake love her...(104).

The heroine of the novel, Mardou Fox (a Black, west-coast subterranean) beautifully fits this indirect description of woman. Soft and vulnerable, she is also humble, meek, all-forgiving, and she carries with her a "soul showing out radiant as an angel wandering in hell" (50).

Leo's affair with Mardou is a turbulent one, for which he stridently blames masculinity. Masculinity, as he seems forced to practice it, is an intolerable construct. He runs from "dong everything" for a woman, preferring instead to pursue casual relationships with anonymous "chicks" on the weekends. His definition of manly support of a woman is not chivalrous or paternal but, as he prefers to practice it, rather maternal and
domestic. The role in which he is most comfortable is that of "wife" for his working mother with whom he lives:

... when she comes home from work at night, tired, from the store. ...
I feel very good making her supper, having the supper and a martini ready when she walks in so by 8 o'clock the dishes are all cleaned, see, and she has more time to look at her television. ...

His sense of self corresponds most closely, not with the strong, self-assured, dominant masculine, but with the small, meek vulnerable feminine embodied in Mardou. This self-perception is strikingly revealed in his narration of a conversation in which she describes herself. What we hear in this passage is the fusion of Mardou's and Leo's voices. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that Leo transforms Mardou's voice into his. Distinctly Perceived (i.e., Kerouacian) poetics emerge in a self-portrait that becomes that of Leo as well as Mardou:

Why should anyone want to harm my little heart, my feet, my little hands, my skin that I'm wrapt in because God wants me warm and inside my toes--why did God make all this all so decayable and dieable and harmful and wants to make me realize and scream--why the wild ground and bodies bare and breaks--I quaked when the giver creamed when my father screamed, my mother dreamed--I started small and ballooned up and now I'm big and a naked child again and only to cry and to fear... --Ah--Protect yourself, angel of no harm... --protect your-
Numerous passages in the text substantiate his identification with this particular concept of the feminine. He frequently refers to himself as pitiful, vulnerable, incapable of surviving alone, and in dire need of protection. Ironically, it is woman, specifically his mother and Mardou, which symbolizes his ideal of strength and protection; both women are paragons of inner fortitude, offering him the sanctuary he craves. What Leo actually does is operate according to the belief that a man must be more like a woman (strong and protective) in order to love her and sustain his relationship with her. Consequently, he simultaneously feels kinship with the vulnerable, weak feminine while aspiring to be the strong, protective feminine. As one might expect, his identification with both forms of the feminine renders him a masculine failure. The result is a polarized masculine self: "an unself-confident man" and an egomaniac. He despises his masculinity which he associates with vanity, lust, and middle-class materialism (11, 5,65), but he looks down on anything or anybody that seems effeminate. He knows that "19th-century boss type" (83) domination of a woman is not right, but he detests...
"the stupid neurotic nervousness of the phallic type" of man and is too nervous to perform like the "cool" man of the fifties. Striving awkwardly to act macho with Mardou, he is continually faced with the spectre of failure and the distortion of their relationship.

His masculine identity is also centered on work, which in this case is writing, an activity that Leo performs in the isolation and security of his mother's kitchen. He defines work as asexual yet energizing, and the fact that he frequently capitalizes the entire word (WORK) in his narrative suggests that the concept verges on the sacred for him. He desperately hopes that his need to work, that is, to isolate himself from connecting with others, will eventually supercede his need for Mardou. However, Leo concludes that work, and the concept of duty accompanying it, are false realities. He states that he has "worked up and developed" this reality at home and at best it functions to propel him "to rush off to construct--for nothing" (23)--only for mere poems which he intimates are worthless trivia when compared to love. To Leo, love is the essence of woman and symbolized by sex: the thighs from he came and to which he will return (23).

As Nicosia has noted, Leo cannot integrate love and work (Subterraneans, iii). Love, since it means sex, requires that he leave his mother. But doing so would mean giving up his feminine identity as someone who needs
care and protection as well as to care and protect another; it would also require sacrificing work—his masculine identity. As a result, he fears that love will destroy him (63), and he yearns for an all-male scholarly retreat—a Faulknerian world where he can sit at a rolltop desk with a male companion and drink to great books.

Since love threatens him, so does Mardou, and he seeks to control their relationship as much as possible, constantly scheduling his time a la Dean Moriarty. Ultimately, he abuses her psychologically and eventually dreams of abusing her physically.

There is no doubt that Leo's vision of women is sexist, but throughout the novel, Kerouac specifically manipulates the narrative to demonstrate that Mardou is the stronger, wiser, more self-sufficient of the two and that the failure of the relationship is not her fault. He exposes masculine behavior as childish, making Leo seem inept, stupid, beastly, and a character whose masculinity is a real burden. Leo schemes and plots to control his life and Mardou, but he is decisively displayed as a sham (and he knows it). He loses her love and goes home to write a book which he realizes is a construction of far less value than the love which Mardou offers him. I disagree with John Clellon Holmes' belief that Leo "never seems to realize that he'd rather have the love than write about it" (Subterraneans, iii). Leo is not entirely blind
to his need for love, that part of himself that wants to support and protect another. He senses that when he denies his love for Mardou he has betrayed and shamed himself (25). Even the creation of the book cannot ease the subsequent pain he feels. But his vision and his ability to make dreams into reality are substantially thwarted by a dualistic world (interior and exterior) which defies his efforts to make sense of it all.

In The Dharma Bums, Kerouac seems to make some headway in this confusing process of clarifying self and other. The focus of his narrative is the same kind of spiritual enlightenment that Sal Paradise finds through his Dickensian mother, Dean, and the innocent primeval Mexican girls. A quieter, more gentle novel than either On The Road or The Subterraneans, The Dharma Bums speaks of Kerouac's need to rejuvenate life, to counter the mechanized, anesthetized, and materialistic existence of the average American man, to shed old, restricting paradigms of being. To his narrator, Ray Smith, suburban homes, lawn mowers, and TVs signify both the spiritual wasteland inhabited by the American middle-class and the subsequent isolation of human beings from one another as well as God and nature.

Ray turns to Buddhism, as did Kerouac, to grapple with the metaphysical and to discover a revitalizing life source. Ray's Buddhism, however, is not that of the Zen
monk or the Japanese Samurai or even of his Buddhist guide, Japhy Ryder (based on the poet Gary Snyder). He wastes no time attempting to answer koans or participating in other forms of Zen ritual. His Buddhism is more Indian or Chinese, again like Kerouac's (Nicosia 495), and in many ways analogous to Christianity. It allows him to affirm a Buddha or Christ-like existence: his Dharma Bums are tender, gentle, and above all, charitable. As he explains to Japhy, Zen Buddhism concentrates on confusing the intellect rather than promoting kindness. "It's mean," he concludes (13).

Ray acts on his beliefs, striving to be charitable. As the novel opens, he gladly and freely gives food and wine to a tiny old bum who returns the favor by sharing a prayer by St. Teresa. He also extends his charity to animals, hating the hunter mentality in man, preferring to converse with deer rather than to hunt them, championing the rights of dogs to run free rather than to be chained. He clearly sees himself as a modern St. Francis of Assissi (St. Raymond of the Dogs, as he calls himself). But it is the act of giving food, like Christ feeding his flocks, that becomes the most powerful metaphor for Ray in his efforts to live a godly life. The image appears briefly in On The Road and The Subterraneans but in The Dharma Bums, it is considerably enhanced. Ray cooks supper as a gift to Japhy; he cooks for his mother,
sister, and brother-in-law; and on the weekends during one of his stays at Japhy's cabin, he prepares meals for "the whole gang." He finds himself constantly standing over a hot stove and boiling big pots of coffee. The job of domestic worker appeals to him, blending harmoniously with his self image: according to the Chinese Book of Changes, he is destined to feed others (182). Here, food and the act of preparing it connote physical and spiritual sustenance as they do in On The Road. They also symbolize comraderie, human connection, and the bulwark against the harshness of nature—meanings explicitly revealed as Ray begins his two-month stay as the lone fire watcher on Desolation Peak. He is escorted to his cabin by two veteran fire fighters who fix him "a rich good meal" before going back down the mountain. Their act of cooking and serving food is an act of charity fortifying Ray so he can begin to deal with the imminent reality of his isolation in nature.

Ray's own charity exists in thought as well as deed. Knowing that all manner of men and women suffer (201)—not just the man without a home—he gains great personal satisfaction by praying and thus suffering for the world (71). And in suffering, the highest of Sakyamuni's four noble truths according to Ray, his consciousness associates its pain with the Great Mother who in his dreams carries a universal weight on her back, the burden
of the world (8). Ray believes that behind the facade of material minds and reality, the hearts of individuals cry out in all circumstances under the weight of suffering. As he returns home to his mother's house in North Carolina, he wonders why Japhy is so critical of "white tiled sinks" and "kitchen machinery"; "people have good hearts whether or not they live like Dharma Bums," he decides (132).

Living like a Dharma Bum, however, allows Ray to participate in the intimate connection between spiritual enlightenment and charity, and it is the former which seems to give birth to the latter. On two occasions, he has a religious experience which leads to an act of charity. While staying with his mother, he throws himself to the ground in despair because of the harshness of the world. Suddenly, he is overwhelmed with the bliss of enlightenment—the world is transformed into an ethereal flower—and with this knowledge, realizing that he will live, he feeds his cat who is meowing at the icebox. In the greater scheme of things, this act of kindness is rather small, but it prepares the way for Ray's second more dramatic gesture. As a result of meditation, Ray is presented with a startling vision of walls of pink flowers and of Dipankara Buddha: "It, the vision, was devoid of any sensation of I being myself, it was pure egolessness, just simply wild ethereal activities devoid of any wrong
predicates. . . . devoid of effort, devoid of mistake" (147). The vision brings him peace as well as the wisdom that he can be kind. Soon thereafter, he performs a miracle of sorts by curing his mother of a painful cough (148).

This second experience of enlightenment is a pivotal one in our understanding of Kerouac's idealization of manhood. It indicates that he considered the godly man to be a charitable man and that he strongly identified with Christ, both his suffering and his supernatural acts of kindness. The pink flower vision and Ray's miracle also reveal Kerouac's belief in humility as a virtue. For example, Ray decides that the miracle is his first and last because it begins to make him vain: "... I knew now that I was a bliss heir, and that the final sin, the worst, is righteousness" (149). He decides to refrain from talking about his deed—dwelling on it would only lead to greater sin. Ray's belief in egoless charity also attracts him to those, like Japhy, who possess a "tremendous and tender sense of charity" practiced in a manner that isn't "glittery and Christmasy" (75-76). (He and Japhy even share the same favorite Buddhist saint, Avalokitesvara, who shows mercy to the needy.) [14] His definition of charity stresses that we should not practice charity to flaunt our kindness or to parade our personal wealth or greatness. Charity must be pure and selfless like a mother's love.
Humility, of course, is a venerable Christian precept, but the flower vision illustrates yet another concept in conjunction with the suppression of hubris that led Kerouac to Buddhist texts rather than the Christian scriptures: the state of egolessness. Allen Ginsberg maintains that Kerouac used the Diamond Sutra to shed "such arbitrary conceptions of phenomena as one's own self, other selves, living beings and a Universal Self" (Nicosia 494). We see the influence of this philosophy in On The Road, where the Detroit theatre experience produces for Sal a state of egolessness that is somewhat gruesome but dramatizes a non-patriarchal understanding of humane existence. In The Dharma Bums, the pink flower vision affirms this principle with intense beauty and peace. It speaks directly to the Buddhist concept of the unity of all things in which self must be forgotten (Watts 119). What Ray is searching for, as was Kerouac through did Buddhist readers and narrative voices, is a way to break through the confining parameter of the western understanding of self, to restructure—or rather to obliterate—the paradigm of man. Ray Smith seeks a world in which he is not forced to exert himself (to make an effort to be somebody), a world in which he can move with life rather than trying to control, interrupt, or redirect it (Watts 52), a world in which hierarchies (e.g., natural and supernatural) do not exist. Ultimately, everything is
nothing. Although difficult for the occidental mind to assimilate, this concept of the world coincides most closely with our stereotypes of the feminine: the soft, fluid, nonassertive, the virtual nothingness or negation of the masculine. It is this more feminine reality that Ray Smith blissfully encounters in his pink flower vision.

But visions are ephemeral phenomena. An egoless world is truly momentary (is existent at all) in our society, and Ray Smith demonstrates that achieving egolessness requires considerable work. He is eager to devote himself to the task, but in the process uncovers a masculine ego unwilling to give itself up to the void. The work of gaining enlightenment, actually his preservation of self, serves to drive Ray away from those who most need his charity. He yearns for solitude, wishes to devote himself to prayer ("the only decent activity left in the world"[105]), and embraces the companionship of the silent deer and the yellow moon. Idealized scenes for Ray do not include the comfy cottages with smoking chimneys that Sal Paradise so loves but instead center on either the aesthetic scholar alone at work or the Adamic man—"barefooted, wild-haired, in the red fire dark, singing, swigging wine, spitting, running, jumping" (7). In each, man in unencumbered by attachments and obligations and thus free to create and govern his own world.
It is relationships with women that seem most problematic for Ray. Having deduced that sex with women causes birth, which inevitably leads to suffering and death, he vehemently maintains that "pretty girls make graves" (29). In accordance with this philosophy, he remains celibate except for several sexual forays encouraged by Japhy. While Ray seems fairly comfortable with celibacy, it definitely works to his detriment; in particular, it keeps him from empathizing and reaching out to woman on a nonsexual basis. The reader is made painfully aware of this fact through Ray's short but intense relationship with Rosie, the suicidal girlfriend of his buddy Cody (Neal Cassady). Rosie is a terribly vulnerable, fragile figure in need of extreme tenderness and compassion, but Ray is so consumed with himself, primarily his Dharma knowledge which he feels compelled to force upon her in order to prove his manhood (111), that he doesn't recognize her cries for help. He offers her no succor, and she commits suicide soon after they meet. Ray's narrative shows very little sensitivity to her death, no genuine sympathy or remorse. The best he can muster is the thought that if he'd made love to her perhaps everything would have been better (123). Kerouac's inclusion of these events in the novel reveals the callous, destructive nature of a persona "hell-bent" to assert itself in the world, as well as the negative consequences of confusing sex and love.
Treated more positively by the narrative voice, Ray's need to prove his manhood manifests itself in much the same way as Sal's" through his relationship with a hypermasculine guide. Japhy Ryder is Ray Smith's Dean Moriarty. Japhy is intellectually more sophisticated and more tender than Dean, but he is equally as virile and physically as awesome (wiry, agile, capable of climbing mountains and leaping huge distances). However, he is more distinctly an outdoorsman than is Dean, whose real home is Skid row and the driver's seat of a Hudson. Japhy is a woodsman and a real man, identities which Ray considers synonymous and admires wholeheartedly. His relationship with Japhy is also markedly masculine. They share intellectual discussions, which women are unable to participate in (women, in Ray's mind, are ideally suited only for cooking, cleaning, raising children, and having sex—all with egoless devotion.). They share silence as well. This is the silence of complete understanding, communicating with nature and each other that which is beyond man-made language. For Ray, the purest moments spent with Japhy are those draped in silent communion. As they climb the Matterhorn, like Jake Barnes and Bill Gorton on the Irati River, their silence bonds them to each other in an exclusive and idyllic male environment.

Ray enjoys Japhy's company, but the relationship is different from Sal and Dean's. While the latter is
characterized by Sal's subservience to as well as great care for and forgiveness of Dean, Ray and Japhy's is marked by a competitive quality. Ray, although he looks up to Jalphy as a true wise man, needs to prove to himself, and to Japhy, that he is equally as manly. For instance, during the Matterhorn climb, when their travelling companion, Henry Morley, elects to stop rather than climb to the top, Ray contends that "the whole purpose of mountain-climbing...isn't just to show off you can get to the top, it's getting out to this wild country" (81). But when Japhy declares that he's going on, Ray shoots back, "Well if you'r gonna go I'm going with you." His reputation is at stake, and he's resolved to save it: "What would I say to the boys in The Place if I came all this way only to give up at the last moment?" (81). He makes a valiant effort to follow Japhy to the top but is terrified by the height and stops. Calming himself with the thought that he really doesn't have to prove anything to anybody, he reasons that Morley, lying down below by a small lake, a Whitmanesque blade of grass in his mouth, is the smartest of them all, a poet's poet who knows he has no need to prove anything to anybody. But Ray's masculine ego won't let him find peace with such an ideal. Seeing Japhy running down the mountain, he's revitalized and runs, yells, and leaps after him. When they reach Morley, Ray declares that he's ashamed that he
hadn't gone all the way to the top, and even though Morley and Japhy dub him "Tiger" for his efforts, Ray wants more. "Well dammit I'll be a lion next time we get up here" (87), he asserts. And he makes good on his claim. At the conclusion of the novel, he has weathered two lonely months on rugged Desolation Mountain where he actually takes on a lion-like appearance: his hair is long, his eyes pure blue, and his skin tanned. His sojourn is a duplication of Japhy's past, and he feels that he has become Japhy's equal in deed as well as knowledge.

The Matterhorn trip also provides a further indicator of Ray's need to best Japhy. As they trek back into town, Ray appears to gain a certain satisfaction from discovering Japhy's Achilles heel: his fear of eating in bourgeois restaurants and spending extra money for good food. Despite the fact that he gently kids Japhy to make him feel better about his phobia, Ray wakes up the next morning smiling at the thought of Japhy's plight, and in a somewhat patronizing way, he plans "to tell him about such things, that night. . ." (95).

What we see then in *The Dharma Bums* is a continuation of gender patterns established in *On The Road*. However, the construct is altered. The masculine drive, manifesting itself in *On The Road* as Sal's denigrating vision of women and his attachment to Dean, manifests itself as the explicit association of all women with
death, a retreat into the self, and a rather irritating, self-ingratiating competitiveness. At the same time, the feminine/spiritual is greatly enhanced. It functions to overcome the passivity of middle-class reality in addition to countering the aggressive character of man and obliterating culturally accepted definitions of self. The book as a whole reads as a sermon in praise of man's spiritual victory over the temporal and corporeal, of gentle charity over harsh egocentricity. But the former in no way destroys the latter. It remains in abeyance but can be heard barking at the door, a shadow threatening to assume form and substance. Ray Smith, in the midst of his Buddhist wonderment, sings of an ideal world, one in which he has set foot but has yet to make his home.

Whenever such internal divisiveness is found, the potential exists for psychic collapse. Kerouac himself knew first hand the personal devastation of such a collapse, and he used the narrative voice of Jack Duluoz in Big Sur to expose the horrors of "madness." Jack's story is one of obvious psychic disorientation, of a severely alienated consciousness, an inner topography rent assunder, struggling but fundamentally unable to integrate the concepts of masculine and feminine.

What dominates and distinguishes Jack Duluoz's voice from those of Sal, Leo, and Ray is extreme self-hatred. He continually refers to himself as a worthless, helpless,
destructive piece of shit. Feelings of paranoia and persecution pummel him, and although he parties and drinks to numb his raw nerves, his condition only worsens. At one point, he clearly associates his self-hatred with the belief that he has forsaken the wishes of both his father and mother:

But anybody who's never had delirium tremens even in their early states may not understand that it's not so much a physical pain but a mental anguish indescribable to those ignorant people who don't (sic) drink and accuse drinkers of irresponsibility--the mental anguish is so intense that you feel you betrayed your very birth, the efforts nay the birth pangs of your mother when she bore you and delivered you to the world, you've betrayed every effort your father ever made to feed you and raise you and make you strong and my God even educate you for "life". . . (89).

In this passage, the mother and father are not only Jack's biological parents but also representations of the world--primarily cultural values and expectations of our behavior. Jack considers himself a failure according to cultural standards of masculinity. A self-assessed coward devoid of humanity (158), he thinks himself too much of a drunkard to love a woman (150). And as such a failure, unable to demonstrate his masculinity through one of the most powerful cultural institutions--heterosexuality--he lashes out at not only himself but also at women. Self-hatred is matched by misogyny which seems to run rampant in Big Sur. Wives are the sneering bosses of
America; women are incapable of wondering; they hate each other while tormenting men and robbing them of their sexual powers. More specifically, Jack's girlfriend, Billie, bores him when she talks and forces him to have sex with her in front of her son (as does Terry in *On the Road*). His hatred of her is even more chilling than Ray Smith's evaluation of women as grave-makers. He cannot seem to escape her as Ray escapes women by remaining celibate. Her presence haunts him, and she is transformed into a succubus, inescapable evil incarnate from which Jack writhes in despair and horror.

In response to Billie's evil, Jack expresses a need to feel and act more manly. He day-dreams of impressing women with his Paul Bunyan-like strength, associates with very virile men, and envisions himself as a literary businessman "combining [his] father image with the image of [himself] as a writer" (42-43). But these masculine drives constitute a veneer that can be readily stripped away. While wanting to be more masculine, he detests his public image as a writer; he characterizes unbridled masculinity as "vast but senseless strength" and actually runs from the appellation "he-man." He seems more natural and comfortable as the diminutive and vulnerable domestic man. As in Sal's narrative, the words "little" and "tender" conspicuously dot Jack's novel. Those things which attract him are neat little sewing kits, sweet
little sand roads, wonderful little hand-sized books, little friend the garter snake, mild and tender suppers, and little bare arms. He also finds reservoirs of peace in the performance of feminine tasks: "bending his poor mother (emphasis mine) head over [a] needle and thread" (14), cooking and washing dishes, and singing "there's no place like home" (96). But contrary to The Dharma Bums, Jack's activities do not represent giving and connecting (that is, the creation and nurturing of family) so much as child-like innocence (associated with spiritual purity), isolation, and escape from the tumultuous dehumanizing world. Early on in the novel, he recounts his needs to return alone to a "...cabin where the fire's still red and you can see the Bodhisattva's lamp the glass of ferns on the table, the box of Jasmine tea nearby, all so gentle and human after that rocky deluge out there..." (26). The more feminine world that he finds in the cabin motivates him to bake muffins and to think "blessed is the man can make his own bread" (26). In this proverb, he finds a gentle self-reliance that eases his intense fear of both relationships and his need to love people.

Jack's need to give of himself to others is real but shapes itself not in his relationships with men and women, these appearing hopelessly distorted, but finds full expression in his love of animals. Quite blatantly doting on them, he feeds mice, talks to raccoons, and saves
drowning bugs—a passion that he honestly admits is not shared by many men. Specifically, when he learns of the death of Tyke, his pet cat, he confides to his readers that, "[o]dinarily, the death of a cat means little to most men, a lot to fewer men, but to me, and that cat, it was exactly and no lie and sincerely like the death of my little brother—I loved Tyke with all my heart. . ." (40). While Kerouac's affection and concern for animals, especially his cat, in *Big Sur*, have been condemned as sentimental [15], they are consistent with the feminized malepersonas presented in the other Kerouac novels which we have discussed and also consistent with Jack Duluoz's identification with Jesus. In this latter point lies the crux of his identity trauma: he literally sees himself as the mild, meek Jesus. As a child, he envisioned himself as "an angel baby" like "the last Jesus" set among devils to achieve enlightenment. His only reality was "Jesus and the lambs (animals) and my brother Gerard who had instructed me" (94). Consequently, he admits that in later life he considered himself an angelic emissary sent by God to bring light to the world.

His self-appointed role as spiritual teacher, grounded in the concepts of suffering and physical denial, conflicts with middle-class materialism and his need to write "big stupid" books. The contradiction is painfully evident to him. He is frightened by Milarepa's warning to
avoid hubris (in this context, the impulse to thrust one's enlightenment on others), but he admits that he's an "obvious fool American writer," acting prideful in order to make a living but also to fulfill god's purpose for granting him life on earth. The narrative presents no resolution of this conflict. The dictates of the mother and father (the world) are betrayed by his deep spiritual identification and vice-versa. Unable to reconcile the two, he cannot help but feel helpless, angry, impotent, degenerate, and destructive. With respect to the last self-assessment, he confesses that he is unconsciously compelled to sabotage and kill his own plans to be kind to all living things (89). In other words, he abhors and feels victimized by a specific self expression of masculinity that threatens purer forms of being.

Jack's psychic divisiveness culminates in his obsession with death. Its spectre lurks everywhere: in the sea, in the body of a tiny mouse, in the letter from his mother bearing news of his cat, and in his very breast. He longs for death, knowing that it will end his psychic pain, the sickness, apathy, and cynicism that he experiences with advancing age, but he also clings tenaciously to life. Throughout the novel, eros and thanatos battle, his story concluding with a dual of Biblical proportions. Under periodic visions of the Cross, Jack wrestles with his angel. Horrific images
assault his consciousness, pushing him to realize that it is not Billie who has harmed him but he who has harmed Billie. Life, in the form of "the golden swarming peace of Heaven," triumphs, and he lays aside his hatred, ready to return home to his mother and to love.

Admittedly, this conclusion is weak in view of the intense feelings expressed in the novel. Jack rather unpersuasively sweeps his "madness" under the rug via enlightenment. His return to his mother, for example, reads as a retreat from people and circumstances with which he cannot deal instead of a lessening of his alienation. Even his vindication of Billie, while analogous to Leo Perceplide's understanding of Mardou Fox and worth some reader recognition, appears to be a tepid afterthought. Perhaps this assessment is the case of a secular-oriented twentieth-century mind finding it difficult to accept sudden salvation wrought by religious wonderment. But whatever the cause of this skepticism, be it cultural imperative or narrative flaws, Jack's belief that "something good will come out of all things yet" seem simplistic in light of the magnitude of his problems. Ultimately, a reading of Big Sur leaves one convinced of Kerouac's imminent surrender: the tribute to the feminine constituting On The Road and The Dharma Bums is destined to be violated by a self and culture that is stridently masculine.
The conclusion to *Big Sur* suggests that Jack Duluoz knows where he is going. He could very well answer the questions posed by the carnival owner in *On The Road*:

"You boys going somewhere, or just going?" Home--to love and to mother, to tenderness, and to peaceful isolation. His answer speaks to the dilemma faced by the feminized male: the frustration of wanting to be what one is but not wanting that very thing and often retreating in order to survive at all--even if this means living as a conflicted human being plagued with "impure psychologies."

Leo Percepied, Ray Smith, and Sal Paradise share his reality, although in lesser degrees of painful intensity. All four narrators voice Kerouac's own fears, desires, perceptions and dreams. They embody his need to be tender, to nurture, to care for others, to just be without becoming, to live a godly life. Their existence as fictional entities lends credence to the man who sees himself as softer and gentler than others in his world. Their presence in American post-WW II fiction advances the efforts of writers such as Joyce and Hemingway who attempted to redefine masculinity to allow for the more natural expression of a man's personal ethos in art and society. The Kerouac narrators also foreshadow the cultural emergence and tolerance of the more feminized man ushered into American society by the women's movement of the 60s and 70s. All four could answer the carnival
owner's questions. They are indeed going somewhere—into the future where gender itself furnishes a new basis for understanding who we are, why we are, and how we can change. Their journey remains uncompleted, however, frustrated by their own internal weaknesses as well as the external dictates of culture and society. But despite loss, their gains merit our recognition and admiration. The ground they break affirms the feminine, demonstrating through the act of storytelling the great well of tenderness that can nourish our lives.
NOTES

[1] It is important to note that critics and biographers accept the fact that Kerouac was emotionally attached to his mother and was never able to sever this tie. Ann Charters, Dennis McNally, and Gerold Nicosia address this issue in their respective biographies of Kerouac. One might logically assume that Kerouac's own feelings about his mother and women in general would manifest themselves in his fiction, especially since his work is so autobiographical and much of it produced very rapidly in accordance with his aesthetics of spontaneity. However, this chapter is not a psychoanalytic study of Jack Kerouac. It is a study of individual struggles (those of Sal Paradise, Ray Smith, Leo Percepied, and Jack Duluoz) to come to terms with the masculine and feminine, concepts strongly associated with the parents in the Kerouacian world.

[2] See Moody Street Irregulars, vol 1, no. 1, winter 1978; an unsigned editorial extracts quotes from The Subterraneans to verify the contention that Kerouac had feminist sympathies: [Mardou Fox says]: "Men are so crazy they want the essence, the woman is the essence, there it is right in their hands but they rush off erecting big abstract constructions... they rush off and have big wars and consider women as prizes instead of human beings, well man I may be in the middle of all this shit but I certainly don't want any part of it."


[4] In Big Sur, Jack Duluoz wishes for angelic male friendships free of the threat of competition, aggression, and homosexuality (111). This wish suggests androgyny, but it is not the focus of the novel.

[5] The following song, which Sal sings one night on
a bus heading west, expresses his basic fear that he will be unable to find home:
Home in Missoula,
Home in Truckee,
Home in Opelousas,
Ain't no home for me.
Home in old Medora,
Home in Wounded Knee,
Home in Ogallala,
Home I'll never be.

[6] Geroald Nicosia notes that Kerouac considered food to be an important symbol of the source of life (335). Jack's correspondence to Carolyn Cassady substantiates this conclusion. His letters from the 1950s reveal a man who deeply loved the warm, intimate images of family, food, and home:

[Feb. 1953] "And please can I say that boy to I wanta see my children too, again, not to sound like an old Dorothy Parker I do miss my walks with Jamie and Cathy around the trees And I do want peace and will make friends with railroad men for emptying beer cases in kitchens. . ."

[Aug. 10, 1953] " . . . I feel good and wish I was having Nescafe with you now at little cutetable now" (12).

[April 17, 1959] "The money will represent my debt to Neal for all the porkchop suppers we had over the years in your dear sweet kiddie kitchen, remember (And all the pizzas)" (21-22).


[8] The following (albeit limited) sampling exemplifies Kerouac's use of language that creates a diminutive, feminine narrative voice:
1. cute English-style filling station (12)
2. cute suburban cottages (19)
3. Gene spoke tenderly (30)
4. How tenderly polite he was with his father (34)
5. cobwebby dreams (36)
6. our little hotel room (85)
7. like little lambs (89)
8. dewey-tent (94)
9. little childly piles (96)
10. sweet little Alfred (167)
11. shroudy (167-68)
12. pour draft beer in tender befuddlement (125)
13. the one man in the family who took tender concern (216)
14. y-e-a-r-s of standing on the corner have finally softened him . . . he's become sweet and willing (216)
15. we said quick good-bys to our sweet little family (223)
16. his [Stan Shepherd] tender existence (267)
17. they [Mexican polic] were lazy and tender (274)
18. [Victor's] little barefoot wife, with anxious tenderness (286)
19. Victor's sweet polite smile (292)
20. tender voice of Mexican police (295)
21. It was a pretty sight, father and son (152)
22. "Ah yes, ah ah yes, dear one," said Dean tenderly (298)


[14] Nicosia informs us that "in reality, Gery [Snyder's] favorite [saint] was Manjusri, the Bohshitva of transcendental wisdom that cuts through all delusion, including such errors as the belief in a divine spirit overseeing the universe" (495).

In 1965, Saul Bellow commented to interviewer Gordon Lloyd Harper that the Hemingway lifestyle is "one which pathetic old gentleman are still found clinging to." [1] Ten years later, Viking issued Humboldt's Gift, a novel in which Bellow openly attacked the Hemingway code hero: the narrator, Charlie Citrine, although dabbling in moments of stoic silence and envisioning himself a killer racquet ball player, is actually a highly verbal, sendentary, 60-ish older man gushing with feeling and vociferously fearful of death. As he admits during one of his many moments of significant reflection, "I don't seem to know what I think till I see what I say." [2]

Citrine is by no means a new character in the Bellow spectacular. His protagonists, particularly the burly Eugene Henderson in Henderson the Rain King, generally act out Bellow's quarrel with the popular understanding of Hemingway's definition of masculinity. [3] Unlike the strong, silent, alienated, and death-defying Hemingway man, Bellow's heroes ruminate about their pains and fears, yearning to express themselves to others who may share their intense feelings. But despite what we may indentify as Bellow's "oedipal" conflict with Hemingway [4], the son—as is often the case and although loathe to admit
it--bears a striking resemblance to his father. Bellow, like Papa before him, created a feminized male, a character whose gender role and identity are not synchronized with societal expectations.

As with the works of Joyce, Hemingway, and Kerouac, critical understanding and assessment of the feminized male in Bellow's work has progressed slowly. For the most part, interpretations have focused only on particular character traits. It is not unusual, for instance, to read that the Bellow hero is self-pitying, weak, soft, diffuse, passive, masochistic, childish, and/or sentimental. [5]

Overall, readings of Bellow, while identifying certain traits as feminine, stop short of calling the protagonists "feminized." The closest we come to such an admission in extended analysis is Jonathan Wilson's *On Bellow's Planet: Readings from the Dark Side*. Wilson argues that Bellow deals with the feminine not in his female characters but in his male protagonists who both love and fear the feminine part of themselves. He calls this part the "internal mother," who "seems to represent elements in the heroes' being--their 'feelings,' their 'love,' their 'naiveté'--that give them pleasure and offer them insight into the true and beneficial nature of the world they inhabit" (Wilson 74-75). Quite accurately, Wilson points out that the hero, while affirming this "internal mother," believes that he has coped unsuccessfully with the harsh realities of life and has thus
fails as a man.

Although Wilson's interpretation is flawed by his assumption that the Bellovian hero has failed to achieve "true" manliness (a condition that he never defines), his argument establishes new ground for us to begin to understand gender in Saul Bellow's fiction. It illustrates that Bellow, often called misogynist for his stereotypic portraits of women, does indeed treat the feminine with considerable sophistication and affirmation. Wilson's analysis also leads us away from the limitations and misrepresentations of character bifurcation, drawing us toward a more dynamic plain of unification—or at least reciprocity.

Bellow, it seems to me, is working toward this ideal in much of his fiction. In a novel such as Seize the Day, he creates a particular kind of femininized male, Tommy Wilhelm, which he reshapes over time in characters such as Eugene Henderson, Augie March, Moses Herzog, Alex Corde, and Charlie Citrine. Each represents a unique phase in a movement toward acceptance of a more integrated personality—toward androgyny, in fact. None, of course, is androgynous: as L.H. Goldman astutely notes, "impossible dreams or 'ideals' are not Bellow's province" (Goldman 111). Bellow's own words support this observation: he finds androgyny characteristic of the "dismal revolutionary style" derived from modernist
Grounded in reality, Bellow chooses instead to develop characters that address culture-bound conflicts. Thus his protagonists do not reflect a utopian existence but rather the realities that generate desire for a utopia. Their stories demonstrate that manhood is a state of being requiring on-going re-evaluation and confirmation.

Although this chapter focuses primarily on Humboldt's Gift, I would first like to review two of Bellow's earlier novels: Seize the Day (1956) and Henderson the Rain King (1958). Analysis of these will provide the foundation for our understanding of the evolution of Bellow's treatment of gender and thus a framework for our discussion of Humboldt's Gift.

In Seize the Day, the reader meets a protagonist who conforms with the "standardized" interpretation of the feminized male—the weak, paralyzed, self-pitying, ultra-sensitive victim. Tommy Wilhelm is a middle-class, post-WWII American version of T.S. Eliot's Prufrock. He shares with Prufrock the agony of deciding whether he can "dare to" and actualizes that which Prufrock envisions: Accusing eyes have fixed him "in a formulated phrase," and he has been left "pinned and wriggling on the wall." The entire world—including Wilhelm—judges him a masculine failure. He has foundered as a businessman, husband, father, and son; even the theatrical agent who
handles his ill-fated acting career casts him as the man who loses the girl to the hero. Unable to get started in life, and already middle-aged, Wilhelm sublimates his frustrations until they erupt into a cancerous bitterness; he cries out that he is no good, unloved, unlucky, and worthless.

Tommy Wilhelm dramatizes all that is negative about the feminine. In particular, he whines that he wants love and care, yet he himself cannot love and care for others. For instance, at one point, he accuses his financially secure father of forcing him to think about money:

If he was poor, I could care for him and show it. The way I could care, too, if I only had a chance. He'd see how much love and respect I had in me. It would make him a different man, too. He'd put his hands on me and give me his blessing (SD 1939).

Wilhelm's need to be loved and to love is admirable and no doubt natural, but the above declaration reveals the inner ugliness of his desires. Wilhelm's love, if it is to exist at all, must be predicated upon his father's poverty. He is also solipsistic, for his need to be blessed defeats his ability to bless. In combination, these qualities undercut any virtues the character may have and encourage the reader to doubt Wilhelm's integrity. He may cry out for love and care, he may tell us how much he has to give, but his words ring hollow and specious. Wilhelm is void of true feeling, the feeling
necessary to care for others before himself, the feeling necessary to create bonds and thus community. It is difficult to believe that Wilhelm could suddenly become a more caring individual if only he were loved and blessed "enough."

The nature of Tommy Wilhelm's femininity reveals a corrupted and tortured psyche. At the conclusion of the novella, he is left isolated with death, drowning in his own tears as he listens to his heart's all too vulnerable human tears. Even Bellow himself cannot respect his creation: as "sufferer by vocation"--not a resister [10], Wilhelm is to be pitied by his creator but not honored.

Bellow reverses the negative portrayal of the feminized male in *Henderson the Rain King*. His extravagant quest romance features a violent, wealthy, and extremely masculine American with a relentless inner voice crying, "I want, I want, I want." An obvious burlesque of the Hemingway code hero, the gargantuan Henderson strikes out for the African heart of darkness to quell that voice. In the process, he asserts his physical and intellectual prowess on the hapless natives whose paths he happens to cross. But as he travels, he learns that "I want," instead of referring to ego gratification, has more to do with "he wants/she wants/they want." In other words, he discovers, according to Bellow, that he must educate himself to feelings (Roudané 270), to listen to others,
suppressing his own needs and desires for those of others, and thereby discovering a more gentle, caring Henderson.

Henderson's path to selfhood leads directly through and to the feminine. In a wholistic sense, Africa itself stands for the feminine—the dark, the unconscious, the mother, the female [11]—that which has not been absorbed and/or tamed by occidental patriarchal consciousness. In a more narrow sense, Henderson's initial encounter with the feminine occurs when he enters the village of the Arnewi, a kind, passive, cattle-loving people. The tribe is governed by Queen Willatale, an obvious earth mother and a "Be-er" rather than a "Do-er" who imparts wisdom to Henderson. Power emanates from her huge belly draped with lion skin, and as she delivers the edict "grun-tu-molani" (man want to live), Henderson bows before a force greater than himself. Her kindness appears to encourage him to do something to help the Arnewi, and he sets forth to rid the village cistern of a multitude of green frogs that keeps the tribe from watering their cattle. But Henderson is not yet ready to be among such a gentle people. His spirit is too violent, too turbulent to accept and join with the Arnewi. His efforts to give are still grounded in masculine pride, the need to prove that he can dominate and control, and, as a result, he succeeds only in blowing up both frogs and cistern. The Arnewi water supply is destroyed and Henderson, knowing that he is not yet fit
for Arnewi companionship, strikes out for territory unknown where he can redeem himself.

His quest is fulfilled in the village of the Wariri, a war-like tribe of "chillun darkness." Here, in the midst of violence, treachery, and deceit, Henderson forces himself to "be" under the tutelage of Dahfu, the tribal King who also happens to be a quasi-Reichian psychologist.[12] Henderson is somewhat skeptical of Dahfu but senses that the survival and growth of his humanity depend upon his ability to subordinate himself to someone of greater wisdom or power. Dahfu himself recognizes Henderson's need and without hesitation begins to teach Henderson how to submit to Being itself. His principle instrument of instruction is Atti, a female lion that he keeps in the basement of the palace.

Forcing Henderson to confront Atti, Dahfu lectures on the advantages of becoming lion-like: a pure, instinctual, fluid self. Atti terrifies Henderson, as we might well expect, because she represents death. But death not only of the physical but also of the metaphysical, the latter being that of the old Henderson who struggles to prove that he is supreme among men and nature. When he crawls on all fours, roaring in imitation of Atti, his trembling voice and hulking frame represent not so much the male castrated or destroyed by the raging female as the male coming to learn that he must know another form of his own
being. This interpretation is borne out by the fact that although Henderson never achieves full lionhood he succeeds in reaching a truth. In the process of humbling his huge body before the sleek and terrifying lionness, he encounters that which T.S. Eliot sermonically sings of in The Four Quartets: the knowledge that "the only wisdom we can hope to acquire/Is the wisdom of humility..."[13]

By discovering humility, Henderson also finds love--his love for his wife Lily and for Dahfu. Unlike Tommy Wilhelm, however, Henderson acts on his love, caring for Dahfu enough to risk his own life by accompanying his friend on what is to be a tragic lion hunt. Dahfu's death pains Henderson, but he realizes that despite the loss of his friend he has gained much in terms of self-knowledge, and he returns home to Lily, his soul rejuvenated.

In the final scenes of the novel, the feminine part of Henderson, that which Willatale and Atti symbolize and which Henderson discovered in his relationship with Dahfu, is allowed full expression. Henderson "mothers" an orphan boy on the plane ride back to the states, sheltering and nurturing another human being whose little heart may very well be crying, as his own once did, "I want, I want, I want." His ability to care for others brings him great joy, and when we last see Henderson, he is in Newfoundland, gleefully running and jumping around the plane, the little boy held lovingly in his arms.
In *Henderson the Rain King*, Bellow affirms the man of feeling and tenderness. But he does not show us the lived life of such a man. Henderson's triumph lies in the fact that he is able to accept as possible a gentler part of himself. But we are never privy to the new Henderson interacting with society. On the pure, white, frozen plains of Newfoundland, alone with his child, he is isolated from society, represented by the tiny faces of the passengers staring at him through the airship windows. It is no wonder then that he can celebrate his new-found-self with such ecstasy—no censors can squelch his jubilant self-expression. Because of the nonsocial context in which Bellow places Henderson at the conclusion of his journey, he does not exemplify the feminized male as we have defined him. However, he sets the stage for the entrance and memorable performance of just such a character, Charlie Citrine.

Compared to the titanesque presence of Eugene Henderson, Charlie Citrine, a noted historian and playwright, appears to be distinctly wimpish. Bellow, like James Joyce in the process of creating Leopold Bloom, weaves into the fabric of his text obvious references to Charlie's less than manly personality. He endows him with large, emotional eyes, and a laugh that occasionally jumps into the high "bat range." He is also careful to couple the physical with complementary emotions and actions:
Charlie declares that he is almost too unstable to drive a car, and feels like "swooning" when he discovers that his beautiful silver Mercedes has been battered by a small-time mafioso. Bellow also allows Charlie to be easily out-matched by a truculent sofa-bed: "This thing is like an IQ test," he confesses to the woman he intends to seduce, "I'm flunking. I can't get the thing to open" (208).

Overall, Charlie has a somewhat enigmatic, amorphous character. Bellow never presents a full, concrete description of his face or physique, and it is difficult for the reader to determine what Charlie wants out of life. Is it to control society by publishing intellectual statements of import, or is it to live more quietly as an innocent, sweet-natured man who wants only to be helpful and to do good? [14] Charlie himself seems confused about this, just as he is bewildered by his own character. He senses that something is wrong with it, that it has and does cause trouble for him, and that he must change or "wake from the decades of sleep," which constitute much of his adult life. But identifying the "it" which plagues him is another problem altogether. Several critics have explained this anomalous quality as the result of Bellow's inability to disengage himself from the character of Charlie Citrine. [15] This explanation rests on our knowledge that Bellow wrote Humboldt's Gift as an artistic
expression of his relationship with the poet Delmore Schwartz, whose tragic life has come to symbolize for some the fragility and ill-fated nature of the twentieth-century poetic consciousness. Those who find Bellow unsuccessful in his attempt to disengage may be speculating meritoriously since the autobiographical impulse of Humboldt's Gift is much stronger than in Bellow's earlier novels where the distance between implied author and protagonist appears much greater. However, supporting the disengagement theory requires considerable biographical research (we would need to show that Bellow really is Charlie Citrine). A more immediate and verifiable explanation of Charlie's amorphous character rests in our understanding of his gender role and gender identity.

Charlie is a character with a feminine nature which he expresses in society, but, as a consequence, draws criticism from many of those who observe or interact with him. Charlie castigates himself as well, and the combination of self-doubt and societal rebuke generates his need to be more conventionally masculine. Hence, he vacillates between moments of spontaneous self-expression and moments of calculated being, ambivalent about identity and questioning his status as a man.

To a certain extent, Charlie is "being" pretending to "become," as Frederick Karl has noted [16], but this is
not to say that he lacks a quest. He quests not to be transformed (that is, to become masculine instead of feminine) but to affirm what he is and what he feels, to convince himself that that which society criticizes in his being need not necessarily be eradicated. In certain respects, *Humboldt's Gift* is a confusing narrative because Charlie himself is not always fully aware of this reality: at times, he is convinced that he must alter or reshape his character, and his concerted efforts to communicate with the spiritual world suggest life is so uncomfortable for him that he wishes to rid himself of his humanity altogether. But Charlie never evolves as many readers might expect him to, that is, he does not succeed in bringing light to the darkness that lies beyond the grave and he does not shed the temporal soul that troubles him. The reader, led by Charlie's own expressed desires and by the genre of fiction itself, anticipates dynamic character development culminating in resolution of the expressed conflict. Upon not finding his/her expectations met, that same reader may be led to agree with Jonathan Wilson who concludes that:

... there is little fictional "tension" in [*Humboldt's Gift*]. Charlie Citrine, who "knows" the static contraries of both his own personality and of the world that he inhabits, fails to be energized by them. Citrine has no quest, and con-
sequently, *Humboldt's Gift* has no real dialectical thrust (Wilson, 171). [17]

Such an interpretation is born of a consciousness that values "becoming" over "being," that is more linear and outwardly oriented. Charlie himself, as a product of western culture, tends to think that he should share this consciousness. But what we essentially encounter in the novel is a character who moves in a more circular fashion back to himself rather than in a straight line out to himself and the world. In the sense of metaphysical spatiality then, Charlie appears to have no quest because his development fails to conform to the shape of life as understood by the western mind. Instead, he delivers us to a place that for many is unfamiliar and dark, guiding himself back to that which he is.

Charlie's quest begins with his attempts to ease with his fear of death, in particular the death of his mentor and friend, the poet Von Humboldt Fleisher (based on the life of poet Delmore Schwartz). Lying supine for hours upon his sofa, Charlie meditates on both his relationship with Humboldt and the course of his life before and after Humboldt's death 15 years earlier. Many of these meditations focus on Humboldt's last days as an alienated, poverty-stricken, and crazed poetic failure. The process of remembering, with all of its false starts, repetitions, and degressions, affords Charlie the
opportunity to approach a more harmonious state of being. Simultaneously, it reveals those qualities that constitute Charlie's feminine self.

Since Humbolt's Gift takes place in the 1970s, we can begin to elucidate Charlie's convoluted self-portrait by describing him as a "new man of the seventies," the kind of man encouraged by the contemporary Women's Movement to be more gentle and sensitive. But while subscribing to this redefinition of masculinity, Charlie, as the reader quickly learns, was a "new" man long before popular women's magazines and talk-show hosts began to demand his emergence and acceptance. Charlie's memories show us that over time his personality is consistently marked by demonstrations of kindness ranging from providing charity for those closest to him to giving to relative strangers. As a result, a dominant theme emerging from the text testifies to man's boundless capacity to love. [18]

Although we are told very little about Charlie's childhood, we do know that as a small boy he felt immense love for his family. In adult life, this love is directed into selfless acts for others. His goodness is most intimately portrayed in his memories of Demmie Vonghel, one of Charlie's two true loves. Demmie is an incredible amalgamation of conflicting impulses. An ex-juvenile delinquent, Latin teacher, and daughter of a fundamentalist preacher, she suffers from hell-fire
nightmares. Charlie loves and respects her immensely, but at this time, he treats her with special tenderness, tucking her into bed with a motherly "off you go" (141) and holding her closely to break the nightmare cycle. Certainly with less physicality but equal magnanimity, Charlie unselfishly agrees to help Humboldt finagle an endowed poetry chair at Princeton in the early Fifties. Later, Demmie declares that he is indeed a good man when he refuses to prosecute the manic Humboldt who, enraged over Charlie's success as a playwright, pickets the theatre where Charlie's hit Von Trenck is playing. And in keeping with his feelings for his friend, he does not contest the fact that Humboldt loots his bank account by cashing a blood-brother check for over $6000 while he is in South America searching for Demmie after her fatal plane crash.

Charlie even feels sympathy for Rinaldo Cantabile, the obnoxious, small-time hoodlum who tows him all over Chicago on a round of humiliating experiences to make him atone for stopping payment on a check for gambling debts. Although Cantabile bullies and threatens Charlie, Charlie somehow always manages to look with kindness upon his tormentor, maintaining a basic fondness for humanity, even when forced by Cantabile into such a disagreeable task as taking him to the toilet:

... his bowels were acting up, he had been caught short, he had to go to the
toilet, and I was to go with him. He wouldn't allow me to wait in the street. "Okay," I said, "just take it easy and I'll lead you" (79).

Charlie's charity in this case becomes more striking when we compare it to a similar scene from *Seize the Day* in which Tommy Wilhelm is coerced into leading a crippled old man to a cigar store. Unlike Charlie, Wilhelm is outraged at the inconvenience. Barely managing to appear civil, he mutters at the man: "Come on, you old creeper" (SD, 1969). Bitterness and hatred for the old man consume him, hostility for someone who has really done nothing to hurt him. But Charlie, who is literally kidnapped by Cantabile and has good reason to loathe him, is able to act kindly towards his harasser.

It seems that Charlie just can't be angered. An aura of forgiveness and tolerance illuminates his presence in the novel. He is accommodating—often charming—to those less tolerant than himself. For instance, when his ex-wife Denise accuses him of ruining his life, he agrees with her (41). Earlier in his career, when snubbed by a Professor Sewell at Princeton, he does not respond with hostility despite Humboldt's virulent demand that he "grasp the insult, get sore" (121). Not wanting to be a threat to Sewell, he sees no reason why Sewell, with his "Prufrock subtleties," should threaten him (119). He
is also frequently helpful to Cantabile, not only taking him to the toilet but entertaining him by talking "high brow" on cue, the latter feat one that he also gladly performs for his brother Julius and his high school sweetheart, Naomi Lutz. He tolerates numerous and frequently outrageous autobiographical artifices from his friend Pierre Thaxter, a good-natured but highly eccentric confidence man. Charlie's accommodating attitude toward Thaxter emanates from his belief that people die if they cannot say good things about themselves: he contends that one has to have a heart and grant others this life-saving liberty (237). Even when one of his oldest and best friends, Alec Szathmar, rages, "You're nothing but a prick with a pen," Charlie doesn't take offense: "I thought this was a whopping epithet and I laughed. If you only put it right you could say what you liked to me" (213).

But more often than not, a person can even put it badly and Charlie will tolerate the insult. As his girl friend Renata observes, Charlie does not seem to "know the ABC of selfishness" (297). His "sweetness and light" distinguishes him from the other players on his stage, for the most part aggressive, demanding types, and thus to elevate him to a position of moral superiority. Expressions of his love for others engage our sympathies and admiration. But as is usually, and paradoxically the
case with gender, that which signifies moral ascension can also point to moral descension. Charlie's selflessness, while it sets him above the low-life who tend to populate his world, does not always work in his favor; his selfless gestures often strip him of his halo, vesting him with the identity of weak, ineffectual victim. Charity born of goodness dissolves into submissiveness that can becomes increasingly uncomfortable for the reader to witness and experience.

Cantabile is the one to whom Charlie submits most often, and at one point, he admits that he is applying a strategy of submissiveness and agreement to rid himself of the mustachioed mafioso. But the tactic fails miserably--Cantabile becomes his dark shadow, pursuing him throughout Chicago and across the Atlantic, humiliating him in public, invading his privacy, and threatening his life. Charlie is almost equally as pliable with his old friend George Sweibel who initially introduced him to Cantabile at a poker game and then ordered Charlie to stop payment on his check for the losses. Charlie knows that the less aggressive act, paying his debt to Cantabile, would have been the saner thing to do, but he capitulates, either to George's raised voice of authority or to his stance as an expert on the underground--Charlie's not exactly sure which pulls more weight. His relationship with his ex-wife is conducted along much the same lines.
Denise, described as inheriting the personality of her grandfather, a precinct captain, is blessed with a litigious nature. She drags Charlie in and out of court, determined to increase her share of the divorce settlement. On the obligatory occasions when they talk, her conversation takes on a stridently masculine tone and is punctuated with epithets directed at the voluptuous Renata and prophecies intended to warn Charlie of his intellectual and moral decay. Charlie still fears the power Denise wields, and, for the most part, listens meekly to her harangues, surrendering to her legal demands. Unfortunately, his submissiveness only increases her thirst for blood (i.e., Charlie's money).

His affair with Renata appears less bellicose, but Charlie also allows her to dictate many of his actions: she talks him into giving her a great deal of money and taking her to Europe on several occasions. In addition, she convinces him that he should purchase the sleek silver Mercedes which she feels befits his status as an award-winning author. His friend Thaxter milks him for money as well, and Charlie's unselfish willingness to co-sign a loan for Thaxter costs him 50 shares of IBM stock when Thaxter defaults.

Although intellectually and financially superior to many of his "significant others," Charlie consistently assumes the subordinate role in relationships, allowing
others to function as agents for him (103) and/or to
direct his thoughts and actions. This behavior is
indicative of a more feminine consciousness, and Charlie
is to some degree cognizant of this fact. In a
description of Humboldt's attitude toward his (Humboldt's)
wife Kathleen, Charlie connects his own actions to those
of woman:

I saw the position into which Humboldt had
placed Kathleen and I put it into words:
Lie here. Hold still. Don't wiggle. My
happiness may be peculiar, but once happy
I will make you happy, happier than you ever
dreamed. . . .then I thought that Kathleen
must have secret feminine reasons for going
along. I too was supposed to hold still.
Humboldt had plans also for me, beyond
Princeton. When he wasn't a poet he was a
fanatical schemer. And I was peculiarly
susceptible to his influence (21-22).

The sexual metaphors are finely delineated in this
passage. Charlie, by equating himself with Kathleen,
identifies himself as the female who is expected to look
to a male (e.g., Humboldt, Sweibel, Cantabile) or to a
masculine figure (Denise, Renata) for guidance. As the
female/feminine, his job is to act "good," to lie still
and to let the other have his/her way, although acting
"good" does not always bring him the kind of happiness
Humboldt promised.

Further evidence of this identification with the
feminine appears in his descriptions and analyses of Judge
Urbanovich who presides over Denise's alimony suit. The
judge brazenly sides with Denise, and Charlie, rather than voice his indignation at Urbanovich's prejudice, remains silent before the judge. He subdues his desire for passionate speech based on the literary-laden reasoning that while Lear's daughters and Shylock's Christians would have understood his message, Urbanovich never would (224).

As a result of this self-identity, Charlie occasionally exhibits passive-aggressive tendencies. His goodness and tolerance are genuine, but the position of subordinate strains his ego, as one might expect. He is well aware that in many cases others are manipulating him, and as a man equipped with both the strengths and weaknesses inherent in the human condition, he at times feels compelled to retaliate for the wrongs done to him. Like Leopold Bloom, he seldom takes direct action. For instance, in response to Sewell's snubbing, Charlie, although not "sore" or angered, is somewhat disturbed. But rather than attack Sewell, he channels his feelings in a more productive direction: ". . . such vexations always filled me with energy as well. And if I later became such a formidable mass of credentials it was because I put such slights to good use. I avenged myself by making progress" (32). Years later, the annoyance still needles him, and as he reads Sewell's obituary, he takes pleasure in concluding that "death is good for some people" (32). His response to Cantabile is much the same. Cantabile indeed
gives him just cause for hating him, even for wishing him dead, and Charlie does upon occasion entertain savage thoughts about the man. When Cantabile sets up Charlie as a hitman, leading to the arrest of both men, Charlie silently instructs the police to "... manacle the son of a bitch, twist his arms behind him, and cut into the flesh." His attitude toward Denise during their marriage is more hostile. He resents her attempts to "civilize" him, to remove all traces of his working-class, immigrant heritage. In response, knowing that she does not like George Sweibel, he slyly finds a reason to invite him home for dinner in order to make her angry (40).

In all three of these cases, however, Charlie cannot fully commit himself to vindictive behavior—even in relatively harmless form. He may resent Sewell's snubbing, but he regrets eulogizing the man as he did. Cantabile may deserve being manacled, but Charlie, having thought such a savage thing, doesn't really want to see it happen. As for the episode with Denise, Charlie's "bat" or feminine laughter gives him away. While Denise vents her displeasure, he laughs and his usual basso profundo disappears into the "bat range," partly from embarrassment, he explains. The text implies that his feminine laughter, inappropriate in this context (one in which he presumably wishes to dominate Denise) signals his discomfort caused by an act that hurts both Denise and his friend George.
Humboldt notes Charlie's passive-aggressive tendency, these hidden resentments and desires, and one evening accidentally blurts a warning to Demmie Vonghel: "You've got to watch it with Charlie... [he's] a real devil" (17). We can safely assume that Charlie is not a devil; nothing in the text leads us to accept Humboldt's words at face value. But while he exaggerates Charlie's character, he correctly identifies something of which Charlie himself is aware. Charlie is conscious of the fact that he thinks ill of people at times, that he is not as good and kind as he would like to be or as good and kind as others think him to be. It is interesting to note that he associates this hidden fault with the feminine, specifically with his youngest daughter Mary. He finds Mary to be less pretty than her sister but more attractive because she is more like her father: "secretive" and "greedy" are the adjectives he uses to link the two. The fact that she lies and steals more than most little girls endears her to him (69).

Charlie also likes the fact that Mary flatters and squeezes him precociously, and here we can speculate that her attentions appeal to Charlie not only because they bolster his sense of fatherhood but also because they pander to his vanity. For Charlie is a dandy of the first class—certainly more of an F. Scott Fitzgerald man than an Ernest Hemingway type. He exemplifies refined,
middle-class tastes, a reverence for cleanliness and a persistent awareness of how to behave in public. His dandyism emerges most noticeably in his abundant references to clothing. When describing clothes, he studiously notes fine color distinctions, names the most exclusive brands, and identifies particular styles popular during the seventies. He points out Cantabile's stylish belt on his hip-huggers, his brown raglan coat and "exquisite" tan kid boots (76); the coat is especially significant to him because of its large Oriental-treasure buttons (82). Renata wins his approval because she wears spangled textured panty hose, a maxi-coat, mini skirts, amethyst felt hats cut in a seventeenth-century style, and Rothko-designed rain-wear. As for himself, he takes a certain pride in his cashmere socks and can still remember that 25 years earlier, on the day of his Princeton interview with Sewell, Demmie had dressed him in "charcoal gray, in a button-down collar, a knitted maroon necktie, and maroon cordovan shoes" (33).

Charlie spends a good deal of time cataloguing these cosmetic accoutrements, despite the fact that he knows such vanity to be foolish. It has contributed to the guilt he feels concerning Humboldt's death, and he repeatedly meditates on the last time that he saw Humboldt alive, just two months before his death. Humboldt stood eating a pretzel on a New York sidewalk, poverty and death
covering him like bag worms on a bush. Paralyzed by the pathetic sight of his former friend, Charlie could only manage to hide behind a parked car, unable to approach Humboldt because:

... there was money in my pockets and I had been window-shopping on Madison Avenue. If any Cardin or Hermès necktie pleased me I could buy it without asking the price.... I wore boxer shorts of combed Sea Island cotton at eight bucks a pair. ... so how could I talk to Humboldt? (7)

Charlie's vanity is clearly linked to money and to fame, two phenomena that cause him great ambivalence. Enamored of both, he remembers that when he first experienced the success of Von Trenck, he was exhilarated by the money, the fan mail, and the recognition he received from influential people. The thrill tends to linger: He still likes the fact that he could, if necessary, draw large advances from publishers, that his name appears in gossip columns, and that he has the connections necessary to get him a decent table in a decent New York restaurant. But at the same time, this kind of gratification shames him. Such worldly signs of success repulse him, leading him to declare that fame and its bedfellow, wealth, destroy a person's rational faculties--just like "picking up a dangerous wire fatal to ordinary folks. ... like the rattlesnakes handled by hillbillies in a state of religious exaltation" (157).

Although his awards and publications bring him large
sums of money, Charlie seems not to value the money or the works themselves as much as his vanity might lead one to believe. He concurs with Humboldt's dagger-sharp pun that his Pulitzer prize is "for the birds--for the pullets." An award given him by the French government earns equal ridicule: he explains that the green ribbon is "the sort of thing they give to pig-breeders and to people who improve the garbage cans" (181). The money correlated with these honors has little life of its own. He acts as an interest-free loan institution for his friends, simultaneously taking no interest in making his money work for him as does his brother Julius, the construction mogul. In fact, he denies responsibility for his wealth: "But such sums as I made, made themselves. Capitalism made them for dark comical reasons of its own. The world did it" (2). He is distinctly naive about money, does not manage it well, and openly acknowledges the fact that he feels "shaken when forced to fret about money" (234). His memories of conversations with Humboldt show us that Charlie was never very concerned about the strategies of money-making, a quality that remains constant throughout the novel (132). At the conclusion, after he has actually negotiated a lucrative movie contract, he decides that his basic feeling about money has been right all along: what his brother calls the Romance of Business is very shallow, nothing but pushiness, rapidity, and effrontery.
In interviews, Bellow has explicated Charlie's mixed feelings about money, fame, and business by describing him as "a man who, by having success, has excused himself from success" (Fuchs 241). While a reader need always treat with caution a writer's explanation of his/her characters, Bellow's statement does shed some light on Charlie Citrine, suggesting that once he has attained success (i.e., manhood) he can renounce it—having grasped the brass ring, he need no longer ride the merry-go-round. But Bellow's use of the word "excuse" only begins to explain Charlie's feelings and behavior. Charlie excuses himself from success because he fears it. [19] Paradoxically, he enjoys the fruits of success while equating success with destruction. Regarding the latter, he continually associates his own success (i.e., destruction) with forces in his life (e.g., Julius, Renata, Denise—even Demmie to a certain extent) that have encouraged him to behave as a wealthy and famous man "should" behave—in other words, to display his success and to channel his energy into maintenance of that success.

We can attribute Charlie's ambivalence about success to the interplay of three factors: his understanding of American culture, his own predilection for more refined literary endeavors, and the type of writing that he himself produces. As a writer, he pursues a
nonconventional career, but, as Alvin Kernan points out, he succeeds at it because his writing "is not the oeuvre of a poet or any great imaginative writer, but the market-place determined writing of a man who gives the world what it wants and will buy" (Kernan 185). Charlie is essentially a journalist—not a creative artist. His biographies of famous Americans and a swash-buckling play entertain the public and thus have value for them. Charlie wrestles with this reality, preferring identity with the poet, as exemplified by Humboldt, with the kind of writing and writer which America considers effeminate and upon which it refuses to bestow sizable financial rewards.

This theme is repeated several times in the novel, first by Humboldt himself who declares that "Lincoln knew Shakespeare well and quoted him at the crises of his life. . . .Frontiersmen were never afraid of femininity, it was the eunuchoid clergy capitulating to vulgar masculinity that made religion and art sissy things" (26). With this speech, Humboldt functions as a mouthpiece for Bellow's own sentiments: In a 1953 review of Philip Young's psychoanalytic study of Hemingway's art, Bellow commented that:

There has been a fierce half-hidden struggle in American society to establish a typical personality, and in this struggle the poets have come out
poorly. Journalists, soldiers, administrators, movie directors, and publicity men have pushed them aside. In the last century, many American statesmen and leaders were also literary men. Lincoln was a great writer and his original personality was formed under literary influences. But one of the worst insults of any of Hemingway's books is uttered by a woman in To Have and Have Not. "You writer" she says to her lover. Meaning, of course, "You wrong sort of writer or Mere writer."[20]

Charlie is quick to pick up the refrain. After Humboldt's death, he reflects on the fact that America seems to take a macabre pride in its dead poets, concluding that society relishes such deaths only because they testify to the country's ruggedness and toughness. The poet, an emissary of the spirit, devotes himself to "a school, skirt, and church thing," is proven weak by his eventual childishness, madness, drunkenness, and despair (114). His death justifies the existence of the cruel, hard American.

Throughout his narration, Charlie butts up against this American reality. The world is populated with ruthless people--violent men and women like Cantabile and Denise who are motivated solely by their own greed; businessmen interested only in building, to use Kerouac's expression, "big constructions" and brutalizing whomever stands in their way. Those institutions created to protect the populace from such domination are just as corrupt and violent. Defenders of justice such as Judge Urbanovich take pleasure in making the little guy squirm,
and lawyers like those representing Denise are "Cannibals". The police follow suit. Although Charlie observes that the country has entered an "entirely new stage in the history of human consciousness that now encourages the police to take psychology courses," the Chicago cops still ring door bells "like brutes" and stand on Persian carpets, their hardware clinking and their hips and bellies swelled and bulged (49). Charlie's world is overrun with men and women sporting "cop-souls," all seemingly bent on instructing him in the nature of reality. Their middle-class materialism and ego-centered morality represent the epitome of crass masculinity.

Charlie considers himself a man of sensibility, a more refined and delicate soul, and as such he is overwhelmed and shocked by the cruelty of the humanity that confronts him. He cannot accept Renata's concept of the human condition: "You work you get bread, you lose a leg, kiss some fellows, have a baby, you live to be eighty and bug hell out of everybody, or you get hung or drowned" (416). It is this sensibility that distinguishes Charlie's femininity, establishing his identity as an artistic temperament set apart from the more violent, materialistic, and rational world, a persona firmly grounded in the tradition of American literature. Jeanne Braham explains in her cogent study of Bellow as Americanist that:

humanly significant truth is 'of the
heart' and is more likely to come within the receptive state Hawthorne called the 'passive sensibility.' While Bellow's novels never deny the purposeful grasp of directed thinking, truth more often comes through the intuitions and the heart. [21]

In order to broach the discussion of what "feeling" and "heart" may signify for Charlie, we can investigate his attitude toward sex. Sex and the heart, or love, are frequently equated in contemporary America [Glicksberg 148], a cultural calculus to which Charlie also adheres. Thus an analysis of his attitude toward sex can help to clarify its apparent, tripartate equivalent: heart/love/feeling. Charlie's narrative suggests that for at least part of his life he understood sex as a way to show love and to receive love. During his marriage to Denise, for example, whenever he sunk into a melancholy, death-fearing mood, "love [sex] was the remedy" (111). Sex, or the act of creating life, enabled him to combat fear of the after-life. In this case, love/sex also represented Denise's willingness to care for him in a time of crisis. But overall, Charlie doesn't seem all that concerned about the sex act itself. He often refers to female anatomy (breasts, clitoris, and legs), but it is the feeling of connection, symbolized by sex, that is most important to him. This point is illustrated in his relationships with Renata and Naomi Lutz. In the former, she is the one primarily concerned with physical
gratification, a fact which Bellow graphically communicates by granting her the pleasure of masturbating in public with Charlie's foot under a restaurant table. Charlie, however, values Renata for the closeness and tenderness he garners from sleeping with her. His favorite sleeping position is to lie against her back, his arms wrapped around her, a breast held firmly in each hand. Her female power flows through him, filling him with warmth and security, thus rendering the act of sleep more satisfying than the act of sex. One might explain Charlie's attitude toward sex as a factor of age—as a man of almost 60, he is well past his sexual prime. However, his memories of his first love, Naomi, are similar and even less sexual. As a passionate young man, he wrapped himself in her raccoon coat, a symbol of perfect love or being "safely within life," wishing that he could sleep with her for forty years. These feelings are not those that we usually associate with an adult male (this is not to say that many men do not or cannot feel this way), but are rather those of a small boy for his mother or of a woman for her lover. As a psychiatrist informs Charlie, "To [a woman] the [sex] act itself is far less important than the occasion of tenderness" (158), and we can add that for Charlie, too, these words hold special meaning.

The heart also leads Charlie to establish tenacious, long-lasting bonds with people as well as places relevant
to his personal history. He is sentimentally attached to the house in Appleton, Wisconsin, where he was born, and to the Chicago neighborhood where he grew up. When he thinks of the destruction and urban decay of the latter, he becomes decidedly melancholy, believing that

You'd have to loathe yourself vividly to be indifferent to such destruction or, worse, rejoice at the crushing of the locus of those middle-class sentiments, glad that history had made rubble of them (72).

Those who rejoice are "tough guys" in Charlie's book, "informers to the metaphysical-historical police against fellows. . . . whose hearts ache at the destruction of the past" (72).

His attachment to old friends is even stronger. Boyhood pals from his youth, such as George Sweibel and Alec Szarthmar, are placed in a category which Charlie labels "sacred." Pierre Thaxter belongs here too, with those for whom Charlie has passionate feelings no matter how they abuse him, no matter how conscious he is of this abuse. He finds in all of them a simplicity and purity of heart that endears them to him: "Nature, instinct, heart" guide them (40). His brother Julius, whom he affectionately calls Ulick, is another for whom he has vivid, almost hysterically intense feelings. Julius is the antithesis of Charlie; a wealthy Texas businessman, he materializes in Charlie's mind surrounded by his wealth,
almost a royal personage controlling vast acres and thousands of serfs. He is also a violent man who shuns the past, appears to lack all sentiment, and gloats over a brutish sort of anti-intellectualism. But Charlie loves him nonetheless, immediately rushing to his side when he learns that he is to have open-heart surgery.

Using Julius as exemplar, Charlie explains that his love for these individuals is based on familial bonds:

...mainly he's my brother Ulick. Some people are so actual that they beat down my critical powers. Once they're there--inarguable, incontestable--nothing can be done about them. Their reality matters more than my practical interests. Beyond a certain point of vividness I become passionately attached (344).

In this passage, Charlie denies responsibility for his feelings (an indicator that he is not entirely comfortable with them as we will discuss later), but his words expose more than discomfort—they expose a more feminine relational mode of identification, a mode of thought elevating the needs of others above one's own "practical interests." This understanding of self can perhaps account for Charlie's subordinate position and apparent passivity in relationships, that when connected to another, it is the "other" who becomes paramount. Thus we may conclude that Charlie is willing to suffer abuse rather than to sever, and thus violate, the life of the attachment. This argument may also account for the fact
that Charlie tells us nothing about his divorce from Denise. He seems more "married" to her than to Renata, there being little qualitative difference between their pre-divorce and post-divorce relationships. While he may dislike his "ex," she appears to be one of those whose reality matters more to Charlie than his own.

As a man guided by his heart, Charlie is often compelled by his urges to appeal for help. Masculine stoic silence is behavior that he acknowledges but finds fundamentally antithetical to his being. When in need, he has an overwhelming desire to commiserate with others, to seek solace and someone with whom he can "walk the stations of the cross." During such times, his first impulse is to turn to his friend George Sweibel, as he does when Renata temporarily breaks off their relationship. Her action depresses him, and to cope with his broken heart, he moves in with George Sweibel. But he is still so tormented that he is awakened each night by his own tears. It is interesting that George approves of, almost applauds, these emotional outbursts, respecting "[a] man in his fifties who can break up and cry over a girl..." (183). Here, Bellow, and we must give him credit, acknowledges male emotional pain and the intense expression of it. In effect, he demonstrates that a man can suffer from a broken heart and can communicate his pain with tears—and that he can do so freely in front of
"immigrant loving" refers to Charlie's Jewish heritage, this is one possible explanation for the intense expression of feeling that has led some critics to call Charlie long suffering and masochistic. Bellow himself has denied consciously creating Jewish characters, and in an interview with the late Chirantan Kulshrestha, states that

I have just written as Saul Bellow. I have never tried to appeal to a community, I never thought of writing for Jews exclusively. I never wanted to. I think of myself as a person of Jewish origin--American and Jewish--who has had a certain experience of life, which is in part Jewish. Proportions are not for me to decide (15).

L. H. Goldman, however, contends that a certain proportion of the Bellow hero, specifically his sensitivity, is an expression of the Jewish reverence for brotherly love or sensitivity to people (Goldman 198). Goldman's argument rests on the distinction between Old World Jewish and New World American societal structures. She maintains that the Old World Jew, living in the close quarters of the ghetto, took it for granted that everyone's problems were to be treated as his/her own--momentously. Americans, in contrast, created a more competitive and fragmented society, one in which the individual is more egocentric and reluctant to become involved in another's problems (Goldman 197). According to this taxonomy, Charlie, as he admits, is still Old World.
Bellow's portrait of Charlie is a brave and realistic rendition of the problematic nature of male relationships. It gives artistic form to what Andrew Tolson calls the masculine mask of silence, the invisible shield that makes it extremely difficult for men to talk about personal feelings of weakness or jealousy, that conceals the emptiness of emotional lives. Charlie is a man who wants and needs to throw off his mask, to break through certain barriers of masculine social etiquette--and can do so within a very limited circle of friends. But when forced outside that sphere, his needs and feelings, which are very human and legitimate, go unrecognized, leaving him isolated and convinced that he suffers from neurotic impulses.

Charlie attributes his intense feelings to the fact that as a small boy he contracted tuberculosis and had to spend several months in a sanitorium separated from his family. We learn from Naomi Lutz, however, that his entire family shared these feelings. Naomi identifies the trait as an Old World/New World conflict, calling Charlie's family "a bunch of greenhorns and aliens, too damn emotional" (288). Charlie acknowledges this phenomenon of "immigrant loving," believing that his father and Julius were somehow able to overcome this handicap and become Americanized but that he did not.

While Bellow never specifically tells us that
another man who will provide loving support and comfort. Rather than telling Charlie to "be a man," to pull himself together and forget Renata, George repudiates "hardboiled-dom." The care he offers Charlie encourages us to ask, "Why should a man cry alone at night when he can share his tears with another human being?"

However, Bellow also underscores the uniqueness of Charlie's friendship with George, clearly partitioning it from Charlie's other more typical male relationships. While Charlie can express himself to George, he realizes that he cannot assume the same liberty with other men simply because he may need to or want to. For instance, when George is not available to take Charlie's "heart-injured" call after the desecration of his Mercedes, Charlie considers consulting with Vito Langobardi, an upper-eshelon mafioso and member of Charlie's athletic club. Charlie desperately wants to sit down with Vito and plead, "I need your help; what can you tell me about Cantabile?" But the unspoken regulations governing male relationships prohibit Charlie from articulating his confession: At the club, club members do not talk business or reveal personal needs. Charlie confronts the same barrier in his relationship with his brother and Pierre Thaxter; he yearns to confide in them, to open his "oppressed heart," but is kept from doing so by his knowledge that such a declaration is taboo.
However, we can also incorporate gender in this argument to explain why Charlie's sensitivity sets him apart from American men. Goldman does not take into account the fact that American women are more prone than American men to consider their feelings significant and worthy of attention. By applying this distinction, we can deduce that Charlie's Jewish heritage, having bequeathed him a validation of expression of feeling, sets him adrift in a culture which has trained its men to suppress their feelings. Charlie then appears to be an alien not only because of his immigrant family but also because his immigrant/Jewish heritage equips him with a prescription of masculinity that contradicts the American/secular understanding of manhood.

Bellow's portrait of Charlie in this respect is a sympathetic one. The novel seems to say that those who can feel—for themselves and for others—are more truly human, although such a spirit requires extraordinary effort. Bellow stresses this point early and vividly in the novel by juxtaposing a particularly brutal description of Chicago with Charlie's memory of his feelings after running from the dying Humboldt. In utter despair, Charlie abandons a lucrative Life Magazine assignment to fly back to Chicago, a city that on that hot summer night could have passed for a twentieth-century tier in Dante's hell:

Chicago, this night, was panting, the
big urban engines going, tenements
blazing in Oakwood with great shawls of
flame, the sirens weirdly yelping, the
fire engines, ambulances, and police
cars--mad-dog, gashing-knife weather,
a rape and murder night, thousands of
hydrants open, spraying water from both
breasts....Bands of kids prowled with
hand-guns and knives (110-111).

In the midst of this urban horror, a reality that rips
asunder the human body and its spirit, Charlie can still
feel for himself and for Humboldt. In the midst of
contemporary hatred and the destruction it reaps, Charlie
runs to Denise for comfort, for love, for human bonding.

Denise, however, and many of the other characters in
the novel do not share Bellow's or Charlie's affirmation
of the feeling human being. En masse, his "Reality
Instructors" criticize Charlie to his face; their lesson
plans designed to teach him how and why he personifies
failed manhood. Denise considers him a failure as a
father and husband, attempting, as Charlie interprets her
post-divorce actions, to make a woman of him and a man of
Renata. Even before their divorce, she criticized his
feelings as "operatic bullshit," challenging him to do
something instead of just sitting and feeling something.
Renata responds similarly, accusing him of "twittering
like a ten-year-old girl" and comparing him to a
mandolin-player who needlessly tickles every note of
sentiment and deep feeling at least ten times (338). She
is also vexed because he will not play "hardball" with
Denise in court; while Charlie wants to represent human
dignity, Renata encourages him to crush the opposition (182). Judge Urbanovich sides with both women on the issue of Charlie's character. He ridicules Charlie's sensitivity as a creative individual and in patronizing fashion lectures him that the court is duty bound to teach him to accept his responsibilities to the middle-class institutions of marriage and family. An equally harsh critic, Julius Citrine thinks that Charlie's family sentiments render him a "sort of idiot," feels exasperated by his younger brother's inability to handle money, and asks him why he could not have been a tough-type intellectual, like Herman Kahn or Milton Friedman. Even Naomi Lutz tells him that he ought to assert himself more often rather than allowing others to impose on him at will.

It is Rinaldo Cantabile, however, who most often levels the gun of masculine criticism at Charlie. He sneeringly refers to him as "granny," an orange flamingo, and a vain, childish man who fosters the reputation of ladies' man only because he is incapable of impressing real men. To Cantabile, Charlie's gentleness and kindness constitute "a kind of paralysis. Absolutely unreal" (178)—qualities that classify him as fossil material best kept in Chicago's Field Museum. Cantabile treats Charlie like a weak, passive intellectual, a rather amusing oddity, extremely easy to exploit and manipulate.
Charlie does not perceive himself to be as passive as Cantabile believes him to be. He reasons that he goes along with the third-class gangster because he is "absorbed in determining what a human being is. . . Cantabile may have believed that he was abusing a passive man. Not at all. I was a man active elsewhere" (85). In this respect, Charlie again resembles Leopold Bloom. Just as Bloom takes pleasure in secret, highly creative, mental exercises, Charlie spends much of his time meditating on the human condition, his own past, and Von Humboldt Fleisher. Charlie's reveries are also very creative endeavors. In fact, Humboldt exists for the reader largely because Charlie creates him for us, allowing us to share his meditations on the poet. Charlie utilizes his relationship with Cantabile as "studio time," creating these mental masterpieces while Cantabile wisks him around Chicago. Charlie, then, is correct; his behavior appears to be unresisting--but to those with limited definitions of both active and passive.

This explanation does not mean, however, that Charlie is comfortable with his more feminine self and that he remains unaffected by the gender criticism he receives. His self-assessments reveal a man who is ambivalent about his gender role. As we have already noted, he is well aware that his character is not quite "right," that he does not seem to fit well in society, that he should be
doing something that others recognize as "doing." On occasion, he tries to justify certain of the characteristics that mark him as different, as he does with Naomi Lutz when they discuss his "immigrant loving": "I wonder whether mine is such an exceptional case of longing-heart-itis. It's unreal, of course, perverse. But it's also American, isn't it? When I say American I mean uncorrected by the main history of human suffering" (289). His question, designed to produce confirmation rather than to elicit information, illustrates that Charlie wants to assimilate, to be one of the crowd. As a result, he belittles his own "odd" behavior. Calling himself a "born patsy," fearful, absurd, and comically innocent, he sarcastically announces that he is habitually helpful, a good learner, an eager, heart-melting, concerned Charlie Citrine. His lack of aggression causes him to wonder if he is a limited human being, and, at times, he seems intent on overcoming his mooning and muddiness, contending that he hates his middle-class sentimentality.
Other self-descriptions in concert with the above reveal a polarized identity. While ridiculing his femininity, he also sees himself as hypermasculine, a condition that produces deep uneasiness for him. Believing himself to be a passive killer, he confesses that in secret he is "an ambitious man, a despot, a czar" (134). Nothing in Charlie's narration supports this kind of hyperbole, and here we need to question Charlie's ability to judge himself. He definitely has ambitions; in fact, he opens the novel by admitting that he sought out Humboldt because he admired his luck, talent, and fame. But Charlie does nothing to convince us that he feeds tyrannical impulses. One explanation for this self-degradation is that it helps Charlie cope with a problematic personality. If he cannot fully express and accept his goodness, his willingness to subordinate himself to others, he can create for himself a compensatory psychic metaphor to conform with the tyrannical reality of the human condition as he perceives it in the world. [23] In effect, he is saying to himself: "Everyone is telling me to grow up, to stop caring--we know that you're really just trying to control us--underneath, you're just like us." He serves as a vessel for their own self hatred. By creating such an image, he legitimizes a male self which conforms and thus communes with the external world.
As a result, he informs himself that his desire for help and his wish that others might also be good are ultimately unrealistic expectations. Such "wants" are residue of Victorian gentility, he decides—-an "abominable American innocence" that should have died with Woodrow Wilson. Therefore when such desires creep into his consciousness, he is convinced that he deserves punishment. An excellent example of this thought process is found in a description of his relationship with the two lawyers, Tomcheck and Srole, who represent him in his legal battle with Denise. He believes that these men are determined to "hack him up," although, again, Charlie's reliability is suspect: we are given no evidence of their antipathy other than Charlie's own observations and torment. He considers himself:

... completely dependent upon this fearful pain. In fact this was part of my ecstasy. It was terrific. Tomcheck and Srole were just what I deserved. It was only right that I should pay a price for coming on so innocent and expecting the protection of those less pure, of people completely at home in the fallen world (214).

In essence, Charlie convinces himself that he deserves the pain of punishment because he is not strong enough, self-sufficient enough, or worldly enough—-in other words, manly enough. The use of the word "ecstasy" in the above passage implies that he is masochistic, that
he enjoys that pain and wishes to be subject to force. It is dangerous, however, to accept this implication without reservation. Analogous to the case of Hemingway's Jake Barnes, Charlie is not a pathological personality, literally deriving pleasure from pain. While he may describe his situation in terms connoting masochism, his understanding of the condition is a popularized rather than clinical definition. I posit that Charlie is more probably using pain as a tool to expiate guilt related to a character that is not socially acceptable, an effort that in and of itself is a healthy, desirable goal. [24]

The truth is that Charlie can, when necessary, act masculine in what I consider a positive sense. Early in his relationship with Cantabile, he takes an authoritative stand against answering questions about Humboldt posed by Cantabile's wife, a Ph.D. candidate writing her dissertation on the poet. Later, he deals aggressively with Cantabile's suggestions that he "bump off" Denise and kidnap one of Charlie's daughters. In response to these violent ideas, Charlie takes Cantabile's loaded Magnum, points it at him, and promises to shoot him if he ever threatens his family again (178). In both instances, Charlie's assertiveness, born of deeply held moral convictions, produces the desired results—Cantabile backs down.

Charlie remains nonplussed by his own behavior. He
seems to move effortlessly and quickly from the passive to the aggressive, an ability which suggests an androgynous personality. But Charlie never reflects on the significance of his most masculine moments: they do not impress Charlie or convince him of his manhood. To the contrary, many of his thoughts expose his on-going need to see himself and to be seen as more masculine. This need manifests itself in several ways, one of the more obvious being the symbolic significance which he attaches to the physical body. He regularly works out at a gym and is proud of the fact that as a man of almost 60 he can still out-run a mugger who accosts him in the street. His thoughts are interspersed with fantasies about being a demon racquet ball player who defeats all the "skinny, hairy, speedy fellows" at his club—all those who in reality refuse to play with him because he is a "dud" (105). His relationship with Renata helps him to compensate for his "weakling" image, however; one of the major reasons why he enjoys her company is the fact that her youth and voluptuous body make him feel younger and thus more masculine. He also glows whenever anyone mentions how popular he is with the ladies, that he is a "sexy little bastard" as Julius remarks (375).

Masculinity for Charlie is also symbolized by the intellect or the life of rational thought which he long believed to be the only brave, passionate, and thus manly
way of life (180). Throughout his life, Charlie is keen to demonstrate his allegiance to and natural affinity for this particular definition of manhood. One of his most noticeable characteristics is his superior status as a mental gymnast: few things give him greater pleasure than pontificating on a highly abstract subject for an audience appreciative of his "big-time mental life." This understanding of masculinity contributes to his involvement with Pierre Thaxter, who encourages Charlie to issue great statements via The Ark, a periodical for intellectual expression which the two plan to publish. The equation of intellect and masculinity also compels him to author esoteric books that are quickly remaindered and to tinker with a definitive essay on boredom.

The male friends that Charlie acquires provide the most telling evidence of his need to be more masculine, to be associated with men who have succeeded as men in the real world. His friends fall into one of two groups: those who represent Charlie's ideal masculinity and those who represent the American reality of masculinity as Charlie perceives it. The latter is comprised of George Sweibel, Alec Szathmar, Pierre Thaxter, Julius, and Rinaldo Cantabile. These five contrast sharply with Charlie's softer personality. They are loud, aggressive men—highly attractive to women, extremely sexual, and, at heart, sleezy human beings. All are concerned with money
and success; all are energetic, positive thinking, achieving energy systems--representative of the way America trains her men, according to Charlie (395). Julius, Sweibel, Szathmar, and Thaxter also happen to be highly intelligent, although not in an academic sense. Charlie is especially impressed by the fact that they all seem to know their desires clearly (396). They serve as his father figures or big brothers. And as a good son or little brother, he faithfully follows their instructions, even enduring their abuse, in the belief that they are indeed wiser men than he.

Humboldt, of course, functions as Charlie's ideal man [25]: the grand, passionate poet; the intellectual giant who synthesizes in his encyclopedic mind centuries of diverse arts and sciences. In the thirties, Charlie travelled to New York as a young man to sit at the feet of this god. He was mesmerized by the poet, much like Sal Paradise in awe of Dean Moriarty. In fact, Dean and Humboldt are alike in many ways and a brief summary of their similarities will illustrate the particulars of Humboldt's masculinity that attract Charlie while at the same time establishing the groundwork for a paradigm explaining the significance (in terms of gender and self) of Charlie's attachment to and meditations on Humboldt.

One of the most noticeable features shared by Dean and Humboldt is the power of language; each character is
an extraordinary talker who uses language in hegemonic fashion. More specifically, both symbolize masculine American power, a quality manifested in their fascination with the automobile. The physical presence of both men is incredible—each out-drinking and out-doing everyone in his life. They are highly sexual, aggressive, intelligent, and ultimately con-men who manipulate their protegés while instructing them in the realities of life. Dean teaches Sal about spontaneity, women, and cars; Humboldt teaches Charlie about literature, evil, the politics of success. But the most significant link between Dean and Humboldt, and that which most attracts Sal and Charlie, is their mad divinity. Both are fueled with a passion for IT—for truth, beauty, for the fundamental desires of life, a passion that transforms them into evangelical bombardiers [26] uplifted by messianic impulses but inevitably crashing and burning in their own tortured dreams. Dean becomes for Sal a "mad Ahab at the wheel," pursuing him across the Great Plains to Denver; Humboldt also re-incarnates Ahab, acting out a personal vendetta against Charlie based on a contorted mixture of love and hate. Both are fallen heroes, men who have striven to impregnate the world with their life-giving energies but have been defeated by the world and themselves—they are left weak and pathetic, soft fools unable to survive the reality of America. The last
time Sal sees Dean, the cowboy is standing alone, dressed in a tattered coat on a New York street; the last time Charlie sees Humboldt, the poet also stands on a New York street, "floundering in a large gray suit" (51).

By contrast, Sal and Charlie have risen in life, becoming in accordance with cultural standards more successful as men. Sal finds a woman with whom he wants to settle down and appears "on the road" to marriage and family. Charlie is now a well-known playwright and Pulitzer-winning biographer. Both have separated from their masculine guides. Each, however, is left wounded by the separation. Manhood demands that they sever the tie to the father, the cultural assumption being that once this act is accomplished manhood is finalized. But Sal and Charlie do not experience the resolution that society has predicted. They have regrets, guilt, a melancholy heart-felt belief that something is wrong. The significant difference in the two narrators lies in the fact that Sal's story concludes where Charlie's begins. While in On The Road, Sal's narration centers on describing the relationship between Sal and Dean prior to separation, in Humboldt's Gift, Charlie deals primarily with the consequences of separation. His task involves coming to terms with Humboldt's preoccupation with money and worldly success as well as his eventual insanity symbolizing failed manhood, a history which Charlie fears
he himself might be repeating. He must also cope with the fact that separating from Humboldt seemed to necessitate twice abandoning him; the first time was after Humboldt had a nervous breakdown and was committed to Bellevue--Charlie never went to visit him; the second was the last time Charlie saw Humboldt alive and ran from him. Dealing with the above leads Charlie to engage in a process of reconnecting, of learning to accept--perhaps even to love--that part of himself that needs relationships, that needs to care for others. Ultimately, his mental recreation of Humboldt and his reliving of other important relationships in his life allows him to begin the process of re-evaluating his feminine self and redefining masculinity.

This process, in one form, involves relinquishing his fixation with certain elements symbolizing masculinity, two of these being relationships with younger women and the life of thought. The former is difficult for him to do and he never fully succeeds. His need to appear attractive to younger women leads him to cling to Renata, and after she has left him for a wealthier man, he is bothered by the fact that he now has no one to signal his masculinity:

The hardship was... becoming just another old guy, no longer capable of inspiring the minds of pretty ladies with May-December calculations or
visions of being mistress of a castle like Mrs. Charlie Chaplin, having ten children by an autumnal-to-wintry husband of great stature. Could I bear to live without having this effect on women? (406).

But by the end of the novel, signs emerge to suggest that he has begun de-emphasizing this marker of masculinity. He does not pursue Renata and try to win her back from the mortician she had married, and while in Spain after she has left him, he rejects the sexual advances of a female guest at the pension where he is staying. He succeeds in achieving a redefinition of sex that conveys a new-found understanding of how we use relationships to promote selfish goals: "...brotherly love has been corrupted into sexual monstrosity," he declares, "What are we doing with each other in the sack? Love is being disgracefully perverted" (284). However, he sustains a need to feel connected with woman, a need which he fulfills by frequently wrapping himself in a cloak he had purchased for Renata. Like his memories of Naomi Lutz's raccoon coat, the cloak protects him within life, energizing him and providing him with security. What is fascinating about this behavior as it relates to Charlie's character development is that now, instead of taking from or using woman—as he did when he slept with Renata or snuggled with Naomi—he begins to draw upon his own powers of nurturing, his own womanliness.

He is also now more interested in pursuing his
meditations, a sign that he has also reconsidered the emblematic import of the intellect. While once he agreed with Humboldt that a true man possesses learning, rationality, and analytical powers, in his efforts to determine what is "wrong" with his character, he begins to rethink the validity of such an assumption. But Charlie does not abandon thought as does the Hemingway hero who finds his memories so painful that they paralyze him. Charlie abandons the kind of thought that denies memories, that rejects as irrational those thought processes focused on the empirically unprovable. The life of the intellectual has not fulfilled him, and he elects instead to pursue a more romantic philosophy: "to listen to the voice of my own mind speaking from within, from my own depths" (180).

Charlie's inner voice leads him toward a reunion with the dead, toward a conclusive validation of his "childish sentimentality of hankering" (254). He is intent on learning, as Bellow himself learned by reading Joseph Conrad, that while the feeling individual appears weak, if "he accept [s] his weakness and his separation and descend[s] into himself, intensifying his loneliness, he discover[s] his solidarity with other isolated creatures." [27] Thus, Charlie leaves the external world characterized by the masculine pursuit of power to enter an internal realm of feeling, mystery, intuitions, and spirit—a more feminine world.
This journey, however, does not necessitate total abandonment of the intellect—at least not for Charlie. He chooses as his guide the nineteenth-century anthroposophist Rudolf Steiner, whose texts on the occult assign a high values to thinking as a rational approach to the spiritual. Steiner, a devotee of Goethe and a believer in reincarnation, believed that the world of the spirit could not be inferred from the physical realm but was to be experienced directly by man through careful deliberation. [28] By following Steiner into the unknown, Charlie attempts to balance the masculine and the feminine, to accommodate both his intellectual/quantitative self and his soulful/qualitative self.

Rudolph Steiner also encourages Charlie to search for his psychic feminine component, a point which Renata reminds him of in "dear Charlie" letter. She writes:

This Rudolf Steiner you've been driving me crazy with says, I think, that if you're a man this time, you'll be reincarnated as a woman, and that the ether body (not that I'm sure what an ether body is, it's the vital part that makes the body live, isn't it?) is always of the other sex. But if you're going to be a woman in your next life, you've got a lot to learn in between (415).

Renata's assessment is to some degree accurate. Charlie, so feminine in many ways, has seen his essential femaleness diminished over the years, that part of himself which Renata only identifies as the "Z department," but
might well refer to his ability to understand the feelings of others and to fully act on his need to forge relationships of care. This part is alive--he does, as we have discussed, give a great deal of caritas--but it has atrophied to such an extent that he wants but fears relationships, associating them with death. Thus he avoids committing himself to Renata until it is too late, acknowledging only that she is using him for his money without admitting that he too is using her. His fear of relationships also prohibits him from approaching Humboldt the last time he sees him--fear of reaching out, fear of showing love for his old friend and mentor drives a wedge between them as well as through Charlie's heart. Humboldt reminds Charlie of this very fact in a letter constituting part of his "gift": "...you didn't come to see me at Bellevue. I was suffering; you didn't draw near, as a loving friend should" (328).

Charlie lacks a personal connection with the external world and, as Renata notes, he has compensated for this deficiency by developing melancholy connections with the dead: "You create connections they wouldn't allow or you weren't capable of" (300). Death, then, is a paradox for Charlie: it represents not only the horrific nature of relationships but also a way by which he can sustain relationships.

But retrieval or rebuilding of what he lacks is
possible. In a profound way, Charlie begins to accept responsibility for the personal, an arena that he had long delegated to the women in his life—to Demmie Vonghel, for example, who dressed him, coached him about how to deal with people, and like a fierce mother tiger protected him from forces that could damage him and/or his career; in particular, she kept him from visiting Humboldt in Bellevue, a duty which she saw as her responsibility as his caretaker. By listening to his inner voice, Charlie wakes from decades of sleep, a modern-day Rip Van Winkle is the allusion he employs, to begin to cope with the personal, with the intricacies of human connection. He is very conscious of this process too. In his last conversation with Naomi Lutz, he admits that he had lost that intense way of caring but still required it.

"That's always been the problem. . . . I lost it. Although anything so passionate probably remains in force somewhere" (289).

His capacity to care does remain in force, and little by little he demonstrates his ability to act with conscious care and to feel satisfied by his behavior. Let me stress here that Charlie reaches no all-conclusive point of resolution. These acts, we admit, are relatively small—not the grandiose, definitive signs of resolution that many readers may hope for. But they are in keeping with Bellow's belief that instead of knowing connection,
we know much more about "separateness, isolation, [and] dislike than we care to admit" (Roudané 271). Charlie's acts constitute the realistic, doubt-filled beginnings of a process that can lead him to inner peace.

One of the first events signaling his "rebirth" takes place when he is visiting Humboldt's Uncle Waldemar who has possession of Humboldt's legacy to Charlie. Earlier in the day, Renata had responded with pleasure to a New York hotel operator who had addressed her as Mrs. Citrine. Her happiness causes Charlie to think about how easy it is to make people happy, and he asks himself, "Why withhold your kindliness from them when you see the glow appearing?" (316). But he does withhold it, refusing to tell her that she would make a wonderful Mrs. Citrine, and it is not until later in the day, as he introduces her to Uncle Waldemar's friend Menasha Klinger, that he can look directly into her face and state, "Yes... this is Mrs. Citrine" (319). The words, albeit few, are powerful signs of Charlie's progress toward remedying the perplexity of his character.

Once having freely given to Renata, he is able to risk losing her in order to care for someone else—his brother Julius. Realizing that Julius will not appreciate his love, and knowing that Renata will fly directly to Europe from New York, Charlie heads for Texas to be with his brother during his surgery. The operation is
successful and, as a result, Charlie forms new bonds with both Julius and his wife Hortense. Hortense and Charlie had never really gotten along well, but as he talks with her on the phone after Julius' operation, he discerns a new tone in her voice, feels that he is now sharing something of significance with her, and changes his attitude toward her. This new connection generates a memory of Humboldt, to whom Charlie now looks for approval:

Humboldt used to tell me, and he was a harsh judge of character himself, that far from being mild I was actually too tough. My reform (if it was one) would have pleased him (386).

As for Julius, Charlie discovers that the brothers are not as unalike as he had once thought. There is now between them bonds of "unearthly satin" (408), a fact which Julius makes known to Charlie by commissioning him to purchase a seascape. Julius wants a painting void of rock, boat, or human being: only "water water everywhere." Ironically, his newly discovered interest in the spirit world, signified by the element of water, provides common ground upon which the brothers can stand.

Charlie's visit with his brother also fills him with the knowledge that he must be more caring of Renata, and as he flies to meet her in Madrid, he is overcome with his
desire to offer her his most tender feelings. Of course, he is much too late; she has already gone off to marry and honeymoon with Flonzaley the Undertaker. But Renata is thoughtful enough to leave him something of greater value, something that he needs in order to nurture his own soul: her 10-year-old son Roger. With Roger, Charlie can give a purer form of care, care uncomplicated by the adult ego and sexuality. And he can receive a purer love, one uncomplicated by adult deceit. Charlie genuinely cares for Roger, a good child who loves Charlie very much, and in his temporary role as parent, Charlie plays dominoes with him, brings him candy, and cuts his meat at dinner (freely exposing the mothering habits of American males to the guests at the Spanish pension). [29]

Although Charlie deeply misses Renata, while simultaneously hating her for leaving him, his new relationship with Roger give him time to realize that he has treated Renata badly and that he has totally misunderstood her need for security. Now, as he approaches the age of sixty, he finds that his task in life is to try to understand the desires of others (418). In this respect, his studies in Steiner's anthroposophy instruct and prepare him. Steiner directs the individual in quest of the spiritual realm to pay special attention to his/her moral development in the earthly life: to "... be careful to consider [another's] opinion, feeling, and
even his prejudice, rather than what we ourselves have to say at the moment..." He advises that gentleness and patient reverence guide this endeavor. [30] Prior to his meditations on Humboldt, Charlie had not even been able to discern the desires of his own daughters, but now, through the course of his meditations, he tries to comprehend and emphathize with others, too understand the motivations of—and his connection with—people like Cantabile, Denise, Tomcheck, and Srole. In Spain, his progress is accellerated, propelling him very close to Steiner's directive in a magical moment with Roger:

Renata's little boy and I walked, holding hands. He was remarkably composed and handsome little boy. When we wandered in the Retiro together and all the lawns were dark and chill Atlantic green, this little Roger could very nearly convince me that up to a point the soul was the artist of its own body and I thought I could feel him at work within himself. Now and then you almost sense that you are with a person who was conceived by some wonderful means before he was physically conceived. In early childhood this invisible work of the conceiving spirit may still be going on (428).

It is this spirit, this child's soul, that Charlie revives within himself as he tends Roger and meditates on his relationship with Renata as well as Humboldt. By so doing, he reaches a more stable state in which he feels more connected to the universe and begins to disengage from the terror of death associated with his earlier rejection of the dying poet. He has come to know through
Humboldt's legacy (a letter and two movie scenarios) that the poet loved him, came to understand the destructive nature of money, and died a sane man. Humboldt also tells Charlie that man is supernatural. With such wisdom and confirmation of his own beliefs, Charlie is able to conclude that when one releases the terror of death

... one can attempt the good without feeling the embarrassment of being unhistorical, illogical, masochistically passive, feeble-minded (427).

And he does attempt good. For instance, when Cantabile materializes in Madrid, urging him to fly to Paris where a movie has been made pirated from a script which he had co-authored with Humboldt on a lark years earlier, Charlie decides to pursue the matter because he believes that Humboldt's Uncle Waldemar might profit from his efforts. A short time later, he agrees without question to pay ransom for Thaxter who has been kidnapped (or has staged his own kidnapping) by Argentinian extremists. [31] And he also solidifies his relationship with Humboldt: he has the poet and his mother reburied in Valhalla Cemetery.

The burial is not easy for Charlie. Death still makes him feel very jittery. But his final act for Humboldt is one of unity, of love, of tender mercies
freely given. That which Charlie has begun to regenerate is symbolized by a memory that he has while observing Menasha Klinger, who stands by Humboldt's grave singing the old American spiritual "Goin' Home." The song and its singer transport Charlie back to a time 50 years earlier when Menasha was a boarder at Charlie's house. Homesick for his sweetheart in Ypsilanti, Menasha lamented the separation by singing "Goin' home, goin' home, I'm a' goin' home" until Charlie's mother cried, "For heaven's sake, go then." Menasha did her bidding, returning with his bride, an obese, gentle, weeping girl who when she washed her hair "sat in the tub, her arms too fat and defeating her efforts to bring the water as high as her head." Charlie's mother came into the bathroom and washed and toweled her hair for her (470). The memory crystallizes the essence of gentle feminine care, and although the event occurred a half century before the April day on which they rebury Humboldt, the image of Charlie's mother is a present reality, finding its home not only in Charlie's memory but also in the tenderness he now offers Mesasha, Waldemar, Humboldt, and Humboldt's mother. The Charlie who leaves the cemetery, noting tiny spring flowers blooming in the midst of death, is a man who has begun to affirm his feelings and to structure a web of relationships stretching across time and space.
NOTES


Evaluations of these personality components vary considerably. For example, one of the most often cited
traits, passivity, consistently receives diverse treatment. L.H. Goldman and Earl Rovit (Saul Bellow. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1967, p. 27) concur that the Bellow hero is weak, Rovit finding that they seek a "bland passivity." But Keith Opdahl maintains that they desire a "wise passivity" (Opdahl, 26). Some argue that throughout the Bellow oeuvre, the characters become more passive (Scott, 135); others declare the opposite to be true (Tony Tanner, Saul Bellow. Edinborough, 1965, 1978 reprint; Chap's Bookshop, Inc., p. 111). Interpretations of masochism follow the same pattern. John Clayton explains the protagonists' masochism as a result of their inability to sustain their ideals (Clayton, 63), while Opdahl tries to lessen the negative connotations of masochism by arguing that the protagonists are good and cope with evil (Opdahl, 5, 7).

Daniel Fuchs follows Opdahl's lead, believing that Bellow, when considered more traditionally, is "often on the side of passive goodness... allied to what Nietzsche saw as a central aspect of the Judeo-Christian tradition, with its creation of a 'good' and 'evil' that ennobles suffering, showing how active apparent passivity can be" (Fuchs, 108-09).


[7] This interpretation is derived from Bellow's own understanding of the American story prior to 1953. In his review of Philip Young's Ernest Hemingway, he states that "when a boy becomes a man in an American story, we are asked to believe that his experience of the change was crucial and final; no further confirmation is necessary" (Saul Bellow, "Hemingway and the Image of Man," Partisan Review 20, 1953, p. 342).


[17] See also Tony Tanner's "Afterword" in Schraepen. Tanner also believes that "... no matter what critics, or Bellow, may say, his protagonists are not questing, or not questing for anything more than longevity--the indefinite postponement of the ultimate conclusion of death" (133).


[19] Another interesting explanation is found in Sarah Cohen's "Comedy and Guilt in Humboldt's Gift." Cohen believes that Charlie is trying to atone for surviving while Humboldt failed: "In all areas Citrine comically undercuts his stature to make himself equal in size to the diminished Humboldt. It is as if the hyperbolic recounting of his flaws is the price he must pay to remain alive... Thus dwelling on the fatuity of his earthly pursuits gives Citrine permission in effect to go on in his bungling mortal state" (Modern Fiction Studies, vol. 25, no. 1, 1975, p. 53.)


[23] The source of the term "compensatory psychic metaphor" is a conversation about Humboldt's Gift that I had with T.L. Milligan.


[25] Several critics have noted that Humboldt is a father figure or masculine guide for Charlie. See, for example, Jeanne Braham in Bloom, p. 197; Clayton in Schraepen, p. 39; and Wilson, pp. 165-68.

[26] The term "evangelical bombardier" is from the poem entitled "High on the Lack Of" by T. L. Milligan.


[31] Mark Weinstein in "Bellow's Holy Fool" also recognizes this change.
CHAPTER VI
CONCLUSION

When we bring into our perview the authorial source of the feminized male, his functions, and the criteria and methodology by which we identify him, we find a complex of forces ultimately mercurial in nature. The feminized male, despite those qualities which distinguish him as a literary type, eludes us and frustrates our efforts to speculate about his being. His substance, gender, is an amorphous, highly contextualized phenomenon, making identification and consensus problematic. The characters discussed in this study, not quite a dozen in all, display a wide spectrum of behaviors, beliefs, and attitudes, and if we were to line them up for inspection—Leopold beside Jake, Jake beside Sal, Sal beside Jack Duluoz, and Jack beside Charlie—they would each appear unique. And, in fact, would be. The femininity of each is a special construct, varying in proportion and parts, and varying as well according to those who observe them, through the narrative "I" participating in their lives.

My own readings of these characters, I am well aware, are open to criticism—that I have looked upon these
characters with too much favor and tolerance, that I find heroism and goodness where little exists. Perhaps that was my intent—not to fabricate meaning but to demonstrate how meaning and gender are intricately bound, thus elucidating the fluid nature of interpretation. Literary criticism that considers as valid a feminine understanding of humanity can produce what Bonnie Kime Scott calls "neglected alternatives to a male-centered world," alternatives "visible only when female culture is taken seriously" (3). By exploring that which is feminine about certain male characters, we can move feminist criticism beyond the act of showing how male authors fail female readers. We can, in effect, transcend gender boundaries since the existence of the feminized male in fiction speaks most profoundly to this issue. However, we must be careful to avoid the trap of calling him a feminist; in some cases, he denigrates women to make himself look better; in others he tries to understand them. It is also possible to suggest that the feminized male, by assuming and affirming feminine qualities, leaves woman with nothing of her own. I prefer a more positive understanding, and see the feminized male not as man's attempt to suppress women but as his realization that the two sexes share common ground. He is evidence and artifact testifying to the possibility of an integrated consciousness. He informs us that man can find himself in
the feminine; it then follows that woman can find herself in the masculine. We might not all find the same things. But once we know that the potential for synthesis and understanding exists, we grant ourselves opportunity to discover truth in texts that have heretofore appeared mute to the reality of female lives. We open ourselves to fuller personhood, to visions of a consciousness that frees us to rename ourselves.


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