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"Far out past": Hemingway, manhood, and modernism

Timothy L. Barnard

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“FAR OUT PAST”
HEMINGWAY, MANHOOD, AND MODERNISM

A Dissertation

Presented to

The Faculty of the American Studies Program

The College of William and Mary in Virginia

In Partial Fulfillment

Of the Requirements for the Degree of

Doctor of Philosophy

by

Timothy L. Barnard

2005

APPROVAL SHEET

This dissertation is submitted in partial fulfillment of

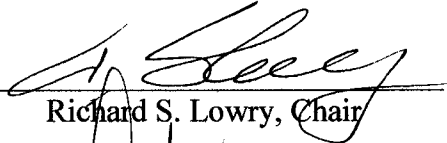
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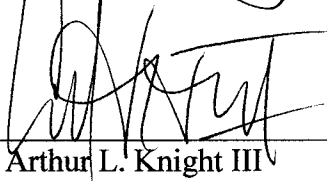


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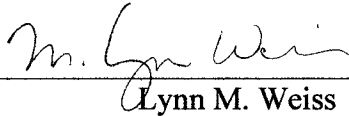
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For Magali and Jules

In Memory of

Mamie Geraldine McNicholas Barnard

Marjorie Eleanor Hummel Bridge

and Lance Newton

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ABSTRACT

This dissertation investigates Ernest Hemingway's authorship as an instance of international modernisms forming as sustained engagements with gender and sexuality. By focusing on four of Hemingway's most experimental texts it shows how a figure of both "high" and "popular" modernism sought to occupy a heterogeneous space of cultural queerness vitalized by masculinity, national and ethnic identities, and writing.

The introduction discusses how post-war gender, sexual, and literary discourses reflected period obsessions with authenticity in the face of a rising commodity culture. It also introduces the dissertation's argument that Hemingway's success in becoming a valuable "literary property" rested on a queer authorial engagement with definitions of American masculinity.

Chapter One traces Hemingway's literary career from the publication of his experimental collection of vignettes in our time in Paris (1924) to the larger New York trade edition which marked his U.S. publishing debut in 1925. The transatlantic and transgressive aspects of Hemingway's "times" illustrate his authoritative and authorial confounding of a highbrow/lowbrow divide of cultural production and affiliations.

Chapter Two examines The Sun Also Rises as a text deeply divided against itself as the product of Jake Barnes and Hemingway's authorship simultaneously. It considers the complex of conflicted desires, fears, and resentments that constitute Hemingway-cum-Barnes's efforts at rendering and remembering lost manhood in the wake of WWI in ways that raise complicated gender questions involving racialized and sexualized boyhood as a promising yet problematic queer zone.

Chapter Three explores further the sexual "funniness" of Hemingway's authorship and considers how Death in the Afternoon, his non-fiction treatise on Spanish bullfighting, constitutes a deliberately queer authorial project where Hemingway attempts to move his writing and popular authorial standing in new directions in order to assert and transcend his public identity as a man, an author, and an American.

Chapter Four examines Green Hills of Africa as a political critique of imperialism and manhood that manifests itself through Hemingway writing himself and his shortcomings as a white modern man and hunter as a self-deprecating literary joke. In writing such a joke, however, Hemingway also sought to reaffirm his own uniquely authoritative masculine authorship.

“FAR OUT PAST”: HEMINGWAY, MANHOOD, AND MODERNISM



Frontis. Detail of fig. 36. Hemingway at the Pamplona bullring. ca 1927. Rodero. Hemingway Archive. JFK Library.

INTRODUCTION

PUTTING “REAL” MANHOOD ON PAPER:

ERNEST HEMINGWAY, PAPER DOLL NO. 5

Things may not be immediately discernable in what a man writes, and in this sometimes he is fortunate. But eventually they are quite clear, and by these and the degree of alchemy that he possesses he will endure or be forgotten.

(“Hemingway, Nobel Prize Acceptance” 1954).

In its September 1933 issue Vanity Fair began a seven installment series of celebrity “paper dolls” by illustrator Constantin Alajalov. The series takes aim at a range of public figures including “J. Pierpont Morgan, the world banker,” popular evangelist Aimee MacPherson Hutton, two members of European royalty (the Prince of Wales and Grand Duchess Marie of Russia), “Doctor Einstein, the professor,” the New York journalist Heywood Campbell Broun, and “America’s own literary cave man,” Ernest Hemingway. Using the format of a children’s cut-out book, “Vanity Fair’s Own Paper Dolls” series shows these individuals undressed and surrounded by costumes suggesting the various roles they played in the public eye. In doing so, it both delineates and debunks influential figures of the times as it contributed to Vanity Fair’s cultural critique and upper-middlebrow taste-making. Central to the humor of Alajalov’s series is the implication that modern celebrity figures achieve their status as such through disparate poses and performances. Figures on high all get humanized as they are shown drawing upon

contradictory roles that complicate their elite personae. The exiled Grand Duchess Marie's costumes, for example, include a "versatility suit" where she poses as both a painter and photographer—a marked contrast to the "nostalgia costume" of her royal garb. Similarly, one of Einstein's costumes is a "relativity suit," and although the reference is to his mathematical formula, it also resonates with the "relative" nature of modern celebrity that is Alajalov's target. Einstein, for example, does not only exist as "Doctor Einstein, the professor"; He also dons "Anti-nazi armor," a "tuxedo for musical soirees," and a "boating costume for nautical sprees." Thus the humor comes from the "relativity" of a man who both transforms human knowledge yet also goes on "soirees" and "sprees" (and who must also confront contemporary political and ideological realities). The celebrity status of all of Alajalov's paper dolls turns on both versatility and "relativity." As the accompanying caption describes Einstein, he is a man "who not only understands his own scientific theories, but can also play the violin and trim a neat mainsheet" (33).

The intended humor of the series also relies on the "exposed" presentation of the doll at the center which implies the inauthenticity of individuals who do no more than perform cultural dress up. As a paper doll's costumes, the component parts of their popular personas become things apart from the "real" person depicted as the undressed "doll" in the center. As a kind of voyeuristic cultural striptease, Alajalov's paper doll parody undresses the cultural myth, peeling off layers to reveal the person beneath. And yet, even the doll at the center (who is never entirely exposed and continues to wear some kind of signifying garb) amounts to just another role. The figures surrounded by their costumes are, after all, nothing more than dolls on paper and thus two-dimensional cut-

outs no different from the various cultural costumes available to them. Like a soft-porn strip show, which stops short of going all the way, Alajalov's parody is ultimately no more than a playful tease. The joke is that it can't—and perhaps doesn't care to—actually deliver on revealing who these celebrity figures “really” are. The doll at the center can never be completely exposed except as a phony; the paper doll parody can never provide the unmediated “truth” of or about the public figure. Alajalov's series consists of the “layers of an onion” construction of identity with no there there once the layers have been peeled away and once the Vanity Fair reader turns the page.

And yet, inclusion in Vanity Fair's paper doll series, no doubt, did as much to contribute to each of these individual's standings as “authentic” icons of popular culture as it did in debunking or detracting from such standing. What could be more flattering than having your own Vanity Fair paper doll? Much like today, the mass-production of a sports figure's bobble-head is as much a sign of that individual's cultural authority as it is their reduction into a cartoonish joke-as-commodity. In selecting seven individuals for its series, Vanity Fair singles out and, albeit in a backhanded way, endorses their status as exceptional figures in the public eye. They are, after all, figures worthy of being parodied. A parody cartoon suggesting that they each do little more than put on a variety of cultural costumes winds up contributing to a more general signification that each also represents “the real thing” of modern popular celebrity culture of 1930s America.

In the case of Ernest Hemingway, “Paper Doll No. 5” (see fig. 1), Alajalov depicts four of the different roles “Ernie” plays: “as The Lost Generation” (writing at a café table), “...as The Unknown Soldier” (on crutches in a battlefield), “...as Don Jose the Toreador,” and “...as Isaac Walton” (in pursuit of big game fish). The implication



Fig. 1. Constantin Alajalov. "Vanity Fair's own paper dolls—no. 5." Cartoon. Vanity Fair Mar. 1934: 29.

is that the real “Ernie” isn’t any of these things; he only plays them in the popular imagination. With these associations of soldier, expatriate, bullfighter, and deep sea fisherman removed, what is left is “Ernie, the Neanderthal Man.” At the core of his celebrity and identity, as Alajalov portrays it, is an essential, atavistic manliness. One way of interpreting the paper doll is as offering the flattering suggestion that Hemingway represents a deep and abiding form of manhood that cannot be stripped away. Underneath his variety of modern poses is a primal, “Neanderthal,” masculinity. And yet the association with primal manhood is itself the biggest joke of the piece. Although Ernie undressed maintains the cave man garb, that too is portrayed as no more than a phony pose with Hemingway looking like a stooge dressed for a costume party.

Even if we are to take the “Neanderthal” association more seriously, such essential primitiveness can also be seen as undermining Hemingway’s authenticity as a literary figure—he’s too much of a brute to be a “real” artist. No matter how one reads it, the seemingly odd combination of foundational male-ness and literary artistry are central to the parody’s ironic humor. As the accompanying caption describes him, Ernest Hemingway is “America’s own literary cave man; hard-drinking, hard-fighting, hard-loving—all for art’s sake.” At stake in the parody is the question of Hemingway’s authenticity and manhood, and the gestures of the piece simultaneously call both into question even as both also get reinscribed...albeit on paper. Like the other figures in the series, Hemingway gets simultaneously essentialized and debunked as he is portrayed as a solid, definitive “hard-” man and as ephemeral, two-dimensional, and prone to the phoniness of mediated cultural dress up.

Alajalov's Vanity Fair paper doll series rests in a curious position in between what Frederic Jameson characterizes as modernist "parody," on one hand, and postmodernist "pastiche," on the other. In its depiction of modern celebrity figures, the series constitutes a parody that "capitalizes on the uniqueness of [modern] styles and seizes on their idiosyncrasies and eccentricities to produce an imitation which mocks the original" (113). "[T]here remains somewhere behind all parody," Jameson explains, "the feeling that there is a linguistic [or, in this case, cultural] norm in contrast to which the style of the great modernists can be mocked" (114). And yet, the paper doll series also functions in ways more akin to postmodern pastiche or what Jameson calls "blank parody [...] without the satirical impulse, without laughter, without that still latent feeling that there exists something normal compared to which what is being imitated is rather comic." It is in this sense that Alajalov's paper doll series moves toward pastiche, for while it does maintain a satirical and clearly "parodic" impulse designed to elicit laughs at the expense of modern cultural figures, the thrust of the series also posits a more postmodern portrait of individuals that points to "the death of the subject." As Jameson explains, postmodern pastiche rejects "the great modernisms [...] predicated on the invention of a personal, private style, as unmistakable as your fingerprint, as incomparable as your own body. But this means that the modernist aesthetic is in some way organically linked to the conception of a unique self and private identity, a unique personality and individuality, which can be expected to generate its own unique vision of the world and to forge its own unique, unmistakable style." In reducing a variety of what might be called modernist cultural stylists (a robber baron financier, a scientific luminary, a huckster evangelist, members of royalty, and members of the literati and intelligentsia)

to a series of paper dolls who don a variety of cut-out costumes, Alajalov's "parody" fits as well with a postmodernist assault on the presumed individuality and solidity of modernist subjectivity.

As debunking parody and deconstructive pastiche, Alajalov's paper doll series may best be understood as a harbinger of the revised "realism" of postmodernity: "a 'realism' which springs from the shock of [...] realizing that, for whatever peculiar reasons, we seem condemned to seek the historical past through our own pop images and stereotypes about the past, which itself remains forever out of reach" (Jameson 118). Alajalov captures in his paper dolls a destabilized cultural authenticity that wavers between modernist essentialism and postmodernist simulacra that remains "forever out of reach." In doing so, he manages to capture, with perhaps unintentional salience, the peculiarities of the cultural authenticity of his paper doll no. 5: Ernest Hemingway. His rendition of "Ernie" as a masculine paper doll speaks directly to the contradictions of Hemingway's cultural authority, particularly in its construction of masculinity as something both relative and performative. Although Hemingway drew on a variety of roles and associations in the construction of his distinctively masculine public stature, the man in the Neanderthal costume at the center owed his celebrity status and cultural authority (to which Alajalov's parody attests) to one endeavor in particular: literary writing.

Central to the ironic humor of Alajalov's Paper Doll No. 5 is that the multiplicity of Hemingway's masculine posturings (soldiering, hunting, fishing, hard drinking, bullfighting) are, ultimately, "all for art's sake." Although the denuded Ernie holds a club and wears a leopard skin, he is no ordinary cave man. As the caption explains, he is

a “literary cave man,” and this is the key source of his cultural authority. What is most charismatic and unique about Hemingway is not simply that he championed “traditionally” masculine endeavors, but that he pursued such endeavors as someone who also wrote literature. In one of the costumes Alajalov creates for “Ernie”—“as the lost generation”—he sits at a café table writing, and this, more than any other costume should be the one the paper doll clings to in the center. Writing was the base to the superstructure of all of Hemingway’s other masculine endeavors and pursuits. (Although this is true in cultural terms, it is also true in economic terms: of all the “masculine” endeavors Hemingway pursued and championed in his life, literary writing was the only one that ever earned him a significant income—the thing most frequently associated with masculine authority in a capitalist society). Hemingway succeeded in making writing “for arts sake,” that also generated literary and cultural marketplace value, itself the most masculine thing he did. Though Alajalov turns it into a joke, Hemingway’s modern authenticity rested on the fact that he made literary writing safe for “real,” or “hard-,” men. His standing as a “real” man or “cave man” relied on his status as a literary cave man, who managed to put manhood into words and onto paper.

Alajalov’s paper doll parody of Hemingway came at a moment of transition in his standing as a figure of modern American culture. In terms of his authorship, that transition has been characterized as the beginning of a crisis or decline, yet it can also be seen as a consolidation and/or canonization of his cultural authority as more than an individual man and as a popular signifier of modern manhood. The early 1930s, according to many Hemingway scholars, marked the beginning of an ebb in the creative drive and critical reception of an author who in the preceding decade had, with the

publication of each new work, advanced himself as one of the most influential voices of modern American letters. In the 1920s, he had been successfully established as someone with a distinctively—even unprecedentedly—“masculine” writing style that had also passed both “high” and “low” cultural tests of avant-garde artistry and literary marketplace viability. As a Time magazine review of his work put it in 1932, “Ernest Hemingway is that rare phenomenon, a popular author who is equally praised by the critics. Exponent of hard-boiled irony, darling of the sophisticates who pride themselves on being tough-minded, he gained Hollywood huzzas and highbrow applause for his last novel, A Farewell to Arms” (“Olé! Olé !” 47). After the critical and popular success of A Farewell to Arms (1929), however, Hemingway dedicated himself to writing the nonfiction bullfight treatise Death in the Afternoon, a literary project that, in both its initial critical reception and sales, was taken as a sign of the author’s flagging inspiration and increasing decadence. As Seward Collins put it in his review for Bookman, “Death in the Afternoon does not carry Hemingway beyond his earlier books as an artist, but that is hardly to be expected of an interlude of reporting and miscellaneous comment in a career chiefly devoted to fiction” (624). Death has also since been characterized as marking the author’s turn to self-parody in his writing.

Death’s publication coincided with increased public scrutiny of Hemingway’s masculinity that included Alajalov’s Vanity Fair parody. Noting “Mr. Hemingway’s extremely masculine style of writing” in his review of Death for the New York Times Book Review, R.L. Duffus declared that that “famous Hemingway style is neither so clear nor so forceful in most passages of ‘Death in the Afternoon’ as it is in his novels and short stories” (5). And in what has since become one of the most celebrated attacks

on the book and on Hemingway's manhood (in part because it led to a physical brawl between Hemingway and the critic), Max Eastman maligned both the book and its author in "Bull in the Afternoon," his scathing review published in the The New Republic. Eastman accused Hemingway of employing a "literary style of wearing false hair on the chest" because he "lacks the serene confidence that he is a full-sized man" (95). Coming in the wake of such an attack, Alajalov's parody can be seen as an illustrated version of Eastman's critique and reiteration of what others like Eastman had already called out: concerns about Hemingway's manhood and masculine literary style as something less-than-authentic and more of a joke.

And yet, if Hemingway's manhood was in crisis in literary terms in the early 1930s, his cultural authority as a more generalized icon of American masculinity was, in other ways, proliferating—exponentially. Even Eastman's review of Death casting aspersions on his manhood wound up creating an opportunity for the author to act out and perform that manhood in extraliterary terms. The brawl in Maxwell Perkins's office—where Hemingway purportedly bared his own hairy chest and exposed Eastman's hairless one before wrestling the critic to the floor—eventually made its way into print (in a variety of newspapers and magazines and later in numerous biocritical accounts) and thus wound up feeding the mythic significations of Hemingway as an author with exceptional ties to an aggressive manhood, albeit ties that were also increasingly contested and cartoonish.

Furthermore, while Death in the Afternoon delivered disappointing sales for Scribners, the release of Hollywood's adaptation of A Farewell to Arms that same year (and the resulting spike in sales of the novel's reprints) more than made up for any

potential hits to Hemingway's "literary property" earning potential and public stature as a cultural actor. The associations between Hemingway and iconic masculinity were now being disseminated on movie screens across America so that fictionalized versions of a manhood that originated with his prose went on to contribute to filmic versions of manhood and masculine personas of Hollywood stars like Gary Cooper (and later many others). Thus the early 1930s were for Hemingway's manhood and authorship marked simultaneously by both crisis and popular proliferation.

Not only were magazine illustrators like Alajalov rendering parodic versions of Hemingway's public masculine persona on paper in the 1930s, but his writing style itself was beginning to be seen as having devolved into self-parody. Death, in fact, seems to beat Alajalov and other critics to the punch. The excesses of authorial masculine posturing in the book may best be understood as inciting cultural critics like Alajalov and Eastman to generate Hemingway's masculinity discursively, challenging them to challenge his work. He would, in a letter to his editor, describe his next unorthodox literary project Green Hills of Africa as suffering in sales because he had "offended the daily critics deadlily [sic] and they ganged up on it. The sidicated [sic] critics did the same. This was my fault" (OTTC 229). He later reassured Perkins that "I didn't set out to offend them but to tell the truth and if the truth offended them tant pis. It is all to the good in a few years" (OTTC 232). Such incitement of potential readers and critics is indeed a fundamental aspect of Hemingway's peculiarly "masculine" authorial style and had been from the outset of his literary career. "Style" had been, and still is, considered his greatest contribution to both American and world literature, and the characteristics of that style—a pared down, minimalist anti-style requiring readers to explore beneath the

simple surface and create for themselves the text's meanings—were almost immediately associated with masculinity. By the 1930s, however, that exceptionally authentic masculine literary style had become increasingly vulnerable to parody as it was revealed to be, above all else, performative.

Hemingway's Masculinization of Writing

In her feminist study of modernity, Rita Felski recalibrates conceptions of the “Gender of Modernity” offering models of female and feminine modernisms that counterbalance and complicate existing male-centered narratives and “unravel the complexities of modernity's relationship to femininity through an analysis of its varied and competing representations” (7). “For every account of the modern era which emphasizes the domination of masculine qualities of rationalization, productivity, and repression,” Felski asserts, “one can find another text which points—whether approvingly or censoriously—to the feminization of Western society, as evidenced in the passive, hedonistic, and decentered nature of modern subjectivity” (4-5). Ultimately, Felski's project is concerned with “elucidate[ing] some of the ways in which femininity and modernity have been brought into conjunction by both women and men” (9). As part of this project, Felski examines what she calls “the gendering of writing as feminine” (102) as a late-nineteenth-century avant-garde strategy of male authorial expression of a marginalized masculine subjectivity.¹ “Just as nineteenth-century ideals of progress,

¹ Contemporary with Felski's project is Kaja Silverman's Male Subjectivity at the Margins. In a more thoroughly psychoanalytic theoretical work, Silverman examines masculine subjectivity that consists of “two different kinds of ‘incorporation’ from outside, one of a specular variety and the other of which is more properly characterized as ‘structural.’—that incorporation through which the moi is formed, and upon which the fantasmatic draws for its images of ‘self and other.’” In this Freudian analysis, Silverman's assessment of male subjectivity resonates with my reading of Hemingway's masculine authorship and of Alajalov's paper doll parody as a metaphor for that authorship. Silverman argues that: “the fantasmatic helps to determine the

heroism, and national identity became identified with a somatic norm of healthy masculinity,” she points out, “so the motif of the feminized male offered a provocative refusal of such ideals” (95). Through a “masking of masculinity” and the feminization of writing, authors like Oscar Wilde, Leopold von Sacher-Masoch, and other practitioners of a “rhetoric of decadence” pursued “an imaginary identification with the feminine [that] emerged as a key stratagem in the literary avant-garde’s subversion of sexual and textual norms.” “This refusal of traditional models of masculinity took the form of a self-conscious textualism which defined itself in opposition to the prevailing conventions of realist representation, turning toward a decadent aesthetic of surface, style, and parody that was explicitly coded as both ‘feminine’ and ‘modern’” (91).

At no point does Felski apply her gender analysis of modernity to the authorship of Ernest Hemingway. Had she done so, she could have easily linked his authorial work to many of the endeavors of these earlier writers, except with one crucial difference: while Hemingway’s postwar “lost generation” authorship consisted of a challenge to “nineteenth-century ideals of progress, heroism, and national identity” and amounted to an emphatically “stylized” form of writing that, as I will argue in this dissertation, was infused with elements of parody and keenly aware of the performative “surface” of a text, Hemingway can hardly be characterized as contributing to the “feminization of writing.” In fact he is most famous for his unparalleled success in accomplishing just the opposite. In the end, Felski faults the male practitioners of feminized writing and uncovers in their “feminized counterdiscourse” “a misogynistic strain that is intimately connected to,

images within which the *moi* is able to ‘recognize’ itself by eroticizing those which are commensurate with its representational imperatives. Conversely, a particularly imaginary identification might conform to unconscious desire at a structural level, but bring with it values capable of shifting the ideological significance of the fantasmatic, and so of altering its relation to power” (7).

rather than at odds with, the espousal of a self-reflexive and parodistic aesthetic” (93). In the end, then, Hemingway’s project of what I argue amounts to a queer modern “masculinization of writing” may offer a more thoroughgoing destabilization of norms that, like his decadent feminized authorial predecessors, reveals “the artist’s sense of alienation from dominant social structures and his own class identity [that results in an articulation of a more effective] ‘counterdiscourse’ of symbolic resistance to prevailing definitions of bourgeois masculinity” while masquerading as exactly its opposite (93). As Hemingway declared in his Nobel Prize speech (the epigraph above) “Things may not be immediately discernable in what a man writes, and in this sometimes he is fortunate. But eventually they are quite clear, and by these and the degree of alchemy that he possesses he will endure or be forgotten.”

In the chapters that follow, I will examine closely four of Hemingway’s most ambitiously performative, and yet also transgressively parodic, masculine texts (In Our Time, The Sun Also Rises, Death in the Afternoon, and Green Hills of Africa). “Banal Story,” included in Hemingway’s second collection of short stories Men Without Women (1927), can offer an introductory example of his writerly presentation as both self-parody and authorial self-assertion. The “story” (quotations are necessary for it lacks any of the recognizable traits of a short narrative) amounts to an attack on the pretensions of an ineffectual male writer. The piece opens with him “rising from his writing-table” and turning to reflect on the exciting diversity and romanticism of life while eating oranges, sitting on a cold stove, and reading The Forum, a magazine or “booklet” for “patrons of the arts and letters” described mockingly as a “guide, philosopher, and friend of the thinking minority.” Both this inactive writer (who reads rather than writes) and the

booklet he turns to are together portrayed as the source of the banality referred to in the title. The opening paragraph sets up this protagonist as a passive phony who thrills from reading and the pretension of being a writer: “How good it felt! Here, at last, was life” (123). The next paragraph seems to challenge this sense of exhilarated self-contentment by offering a comparative juxtaposition. While he “reached for another orange [...] Far away in Paris Mascart had knocked Danny Frush cuckoo in the second round. Far off in Mesopotamia, twenty-one feet of snow had fallen. Across the world in a distant Australia, the English cricketers were sharpening up their wickets.” While jumping to distant places and incidents can be read as the narrator’s undermining of the phony writer’s sense that sitting next to his writing table, “here, at last was life,” the mockingly sexual implication and sing-song nature of “cricketers sharpening up their wickets” together with the next line, “There was Romance,” suggests, in fact, that these invocations of distant places come not from the debunking third-person narrator but from the blocked writer’s own overly romanticizing imagination. Thus “Banal Story” begins with Hemingway crafting his own parody—of a romantic wannabe writer.

A second overwritten, seemingly random, and syntactically awkward insertion provides yet another relative contrast to the writer and his musing over The Forum: “And meanwhile, in the far-off dripping jungles of the Yucatan, sounded the chopping of the axes of the gum-choppers.” Again this inclusion wavers between announcing itself as a revealing example of the writer’s romanticizing primitivism and another instance of the narrator undercutting that writer with inserted comparisons. It is difficult to determine where and how to position Hemingway in all of this. Is he the writer eating oranges, and thus poking fun at himself as a writer? The eating of oranges next to a stove anticipates

his later self presentation in A Moveable Feast where he describes eating oranges by the stove in his writing studio (MF 12), thus suggesting that this “banal story” is a self-deprecating self-portrait. In this light it can be seen as an autobiographical musing about the struggles of a writer who must withdraw from life to write even as he seeks to somehow capture life through that writing (a conflict about which Hemingway often complained). And yet, the frustrated writer in the story seems to be decidedly apart from the one responsible for generating it on the page. As such, it can be seen as one of the many instances of Hemingway debunking the phony airs of his literary contemporaries—men like Felski’s feminized writers who inhabited postwar left bank Paris where Hemingway himself lived as an aspiring writer. Hemingway frequently savaged those around him in his early fiction and journalism, invoking them as phony foils for his own exceptional literary authenticity.

Ultimately, the construction of the writer depicted in the story and the third person narrator describing that writer function in an uncertain relation to one another. The ostensible writer-protagonist, who is shown reading instead of writing, is portrayed as even too lazy or passive to read actual stories, let alone to write them. Instead he only reads The Forum’s self promotion letting it determine his literary tastes. When it describes the “Prize short-stories” it publishes (and speculates: “will their authors write our best-sellers of tomorrow?”), the line registers as an autobiographical articulation of Hemingway’s own authorial preoccupations as he attempted to make the move from short-story writing to more-profitable novel writing (in this “Banal Story” it is a topic he raises as part of a collection of stories published in between his first two novels). A quote that seemingly comes from The Forum itself explains that “You will enjoy these warm,

homespun, American tales, bits of real life on the open ranch, in crowded tenement or comfortable home, and all with a healthy undercurrent of humour.” But for the humor, this description stands in stark contrast to the stories collected along with this banal one in Men Without Women, for it is a collection that eschews altogether “warm, homespun” tales of “open ranch, crowded tenement, and comfortable home” beginning instead in Spain with the story of a has-been matador’s demise followed by stories about abortion, hired murderers, travels in a postwar Italy turning fascist, the fixing of a boxing match, a veiled homosexual overture, divorce, heroin addiction, a dialogue among Roman soldiers guarding Jesus, and the phobias of a soldier suffering post-traumatic stress. In this light, it seems that the writer depicted in “Banal Story,” taking his cues from The Forum, could not possibly be the author of such a collection.

As for those homespun American stories published in The Forum, the unproductive writer in Hemingway’s banal story muses, “I must read them, he thought”; yet he does not. Instead “He read[s] on” the magazine’s nonfiction speculations and rhetorical questions: “Our children’s children – what of them? Who of them? New means must be discovered to find room for us under the sun. Shall this be done by war or can it be done by peaceful methods?” What The Forum and this phony writer see as the most burning questions of the times (“Our deepest convictions – will science upset them? Our civilization – is it inferior to older orders of things?”) become in Hemingway’s odd mock story the worst kind of banalities. These even include questions concerning the diversity and contradictions of modern manhood: “Do we want big men—or do we want them cultured? Take Joyce. Take President Coolidge. What star must our college students aim at? There is Jack Britton. There is Dr. Henry Van Dyke. Can we reconcile

the two?” Any sense that these questions may be worthy of serious reflection is quickly lost as the story’s litany moves in increasingly random and mockingly ironic direction:

It was a splendid booklet.

Are you a girl of eighteen? Take the case of Joan of Arc. Take the case of Bernard Shaw. Take the case of Betsy Ross.

Think of these things in 1925 – Was there a risqué page in Puritan history? Were there two sides to Pocahontas? Did she have a fourth dimension?

Are modern paintings – and poetry – Art? Yes and No. Take Picasso.

Have tramps codes of conduct? Send your mind adventuring.

There is Romance everywhere. Forum writers talk to the point, are possessed of humour and wit. But they do not try to be smart and are never long-winded.

Live the full life of the mind, exhilarated by new ideas, intoxicated by the Romance of the unusual. He laid down the booklet. (124)

And none too soon. While the “writer” depicted may find the Forum booklet “splendid,” Hemingway’s clear point is that it is anything but. This series of trite, even farcical, declarations and questions serve as an example of the worse kind of banalities and impotent musings of pseudo-intellectuals longing for “the Romance of the unusual.”

Although this suspect writer in the story seems to be a foil for Hemingway’s own authorial persona, this odd two-page “story” also consists of Hemingway putting himself down on paper as elements of the piece clearly suggest autobiographical reflections. The description of Forum writers’ styles should be familiar enough: they “talk to the point, are possessed of humour and wit. But they do not try to be smart and are never long-winded.” This describes to a tee the trademarks of Hemingway’s own famous “style.” One can hardly help but speculate to what extent this impotent, romanticizing writer is a fictionalized self-confessional version of the narrator and author of the piece. Thus we sense Hemingway literally “putting himself down” on paper much like Aljalov would do some years later. And yet, in other ways the writer on the page clearly doesn’t fit with

“Hemingway” the writer of the piece. In rendering an inept writer through a distancing third-person narrator, the piece also writes that inept writer apart, and even though it does so in a piece titled “a banal story,” it fails—or rather succeeds—in not really being a story. This is a “story” that isn’t that at all, but is rather some kind of queer textual experiment or authorial joke that pushes at the boundaries of what can be included in a collection of short stories. Furthermore, it is delivered with a distinctively gendered voice, that is oddly, powerfully divided against itself. The “he,” the writer (and reader) of the banalities, is seemingly set apart from an authorial voice that expresses itself in connotative terms by designating the writer in the story and thus announcing an authorship that refuses to be that writer.

Finally, “Banal Story” closes with yet another “meanwhile” moment, however one presented as different from the others. This last juxtaposition comes with a distinctive tone and style suggesting that here at last we get the “real” Hemingway voice finally coming to trump the earlier banalities. This “meanwhile” is not an example of romanticizing a far away that beckons to those who long to “Live the full life of the mind, exhilarated by new ideas, intoxicated by the Romance of the unusual.” Instead it reads as if it were intended to squarely reject and undermine such romanticizing impulses. With the unproductive writer left musing ineffectually next to his writing table, the banal story at hand turns to describe an alternative—and in its implications superior—instance of masculinity: the death of the Spanish matador Maera. It may be distant and “unusual,” but the details are emphatically unromantic. It too, in its own way, is banal. The reader is confronted with a specific instance of manhood tragically destroyed and compromised, and yet also somehow more pure in its unfettered connection to artistic performance.

Having “put down” the author at hand and the booklet he reads, the final paragraph of this “banal story” posits itself as transcending banality and the romanticism of the “full life of the mind” by offering instead Maera “drowning with pneumonia” and then being honored—and yet also degraded—as an exceptional icon of popular Spanish masculinity after his death:

All the papers in Andalucia devoted special supplements to his death, which had been expected for some days. Men and boys bought full-length coloured pictures of him to remember him by, and lost the picture they had of him in their memories by looking at the lithographs. [...] After the funeral every one sat in cafes out of the rain, and many coloured pictures of Maera were sold to men who rolled them up and put them in their pockets. (124)

Though describing in elaborate detail something distant and perhaps “unusual,” it can hardly be described as romantic in its approach. “Banal Story” illustrates the oddly relative, juxtapositional, and seemingly self-parodic qualities of Hemingway’s authorship and constructions of masculinity. He manages to both put authorship down while also illustrating how his own seeks out more “truthful” and “authentic” versions of masculinity as tragic demise. The point of that more authentic depiction of manhood, however, is that it has been mass-produced and put down on paper; like Alajolov’s parody, and like Hemingway’s own.

“Banal Story” simultaneously debunks and articulates itself as an example of authorship, and as a result, Hemingway’s distinctively masculine voice rests on a disintegration of both manhood and authorship. Operating as what J. L. Austin might characterize as both a constative and performative utterance simultaneously, Hemingway’s “story” names or reports on the inauthenticity of an inept writer, and at the same time performs an alternative seemingly more authentic authorship in the midst of

the act of naming that authorial inauthenticity. “Hemingway,” then, constitutes, in deeply equivocal terms, the complexities of both forms of authorship in writing such a banal story. Like Alajalov’s paper doll, and like the color pictures of Maera, he is there on paper both as the writer parodied and as the source of the gesture in rendering him apart as such. He is also, ultimately, altogether absent and an effect of whatever the reader of the “Banal Story” will generate. The result is an unsettling of what it means to be an author, what it means to be a man, and what constitutes a “story” at the hands of a peculiar, and peculiarly masculine, authorship like Hemingway’s.

“Banal Story” ends with an otherwise heroic, artistic representative of manhood being mass-produced, sold, and rolled up and put into the pockets of men and boys at the close of his funeral. The piece resonates with Hemingway’s early poem “Roosevelt”—a bitter treatment of TR’s iconic afterlife that has been frequently cited for its ironically prophetic articulation of Hemingway’s own fate as a man whose myth would “live on unhampered by his own existence” (that poem and Hemingway’s relationship to Roosevelt are explored in more detail in Ch. IV). One line of the poem describes the working class men who put photographs of Roosevelt in their windows. Both that poem and this early “banal story” point to Hemingway’s cognizance of the odd synergy between a transcendent, proliferating form of masculinity coinciding with compromise, loss, and death. As I will demonstrate in the chapters that follow, this contradictory conception of manhood lay at the heart of Hemingway’s distinctively masculine authenticity and authorship.

Ultimately, Alajalov’s paper doll no. 5, like the author’s own “Banal Story” before it, offers a telling metaphor for Hemingway’s masculine authorship for, in crafting

a masculine literary style, he was always playing with conventional constructions of both masculinity and authorship as much as he was involved in their reinscription as natural or essential. Above all else, his dynamic and, in many ways, transgressive engagement with conventional masculinity came through his writing and rested on his identity as a writer. He put masculinity into words and onto paper. If normative masculinity is constructed as something essential, biological, and primal, how could something as ethereal, nuanced, and subjective as “style,” let alone literary style, be deemed masculine? While the joke of Alajalov’s parody, calling out the performative relativity and instability of “Ernie’s” masculinity, seems to come at Hemingway’s expense, it in fact also reflects the fundamental self-parodic performances and relativity of his authorial style as it was constituted—not only in a “Banal Story” or a text like Death in the afternoon but from the outset.

Hemingway’s Queer Authorial Manhood

Judith Butler has pointed to parody as a means by which marginalized identities can effectively challenge heteronormative gender strictures’ status as original, “natural” and “real” counterparts to the inauthenticity of any deviance from them:

The repetition of heterosexual constructs within sexual cultures both gay and straight may well be the inevitable site of the denaturalization and mobilization of gender categories. The replication of heterosexual constructs in non-heterosexual frames brings into relief the utterly constructed status of the so-called heterosexual original [...] The parodic repetition of “the original” [...] reveals the original to be nothing other than a parody of the idea of the natural and the original. (Gender Trouble 41)

In Bodies that Matter, Butler elaborates further on parody’s power to inhabit and thus destabilize normative constructs: “Where the uniformity of the subject is expected, where the behavioral conformity of the subject is commanded, there might be produced the

refusal of the law in the form of a parodic inhabiting of conformity that subtly calls into question the legitimacy of the command, a repetition of the law into hyperbole, a rearticulation of the law against the authority of the one who delivers it.” In this light, both Alajalov’s parody and Hemingway’s authorship may be fruitfully understood as Butlerian. Like Butler’s analysis of gender, both raise the questions: “What possibilities of recirculation exist? Which possibilities of doing gender repeat and displace through hyperbole, dissonance, internal confusion, and proliferation the very constructs by which they are mobilized?” (Bodies That Matter 42). It is through these disruptive strategies (hyperbole, dissonance, internal confusion, and proliferation) that Hemingway’s masculine authorship functioned. His emphatically masculine “literary style” in fact constituted a queer cultural formation that caused “trouble” in the Butlerian sense for both social constructions of gender and authorship. In describing her work in Gender Trouble, Butler asserts that “To claim that gender is constructed is not to assert its illusoriness or artificiality, where those terms are understood to reside within a binary that counterposes the ‘real’ and ‘the authentic’ as oppositional” (43). Thus she explains that as “a genealogy of gender ontology [her] inquiry seeks to understand the discursive production of the plausibility of that binary relationship and to suggest that certain cultural configurations of gender take the place of ‘the real’ and consolidate and augment their hegemony through that felicitous self-naturalization” (43). Both Hemingway’s authorial manhood and Alajalov’s parody of it manage simultaneously to “take the place of the real” and thus discursively produce “the authentic” while also raising questions about its naturalization or solidity as such.²

² J. Gerald Kennedy’s “Hemingway’s Gender Trouble” evokes the title of Butler’s foundational contribution to queer and gender theory, yet does not offer any significant

This dissertation tracks the developments in Hemingway's gendered authorship and cultural authenticity and examines how, over the course of the first decade of his literary career (a time span that paralleled fundamental changes in American cultural constructions of gender, sexuality, and authorship in the face of the pressures of modernization), Hemingway managed to put manhood on paper through an authorship motivated by efforts to in fact transgress the limits of what it meant to be a man and what it meant to write literature. In other words (or rather in the words Hemingway used in his 1954 Nobel prize acceptance speech) the authenticity of his uniquely masculine authorship consisted of an attempt to always "go far out past where he [could] go"—both as a modern American man and as a writer of literary fiction. The surprising result was that he managed to become one of his era's exemplary figures of both. Thus Hemingway's masculine authorship consisted of a culturally powerful "queerness." I identify Hemingway's authorship as "queer" with Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick's definition of the term in mind: "queer [...] is transitive—multiply transitive. The immemorial current that queer represents is antiseptist as it is antiassimilationist. Keenly, it is relational, and strange" (*Tendencies* xii). As such, the queerness of Hemingway's masculine authenticity consists of a double-edged deconstruction of masculine subjectivity on one hand and authorship on the other. In short, by making "authorship" emphatically "masculine" in the ways he did, Hemingway effectively queered both categories.

engagement with her deconstructionist theorization of gender, sex, and subjectivity. Kennedy does offer a fruitful biocritical examination of Hemingway's "Moveable Feast" and "Garden of Eden" manuscripts and a salient reading of those posthumously published texts that reveals the complexity of Hemingway's personal and authorial relationship with social constructions of gender and sexuality. For recent Hemingway scholarship influenced by Butler's work, Thomas Styrchacz's *Hemingway's Theaters of Masculinity* offers a far more thorough-going internalization of theories of the performativity of gender and the extent to which that sensibility in fact lies at the heart of Hemingway's authorial expressions and explorations of gender.

Furthermore, his mainstream success in the endeavor—the fact that he became generally recognized as “the real thing” of modern authorship and manhood—reveals ways in which the individuals upon whom gender strictures and social constructions of the author depend can, in the instance of Hemingway, be seen working to subvert the grounds on which those definitions get made. Hence Hemingway’s effort to always “go far out past where he can go” as a writer and as a man amounted to a queer authorial practice that involved the marriage of modern masculinity and authorship.

To assert that Hemingway’s markedly masculine authorship can best be understood as queer, however, is not to “out” Hemingway or join the speculation and assertions that America’s modern man’s man author was in fact “gay” despite (or revealed by) the homophobic proclamations in his public and private writings. It does, however, reject the heteronormative project of much Hemingway scholarship—a project against which Debra Modellmog has made a powerful challenge. Modellmog, in arguing that much Hemingway scholarship “constitutes an overdetermined effort to maintain a conventionally masculine and heterosexual Hemingway,” states frankly that she pursues her own queer interpretation of Hemingway and his writing driven by her “antifoundational” “desire to desire” (7). I want to argue that Hemingway’s own authorial project was a queer one—queer in its relations to mainstream constructions of heteronormative masculinity, modern authorship, and the coalescence of a persecuted homosexual identity in the 1920s and 30s. With his writing, and in his subjectivity as a man, Hemingway can be seen attempting to go out past what it meant to be a white, modernist, heterosexual American man. In doing so he engaged, in contradictory ways, other marginal and transgressive modern masculinities including homosexuality, just as

he engaged “traditional/essential” masculine practices. His authorial celebrity and resulting cultural authenticity was established in a powerful, and what I am insisting can best be understood as a decidedly “queer” (and thus antifoundational) in-between position. If Hemingway only wrote, he would not have become the exceptionally famous modern literary figure and man’s man he continues to compellingly represent in American culture today. If he only pursued the variety of “manly” activities he did in his lifetime (journalism, soldiering, fishing, hunting, boxing, heavy drinking, and bullfighting spectatorship) without ever writing literary prose, no one would remember him today. The combination resulted in a queerly powerful masculine and literary authenticity and cultural authority.

The fundamental contradiction of Hemingway’s masculine authorship is that its unique authority relied on breaking the rules dictating both what it meant to be a man and what it meant to be an author even as he established himself as an exceptional exemplar of both. Furthermore, his odd yet powerful masculine authorship also involved transgressive engagements with categories of race, class, and national identity. In other words, Hemingway’s masculine authorship rested on what Butler calls for in a “coalitional politics” that challenge identity constructions of inclusion and exclusion: “an open assemblage that permits of multiple convergences and divergences without obedience to a normative telos of definitional closure” (*Gender Trouble* 22). Through his transgressive convergence of masculine norms and authorial norms, Hemingway managed a divergent rule-breaking and thus a destabilizing rearticulation of both. As a “literary cave man,” he managed to cross high and low cultural brows with his avant-garde-cum-popular prose, to cross American provincialism with European

cosmopolitanism, and to take his own middle-class, middle-American upbringing and sensibilities and connect himself to the identities of “others” marked as such by gender, sexual, racial, national, and class difference. Hemingway’s authorship consisted of a radical effort to both assert an authentic authorial self while also transgressing that self. In this effort, Hemingway managed a queer marriage of authorship and manhood that, through close readings of his published works, can yield a “rethinking [of] subversive possibilities for sexuality and identity within the terms of power itself” (Gender Trouble 40). As such, Hemingway’s authorship can be seen “operat[ing] within the matrix of power [which] is not the same as [replicating] uncritically relations of domination. It offers the possibility of a repetition of the law which is not its consolidation, but its displacement” (Gender Trouble 40). It is in this Butlerian light that we can understand how Ernest Hemingway, the canonical white American Modernist male writer has managed to survive in the midst of a postmodernist dismantling of such centered authorial subjectivity.

This dissertation also works against a common trajectory of Hemingway scholarship which offers a declination narrative whereby Hemingway’s authorial projects of the 1930s represented a waning of his inspiration and artistry, or, alternatively, where his most radical explorations of questions of gender and sexuality reside in the “Garden of Eden” manuscript written late in his life and only published in a bowdlerized form after his death. Instead, I pursue in the following chapters a consideration of four of his major works written and published over the course of the first ten years of his authorial production; his first collection of short stories (In Our Time, 1925), his first novel (The Sun Also Rises, 1926), his non-fiction bullfight treatise (Death in the Afternoon, 1932),

and his non-fiction African safari narrative (Green Hills of Africa, 1935). As four of his most ambitious attempts at creative artistry and authorial transgression, these texts together reveal the evolution of a decidedly queer authorship driven by a belief that “For a true writer each book should be a new beginning, where he tries again for something that is beyond attainment.” As the gender of his pronoun reveals, Hemingway constructed literary authorship (of the Nobel ilk) in emphatically sexist terms—his writer is without a doubt a “he.” And yet, the project he pursued as an emphatically gendered author consisted of a self-parodic and deconstructive exploration of both literary writing and manhood as much as it succeeded as a seeming celebration of status quo heteronormative masculinity and authorship.

And while the notion of such a celebration has been cultivated by generations of Hemingway scholars, a more complexly queer Hemingway has more recently come to the fore as more and more scholars offer reconsiderations and new interpretations of a life and work in light of poststructuralist inquiries into constructions of gender, sexuality, and subjectivity. I offer this work as a contribution to the increasingly rich investigation of the complexities of Hemingway’s “genders” (Comley and Scholes), sexuality and authorial desire (Moddelmog), fetish (Eby), and “theaters of masculinity” (Strychacz) as they all give lie to the canonical literary and biocritical construction of Hemingway as a literary champion of conservative masculinity and heteronormativity. Each of these critics’ projects operates in concert with Suzanne Clark’s salient argument that such a construction of Hemingway was in large part a result of cold war ideologies that effectively evacuated the gender critique that is a central component of his writing. In particular, my consideration of four of Hemingway’s most ambitiously groundbreaking

literary projects from 1925 to 1935 attempts to illustrate how his literary authenticity was constructed in such a way as to “queer” both authorship and masculinity (and, in what seems counterintuitive, doing so in a way that resulted in his successfully establishing himself as the real thing vis-à-vis both modern American manhood and literature).

Furthermore, my analysis includes a consideration of how Hemingway’s queerly masculine authorial project also involved transgressive constructions and explorations of identity in terms of class, race, and national identity. Walter Benn Michaels includes Hemingway (through a reading of The Sun Also Rises in concert with other American modernist novels) in his study of a “nativist modernism” which argues that “the great American modernist texts of the ‘20s must be understood as deeply committed to the nativist project of racializing the American” (13). While his reading of Sun fits convincingly into his thesis about the links between modernist preoccupation with the ontology of the sign and racialized anxieties about blood and national identity that animated racist nativist impulses of the period (in texts written by Hemingway’s contemporaries including Faulkner, Fitzgerald, and Cather), the inclusion of Hemingway’s novel raises as many problems as it does supporting evidence for Michael’s argument. Unlike the other works he examines, Sun inhabits an emphatically internationalist space and communicates cosmopolitan sensibilities as much as it does nativist impulses of intolerance, racialized family bloodlines, and national identity. Once again, Hemingway’s version of modernist nativism—because it is crossed with an emphatic cosmopolitanism—proves to be a decidedly “queer” one.

What follows investigates Ernest Hemingway’s development as a writer during the inter-war decades of the 1920s and ’30s as a representative instance of how

international modernisms formed as sustained engagements with gender and sexuality. By developing four historically contextualized close readings of his most experimental texts, I argue that Hemingway's authorship — both his practices as writer and his public persona — helped shape and sought to occupy a profoundly heterogeneous space of cultural queerness vitalized by the diverse energies of masculinity, national and ethnic identities, and writing. As a figure of both “high” and “popular” modernism, Hemingway simultaneously shaped and transgressed, appropriated and rejected, collective and personal boundaries that were integral to his identity — and to those of his literary peers — as an artist, a man, and an American.

Chapter One, “Hemingway's Times and the ‘Real Thing’ in Between,” traces the development of his literary career from the publication of the experimental collection of vignettes in our time in Paris in 1924 to the later New York trade edition, In Our Time, which interpolated the vignettes between longer stories and marked his U.S. publishing debut in 1925. In tracing the transatlantic and transgressive aspects of Hemingway's double-crossing “times,” this chapter illustrates his authoritative and authorial confounding of the modernist era's high/low divide of cultural production and affiliations. This chapter's consideration of the transitive duality of Hemingway's “times” serves as a point of departure for analyzing the ways he constructed his literary authenticity.

Chapter Two, “Remembering Lost Manhood: The Sun Also Rises,” focuses on Hemingway's first novel as a text that is deeply divided against itself as the product of Jake Barnes and Ernest Hemingway's authorship simultaneously. In particular, this chapter considers the complex of conflicted desires, fears, and resentments that constitute

Hemingway-cum-Barnes's efforts at both rendering and remembering lost manhood in the wake of World War One. These efforts revolve around watching, writing, and bullfighting as memory acts that raise complicated gender questions involving racialized and sexualized boyhood as a promising yet problematic queer zone. This chapter examines how a sexually incapacitated war veteran and expatriate became the icon of the "lost generation" by playing the role of an American vicarioso who skillfully watches an atavistic ritual of foreign manhood and then writes about it as a symbolic act of remembering lost virility. It also considers how American efforts to find and assert one's self from the stands of a bullring get complicated by questions of national and ethnic identity and the contradictions of bullfighting as both an ancient masculine spectacle and a modern gender performance.

Chapter Three, "Bullfighting and Writing 'with a tendency to smile,'" builds on chapter two's consideration of sexual "funniness" and considers how Hemingway's non-fiction treatise on Spanish bullfighting constitutes one of his most deliberately "queer" authorial projects and a clear example of his efforts at moving his writing and popular authorial standing in new directions as a means of both asserting and transcending his public identity as a man, an author, and an American.

Finally, Chapter Four, "Off the Beaten Game Trail, In Search of Greener Hills: Writing the (Not so) Great White Hunter in Africa," examines how three years after the commercial and critical failure of Death in the Afternoon, Hemingway embarked upon yet another prose experiment deliberately set against literary formulas of the day and legacies of imperialistic manhood from the past. It concludes the dissertation with a reading of Green Hills of Africa as Hemingway's political critique of imperialism and

manhood—a critique that manifests itself through Hemingway writing himself and his shortcomings as a white modern man and hunter as a self-deprecating literary joke. In writing such a joke, however, Hemingway also sought to reaffirm his own uniquely authoritative masculine authorship.

CHAPTER ONE

HEMINGWAY'S TIMES AND "THE REAL THING" IN BETWEEN

I'd look him up right away. He's the real thing. (F. Scott Fitzgerald to Maxwell Perkins, A Life 82)

The "hurried scrawl" F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote from the south of France to his editor at Scribner's in New York illustrates the transatlantic literary buzz Ernest Hemingway had come to generate by the fall of 1924. The note exudes urgency and enthusiasm: "This is to tell you about a young man named Ernest Hemmingway [sic], who lives in Paris, (an American) writes for the transatlantic Review + has a brilliant future. Ezra Pound published a a [sic] collection of his short pieces in Paris, at some place like the Egotist Press. I havn't [sic] it hear[sic] now but its remarkable + I'd look him up right away. He's the real thing" (A Life 82). This sanguine assessment, made some months before Fitzgerald and Hemingway met, was based on slim material evidence: the original Three Mountain Press version of in our time—a collection of eighteen vignettes averaging well under 500 words each and printed in Paris on a hand-operated press with a minuscule run of 170 copies. Matthew Bruccoli characterizes Fitzgerald's opinion as "prescient" but "reckless" given that in our time "provided no more than samples of Hemingway's style and tone" (Fitzgerald and Hemingway 15-17). Although the European-based Egotist Press would print such an odd little book, the American trades certainly would not. When Perkins later wrote to Hemingway, he bluntly told him as much: "It is so small

that it would give the booksellers no opportunity for substantial profit if issued at a price which custom would dictate. The trade would therefore not be interested in it” (OTTC 33).

Despite the book’s unprofitable smallness, Fitzgerald’s enthusiasm and urgency turned out to be entirely warranted. Perkins did write Hemingway to express Scribner’s interest in publishing something larger from the author, “something which would not have [the] practical objections” (OTTC 33) that in our time had. Though he wrote almost immediately, Perkins was too late; one of Scribner’s competitors—the Jazz Age publishing upstart Boni and Liveright—had already secured a contract to publish the New York trade edition of In Our Time with the original vignettes serving as inter-chapters placed between longer stories. This New York edition capitalized the title and capitalized on the promise of the little Parisian edition. Boni and Liveright’s In Our Time marked Hemingway’s American publishing debut the following fall. His early writing had, as Fitzgerald noted, been published in the Transatlantic Review; now his book publication and authorship had gone transatlantic. With the move from a rarefied little European in our time to the bigger U.S. In Our Time, a growing number of Americans would come to share Fitzgerald’s enthusiastic opinion about the author of these two imbricated texts: Hemingway was on his way to being widely celebrated as “the real thing” of modern American letters.

Miles Orvell, in The Real Thing: Imitation and Authenticity in American Culture, 1880-1940, isolates “the real thing” as a motto of the modernist era that had become a spoken and written talisman against the increasingly pervasive sense of the unreality of a nascent consumer culture and urban-industrial cityscapes. According to Orvell,

Americans' predilection for the phrase reflected the conflicted impulses of a nation increasingly obsessed with authenticity. On the one hand, this new "culture of authenticity" developed as a counter response to a nineteenth-century culture "in which the arts of imitation and illusion were valorized." This earlier "culture of imitation" consisted of "types, of stylizations, of rounded generalities" (xv). On the other hand, the new culture of authenticity also "derived its form more specifically as a response to the vast consumer culture that was implacably taking shape in the early decades of the twentieth century" (141). In a world of mass production and proliferating "fakes," the sense of urgency in identifying the authentic grew concurrently with anxieties about being able to do so with any degree of certainty. Being "the real thing," Orvell suggests, meant possessing "a kind of authenticity that was contemporary, connected with the energy of twentieth-century civilization (which was technological energy) and yet an authenticity that was separate from the social and personal distortions of business and commercial values" (154). By the 1920s, the phrase had become a fraught cultural signifier, for although it claimed reference to a unique individual "thing" of inherent value, it had been taken up by modern advertising companies as a preferred motto used to promote mass produced consumer goods. In the modern era, everything from Gillette's disposable razors to Coca Cola's carbonated sugar water to literary figures and their writing could be sold as "the real thing." That Fitzgerald's assessment of Hemingway's literary promise echoed, even as it sought to distinguish him from, the advertising-copy parlance of the times—something Fitzgerald did frequently—reflects the co-mingling of elite literary culture and mass consumer culture in the 1920s.

Hemingway's reputation as a literary figure decidedly of his times yet also decidedly set against its burgeoning commercialism is a familiar modernist construct that corresponds exactly with Orwell's characterization of authenticity. One of the ways Hemingway navigated the requirements of modern authenticity—to connect with the twentieth-century's technological energies yet transcend its commercialism—was by establishing himself in between many of the cultural binaries of the times. Van Wyck Brooks, in his 1915 challenge to American intellectuals (America's Coming-of-Age), lamented such divisive binaries, specifically the cultural schism of America into highbrows and lowbrows. Brooks pointed to a mediating position between the two as the source of “the real”: “But where is all that is real, where is personality and all its works, if it is not essentially somewhere, somehow, in some not very vague way, between?”(35). Ten years later, drawing on the combination of his personality and his work, Hemingway launched a transatlantic literary career that would successfully establish him as that “real thing” in between. Doing so would, among other things, bridge Brooks's high/low divide. As Hemingway confidently declared to his first editor Horace Liveright about the larger In Our Time, “My book will be praised by highbrows and can be read by lowbrows” (SL 155).

Hemingway's two-staged text illustrates the dualism of his authorship and authenticity. Through this dualism, Hemingway bridged not only America's perceived divide between high and low cultural brows but also those between Europe and America, modern journalism and literary modernism, observation and participation, and the mechanical and the artistic. The most fundamental divide he bridged through the combination of his work and personality, however, was that of self and other—

constituted not only in the class terms of highbrow vs. lowbrow, but also in terms of national, racial, and gender identity. Among other things, both versions of Hemingway's Times construct a transgressive multiperspectivalism reflecting the cultural and historical upheavals and fragmentations of western society in the 1920s that had resulted in reassessments and realignments of such categories of identity construction. Thus Hemingway's standing as an American author was established while residing in and writing predominantly about Europe. Meanwhile, his identity as a white writer turned on his interest in and expression of multiple subjectivities including those marked as ethnically and racially different from his own (Native Americans, African Americans, and Mediterranean natives and immigrants including, among others, Spaniards, Italians, and Greeks). Finally, his status as a distinctively masculine author, rested on a writing that sought to complicate, rather than shore up, constructions of masculinity by dramatizing the contradictions and challenges of postwar manhood. In the end, Hemingway's status as "the real thing" of American literature relied on his being—to paraphrase from the title of the later In Our Time's final two-part story—a Big Two-Hearted writer who laid claim to an authentic middle ground of cultural modernity and literary modernism.

Both versions of Hemingway's Times consist of typically modernist fragmentation crossed with elements of realism, and as such, reflect modern "times" characterized by a crisis of belief in the continuity between seeing and knowing and a new cognizance of the subjective mediations of embodied visuality. In the midst of such a crisis, Hemingway arose as a comfortingly authentic writer with the ability, in what Karen Jacobs describes in her study of literary modernism and visual culture, "to wed the

visionary and the empirical” (27). On one hand, Hemingway’s authorial voice borrowed from modern journalism and the camera’s epistemological claims to truth, both of which were tied to nineteenth-century constructions of realism and positivism. On the other hand, he also offered himself and his prose as capable of drawing on a professional, disciplined, and artistic “interior” gaze that could yield the truth in ways that neither the camera’s mechanical rendering of the world nor journalism’s immediacy and claims to professional objectivity could. Hemingway’s celebrated declaration that a good writer must have a “shock proof shit detector” illustrates his reliance on the mechanical as a model for unshakably objective truth telling. At the same time, Hemingway also viewed the products and influence of things mechanical (including both the camera and industrialized production) as a threatening source of the inauthenticity (or “shit”) he felt it was his job to detect using his own internal, organic, artistic, human device.

As a literary participant/observer, Hemingway took on the role of an embodied seer whose visionary capabilities blended scientific objectivity with artistic creativity and, as such, surpassed the technological visual apparatus of the camera. His texts also adopted a disjunctive multiperspectivalism that, crossed with photographic and journalistic positivism, gave his authorial voice an air of visionary control in the midst of modernist fragmentation wrought by technological change. As a peculiar kind of modernist, Hemingway successfully problematized what Jonathan Crary calls “the myth of modernist rupture [that] depends fundamentally on the binary model of realism vs. experimentation” (4). As experimentations with realism, both versions of Hemingway’s In Our Time gainsay this binary.

A central component of the experiment was acknowledging the body—and thus the participation—of the observer. Although Hemingway’s writing successfully claimed the status of “authentic” artistically visionary observations, his version of the modern seer diverged from the disembodied Cartesian visionary that had dictated subjective unity from the Renaissance through the nineteenth century. As part of the modernist project of confronting the untenability of disembodiment, Hemingway explored the implications of vision connected to a body; and not just any body, but a wounded fallible one affected by uncontrollable natural forces and the destructiveness of modernity. Furthermore, Hemingway’s wounded-yet-valorized literary subjectivity was tied to a modern seeing body that mingled and merged with a host of others even as it asserted itself as exceptionally masculine, heterosexual, white, middle class, and American. Wounds, death, and childbirth thematically dominate both versions of In Our Time, making it a frank exploration of the limits and fragility of bodily integrity (both physically and conceptually). And yet, at the same time Hemingway pursues writerly explorations of the body as fallible, his writing also ultimately reinscribes a unified authorial subjectivity that suggests a transcendence of the body through the virtuosity of the writing. Ultimately, Hemingway’s authenticity, and his literary authority, hinge on his success in establishing, through his writing, a position “in between” a number of social binaries including constructions of author and text.

The dynamic tensions of Hemingway’s times (textual and otherwise) turn on the collapse of distance between seeing and being seen, the exotic and the mundane, and the real (as it was shaped and defined by science and technology) and the artistically constructed. Hemingway’s authorial voice controls these tensions by positing seeing as

doing and by translating a modern cacophony of fragmented perspectives into a unified and authoritative writing. His authenticity as a literary modernist was established in the cultural and historical context of what James Clifford has identified as “the development of a twentieth-century science of participant observation” (25). “During this period,” Clifford explains, “a particular form of authority was created—an authority both scientifically validated and based on a unique personal experience.” Drawing on a blend of the artistic avant-garde, the camera’s claims to verisimilitude, and the edicts of modern journalism, Hemingway fashioned a literary version of what Clifford calls “ethnographic subjectivity” that operates in a “pervasive condition of off-centeredness in a world of distinct meaning systems, a state of being in culture while looking at culture” and that permeates twentieth-century art and writing (9). Hemingway’s prose claimed its authenticity by drawing upon a range of distinct meaning systems in the formation of one unified authorial voice that could express itself as “being in culture while looking at culture.”

Six True Sentences

“He had set out in January 1922 to write one true sentence. By the end of May he had managed to write six—declarative, straightforward, and forceful as a right to the jaw...he was on his way at last” (91). Thus biographer Carlos Baker describes “Paris, 1922,” Hemingway’s unpublished prose experiment written less than a year after his move to Paris and before he had quit the Toronto Star to work exclusively on literary writing. As Baker suggests, these early “declarative, straightforward” sentences, that state explicitly their reliance on vision, mark a telling starting point of Hemingway’s literary career:

I have seen the favourite crash into the Bulfinch and come down in a heap kicking, while the rest of the field swooped over the jump . . . and the crowd raced across the pelouze to see the horses come into the stretch I have seen Peggy Joyce at 2 a.m. in a Dancing in the Rue Camartin quarreling with the shellac haired young Chilean who had manicured finger nails, blew a puff of cigarette smoke into her face, wrote something in a notebook, and shot himself at 3:30 the same morning. . . . I have watched the police charge the crowd with swords as they milled back into Paris through the Porte Maillot on the first of May and seen the frightened proud look on the white beaten-up face of the sixteen year old kid who looked like a prep school quarter back and had just shot two policemen. . . . I have stood on the crowded back platform of a seven o'clock Batignolles bus as it lurched along the wet lamp lit street while men who were going home to supper never looked up from their newspapers as we passed Notre Dame grey and dripping in the rain I have seen the one-legged street walker who works the Boulevard Madelaine between the Rue Cambon and Bernheim Jeune's limping along the pavement through the crowd on a rainy night with a beefy red-faced Episcopal clergyman holding an umbrella over her I have watched two Senegalese soldiers in the dim light of the snake house of the Jardin des Plantes teasing the King Cobra who swayed and tightened in tense erect rage as one of the little brown men crouched and fainted at him with his red fez. (in Baker 90-91)

The “truth” of these six sentences—a truth that strikes Baker as “forceful as a right to the jaw”—relies in part on the positivist tenants of realism shaped by both the codified social uses of photography and the edicts of modern journalism; in other words, the distinctly modern imperative to make an objective recording of what is observed, “seen,” or “watched.” These sentences are the result of what Hemingway’s “internal, shock proof shit detector” in action. They emphatically proclaim their status as “eye-witness” accounts; the narrative “I” that begins each sentence is an embodied, yet also camera-like, “eye” that sees. The eye-witness claim to veracity the sentences make is supported by their deliberate specificity—the inclusion of proper nouns, exact street names, specialized vocabulary, precise times and places. Hemingway contributes further to the sense of immediacy and specificity of what he describes by favoring “the” over “a” as his article of choice: “the favourite,” “the Bulfinch,” “the crowd,” “the shellac haired young

Chilean,” “the crowded back platform,” “the wet lamp lit street,” “the one-legged street walker,” “the King Cobra.” The claim to verisimilitude is further reinforced by the focus on discreet gestures and more subtle aspects of otherwise spectacular, dangerous, exotic, and sordid situations (the “manicured finger nails,” “a puff of smoke,” and “a notebook” of a suicide; “the frightened proud look” of a murderous protester, a “clergyman holding an umbrella” over a one-legged prostitute).

And yet, these sentences’ “truth” relies on something more than just the positivist tenants of either journalism or photography. Though two of the sentences draw upon newsworthy events that mark the times (a May Day riot and a suicide) they, along with the other four, focus instead on the kind of mundane details newspapers of the day would not print. Though transcribed onto the same telegraph blanks Hemingway used to submit his Toronto Star dispatches, the six “true” sentences of “Paris, 1922” “were not,” as Baker asserts, “journalism. They were the most concentrated distillation that he could make of what he had seen in Paris during five months residence in the Latin Quarter” (90). These six sentences sent him “on his way” from mere journalism to literature. More than journalism or the product of a photographic memory, “Paris, 1922” represents an artistically assertive performance of authorial agency. Though presented as relying solely on the empirical data of what has been observed, their translation into powerful literary prose also relies on a process of selection and a lyrical “distillation.” The result is a kind of banal prose poetry filled with subtle alliteration and syncopated musicality in the midst of describing the quotidian (e.g.: a “Batignolles bus as it lurched along the wet lamp lit street while men who were going home to supper never looked up from their newspapers as we passed ...”). Collectively, the disparate range of what the narrative

“I/eye” has seen contributes to the sentences’ status as intensely “real” and artistically “true.” As a richly varied montage of striking images evoking exoticism, violence, and mundane routine, they all come under the unifying, discerning gaze and refined yet simple prose of a narrator who announces, “I have seen...” and “I have watched...” and through my authorial prowess I can hold all of this together and make you see it too.

With these sentences, Hemingway takes up the position of the Baudelairean flâneur who, as Walter Benjamin suggests, makes Paris “a subject of lyric poetry” and casts the gaze of one “whose mode of life still surrounds the approaching desolation of city life with propitiatory luster. The flâneur is still on the threshold, of the city as of the bourgeois class. Neither has yet engulfed him; in neither is he at home. He seeks refuge in the crowd” (156). In Hemingway’s case, the poetics of Paris are rendered as a phantasmagoric prose poem written with a journalistic accent of modernity. Benjamin further observes that “In the flâneur the intelligentsia pays a visit to the marketplace, ostensibly to look around, yet in reality to find a buyer”(156), and this could not be more apt for describing Hemingway as he prepared himself to write literary prose for the sake of art and, as he would soon put it to his trade publishing editor, in order to become a salable “property” (SL 155).

In these sentences Hemingway also marks his descriptive flanerie as distinctly American. Who else would rely on such casual diction and syntax (“come down in a heap kicking”; “white beaten-up face”; “beefy red-faced”) and describe a Parisian May Day protester as looking like “a prep school quarter back” in the midst of describing vivid Parisian scenes with a resident’s fluency? Though an American in Paris, he is also clearly not an American tourist. This “I” knows Paris too well. He knows the French

street names and the race track terms (“Bulfinch” and “pelouze”); He knows the exact parameters of the one-legged street walker’s territory (she “works the Boulevard Madelaine between Rue Cambon and Bernheim Juene’s”); He rides the commuter bus (the “seven o’clock Batignolles” to be exact) packed in along side the blasé working-class locals on their way home for supper. Like Baudelaire’s flaneur, Hemingway’s “I/eye” takes “refuge in the crowd.” What may strike an American audience as richly exotic and, at times, shocking, the narrative I/eye calmly, carefully absorbs and recounts, like an embodied, disciplined machine.

Hemingway’s narrative I/eye is emphatically included in these sentences. In the most literal instance he stands on the back platform of a bus, but he is also at “the Dancing” and knows the first and last name of the suicidal Chilean’s acquaintance (and he is close enough to note manicured finger nails, puffs of smoke, jottings in a notebook). He is in the uncontrollable crowd first at the horse races and then at the May Day riot. He too is there “in the dim light of the Jardin des Plantes” in close proximity to the little brown men and the dangerous, agitated King Cobra where his series of sentences leave us. The brash hubris of one of the distinctly exotic men with his dark skin and red fez baiting the snake has its correspondence in how Hemingway provokes and challenges the reader with a coiled Paris. This is the physicality of Baker’s metaphor, writing that is like a fist to the jaw, and speaks to a key component of how these sentences set out to make themselves compellingly “true.”

**Living “in Paris, (An American)”:
Hemingway’s Moveable Hors D’oeuvre**

The authenticity of “Paris, 1922” rested not only on the embodied nature of Hemingway’s authorial “I/eye” but also in the combination of the residence and

nationality of the author. Hemingway's status as "the real thing" started in Paris but also tied to his status as an American there. After writing his six true sentences about Paris, he went on to create six tightly composed paragraphs that he then expanded into the eighteen vignettes that would constitute the first in our time. Under its all lower-cased title, this original collection of brief prose fragments was, like the six sentences, emphatically little and, as such, clearly a product of the avant-garde colony in Paris. As its title page explained, copies of the thin volume were on sale exclusively at Sylvia Beach's Shakespeare and Company (and one other book shop in London) where it was placed alongside other experiments of international literary modernism. In a time of increasing mass production of American consumer products, including literary and other printed texts, the original in our time communicated to a select few a unique and rarefied artistic smallness.

For American intellectuals and literary entrepreneurs of the 1920s, Paris was both the capital of artistic freedom and a place where the U.S. dollar was strong, making it feasible to pursue aesthetic experiments and cottage publishing endeavors motivated by art rather than profit. The independent magazines that published the work of the self-exiled American avant-garde embraced both "little"-ness and European residence as badges of artistic integrity. Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap's The Little Review was the first magazine to publish Hemingway's experimental prose work (the first six of the eighteen in our time vignettes). After nomadic relocations to three different U.S. cities in search of an appropriate economic and cultural niche, The Little Review ultimately wound up, like so many American artists and other magazines of the 1920s, in Paris. Despite the romantic mystique attached to bohemian Paris of that period, however,

American artistic and literary endeavors based in postwar Europe were never completely free from the influence of the strong American market economy.

The circumstances behind the establishment of Sylvia Beach's English-language lending library and bookshop where Hemingway's little volume was sold provides a telling example of how the U.S. economy fostered international modernism, influencing the lives and literary projects of Americans residing overseas. Before moving to France, Beach had originally planned to open a French-language bookstore in New York City. Market concerns and the strong dollar, however, resulted in her altering those plans and instead moving to France to open an English-language bookstore. There, she helped publish and distribute the works of an English-speaking literary colony residing on the continent, including, most famously, Joyce's Ulysses. Thus instead of being an importer of French literature and culture to the U.S., Beach became an American cultural colonist fostering English language literary and cultural exports to continental Europe. The success of her bookshop, of course, depended on an English-speaking clientele—whose dollars and pounds had been exchanged for francs—either visiting or residing in Paris. In this light, the joke in the name of her shop, Shakespeare & Company, loses some of its self-conscious irony, for as Beach placed the premier icon of English language letters in the context of modern business and incorporation, she did so not only supporting experimental literature but also running a business. As the post-war decade unfolded and the U.S. dollar grew ever stronger in Europe, magazines like The Little Review and Poetry (the latter of which, though published in the U.S., relied heavily on an international audience and it's advisor and European correspondent Ezra Pound) spawned numerous others based in Paris, including Ford Madox Ford's lower-cased transatlantic

review (which Hemingway both wrote for and, at one point, edited). The vast majority of these little projects were sustained by the big bank rolls of American benefactors.³

Hemingway's ultimate literary success and wider American "authenticity" began with the initial little, European packaging of his prose which set his career and later public fame on their way. As much as European residence could foster his authenticity among literary high-brows, it also presented the risk of his being perceived as too much under the influence of corruptive "old-world" sensibilities, considered anathema to the original "newness" of American modernism. While residence in Europe could lend an artist or author cultural cache in the eyes of Americans (particularly the American intelligentsia), it was important to find and maintain an assertively American voice and perspective on Europe and to serve as a kind of American cultural neo-colonist confident enough to absorb, without being corrupted by, European society. It was actually even more complicated, for Hemingway had to remain recognizably American even as he distinguished himself from other Americans in Europe, whom he portrayed as either banal tourists intent on consuming their "holiday" or financially spoiled expatriates enthralled by the decadence of Paris's Latin Quarter. In Fitzgerald's note to Perkins he includes the fact that Hemingway "lives in Paris, (an American)." The awkward parenthetical nature of Fitzgerald's description of Hemingway's transatlantic status reveals the complicated nature of the latter's burgeoning authenticity that required Parisian residence but also a demarcated, and thus emphatic, U.S. nationality at the same time.

³ Sylvia Beach's Shakespeare and Company p. 15. For more detailed information on Hemingway and the little magazines of Paris see Joost's Ernest Hemingway and the Little Magazines: The Paris Years.

Hemingway deliberately used and then later distanced himself from the rarefied European aura of his early writing; at all times he kept an eye on the critics, trade publishers, popular magazines, and reading public of the American market. Also, from the moment he arrived in Europe as a foreign correspondent, his journalistic writing was directed back across the Atlantic to a “general” rather than “elite” audience. While the smallness of in our time was an indication of its literary/artistic integrity, it also made it a quick manageable read for potential reviewers in New York (in his first letter to Edmund Wilson soliciting his review, Hemingway explained that someone “could read it all in an hour and a half”) (SL 103). Almost immediately after the publication of his two little Parisian books (in our time and Three Stories and Ten Poems were at times even referred to as “pamphlets” rather than books), Hemingway told Wilson that he was “glad to have it out” and behind him (SL 104). He was also telling American trade publishers (also in New York) about his literary “property” aspirations and his visions of writing “big book[s],” possibly novels, hopefully “classics” (SL 155-156).

Though Hemingway’s early writing exhibits his affinities with the avant-garde of Europe, he clearly saw such an association as an entrée to his ultimate target: the American cultural mainstream and reading public. In this light, his metaphor for Paris as a “moveable feast,” the phrase chosen for the title of his posthumously published memoir, is particularly apt in a way Hemingway and Scribner’s may not have intended, for Paris sustained him in his early career but as something to be consumed or utilized in preparation for a move to a larger American consumer market. In fact, a “moveable appetizer” or “hors d’oeuvre”—something “outside” or preparatory to one’s main oeuvre or body of work—would have been an even more appropriate title. Hemingway’s later

literary reputation was in part built on the inflated romanticization of the significance of his feasting “Paris years.”

In fact, Hemingway distrusted both “little”-ness and Europe. After the publication of his collection of one- and two-page vignettes, Hemingway would distance himself from the Parisian avant-garde, denigrating the rarefied parameters that helped move his career to its next stage. As he told Wilson, his early Parisian works were of a “silly size” and merely a means to greater (bigger) ends (SL 104). Such a strategy was one Hemingway often employed in his relations with virtually all the supporters and benefactors who fostered his early literary career: Sherwood Anderson, Horace Liveright, Gertrude Stein, William Bird, Robert McAlmon (who published his other small Parisian collection Three Stories and Ten Poems), Fitzgerald, John Dos Passos, Harold Loeb, Donald Ogden Stewart, and others. The list of people who helped Hemingway build his literary style and reputation and with whom he eventually “broke” or turned on is long. Thus using highbrow European little-ness to help establish himself and then breaking from it (and demeaning it) was part of a pattern that fostered his later, larger literary and cultural authenticity.

The Charm of Both Extremes

Lawrence Levine has argued in Highbrow/Lowbrow that American sensibilities at the beginning of the twentieth century were characterized by an “exaggerated antithesis between art and life, between the aesthetic and the Philistine, the worthy and the unworthy, the pure and the tainted, embodied in the host of adjectival categories so firmly established at the turn of the century” (232). By the 1920’s, “high-brow” and “low-brow” had become familiar code words for this perceived stratification of American

culture, and the divide they represented had become what Levine calls a cultural orthodoxy. The assessment of Van Wyck Brooks, whose opinions Hemingway and his contemporaries were keenly aware of, was an authoritative pronouncement of what Levine analyzes in his study. In 1915, Brooks despairingly characterized America's Coming of Age as being shaped by a distinct gap between “two attitudes of mind [that] have been phrased once for all in our vernacular ‘Highbrow’ and ‘Lowbrow.’” He lamented the

frank acceptance of twin values which are not expected to have anything in common: on the one hand, a quite unclouded, quite unhypocritical assumption of transcendent theory (‘high ideals’), on the other a simultaneous acceptance of catchpenny realities. Between American culture and American humour, between Good Government and Tammany, between academic pedantry and pavement slang, there is no community, no genial middle ground. (3)

Brooks’s dissatisfaction with this cultural divide in a purportedly democratic society suggests a cultural explanation for Hemingway’s unparalleled literary and popular success. In embracing both sides of the divide, he claimed for himself and his audience an authentic “middle ground.” In his celebrity and his writing (or as Brooks put it, his “personality and all its works”) Hemingway drew upon what Brooks called “the charm of both extremes” as a means of occupying that place “in between” “where all that is real” resides.

In The Apprenticeship of Ernest Hemingway, Charles Fenton submits the in our time vignettes to close textual analysis and traces variations of certain vignettes through numerous drafts leading up to the Three Mountain Press versions. Fenton’s explications are part of a larger study of Hemingway’s “apprentice” writing, including his career in journalism and his tutelage under the influence of high modernists including Sherwood

Anderson, Gertrude Stein, and Ezra Pound. Much has been said about the importance of the combination of Hemingway's modernist and journalistic training in shaping his unique literary style. Fenton is only the first of many scholars to point not only to the influence of Hemingway's high modernist mentors, but also to the Kansas City Star's style manual he was required to abide by while working his first job as a cub-reporter in 1917. The Star manual delineated a precise reportorial formula for making news. "Use short sentences. Use short first paragraphs. Use vigorous English. Be positive, not negative...Never use old slang...Avoid the use of adjectives" (qtd. in Fenton 31-33). These were among the lessons Hemingway took from his six-month stint with the Kansas City paper and later applied to his writing for the Toronto Star from January 1920 to December of 1923. As Fenton persuasively argues, these lessons helped shape his later literary style.

Much as Hemingway used and later abandoned the avant-garde milieu and mentors of the high modernist Parisian expat colony, he also served time, and was served by, training in journalism. He also, however, made a decisive "break" with journalism resigning his post with the Toronto Star in order to pursue literature full time—while continuing to employ much of what he had learned as a reporter.⁴ Though indebted to what he learned and absorbed from his journalistic career, Hemingway worried about the influence of newspaper reporting on the further development of his literary style. Gertrude Stein fed such worries and encouraged him to quit, warning, "If you keep on doing newspaper work you will never see things, you will only see words and that will

⁴ Although he later returned to journalistic writing in the 30s and 40s, he did so once his literary career had been firmly established. Then, he wrote as a celebrity reporter who covered only subjects of his choosing, under titles like "Old Newsman Writes: A Letter from Cuba," that allowed his authorial self presentation to be part of that subject.

not do, that is of course if you intend to be a writer” (201). In drawing on both the journalistic and literary avant-garde “extremes” in the formulation of his authentic writing style, Hemingway simultaneously drew upon the edicts of both. The very “prose creed” that Fenton quotes from the Kansas City Star’s style manual and argues is “synonymous with the characteristics of Hemingway’s work” (31) also functions as a set of rules to be broken. As often as Hemingway “use[d] short sentences” and “avoid[ed] the use of adjectives” and common or “old slang” (Fenton 31-33), so too did his prose include lengthy run-on sentences, at times peppered with slang terms and adjectives marking distinctive stylistic voices that showcased Hemingway’s ear for language. At the same time, the avant-garde edicts expressed by Contact Publishing Company head Robert McAlmon, in his describing the idea behind the series of small books that included Hemingway’s Three Stories and Ten Poems, show how Hemingway’s writerly objectives both overlapped while also clearly going against those of the avant-garde that supported his early work. Even if publishers like McAlmon (and William Bird who ran Three Mountains Press) perceived in Hemingway someone who supported the artistically pure “high brow” idea “that artists need not please either money-making publishers, or a main street public” (Fenton 284), with both Three Stories and in our time Hemingway also clearly sought to (and eventually did) capitalize on pleasing both as “the real thing” of American letters.

Despite Stein’s admonition about the harm journalism could do to his literary vision, the lessons Hemingway learned first as a reporter for the Kansas City Star and later under the editor John Bone at the Toronto Star, wound up coinciding effectively not only with Stein’s literary experimentation with repetition but also with the Imagist edicts

of Ezra Pound and his poetic cohort that had made the influential call for the “direct treatment of the thing.” Hemingway blended this poetic directive with the journalistic guidelines of the Kansas City Star meant to train reporters to write “good” news stories that would sell newspapers. One of the initial results was the collection of in our time vignettes. Although Hemingway experimented with writing verse in the midst of groping for his own unique style, he quickly developed an inclination for literary prose rather than poetry. Many of his early experiments in poetry begin with verse lines and, half way through, lapse into prose. Also, in his other Parisian publication, Three Stories and Ten Poems, the ten largely forgettable poems come first and are followed by his first three published short stories—the first of many in a medium for which he would come to be considered a master. His journalistic training undoubtedly helped lead him in this narrative direction. The in our time vignettes reveal Hemingway’s blending of the journalistic and poetic sensibilities of modernism. As such, they illustrate Hemingway’s hybridized (and consequently “authentic”) voice as that of a kind of lay person’s Imagist.

Both stylistically and in subject matter, Chapter 6 from in our time serves as a particularly telling example of how Hemingway managed to encompass both the high modernist and the journalistic in a single set of “distilled” words:

They shot the six cabinet ministers at half-past six in the morning against the wall of a hospital. There were pools of water in the courtyard. There were wet dead leaves on the paving of the courtyard. It rained hard. All the shutters of the hospital were nailed shut. One of the ministers was sick with typhoid. Two soldiers carried him downstairs and out into the rain. They tried to hold him up against the wall but he sat down in a puddle of water. The other five stood very quietly against the wall. Finally the officer told the soldiers it was no good trying to make him stand up. When they fired the first volley he was sitting down in the water with his head on his knees. (14)

This and two of the other vignettes were derived from the Greco-Turkish war of 1922 which Hemingway had covered as a correspondent for the Toronto Star. The incongruity of an execution against the wall of a hospital, which opens the vignette (and that is echoed in a later one depicting a mutilated soldier in the midst of a battle leaning against the wall of a church), is a wedding of the seemingly discordant and as such parallels the sketch's stylistic hybridity. Hemingway bases this literary rendering on an actual event that received extensive coverage in the press of the day in news stories that read much like Hemingway's more "artful" description. As Fenton points out, Hemingway simultaneously employs the techniques he had learned both from journalistic "cabelese" and the "blunt declarations" of Anderson and Stein (236-37). It is, however, the repetition more than the bluntness that hails from Stein. (The omnipresence of rain and water in this sketch both parallel Hemingway's later In Our Time story "A Cat in the Rain" that, like this vignette, was clearly indebted to Stein's experimentation with repetition and her search for creating in words a continuous present.) The bluntness of the vignette can be more accurately attributed to a combination of cabelese and the edicts of Pound's Imagism.

The piece is, at least in part, a product of Hemingway's relationship with and artistic reverence for Pound and his minimalist poetry. "There were wet dead leaves on the paving of the courtyard," in particular, echoes what is perhaps Pound's most famous poetic line describing "the apparition of these faces in the crowd" as "Petals on a wet black bough." In relation to the high/low split of Modernism, the in our time vignettes cut both ways: on the one hand, they suggest that "high" literary Modernism could derive inspiration and style from journalistic prose and, as such, represent the potential of high-

brow literature to remain accessible to an audience beyond the bohemian avant-garde and U.S. intelligentsia; at the same time, they also redeem—by creating a place within “literature” for—the “catch-penny” (to invoke Brooks’ phrase) professional prose of journalism that both depicted and served the modern, American commercial world.

* * *

The cover designs for both versions of “in our time” provide indications of how Hemingway’s brand of hybridized modernism established his cultural cache and authenticity through a dialectical use of both highbrow and lowbrow elements of modern American culture. The cover of the original Parisian version (see fig. 2) consists of a collage of predominantly English-language newspaper headlines and fragments of print copy that unevenly criss-cross and overlap. The legible bits and pieces of journalese—besides associating the journalist-turned-author with his other métier—evoke the social and cultural upheaval of the contemporary “times” referred to in Hemingway’s title. The emphasis is on decadent pleasure-seeking and Americans in an international context (“Smile Awhile”; “Ritz Carlton,” “Favor Vacations for Dry Agents,” “Business Men Want Pleasure Not Study,” “...Gets Year in Prison for Birth Control,” “...Drinks Liquor Since Boyhood,” “Norma Talmadge Revokes Plan to Film Versailles,” “LEARN FRENCH,” “More Americans Arrive in Paris,” “W.E. Corey Makes Plans to Leave America Forever: Friends Hear He Will Live in South of France,” “Le dollar au secours du franc.”) The only two pictorial images on the cover consist of a small cartoon fragment of a shapely ankle and foot in a high-heel shoe and an impressionistic line drawing of a matador and his cape in the lower left-hand corner, each respectively reinforcing the period titillation and foreign exoticism of the various headlines.

Superimposed over this chaotic array of brash American media fragments is the identification of the book at hand, presented in centered, evenly distributed all lower-case lettering:

in our time
by
 ernest hemingway
paris
 three mountains press
 1924

Included in the very center is the Three Mountains Press seal consisting of three simple lines in a box suggesting a framed iconic image of three mountains along with a Latin insignia, “Levavi Ocvēs, Meos in Montes.” The lower-case, the Latin, and the site of publication (“paris”), all announce the book’s and author’s high-brow European credentials as set off from the low-brow American journalistic print that functions as its background. The news clips and the book’s understated line credits, though seeming to exist in two different planes superimposed one on top of the other, are also linked into one flat surface that is the book’s cover, and the story fragments within follow suit by taking as their high-brow inspiration the chaotic modern times the news headlines represent. Furthermore, a closer consideration of the cover reveals other instances where any clear distinction between the two breaks down. The headlines’ repeated references to the inundation of American tourists and American dollars into France speak to the elision of distance between the two worlds. In another instance, one serendipitously (or perhaps deliberately) cut-and-pasted fragment of newspaper text echoes the experimental use of

language repetition of one of the highest of the high-brow avant-garde (and Hemingway's mentor), Gertrude Stein, reading as if it could actually be one of her poems:

...the right effect...
 ...They must have that...
 ...all they must have the...
 ...they have exactly this...

Perhaps one of the most telling transgressions of the cultural divide this superimposed montage of high and low language signifiers, however, concerns the dualistic identity of the book's author. The lower-case text of the cover announces that in our time is "by ernest hemingway." Yet in the layer just beneath the book's title and Hemingway's name, is an alternative attribution that comes with a headline and newspaper wire story fragment about a "Spanish Revolt Frustrated." It lies just beneath the book's title and offers another, less literary, moniker that falls precisely between the "by" and the "ernest hemingway": "From Our Own Correspondent," subtly reminding us that this American modern is also a trained journalist and foreign correspondent. Thus the cover of this little volume aspiring to artistic timelessness draws on the mass-production of the timely language of journalism and, in doing so, speaks to the interwoven duality of its author's training and relationship to both languages and cultures. As such, it prepares the reader for what is contained within: a distillation and staid artistic ordering of the excess of stimuli of the popular modern media from which the author/correspondent develops his writing.

The cover for the latter New York edition of In Our Time reverses, yet also reinscribes, the high/low binary of the Paris version's cover (see fig. 3). In the latter edition, the chaotic montage of newspaper clippings is replaced by a linear grid of blurbs from respected "high brow" writers and critics of the day who enthusiastically endorse



	<p>EDWARD J. O'BRIEN</p> <p>"I regard this volume of short stories as a permanent contribution to the American literature of our time—a brave book not only for us but for posterity."</p>	
<p>SHERWOOD ANDERSON</p> <p>"Mr. Hemingway is young, strong, full of laughter, and he can write. His people flash suddenly up into those odd elusive moments of glowing reality, the clear putting down of which has always made good writing so good."</p>	<p>IN OUR TIME</p> <p>BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY</p>	<p>GILBERT SELDES</p> <p>"Extraordinary in its vividness and its brutality, it is, for the most part, deliberately unliterary, in the modern style. I can see it being warmly admired as I admire it, and violently disliked as I dislike some of it. But it has too much character, too much vital energy and passion to leave anyone indifferent. To me that is a high recommendation."</p>
<p>DONALD OGDEN STEWART</p> <p>"After trying to make a meal out of the literary lettuce sandwiches which are being fed to this country, it is rather nice to discover that one of your own countrymen has opened a shop where you can really get something to eat."</p>	<p>WALDO FRANK</p> <p>"Not in a long time have I been so impressed by the work of a new American author. Mr. Hemingway can write. His stories are hard, passionate bits of life."</p>	<p>FORD MADDOX FORD</p> <p>"The best writer in America at this moment (though for the moment he happens to be in Paris), the most conscientious, the most master of his craft, the most consummate, is Ernest Hemingway."</p>

Fig. 3. Book Cover. Ernest Hemingway. *In Our Time*. New York: Boni and Liveright, 1925.

Hemingway and his book, the names of which are framed in the center—this time in all-upper case lettering and without the name of the publisher. Whereas the eccentric lower-case lettering had been self-consciously arty and “high brow” and was superimposed over fragments of “low brow” news clippings, here the all-caps title looks as if it is handwritten and thus comes across as an emphatic yet unpretentious counterpoint to the names and quotations of the literary figures that surround it. The homey black-markered look of this title implies an almost childish informality, albeit one endorsed by the likes of Sherwood Anderson, Edward O’Brien, Gilbert Seldes, Waldo Frank, and Ford Madox Ford. As if the art department at Boni and Liveright had taken its cue from Hemingway’s letter to Liveright, this title shows how the book has been “praised by highbrows” while the look of the title and author seem to beckon to “lowbrows.”

Hemingway grouched about both covers, implying his own frustrated lack of authorial control over them, and blamed their look on each of his respective publishers. Responding to Edmund Wilson’s criticism that the all-lower-case titling of in our time struck him as a tired modernist gesture, Hemingway wrote “You are very right about the lack of capital letters—which seemed very silly and affected to me—but Bird had put them in and as he was printing the In Our Time himself and that was all the fun he was getting out of it I thought he could go ahead and be a damn fool in his own way if it pleased him. So long as he did not fool with the text” (SL 128). When Boni and Liveright reversed the gesture of the original in our time cover by framing its all caps titling with blurbs of critical praise (like that Hemingway had solicited from Wilson), Hemingway again complained, this time to Horace Liveright: “I have made no kick about

the *In Our Time*, the lack of advertising, the massing of all those blurbs on the cover, each one of which would have made, used singly, a valuable piece of publicity but which, grouped together as they were, simply put the reader on the defensive” (SL 173). In both complaints, Hemingway positions himself against the high-brow markings used to package his books, and yet these were one crucial half of both covers’ signifying and selling strategies that consisted of an authorial presentation positioned deliberately in between little and big, high and low, and Europe and America in constructing its authenticity.

Multiperspectivalism and Artistic Unity

Following the flaneurian exercise of “Paris, 1922” and between writing dispatches for the *Star*, Hemingway developed his literary experimentation into the longer prose fragments that would make up the original *in our time*. The first six of these would be published on their own in the Spring 1923 issue of *The Little Review* before the full eighteen would be collected and published as the last in a series of experimental texts constituting “*The Inquest* into the state of contemporary English prose, as edited by Ezra Pound and printed at the Three Mountains Press” (*in our time* 31). With *in our time*’s inclusion in this series, Hemingway’s vignettes joined company with, among others, the works of Pound, William Carlos Williams, and Ford Madox Ford. While the distilled sentences of “Paris, 1922” maintain the perspective of one all-seeing “I/eye,” the *in our time* vignettes consist of a significantly expanded and far more complex scope that is simultaneously more fragmentary and more interwoven as it attempts to broadly render the “state of contemporary” times in an appropriately modern prose.

With the pieces of prose collected in in our time, Hemingway left Paris out (except for its inclusion on the cover and title page as the site of publication and sales). Instead, the content of the collection draws upon a disparate range of other, mostly European, events and moments that Hemingway experienced, witnessed, or heard about. The emphatic “I” that introduced each sentence in “Paris, 1922” is, in the collection of vignettes, replaced by a far more fluid and transitory multiperspectivalism. The phantasmagoric jumps of “Paris, 1922” continue in in our time which also includes changes in narrative subjectivity. Less than half of its vignettes use first person narration, and even those that do display a range of idiomatically distinctive voices and perspectives. The range of narrative voices include both singular and plural first person, both omniscient and limited third person, and even occasional recourse to second person address. The inclusion of dialogue using American street slang, French, Italian, and Spanish adds even greater variety to the text’s multiplicity of voices and accents. Thus the “I/eye” of this phantasmagoric text—at times removed and godlike in the manner of a nineteenth-century realist or naturalist, at other times embodied in the text as a disaffected British soldier, a Spanish matador, an ethnocentric American tourist, a jaded Italian communist, or someone interviewing a Greek king under house arrest—is anything but unified.

This disparate array of voices is rivaled only by the varied nature of the collection’s subject matters. Fenton notes that the eighteen vignettes can be divided into three evenly balanced source groups: six from World War I, six from Hemingway’s work as a journalist before and after the war, and six from Spanish bullfights. Neither the unities nor the divisions of the collection, however, can be so simply summed up or

broken down. The WWI vignettes divide into distinct theaters of war and sharply differing narrative tones and perspectives. Two are larded with British figures of speech (“frightfully hot,” “absolutely perfect,” “simply priceless,” “absolutely topping,” “frightfully put out”) and describe “potting” Germans on the Western front in France in the early years of the war. Two others depict soldiers either under attack or wounded on the Italian front. Thus the British marksmen of Chapter 5 who so dispassionately describes his and his comrades’ murderous shooting of Germans in such “frightfully” jovial British parlance provides a darkly ironic contrast to the panicked, presumably American, soldier who finds himself under Austrian fire just a few vignettes later: “While the bombardment was knocking the trench to pieces at Fossalta, he lay very flat and sweated and prayed oh jesus christ get me out of here. Dear jesus please get me out. Christ please please please christ” (16). The two vignettes couldn’t sound more different, in either nationality or degree of composure.

The six vignettes drawn from Hemingway’s journalism prove even more disparate. Three are inspired from the Greco-Turkish war and resonate with the militaristic shootings, destruction, and upheaval depicted in the WWI vignettes, casting war and unrest as a generic condition of the times. Two of the others depict scenes of police and state sanctioned killings in the U.S., while yet another tells of a naively optimistic revolutionary from the perspective of a sympathetic but jaded Italian communist. Thus while Chapter 9’s third person narrator reveals the racist ignorance of two Chicago police officers who shoot and kill two Hungarian thieves while mistaking them for Italians (“Wops, said Boyle, I can tell wops a mile off”) (17), Chapter 11 contrasts—while also overlapping with—that chapter through its first-person account of

an Italian's encounter with a brutalized Hungarian Magyar "revolutionist" on his way to Switzerland where he gets arrested. Meanwhile, Chapter 6's impromptu military execution of Greek cabinet ministers along the wall of a hospital winds up resonating with Chapter 17's later depiction of Sam Cardinella being hanged in the corridor of an American county jail. Despite the disparate range of these and the other vignettes, a number of leitmotifs link all of them together and present thematic common denominators, including executions, killings, wounding, and bodily penetration; evacuation, destruction, and upheaval; and, gardens, corridors, courtyards, and walls as sights of disturbing violence. Thus is the state of Hemingway's simultaneously fragmentary and unified modern times.

Of the in our time vignettes, the six bullfight sketches prove to be the most consistent and unified in their subject matter. However, they also move through a progression of distinct subject positions that further contributes to the collection's unity across disparate multiperspectivalism. As such, they exemplify the way Hemingway melds the eye-witness edicts of reportorial positivism with a more artistically experimental juxtaposition of distinct narrative subject positions that constitute a problematizing of such edicts. The result is a distinctly literary effort to move beyond. With the bullfighting vignettes, Hemingway also bridges observation and participation by moving gradually from an American spectator's outsider observation to the increasingly privileged knowing of Spanish insiders and, finally, of a wholly omniscient narrator. Together these multiple juxtapositions of perspective construct an exceptionally knowing authorial "I/eye" who captures the fragmentary multiplicity of the modern condition—with its intermingling of the familiar and exotic—in a seemingly visionary work of

assertive artistic unity. The result of that unity is an exceptional “truth” and authenticity. The six bullfight vignettes, in particular, reveal how Hemingway’s literary authority and authenticity function between literature and journalism, fragmentation and unity, participation and observation, and the familiarity of the self and exoticism of the other.

Marking the beginning of the Hemingway’s career-long engagement with tauromachy as an inspiration for his writing (something explored in greater detail in Chapter III), in our time’s six bullfighting vignettes hold together more cohesively than the others given their focus on the violence and death in the bullring. In the later In Our Time, these six vignettes are ordered sequentially as chapters IX thru XIV and are placed in the second, more disparate, half of the collection. While the first half of that later In Our Time is held together by a preponderance of Nick Adams stories, the second half’s unity comes from the series of bullfight vignettes placed in between stories of wider ranging subject matter. In the original in our time, however, the first of the six bullfight vignettes stands alone as chapter 2 with the remaining five coming much later as chapters 12 thru 16. Fenton and other scholars have noted that Hemingway wrote the first vignette before having ever attended a bullfight, and the style of the vignette suggests as much. Working from hearsay, Hemingway mimics the parlance of a young American tourist he had encountered in Paris and who had shared with him an account of a bullfight gone awry. The piece reads like a braggy yarn of an American who has vacationed in Spain and now proudly tells uninitiated acquaintances of the carnage he has witnessed. The manner of description casts the spectacle as something bizarre, chaotic, yet also exhilarating:

The first matador got the horn through his sword hand and the crowd hooted him out. The second matador slipped and the bull caught him

through the belly and he hung on to the horn with one hand and held the other tight against the place, and the bull rammed him wham against the wall and the horn came out, and he lay in the sand, and then got up like crazy drunk and tried to slug the men carrying him away and yelled for his sword but he fainted. The kid came out and had to kill five bulls because you can't have more than three matadors, and the last bull he was so tired he couldn't get the sword in. He couldn't hardly lift his arm. He tried five times and the crowd was quiet because it was a good bull and it looked like him or the bull and then he finally made it. He sat down in the sand and puked and they held a cape over him while the crowd hollered and threw things down into the ring. (10)

Though the subject matter is shockingly foreign and violent, the idiomatic telling of the event sounds familiar and even mundane, as if it were being told back in a Chicago speakeasy. Peppered with American colloquialisms (“got the horn,” “the crowd hooted him out,” “caught him through the belly,” “got up like crazy drunk and tried to slug the men,” “The kid,” “you can't have more than three,” “He couldn't hardly,” “it looked like him or the bull and then he finally made it,” and he “puked. . . while the crowd hollered...”), the vignette's diction is that of an American tough guy, who sounds like he could just as easily be describing a boxing match or a bench-clearing brawl at a baseball game. Though told in third person, the piece communicates a narrative subjectivity of an ethnocentric American incapable of comprehending what he sees as anything more than a chaotically violent spectacle. This narrator tries to exercise dominion over such violence with a casual voice that comes across as disengaged and thus in control.

The paragraph, however, reads as a mocking of the American observer and his speech patterns when compared with the later bullfight vignettes that employ a far more tempered American idiom and offer more knowing descriptions of what happens in the bullring. Allan Joost has described this first bullfight vignette, in contrast to the others, as “a tough American tourist's slangy account of the bloody triumph of a young matador

over eight bulls (reduced to five bulls in the collected stories)” (54), and Edward Stanton has pointed to this pre-contact account of bullfighting as an example of one of Hemingway’s “grenade-like” prose passages going awry, since it blows up in an unbelievable and overwritten excess of carnage as opposed to what Stanton argues is his more powerful and restrained style in later vignettes which, written under the influence of Spain, blow up, as they are intended to, inside the reader’s head (11-12). Nonetheless, the sketch works in the series by establishing a starting place to begin, and a benchmark to measure against, the other, increasingly knowing, accounts of bullfighting.

The next bullfighting vignette is roughly one third shorter, more restrained in its presentation, and much more tightly focused on one specific moment:

They whack whacked the white horse on the legs and he knee-ed himself up. The picador twisted the stirrups straight and pulled and hauled up into the saddle. The horse’s entrails hung down in a blue bunch and swung backward and forward as he began to canter, the *monos* whacking him on the back of his legs with the rods. He cantered jerkily along the barrera. He stopped stiff and one of the *monos* held his bridle and walked him forward. The picador kicked in his spurs, leaned forward and shook his lance at the bull. Blood pumped regularly from between the horse’s front legs. He was nervously wobbly. The bull could not make up his mind to charge. (22)

This second vignette is not a complete departure from the first. The opening alliterative, onomatopoeic “whack whacked the white horse,” resonates with the “rammed him wham” of the previous sketch while also introducing a more carefully precise, reserved, and poetic use of simple language. While this third person narrator is not above awkward and American sounding phrases and adverbs (“knee-ed himself up,” “hauled up,” “jerkily,” “nervously wobbly”), he also confidently uses specific Spanish bullfighting terms and names of the ancillary personnel involved. The narrator of the previous vignette referred to “the wall” rather than “the barrera,” and though he could identify “the

matador,” he does not make reference to figures like the “picador” and “monos.” While the first vignette had summarized the carnage of an entire afternoon of bullfighting, this one provides a far more detailed account of one discreet moment lasting no more than a minute or two. Stylistically, it wavers between a seemingly American, and thus outsider’s, limited perspective on a foreign spectacle and that of someone more familiar with the terms and significance of the peripheral moments of the spectacle. This “in between” quality of the vignette’s narrative voice parallels the moment described: something has just happened (the bull has impaled the horse, knocking it and its picador to the ground), and something else is surely about to occur, once the bull decides to charge. The indecision that closes the vignette is preceded by a repetition of contrasting words and images of backward and forward, up and down, and stop and go. As both the horse and the picador get back “up,” the horse’s entrails “[hang] down” and “[swing] backward and forward.” The sound of the monos’ “whack” resonates with the “back” and backward movement that gets repeated again and again even as they take the horse and “[walk] him forward” and as the picador “lean[s] forward and [shakes] his lance.” It is as if the narration, like the bull, cannot make up its mind what to do or which way to go.

From here, Hemingway’s next vignette passes this transitional moment of upheaval and a compromised re-gathering on the verge of something else, and moves to a new level of narrative engagement with the subject. The first three sentences of this third bullfight vignette read like yet another third person narration again including specialized Spanish language terms and a restrained use of terse phrases strung together with a series of “ands”:

The crowd shouted all the time and threw pieces of bread down into the ring, then cushions and leather wine bottles, keeping up whistling and yelling. Finally the bull was too tired from so much bad sticking and folded his knees and lay down and one of the cuadrilla leaned out and over his neck and killed him with the puntillo. The crowd came over the barrera and around the torero and two men grabbed him and held him and some one cut off his pigtail and was waving it and a kid grabbed it and ran away with it. (23)

Up to this point the account reads like that of a knowledgeable yet distant third person observer, someone who watches as one of the crowd but who does not participate in it's running amuck or humiliation of the torero. From here, however, the vignette makes a shift to first person and to a world outside the bullring: "Afterwards, I saw him at the café. He was very short with a brown face and quite drunk and he said after all it has happened before like that. I am not really a good bull fighter." Here the narration moves to a new, more privileged level of contact. The narrator enters the café, privy to a more intimate world of torero beyond the bullring. He talks with "the very short [man] with a brown face," the man who, moments before, had been the distant object of a mass public spectacle of humiliation. The public failings and catastrophes that had been coolly described from a distance now have a more personal face (whom the narrator meets face to face).

Though these first three bullfight vignettes each have distinct narrative perspectives, they all depict one thing in common: moments in bullfights where things go wrong. In an ideal bullfight, matadors are not supposed to be gored, Picadors are not supposed to be knocked from their saddles; bulls should not be killed with the puntillo after "so much bad sticking"; the crowd is not meant to spill over the barrera in protest. The matador of the third vignette is "not really a good bull fighter," and none of the three vignettes have described "good" bullfights. The fourth vignette atones for all of these

failings and demonstrates all that bullfighting can and should be when a matador performs as he should. In this vignette the narrator returns to third person and, in some ways, to the didactic stance of chapter 2's American tourist eye-witness informing the uninitiated. This time, however, the narrator exhibits the passionate insights and the far more knowledgeable appreciation of an aficionado. He also attempts to place "you" the reader there in the front row so you too will know and appreciate.

While the first slangy American vignette sought to depict the thrill of chaotic violence and things gone awry, this fourth one seeks to communicate the ritual's potential for order, control, and sublime artistry. The writing attempts to communicate all this by describing with a level of grace, artistic control, and prowess comparable to that which Villalta exhibits in his ideal performance killing the bull. Though broken into two paragraphs, the writing becomes rapturous and poetic in a flowing of "and"s and gerunds:

If it happened right down in front of you, you could see Villalta snarl at the bull and curse him, and when the bull charged he swung back firmly like an oak when the wind hits it, his legs tight together, the muleta trailing and the sword following the curve behind. Then he cursed the bull, flopped the muleta at him, and swung back from the charge his feet firm, the muleta curving and each swing the crowd roaring.

When he started to kill it was all in the same rush. The bull looking at him straight in front, hating. He drew out the sword from the folds of the muleta and sighted with the same movement and called to the bull, Toro! Toro! And the bull charged and Villalta charged and just for a moment they became one. Villalta became one with the bull and then it was over. Villalta standing straight and the red hilt of the sword sticking out dully between the bull's shoulders. Villalta, his hand up at the crowd and the bull roaring blood, looking straight at Villalta. (24)

The climactic moment when bull and matador "became one" is something Hemingway's vignette itself attempts to mimic and achieve at the textual level. The direct appeal to "you" the reader initiates an attempt to merge author and reading audience through the artistic performance of the text. The simile "like an oak when the wind hits it" is meant

to be as artistically solid and graceful in its sway as what it sets out to describe. Word repetition seeks further unity holding the piece, like the legs of Villalta, “tight together.” Twice the word “curse” and twice the word “curve” resonate and echo one another, as do repetitions of “swung back” and “swing,” “looking straight” and “standing straight,” “firm” and “firmly,” and “in front.” The two references to “charge” in the first paragraph prepare the climactic charge to unity: “and the bull charged and Villalta charged and just for a moment they became one.” “[B]ecame one” is then repeated in the next line. With the “crowd roaring” approval at the end of the first paragraph, and the bull “roaring blood” at the end of the second, Villalta and Hemingway together have demonstrated their artistic prowess through a control of their subject, their artistry, and—as Fitzgerald’s praise suggests in Hemingway’s case—their audience. This triumph comes through their respective abilities to produce a momentary unity. The vignette’s opening “If it happened...” implies the following description will be a hypothetical exercise of idealization or generic description, and yet the level of specific detail that follows strongly suggests just the opposite. Here Hemingway moves to wed the ideal and the individual, the imaginary and the real, the visionary and the empirical.

Having rendered this ecstatic moment of unification, where can the narration of Hemingway’s bullfight vignettes possibly go next? What can follow now that “it was over”? The answer offered in the fifth vignette (Chapter 15) has been glimpsed in the third (chapter 13): beyond the confines of the bull ring, on to first person narration, but this time of a bullfighter himself, and on to a more elaborately constructed dialogic narrative. While the implied “I” of the first vignette had been an American tourist, and the explicit “I” of the third had been one who observes from the stands and then goes to

the café (thus possibly an American or a Spaniard), the “I” of the fifth vignette is part of an insider’s “we,” a Spanish matador who interacts with his colleagues, “Luis” and “Maera.” The result is an entree into a world of behind-the-scenes intrigues, tensions, and complexities of bullfighting that one who passively observes in the stands cannot possibly achieve. What happens when a matador shirks his responsibilities by joining the dissipation of the fiesta taking place outside the bullring? What is the impact on his fellow matadors? What can they do to intervene? How do such situations play out along lines of ethnic and national identity? (“Well, I said, after all he’s just an ignorant Mexican savage. Yes, Maera said, and who will kill his bulls after he gets a cogida?”) This fifth bullfight vignette explores these questions from an insider’s perspective, one forced not only to reflect on them but to react to them as best he can. The “I” of this vignette does far more than just go to a café or talk with one of the matadors with a “brown face.” This “I” is a matador among a tragic “we” who must face the imperative to perform before an audience:

We, I suppose, I said.

Yes, we, said Maera. We kills the savages’ bulls, and the drunkards’ bulls, and the riau-riau dancers’ bulls. Yes. We kill them. We kill them all right. Yes. Yes. Yes. (26)

Hemingway had the opportunity to correct what appears to be a typo in the construction of “We kills” when the text went from the little to the big In Our Time and in subsequent editions, but chose not to. The effect is a highlighting of the odd status of the “we” referred to—something between singular and plural and between first and third person that resonates with the strange experience of reading in plain spoken English of a first person expression of an “I” emphatically made Spanish (This is not some “savage” “Mexican” bullfighting interloper).

While this vignette departs from the confines of the bullring and the anonymous observer, the final vignette resumes the earlier distance, and assumes a greater degree of omniscience. It sees what someone in the crowd might see, yet also feels what Maera feels as he receives the feared “cogidas” he had predicted in the preceding vignette:

Maera lay still, his head on his arms, his face in the sand. He felt warm and sticky from the bleeding. Each time he felt the horn coming. Sometimes the bull only bumped him with his head. Once the horn went all the way through him and he felt it go into the sand. Someone had the bull by the tail. They were swearing at him and flopping the cape in his face. Then the bull was gone. (27)

At this point the narrative perspective turns knowingly god-like, not only in its privileged perspective into Maera’s consciousness and traumatic bodily experiences, but in its ability to move from one theater of action in the bullring through to the back-stage milieu of what occurs just beyond its periphery:

Some men picked Maera up and started to run with him toward the barriers through the gate out the passage way around under the grand stand to the infirmary. They laid Maera down on a cot and one of the men went out for the doctor. The others stood around. The doctor came running from the corral where he had been sewing up picador horses. He had to stop and wash his hands. There was a great shouting going on in the grandstand overhead. Maera wanted to say something and found he could not talk.

Here the narrator manages to be everywhere at once: in the ring, “through the gate” and “out the passage way, around under the grand stand to the infirmary,” then in “the corral,” then with the doctor as he stops to wash his hands on his way to the infirmary, then back to the infirmary with Maera. At the vignette’s close, the narrator is back inside Maera’s body: “Maera felt everything getting larger and larger and then smaller and smaller and smaller. Then it got larger and larger and larger and then smaller and smaller. Then everything commenced to run faster and faster as when they speed up a

cinematograph film. Then he was dead.” Drawing on what has been revealed through the events and dialogue of the preceding vignette, it is not difficult to piece together what has most likely led up to Maera’s cinematographic death. As he had so angrily predicted, the drunken Mexican, Luis, has probably received a cogida leaving Maera and his interlocutor from chapter 15 (that vignette’s narrative “I”) with the task of killing his bulls along with their own. This final bullfighting vignette then depicts the tragic results for Maera.

What remains un-narrated is what chapter 15’s narrative “I” will have to face with the other two matadors incapacitated. And yet, the reader of in our time has already been given an account of what occurs after two matadors get gored and a third is left to kill five bulls on his own: The “I” of chapter 15 will presumably face circumstances akin to those faced by “the kid” of chapter 2: He will have to “kill five bulls because you can’t have more than three matadors.” Thus by taking the last bullfight vignette and subtly looping it back to the first, Hemingway achieves a kind of narrative parallax. As such, the six bullfight vignettes deliver a series of distinct perspectives, that when considered together, move from a starting point of an outsider’s point of view (an American tourist who mistakenly thinks that his perspective from the stands allows him to discern all the truth about what he sees) and culminate with that of the matador who had been the object of the first narrator’s cool gaze. In the end, where does Hemingway stand? With the American outsider in the crowd? With the subjectivity of the tragic Spanish matador?

Ultimately, Hemingway’s perspective winds up being something—as Brooks had put it— “somehow, in some not very vague way, between” as an all seeing and even more than seeing visionary “I/eye” that also creates in a position of textual and authorial

control. It is a control that has reckoned with death, the fallibility and penetrability of the body, and the limits of control and the limitations of a subjectivity based on a unified Cartesian perspectivalism. Hemingway, outdoing the exhausted kid of chapter 2 by one, takes on six vignettes to his five bulls. The exercise may leave him so exhausted “he couldn’t hardly lift his arm” (or something else: Hemingway was always emphatic about how physically and emotionally draining serious writing was as an activity that left you feeling empty and “fucked out”); he nonetheless puts them down on the page and gets the job done: like the bullfighter, “he finally made it.”

The publication of in our time and the praise it garnered from literary high brows, were definitive signs that Hemingway had indeed “finally made it” as an avant-garde modernist. Such an accomplishment was, however, only a beginning in the aspiring author’s eyes and a means to greater literary ends. The multiperspectival montage of subjects and voices that constituted in our time would be further expanded upon in order to secure a New York trade publishing contract for the bigger In Our Time that could reach a bigger audience. In his letter thanking Edmund Wilson for his enthusiastic review of in our time in the Dial, Hemingway insisted that that was the plan all along:

Finished the book of 14 stories with a chapter on [of] *In Our Time* between each story—that is the way they were meant to go—to give the picture of the whole between examining it in detail. Like looking with your eyes at something, say a passing coast line, and then looking at it with 15X binoculars. Or rather, maybe, looking at it and then going in and living in it—and then coming out and looking at it again. (SL 128)

The metaphor Hemingway uses here to describe the way the original in our time vignettes were “meant to go” in relation to the longer stories of the later In Our Time describes to a tee the multiperspectival movements of the six bullfight vignettes beginning with an American tourist looking at a bullfight, then moving to depictions of “living” such

bullfights, and then finally “coming out and looking at it again.” Hemingway’s literary experimentation, trying to write what it is like first “looking with your eyes at something” and then also “examining it in detail” by “looking at it with 15X binoculars,” points to his authorial investment in capturing both what the eye can see unadulterated while also going penetratingly further. Hemingway’s qualifying phrase “Or, rather, maybe” following this binoculars reference, however, also shows his dissatisfaction with a strictly visual simile; he reaches beyond the idea of technologically assisted viewing—and beyond vision itself. Hemingway’s goal is to write not just in a way that compares to looking—either with one’s eyes or with binoculars—but, instead that is akin to a combination of “looking,” “living in it,” and then “looking at it again.”

This seemingly schizophrenic authorial desire reflects, on one hand, the challenges of journalistic participant observation that contributed so fundamentally to Hemingway’s authorial sensibilities and, on the other hand, his desire to simultaneously draw on and transcend the edicts of journalistic positivism as well as the camera’s (or, in this case, the binocular’s) fragmenting challenge to traditional perspective and constructions of reality. He sought such transcendence through cross-breeding participation and observation as well as journalism and literary modernism. The latter of these would communicate an artistically unified vision that consisted of both invoking and moving beyond vision while also simultaneously expressing and encompassing fragmentation.

Despite the sense of fragmentation that comes with in our time’s multiperspectival reach, a number of symbolic and thematic unities, both discreet (leitmotifs from chapter to chapter including rain; walls; roads; and enclosed spaces

including gardens, courtyards, corridors, and plazas) and broad (revolution, religious hypocrisy, wounding, killing, penetration, and violent death), hold the collection together under one voice. Compared to “Paris, 1922,” the in our time vignettes encompass a heterogeneity of narrative positions and voices rather than the journalistic “I/eye” that “stands,” “sees,” “watches,” and records. As a result, the role of the embodied seer becomes both more disparate, mutable, fallible, vulnerable, and even wounded. Taken together, however, all this authorial dispersion is a tour de force, demonstrating the unified literary prowess of “Ernest Hemingway.”

Writing “As... a cinematograph film”

Hemingway’s invocation of the “cinematograph,” as a simile describing a dying matador’s last moments of consciousness, illustrates the camera’s fraught contribution to his “in between” literary sensibilities and his formula for rendering truth and achieving authorial authenticity. In the process of establishing his literary voice, Hemingway pursued two contradictory strategies vis-à-vis photographic technology: he attempted to establish a distance between his writing and the camera while also attempting to harness film to his authorial endeavors. The combination of these strategies results in the cinematograph’s ominous inclusion in the description of Maera’s death throes.

Hemingway describes the moments just before death by invoking the camera’s capacity to manipulate and thus warp an otherwise veracious image. The cinematograph’s sped-up projection, however, is not a representation of the truth in and of itself, but rather a descriptive tool invoked by an all-seeing narrator to suggest a truth that is beyond the scope and ability of the camera.

In her study of literary modernism and visual culture, Karen Jacobs argues that

“With its widening proliferation from the turn of the century. . . photography promised, by its seeming technological superiority, to be the mechanism through which to purify both the gaze and the image from the contaminations and seductions to which they were otherwise prey” (19). Hemingway made similar promises for his writing and authorial vision and pitted himself against the camera as he fashioned what Jacobs describes as the modernist’s “interior gaze”: “a form of disavowal of the subjective character of gaze and image which relocates visual truths to an ‘interior’—literal or conceptual—where they can be recovered only by a properly expert vision”(19). While Hemingway’s “expert vision”—what he called “liv[ing] right with your eyes” (NAS 218)—can be described as camera-like, it also presents itself as superior to the camera’s claims to purification and “truth.” Ultimately, Hemingway’s engagements with and depictions of both still and motion picture photography in his journalism, published fiction, and personal correspondence reveal an ambivalent combination of fascination with, indebtedness to, and distrust of photographic technology, particularly in its relation to “truth.” The alternative “truth” of Hemingway’s literary authenticity rested in part on this conflicted relationship to the camera.

Hemingway’s mentors, Gertrude Stein and Sherwood Anderson, were both intrigued by Alfred Stieglitz’s still-photography “camerawork” and both attempted to draw upon his artistic photographic principals in their experimentation with modern prose style. Their interest can, in turn, be seen as contributing to Hemingway’s style, particularly in the way his vignettes rely on word repetition and deceptively simple, seemingly naive language. Stein described her radical experimentation with word repetition (a technique that Hemingway adopted) as being an attempt to create in prose an

artistically transcendent “continuous present” akin to that implied by Stieglitz’s still photographs.⁵

Hemingway also encountered, however, entirely different kinds of cameramen during his European assignments as a correspondent for the Toronto Star—men who were using motion picture cameras towards far more commercial and propagandistic ends. The influence of these cameramen and their medium on Hemingway can be discerned particularly in how the experimental prose fragments of in our time describe violence. One clear example is chapters 3, one of the journalistic vignettes derived from a dispatch Hemingway wrote on the Thracian evacuation during the Greco-Turkish war in 1922. In the original dispatch Hemingway included commentary of news cameraman, Shorty Wornall, who had, from familiarity, been desensitized to the destruction he had witnessed (as such he is a kindred spirit of the jaded bullfight attendee of chapter 2). As Hemingway portrays it, the cameraman’s indifference to the plight of the Greek evacuees is tied to his status as a “film service movie operator”: “‘Got some swell shots of a burning village today.’ Shorty pulled off the other boot. ‘Shoot it from two or three directions and it looks like a regular town on fire. Gee I’m tired. This refugee business is hell alright. Man sure sees awful things in this country.’ In two minutes he was snoring’” (DT 249-50). Here, Hemingway interpolates the cameraman’s technical manipulations of the “awful things” he films together with his utter insensitivity to the “refugee business” he declares is “hell alright.” The implication is that because Wornall “sees” only through the camera lens and as a film technician, he lacks the ability to

⁵ For a more detailed discussion of both Stein and Anderson’s views on and relationship with Stieglitz, see F. Richard Thomas’s Literary Admirers of Alfred Stieglitz.

properly “see” with any empathy or insight or, as Hemingway would put it, seeing as though one were “living in it.”

In another dispatch for the Star, Hemingway described yet another encounter with cameramen in terms that are similarly derogatory: “A fat movie operator comes up in a motorcar, taking propaganda pictures to show the people of France how well the occupation [of the Ruhr] is going” (DT 294). What the cameraman actually films, according to Hemingway, are staged scenes of Frenchmen working. “In fact,” Hemingway witnesses and then describes those same workers loafing and drinking red wine, and only momentarily pretending to work before the camera’s lens. Both of these dispatches offer early examples of a recurring strategy Hemingway employed throughout his literary career and public posturing vis-a-vis motion picture photography: simultaneously using and abusing cinema and photography as a means of establishing his own authority with writing that announced itself as both savvy and superior to photographic reproduction’s relationship to the “real.”

In one sense, Wornall and the other cameramen are fellow travelers of Hemingway’s—modern journalists out to observe and record the state of post-war Europe. Yet Hemingway implies a superior veracity in what he does as a print journalist (and what he would do later as a literary modernist). As such, the cameramen and their medium serve as foils for Hemingway and his writing, setting him and his voice apart from what he portrays as the corrupt, propagandistic, and inauthentic product of the camera. In both dispatches, Hemingway describes the cameramen as rolling in after he has arrived. They travel in a motorcar that provides them a mobility and detachment he lacks. He rides trains, walks and lingers among the locals. In their motorcar, the

cameramen move quickly in and out of situations. “French Speed with Movies on the Job” is the damningly ironic title of one of the dispatches, and Hemingway portrays the cameramen as gathering constructed surface images without taking the time or having the inclination to ascertain the “truth” of the situation in any depth or nuance.

Hemingway’s relationship to the camera and cameramen of his dispatches, however, is not so simply oppositional. He chooses to catch a ride with these cameramen, both literally and figuratively, being transported in their motor car and employing the idiomatic logic of their medium in his writing. Hemingway is a benefactor of the mobility of their motorcar; literarily, he is the benefactor of the detachment of Wornall’s jaded cameraman’s perspective on what he films, for it provides Hemingway with a distinctively “modern” tone—at once timely and timeless—for his journalism and for the experimental prose vignettes of in our time. In his analysis of the in our time vignettes, Fenton deduces that since Hemingway was already back in Paris when the six Greek cabinet ministers described in Chapter 6 were executed, and because he later saw Wornall back in Paris and developed the Chapter 18 vignette from Wornall’s account of meeting and filming the Greek king, it must have also been Wornall who recounted the details of the execution that Hemingway wrote about. As Fenton describes it, “Hemingway was attempting in ‘chapter 6’ to reproduce not only the execution scene which Shorty described to him, but also the film operator’s idiom. There is a distinct parallel between the diction of the vignette and the lines Shorty had spoken in one of Hemingway’s Daily Star dispatches” (237). What Fenton does not consider is that, in addition to the cameraman’s spoken idiom and throughout the collection of vignettes,

Hemingway was also influenced by and dialectically engaged with the idiom of Wornall's medium: the motion picture camera.

In describing Maera's death throes, Hemingway begins with the surreal and distorted image of "everything getting larger and larger and then smaller and smaller and smaller. Then it got larger and larger and larger and then smaller and smaller." This oscillating distortion of scale would have been difficult if not impossible to achieve using the camera's special effects capabilities in 1924, and with the image Hemingway uses words to describe something in terms the camera could not render. The vignette's closing turn to the cinematograph relies on the special effects of the camera in order to describe the experience of death; in doing so, it also implies that the camera's connection to life is essentially one of disorientation and human demise.

Another example of Hemingway's relationship to motion picture film revolves around D.W. Griffith's 1915 epic, Birth of a Nation, the film credited with consolidating the conventions of Hollywood narrative film. Hemingway saw this film at the age of fifteen and at one time claimed to have seen it repeatedly with his grandfather, a veteran of the Civil War. The film was clearly on Hemingway's mind in the Spring of 1918 when he was passing through New York City on his way to Europe where he would experience war first-hand. While waiting to be shipped out, Hemingway wrote a letter to a friend back home claiming that he had met and was engaged to Mae Marsh, one of the stars of Birth of a Nation ("Miss Marsh no kidding says she loves me. I suggested the little church around the corner but she opined as how ye war widow appealed not to her") (SL 8). Hemingway's elaborate, deadpan hoax about his courtship of Marsh and her reluctance to be his war widow suggests the extent to which Birth of a Nation's celluloid

images of both romance and the drama of civil war battlefields resonated in Hemingway's imagination. His invention of a rushed prewar courtship and betrothal with the film's star came just days before his all-too-real initiation into the trench warfare of WWI.

Five years later, Hemingway still remembered Griffith's film and mentions it in the letter he wrote to Edmund Wilson soliciting his review of in our time and Three Stories and Ten Poems. In the letter, Hemingway attempts to discredit Willa Cather's acclaimed WWI novel, One of Ours, by associating it with Birth of a Nation (he later repeats this criticism in his parody The Torrents of Spring) (1926). Clearly annoyed by the success of her book ("Prize, big sale, people taking it seriously" as he disdainfully catalogues) (SL 105), he confides in the influential literary critic and fellow WWI veteran what he considers to be the source of Cather's bogus depiction of war. "You were in the war weren't you?" Hemingway asks Wilson, "Wasn't that last scene in the lines wonderful? Do you know where it came from? The battle scenes in Birth of a Nation. I identified episode after episode, Catherized. Poor woman had to get her war experience somewhere" (SL 105). As a man who was, like Wilson, "in the war," Hemingway lays claim to a superior first-hand knowledge and creates a gendered division between his own authentic writing on the subject deriving from first-hand experience and that of Cather's deriving from the inauthentic source of scenes and episodes from a movie.

This unflattering attempt at literary male-bonding vis-à-vis Cather-bashing and a calling out of Griffith's film as the source of her inauthenticity, also reveals the extent to which Birth of a Nation stayed with Hemingway. He claims, after all, that he can identify "episode after episode" from its battle scenes some nine years after having seen

the film. Judging from his dismissal of Cather's fiction, however, Hemingway would undoubtedly have denied any connections between the film and his own writing.

Nonetheless, a return to his Mae Marsh gag on the eve of shipping out to Europe suggests telling parallels between Griffith's film and Hemingway's own later fictional renderings of WWI.

Only two months after making jokes about marrying one of Birth of a Nation's stars, Hemingway became involved in what would later become one of the most famous war romances of modern American literary history. He met and fell in love with Alice Von Kurowsky, an American red-cross nurse who cared for him after he had been wounded by a trench mortar shell. In light of his earlier invented romance with Marsh, it is not difficult to imagine the smitten nineteen-year-old Hemingway laying in a hospital bed in Milan, being cared for by an American red-cross nurse, and recalling celluloid images of Elsie Stoneman (played by Marsh's co-star Lillian Gish) as she tended to her wounded love interest, "the Little Colonel" Ben Cameron after he gets wounded and brought to a northern makeshift hospital. Possibly blending thoughts of his personal ties to the civil war through the legacy of two veteran grandfathers with memories of Griffith's vivid visual images of battle and field hospital drama, Hemingway easily could have imagined himself living out the role of the film's wounded hero, just as he had imagined a betrothal to one of the film's female stars only months earlier.

Some ten years later, Hemingway would interweave themes of love and war in a novel depicting an affair between a nurse and a wounded soldier—a novel based on his own personal experiences and celebrated as one of the best fictional renderings of WWI (the reputation of which has far outpaced Cather's One of Ours). Published in 1929, A

Farewell to Arms marked Hemingway's widest popular success to that date and resulted in the kind of "big sale" and recognition he had earlier begrudged Cather. In transforming his own memories of the war into a saleable fictional narrative of love in war, Hemingway also may have been drawing on remembered images from the same cinematic civil war narrative he had invoked as a means of dismissing Cather. In light of the possibility of episodes from Griffith's filmed version of love in war being "Hemingwayed" in A Farewell to Arms, it makes sense that the financial rewards for that book included a lucrative sale of the film rights to Hollywood, where it was twice successfully adapted to the screen.

When Hemingway linked Cather and Birth of a Nation in his letter to Wilson, he was trying to get Wilson to review in our time—years before he would write A Farewell to Arms. Although both versions of In Our Time constitute far more fragmentary and experimental renderings of his war experiences compared to the romantic narrative of his later novel (which Hollywood would prove was a narrative "made for the movies"), they also reveal telling intersections with the cinematic techniques of Griffith's groundbreaking film. Stanley Corkin has studied In Our Time and Birth of a Nation together as revealingly contemporaneous texts; however, he rejects the common critical approach of ascertaining an affective relationship between literature and film (emanating either one way or the other). He recognizes instead that "these two media have some formal properties in common, but," he continues, "rather than assuming that one influenced the other, it seems logical to look for a common influence that affected both forms, and that both forms affected" (148). Borrowing Raymond Williams's phrase, Corkin argues that both Hemingway's writing and Griffith's film "expressed similar

‘structures of feeling’” and were both “the result of the same cultural impulse”: “the desire to produce texts that reproduced the world in fact, compositions that captured and represented the absolute reality of the world by recording it with a neutral device” (149).

Corkin’s analysis, which resonates with Orvell’s account of the modern obsession with authenticity, sheds light on the relationship between Hemingway’s modernist sensibilities and motion picture film, in general, and Griffith’s Birth of a Nation in particular. Corkin’s resistance to reading or interpreting Birth of a Nation’s influence on Hemingway’s literary and cultural sensibilities, however, results in a failure to account for the suggestive power of edited, narrative film images, particularly as novel cultural texts (and particularly in Griffith’s Birth of a Nation) that made deep impressions on early silent-era filmgoers—including an adolescent Hemingway. Griffith’s experiment with “writing history with lighting” (as President Woodrow Wilson reportedly described it) revolutionized the nascent film industry and helped set in motion a profound reconfiguration of modern society’s visual and aesthetic sensibilities. Corkin’s argument that both “media” of literature and film in the beginning of the twentieth century should be considered in light of modern “perceptions of objectivity” does help to historicize Hemingway’s claims to art and objectivity. It is also worth noting, however, that in his modernist pursuit of objectivity, Hemingway’s writing and posturing reveal that he perceived the camera as a threat and/or competitor that simultaneously antagonized and enabled his own efforts at rendering the “truth” and becoming “the real thing.”

The relationship between literature and film consisted of a two-way exchange of influence, and Griffith’s film (like a significant percentage of other Hollywood films produced each year since the 1920s) was in fact an adaptation of a novel. However, the

cinematic techniques Griffith employed in transforming a print narrative into film (and that were soon after rationalized into an industrialized “classic Hollywood style” of filmmaking), altered fundamentally the social experience of narrative. Although not the first, Griffith’s use of cross-cut editing firmly established a new grammar for cinema in the service of building powerful narrative suspense. This narrative use of montage, or what Sergei Eisenstein called “parallel montage,” has continued to this day as a cornerstone of Hollywood and other national narrative film industries that, in the 1920s, were first being established as cultural forces and alternatives to print narratives like novels and short stories. Hemingway, as a youth of sixteen and probably in the setting of a large luxury theater, undoubtedly marveled along with the rest of the audience at the power and newness of Griffith’s celluloid narration.

Later, as a foreign news correspondent and avant-garde American expatriate in Paris in the 1920’s, Hemingway was exposed to a variety of further developments and uses of motion picture technology as both a tool, medium, and inspiration for artistic, political, and commercial productions. Besides encounters with “propagandistic” “film service movie operators” like Wornall and others, Hemingway was also aware of Man Ray and Ferdinand Leger’s (and probably others’) vanguard experimentation with film—not to mention the numerous Hollywood and French films being screened in movie theaters throughout Paris. In addition, Hemingway also had limited experience making his own films. In the summer of 1924 he wrote to Gertrude Stein and Alice Toklas about a “Movie of Pamplona” he and his friends had made and that had been shown to Man Ray who, so Hemingway claimed, said it was “one of the best movies he’s ever seen”(SL 121). Despite Hemingway’s claim of such an impressive endorsement of his filmmaking

skills, this no longer extant travel film (that so pleased Hemingway because it allowed him to “have a bullfight every night” in his Paris apartment) most likely amounted to little more than an early exemplar of a tourist’s home movie, particularly in comparison to Man Ray’s elaborately edited and manipulated avant-garde cinematic experimentations. Nonetheless, both the existence of such a film (on the same subject Hemingway chose for 1/3 of the in our time vignettes—and which culminate with a cinematographic simile) together with Hemingway’s sense that Man Ray’s reaction to his movie was worth bragging about to Stein, illustrates the variety of ways that his literary apprenticeship intersected with the growing presence of motion picture film. Man Ray and others’ more radical experiments with the potential of the film medium, together with Griffith’s ground-breaking use of montage that spawned the rise of Hollywood’s narrative film industry as a dominant entertainment medium, informed not only Hemingway’s “artistic” impulses as he sought to develop his literary voice, but also the sensibilities of the expatriate avant garde and the larger American public that both responded to Hemingway and his writing as “the real thing.”⁶

Hemingway apparently still had a viewable copy of his Pamplona film (and vivid memories of making it) in late 1926. In a letter dated December 6, 1926 Hemingway wrote to Perkins both proclaiming his disinterest in the prospects for The Sun Also Rises

⁶ My discussion here only briefly touches on another important intersection between Hemingway’s writing and Hollywood filmmaking: the selling of film rights and resulting cinematic adaptations of his fiction. For a thorough, and thoroughly insightful, treatment of the relationship between the modern publishing industry and the Hollywood film industry as it produced, among other things, a celebrity culture that underwrote Hemingway’s modern authorship and fame, see Leonard Leff’s Hemingway and his Conspirators: Hollywood, Scribners, and the Making of American Celebrity Culture. Other works examining aspects of the relationship between film and Hemingway’s writing include Gene Phillips’ Hemingway and Film, Frank M. Laurence’s Hemingway and the Movies, and the collection A Motion Picture Feast (ed. Charles M. Oliver). None of these works, however, consider the early formative nature of Hemingway’s relationship with film and photographic technology as I do here.

being adapted by Hollywood and bragging again about the film he had made in

Pamplona:

I do not go to the movies and would not care what changes they made. That is their gain or loss—I don't write movies. Although if they would film Pamplona they could make a wonderful picture. All that racing of the bulls through the streets and the people running ahead and into the ring, amateurs being tossed, the bulls charging into the crowd etc. really happens every morning between the 7th and 12th of July and they could get some wonderful stuff. We made a movie from inside the ring one year with a German portable camera—the sort that takes full size movies; you have only to load it and press down on the button to keep it shooting—no cranking—and had the rush of people coming into the ring, coming faster and faster and then finally falling all over themselves and piling up and the bulls jamming over them and right into the camera. It was a wonderful thing but so short that it wasn't of any commercial value. Have another one of Don Stewart being tossed in the amateur fight and one of me bull fighting. When I come over to the states will bring them and we can run them off sometime. (OTTC 52)

This letter evokes felicitous parallels between Hemingway's "Pamplona Movie" and his original in our time. Both are too short to be commercially viable, yet both are "wonderful things" Hemingway is eager to take back to the U.S. and share with a trade publisher like Perkins. The letter also reveals Hemingway's ambivalent relationship to the movies as he declares an emphatic disinterest ("I don't go to movies ... I don't write movies") yet then rapturously describes what he himself was able to capture with a portable German movie camera—the capabilities of which clearly impressed him.

As a collection, the vignettes of in our time reflect influences of the cinematic idiom of montage. Rather than employing what Eisenstein viewed as Griffith's inferior or undeveloped use of "parallel montage" toward conventional nineteenth-century narrative ends, the montage effect of Hemingway's vignettes read together (which, in Hemingway's own estimate, would only take about an hour and a half, roughly the same amount of time it would take to view a feature-length film) can be more appropriately

characterized as employing principles of “dynamic montage” which, according to Eisenstein, had “been established by Soviet film as the nerve of cinema” (140).

According to Eisenstein in his theoretical writings on film (which were contemporary with Hemingway’s early fiction), Soviet dynamic montage gave full play to the tension that the perceived “motion” of motion pictures (really just photographed immobile images laid sequentially on top of—rather than next to—one another) relies upon. In Eisenstein’s words, “The incongruence in contour of the first picture--already impressed on the mind-- with the subsequently perceived second picture engenders, in conflict, the feeling of motion” (141).

Critics who have analyzed the juxtapositional montage effects of Hemingway’s In Our Time, have more or less narrowly associated the text’s fragmentary form with the modernist experimentation of the visual fine arts, namely Picasso’s cubism championed by Gertrude Stein. Matthew Stewart, for example, cites “important parallels...between the aesthetics of cubism and the execution of In Our Time” and identifies the interpolation of the vignettes between the longer stories in the later New York edition, in particular, as making the book akin to a cubist painting:

The inclusion of the vignettes, in typical modernist fashion, demands new reading strategies. Their unpredictable movements through time and space, their shifts in narrative voice, their in medias res quality, even the fragmented look they give to the pages of In Our Time call forth the terms of modern art. They impose an alogical quality on the whole; yet, the texts formulate, much like cubist painting, their own sort of meaningfulness. (32)

Here, Stewart reinforces earlier critical assessments of Hemingway’s writing that place him under the influence of modern art, in general, and cubism in particular. While acknowledging the fact that Hemingway never explicitly cited Picasso or other cubists as

inspiring his writing, Stewart does argue that “[B]y the 1920s cubist aesthetic principles were an established part of the Parisian ambience, and Hemingway often breathed deeply inside the experimentalist oxygen tent that was Gertrude Stein’s apartment” (32).

Hemingway did describe his technique in writing In Our Time as trying to write like Cezanne painted (SL 122), and as a result critics have been compelled to pursue the links between modernist art and his writing. This narrow focus on cubism and other post-impressionist painting as the sources of Hemingway’s prose experiments with montage, however, fails to recognize the creative energies of cinema (consisting of aesthetic properties distinct from oil painting) that commingled with cubism as they were projected through the air, not only in the “experimentalist oxygen tent” of Stein’s salon, but, more generally, of 1920s cultural production and entertainment.

Unlike the painterly montage of cubism that other critics have linked with Hemingway’s writing, filmic montage is time bound (and thus narratological) rather than spatial. Understanding how the fragmentary, juxtapositional qualities of both versions of Hemingway’s In Our Time reflect more closely cinematic rather than cubist montage, is to understand how Hemingway, in part, learned narrative from film. This is not to disclaim the influence of cubism or Cezanne. Rather, it is to understand how the authenticity that Hemingway’s early writing experiments achieved in the eyes of his contemporaries, once again, may best be understood as resulting from staking out an “in between” position, this time between the distinct aesthetic models of cubist and cinematic montage. The latter—as time bound and narratological—can be more accurately related to what Stewart describes as the In Our Time vignettes’ “unpredictable movements through time and space, their shifts in narrative voice, [and] their in medias res quality.”

For Hemingway's artistic contemporary Eisenstein, the dynamism of motion picture film, and of all art-forms for that matter, relied on an inherent tension, a dialectic: "The logic of organic form vs. the logic of rational form yields, in collision, the dialectic of the art-form" (139). What makes the dynamism of such dialectics in film montage distinct from that which "comprises the dynamic effect of a painting," however, is that with film "we have, temporally, what we see arising spatially on a graphic or painted plane." Hemingway's collection of fragmentary, disjunctive prose vignettes also function temporally rather than on a single graphic or painted plane. Eisenstein points out the closer link between language and film montage, arguing that "the methodology of language. . . allows wholly new concepts of ideas to arise from the combination of two concrete denotations of two concrete object [thus] Language is much closer to film than painting is" (148-49). The fragmentary juxtapositions of In Our Time rest on combinations of concrete denotations yet with each vignette or story purposefully falling short of formally enclosed or full narratives. Instead, each piece works in "combination" with the others which, taken together, wed discordant and disrupted milieus presented in varying narrative voices and tones.

Discordant and anomalistic sets of words and images within given vignettes add further to in our time's juxtapositional dynamism: a "kitchen corporal," executions against a hospital wall, soldiers wounded and dying in gardens and against church walls, a priest "skipping" to safety from the drop of the hangman's scaffold. These discordant instances within vignettes work in conjunction with the discordance between vignettes; the resulting effect parallels what Eisenstein believed film montage could and should ideally produce (when not harnessed to developing a seamless narrative epic like

Griffith's). He called this effect the “dynamization of the subject” or “emotional dynamization” providing a descriptive example from his film Strike:

the montage of the killing of the workers is actually a cross montage of this carnage with the butchering of a bull in an abattoir. Though the subjects are different, “butchering” is the associative link. This made for a powerful emotional intensification of the scene. As a matter of fact, homogeneity of gesture plays an important part in this case in achieving the effect—both the movement of the dynamic gesture within the frame, and the static gesture dividing the frame graphically. (147)

This description of the cinematic technique of graphic matching between separate scenes and images used to create a “powerful emotional intensification of the [whole] scene” provides a clue for understanding the source of what Perkins, after reading the in our time vignettes, called the “power of the scenes and incidents pictured” (OTTC 33)—a “power” that other literati, editors, and critics of the 1920s also felt. In his dynamic literary montage of scenes from various battlefields of World War I; the evacuation, upheaval and executions of the Greco-Turkish War; urban American police crimes and executions; and the blood and carnage of the Spanish bullring; Hemingway offers a pastiche of modern “times” (the plural is crucial) that has as its associative link socially and institutionally sanctioned carnage, murder, and upheaval.

That link makes for a powerfully emotional intensification of each individual vignette and the collection as a whole, and the result is a simultaneously timely and timeless “real thing.” The discordant incidents that in our time encompasses as a collection resonate off of one another through Hemingway's use of a kind of prose-version of cinematic graphic matching. The execution of six cabinet ministers in Greece echoes with the hanging of five prisoners in a U.S. prison; the young Greek girl who holds a blanket over a women giving birth in the middle of the evacuation of Thrace

echoes with the matador's attendants holding a cape over his head as he "pukes" after killing five bulls; and the violent deaths of soldiers, U.S. immigrants and prisoners, horses, bulls, and matadors are all layered, page after page, on top of one another, culminating in a kind of "homogeneity" in the death and violence of modern times. As Eisenstein had put it describing his film, "Though the subjects are different, 'butchering' is the associative link."

The intended recipient of the emotional dynamism (or the dynamization of the subject) of Hemingway's in our time, however, was never an Eisensteinian proletariat, but rather American critics and editors who could provide the young writer with access to a larger American reading public who would celebrate (and purchase) his writing as the American literary "real thing." When Hemingway layered his vignettes between longer, less-experimental narrative stories only one year later, the result was a larger manuscript that, while still provocatively fragmentary, was the size of a book rather than a pamphlet. As such, it was of interest to the publishing trades in New York and moved Hemingway's authorship a step closer to the American reading market and the genre that it consumed far more than any other: the novel.

Although writing novels was something Hemingway had first told Perkins he was not much interested in pursuing ("the novel seems to me to be an awfully artificial and worked out form" [SL 156]), by the end of the decade he would write and publish two of them and go on to write several more as one of the United States' most popular and celebrated literary celebrities. Though this move to novels is generally seen as Hemingway reaching his full literary potential, from a Marxist aesthetic view point like Eisenstein's, such developments can be read as a kind of "pathological decay" that occurs

when “the film-maker [or in this case the avant garde author] loses sight of this essence [and] the means ossifies into lifeless literary symbolism and stylistic mannerism” (147). What Eisenstein describes here as a filmmaker’s aesthetic decline could be taken as a darkly Marxist gloss on the fate of the Hemingway prose style capitulating to the “worked out form” of the novel that resulted in made-for-Hollywood texts like, among others, A Farewell to Arms, To Have and Have Not, and For Whom the Bell Tolls, and that culminated with the “literary symbolism and stylistic mannerism” of Hemingway’s The Old Man and the Sea—his most canonical work.

Prior to what Eisenstein might have seen as this aesthetically compromising move to novel writing, however, Hemingway’s Times of the mid 1920s exhibited the more radically experimental promise of dynamic montage. Even the combination of vignettes and stories that he compiled for the larger manuscript Hemingway envisioned in terms that clearly resonate with dynamic cinematic montage. In a letter to his friend Edward J. O’Brien, Hemingway described the bigger In Our Time thus: “All the stories have a certain unity. . . and in between each one comes bang! The In Our Time [vignettes]. It should be awfully good, I think. I’ve tried to do it so you get the close up very quietly but absolutely solid and the real thing but very close, and then through it all between every story comes the rhythm of the in our time chapters” (SL 123). Here Hemingway invokes Fitzgerald’s phrase, “the real thing,” and associates it with the “absolutely solid” closeness he felt he had achieved in the longer stories. His status as the literary “real thing,” however, would draw on combinations and juxtapositions of such absolutely solid renderings—first those created within the Paris collection of vignettes on their own then later in the expanded juxtapositional field of the larger New

York In Our Time. Furthermore, the aesthetic “bang” that resulted from such juxtapositions—and that was rhythmic and temporal—drew upon a logic of dynamic, cinematic montage which contributed to the writing’s later reception as “awfully good.”

As a participant observer of modern horrors, Hemingway offered his audience a comfortingly crafted yet “real” processing of the irrational into the rational. In doing so, he allowed “readers at home” to feel that they too could grasp and make sense of an otherwise vast, unstable, and nonsensical world. Hemingway’s status as self-exiled journalist/avant garde author out on a modern frontier of experiences—be it in the trenches of World War One, in the midst of the modern cultural (and physical) wreckage and rebuilding of Europe in the war’s aftermath; as an eye-witness to dislocations and war crimes resulting from the Versailles treaty’s problematic carve up of Europe and the near East; or, alternatively, in an American urban setting or prison holding America’s dispossessed (accused immigrants and African Americans on death row); or in “front row” barrerra seats at a novillada bullfight in Madrid—was that of an American “out there” yet “in control,” making sense of it all and translating it into his journalistic/literary prose. Hemingway’s early writing functions dialectically with the experience of displaced peoples moving within Europe and across the Atlantic. As someone uprooted by choice, as a journalist “on assignment,” and then as an expatriate author with an enlightened artistic vision, Hemingway and his prose could provide a comfortingly “real” agency and literary product suggesting a control over the frighteningly uncontrollable: the violent and chaotic upheavals of the times.

Returning to America: The Writer and the Wounded Soldier

The experience of having gone over to Europe and then come back a different kind of man (or become a man) as a result of being physically and/or psychologically wounded by modern warfare constituted a trajectory of problematic yet “authentic” American masculinity of the 1920s. World War I resulted in a definitive before and after sensibility in the cultural zeitgeist of Hemingway’s times, and the jarring differences between the early 1910s and the early 1920s paralleled the aesthetic effects of cinema’s dynamic montage described by Eisenstein. Such jarring juxtapositional differences also lay at the heart of Hemingway’s original in our time and were expanded in the later, larger version which added an additional layer of formal discordance with the one-page narrative fragments of the original providing thematic and stylistic counterpoint to longer stories. This latter In Our Time also introduced the theme of postwar homecoming both in the content of the collection’s stories (moving through experiences of youthful initiations at home, being wounded in Europe, and finally returning to an American wilderness) and at the level of Hemingway’s authorship with a return (and new authorial arrival) to a postwar home front literary marketplace.

Prior to writing A Farewell to Arms, Hemingway avoided direct, fully developed narrative treatment of the theater of war. Nonetheless, his war experience served as a central inspiration and marker of authenticity for his writing from the outset of his career. While the in our time vignettes do provide brief depictions of front-line incidents, the In Our Time stories avoid altogether the war front as a setting or explicit subject matter. Instead they work around war, if it figures at all, as an implied presence or influence. The Nick Adams stories that predominate the collection depict Adams’s life both before and

after the war, with his wounding described not in any story but instead in one succinct paragraph in his only inter-chapter appearance (included in the original in our time as Chapter 7). This inter-chapter strikes what would become the keynote of Hemingway's literary voice: surviving the wounding experience of war. As it is presented in the vignette, an eerie tranquility in the wake of a destructive battle is the one moment of war worth recording: the moment when Adams finds himself wounded yet still alive. Singled out and placed briefly front and center (and close to the center of the book), his wounding becomes the supreme moment of truth and marks a turning point in the text and in Adams's initiation into manhood. With Adams moving from the stories to the vignettes, and from American innocence to the experience of war and wounding, the writing expresses a kind of crossover in a way that merges form and content. The moment also provides Adams with an ironic deliverance and constitutes the culminating event in his coming of age. In spite of his being disabled, the wounding experience is portrayed as oddly enabling.

Dragged clear of the machine-gun fire, Adams sits resting against the wall of a church amidst carnage and the rubble of destroyed homes and waits for stretcher bearers. Though "He had been hit in the spine" and is quite possibly crippled, both his frame of mind and Hemingway's presentation of the scene are matter-of-fact and oddly optimistic. Both narrator and protagonist come across as exhilarated, markedly lucid, and even cheery:

Nick looked straight ahead brilliantly. The pink wall of the house opposite had fallen out from the roof, and an iron bedstead hung twisted toward the street. Two Austrian dead lay in the rubble in the shade of the house. Up the street were other dead. Things were getting forward in the town. It was going well. Stretcher bearers would be along any time now. (SS 139)

Meanwhile, Adams's Italian comrade, Rinaldi, lays face down along the same church wall "breathing with difficulty" and proving to be "a disappointing audience" for Adams's celebratory commentary on their good fortune: "Senta, Rinaldi. Senta. You and me we've made a separate peace" (SS 139). While Rinaldi seems to be very near death, Adams's vision and outlook, like the battle at hand and the implied momentum of the war, are "getting forward" and projecting "straight ahead brilliantly." This brief sketch closes with Adams turning his head carefully away from Rinaldi and "smiling sweatily." While Rinaldi may be dying along with the old-world order of which he is a product (and that the war is in the process of destroying), a damaged yet self-satisfied Adams amuses himself and looks forward with an ironic smile. He seems inspired by the prospects for what lies ahead. Stretcher bearers will be along soon; help is on the way. The dying Rinaldi may be "a disappointing audience" there on the battlefield, but an American readership back home would prove to be a far more promising and attentive audience for Adams's creator who would draw on a wounded artistic vision. With that vision, Hemingway would build his reputation as a decidedly post-war writer seeking a "separate peace" and drawing literary inspiration out of the death, destructive violence, and the wounding experiences of war.

Nick Adams would serve Hemingway as a touchstone short-story protagonist throughout his career with each of his story collections including a number of Adams stories. Adam's highly autobiographical character profile turns on this in our time vignette's defining moment of the war wound. Its brief description comes as a uniquely revealing flash of a formative moment of Adams's fictional psyche and personality. Ever after, Adams would be rendered in short-story narratives where the war and his wound

would only be alluded to as either a formative “before” moment or as an impending moment to come which would trump all other experiences of lost innocence. In In Our Time, Adams’s wounding vignette is preceded by a series of five Adams stories that render his coming of age in Michigan before the war. The vignette, however, is the first piece Hemingway ever wrote about Adams and thus marks the character’s fictional point of origin. For Adams, as for Hemingway’s literary career in fact, it all started with the wounding yet also enabling experience of war.

In “Big Two-hearted River,” which culminates In Our Time as a two-part story, Adams has returned to the Michigan woods of his youth where he fishes and camps ritualistically as a means of blocking out what is too painful to remember about the war. In an early draft of the story, he also takes comfort in a profound self-confidence that he will become “a great writer.” Hemingway later excised the lengthy passage which reveals a remarkable confidence in his fictional alter-ego’s future success as a writer: “He wanted to be a great writer. He was pretty sure he would be. He knew it in lots of ways” (NAS 218). As the excision of these sentences suggests, Hemingway decided that like the wound itself, exaltation about the possible literary riches it could bring and the confidence it could instill best remained unspoken (or, rather, unpublished). The deletion leaves Adams’s sweaty smile and “brilliant” forward-looking gaze on the battlefield the only clue as to the odd comfort and optimism derived from his wound. Though Hemingway would have Adams try to forget it in “Big Two-hearted River,” the war wound would prove to be a central trope in the development of his own literary greatness.

With A Farewell to Arms, the novel of love and war that would cement Hemingway’s literary celebrity, he would draw again on a lucid moment of wounding, on

an Italian front milieu, and on an Italian comrade named Rinaldi (with whom the American protagonist—this time Frederic Henry—successfully competes for the love of a Red Cross nurse, winning out in large part as a result of the wound that allows him access to her). Building on the early four paragraph Nick Adams vignette, the novel offers a much more elaborate depiction of an American’s efforts to make “a separate peace” out of the war and his wounding experiences in it. In fact, winning out over an Italian suitor is a reversal of Hemingway’s actual experience during the war and another in our time vignette’s more accurate rendering of his brief love affair with Alice Von Kurowsky. Hemingway met Von Kurowsky while recovering from his injuries and wrote a seven-paragraph narrative of the experience, originally Chapter 10 of in our time. For the later New York edition, that vignette became “A Very Short Story” and was paired with the Adams wounding vignette. Seeming to have never taken their brief encounter as seriously as Hemingway (who was seven years her junior), Von Kurowsky would later “throw him over” for an Italian officer she met after Hemingway had returned home. Thus starting with the juxtapositions of short stories and vignettes in In Our Time, Hemingway portrays the wounding experiences of war as consisting of both the physical and romantic: being hit by a trench mortar and jilted by a red cross nurse. The combination of wounds of love and war would prove a highly fruitful literary (and later cinematic) blend throughout his career.

The focus of Hemingway’s first novel, The Sun Also Rises (discussed in detail in the next chapter), would also center around a roman-a-clef self-representation and a more elliptically rendered war wound fraught with psycho-sexual significance that, through its absence, haunts both the book and its anti-heroic protagonist as he too searches for a

personal form of peace. In short, the war wound as a literary trope proved central to the establishment of Hemingway's modernist literary voice and authenticity. His first two novels turn on a romantically tragic intersection of love and war, and, in both, the tortured abortive love affairs portrayed are simultaneously enabled and foreclosed by the experience and condition that results from the war wound. In the case of his favorite short story character, Nick Adams, the watershed moments of his life, including all the youthful experiences of innocence lost before the war and later challenges and complications of manhood including marriage and fatherhood after the war, are all decidedly trumped or inflected by the war wound as the one formative and unsurpassable experience of initiation and knowing.⁷

⁷ The literary significance of Hemingway's war wound has long been speculated on and debated, dating back to Edmund Wilson's *The Wound and the Bow*, which saw in the wounding experience a key to American literary inspiration in general and in Hemingway in particular. In 1952, Philip Young established himself as an influential Hemingway scholar with his psychoanalytic readings of Hemingway's life and writing. In *Ernest Hemingway*, Young offers an analysis of both Hemingway's biography and fiction as ultimately understandable in relation to the author's wounding experience in WWI (much to the chagrin of Hemingway who was still alive at the time and attempted to block publication of his work). Since Young, other Hemingway scholars have offered further, and highly influential, Freudian readings of Hemingway's writing vis-a-vis psychoanalytic interpretations of his biography—one of the most influential examples being Kenneth Lynn's *Hemingway* (1987) which popularized the interpretation of Hemingway's antagonistic relationship with an overbearing mother as the overriding explanation for his personality and literary inspiration (in other words, Lynn replaced the wound with the domineering mother as the psychoanalytic key to understanding Hemingway and his writing). Lynn's revisionist interpretation of the significance of Hemingway's wound came as a challenge to Malcolm Cowley's characterization of it in his introduction to *The Portable Hemingway*. Cowley defended his characterization of Hemingway's fiction in a response to Lynn in his article "Hemingway's Wound—And Its Consequences for American Literature" in *The Georgia Review* asserting that Hemingway's "success [as a young author] was in part [...] a fortunate consequence of his wound" (233). Not to be included in the reductively Freudian camp of scholarship led by Lynn, is the work of Carl Eby which offers a far more productive and insightful use of psychoanalysis in interpreting Hemingway's works. While the argument I will make in this chapter regarding the war wound and Hemingway's writing may have this thematic focus in common with these various scholars, I am not interested in the kind of reductive Freudian determinism of literary biographers like Young and Lynn. I am instead interested in how the war wound served Hemingway as an effective literary trope and cultural signifier that helped establish his position as a uniquely authentic Modern American writer beginning in the postwar era and continuing through to the present day. Young's explanation of

And yet, Hemingway's successful use of the war wound as a sign of literary and masculine authenticity relied on its status as something elusive and, for his audience, ultimately unknowable. It is the absent presence of the wound in Hemingway's fiction that helps endow him and his writing with an air of the authentic. In terms of Hemingway's celebrated "ice berg" principle of writing, the war wound proves to be one of the most powerful literary components lurking beneath the surface of his pared-down prose. As decidedly postwar writing, Hemingway's fiction became the canonical American literary articulation of WWI's unknown and unknowable soldier who had been wounded in but managed to survive the war, living on stoically as best he could. Like counterparts to the anonymous corpses being placed in tombs around the western world and specifically honored and celebrated as "unknown," Hemingway's wounded protagonists represent the soldier as a surviving victim/hero who remains ultimately unknowable as a result of a wounded psyche (de)formed by the unprecedented exigencies of the first modern total war.⁸

Just as the United States was one of the greatest beneficiaries of the vast tragedy of the Great War, for Hemingway the temporarily disabling experience of having been wounded in the war served him as an ultimately enabling literary inspiration and badge of authenticity central to his rise as an American modernist. Marshal Berman has aptly

how the war wound inspired Hemingway's "creative genius" fails to take into account the specific historical and cultural constructed meanings of the war wound and how it shaped Hemingway's position as an influential cultural actor in American society.

⁸Those exigencies include the totalizing strategies of attrition affecting whole societies; the systematic use of propaganda and censorship; the stasis and depravity of trench warfare consisting of a daily routine of either bestial tedium or men's bodies being blown apart, atomized or cut down in rows by the newest industrial technological achievements like the Maxim machine gun and the trench mortar; and, both at the front and on the newly significant home-front, the employment of women as non-combatant soldiers, help-mates, and war industry laborers.

described the project of modernism as an effort to secure a creative and psychic space in the midst of “all that is solid melt[ing] into air.” Modernist artistic expression, as Berman characterizes it, comes as a result of individuals’ best efforts to make themselves “at home” in the face of an increasingly unstable, alienating state of modernity. From the trauma of World War One and out of the ruin of Europe and the experience of being wounded, Hemingway successfully made for himself an American literary home, or to paraphrase the title of his first short story that dealt with the aftermath of the war, he made a “wounded soldier’s home.”

The “made” quality of this literary home was crucial, for what Hemingway’s life and writing illustrate, among other things, was that how one constructed the subjectivity of the wounded soldier literarily proved to be more important, and more culturally powerful, than actually living it. With that said, Hemingway’s lived war experience, particularly his wounding, served as a biographical lodestone for his literary authenticity. In the end, Hemingway mastered the language of authenticity by constructing a discourse of unspoken male suffering and wounding which was equated with experience. It is from a perspective of literary opportunity and an enabled aesthetic hope that we can better understand Hemingway’s oddly “homey” description of Nick Adams in the In Our Time inter-chapter, where he sits looking “brilliantly” ahead sweatily, happily wounded.

Like all of the stories and inter-chapter vignettes of In Our Time, Nick’s wounding is presented relationally, and the meaning of his cheery disposition is shaped in part by the contrasting behavior of another soldier at the front depicted in the very next vignette. This latter vignette opens in the midst of a bombardment, and its soldier loses his composure entirely. In a panic he prays to Jesus to “please get me out” promising “If

you'll only keep me from getting killed I'll do anything you say. I believe in you and I'll tell every one in the world that you are the only one that matters." When he survives the bombing unscathed, he does not keep his promise, and the vignette closes with his failing to "tell the girl he went upstairs with at the Villa Rosa about Jesus" (SS 143). This unwounded soldier's religious hypocrisy and cowardice (and panicky, "unmanly" supplication to Jesus) provide a stark contrast from Nick's seemingly heroic calm and good humor in the face of being gravely wounded (and leaning against the wall of a church surrounded by rubble in a kind of post-Christian condition). With the destroyed church at his back, he looks ahead unflinchingly, brilliantly.

Like the trope of the war wound, this comparative tendency also proves central to the way in which Hemingway crafted the authenticity of his characters and his literary voice more generally. Immediately following the panicked soldier vignette, the story "Soldier's Home" offers a prime example of both Hemingway's treatment of a soldier's postwar subjectivity and the employment of relational comparisons in crafting that subjectivity as something authentic. The story represents Hemingway's earliest attempt to write a more fully developed narrative about the experiences of a soldier (he had finished the story by April 1924), and though rejected by Harper's, it later became an icon of the "after the war" story type that 1920s publishers and writers worried over as an initially promising yet eventually overworked sub-genre of war fiction.⁹ As one of his most celebrated early short stories and his first to address explicitly the postwar experiences of a soldier, it provides a number of insights into the tack Hemingway would take in his

⁹ In the fall of 1919, F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote to Maxwell Perkins, "I'm writing quite a marvelous after-the-war story. Does Mr. Bridges [editor of Scribner's Magazine] think that they're a little passé or do you think he'd like to see it?" (Letters 139).

longer fiction of the postwar decade that would earn him a wider popular audience in the U.S. and secure his position as one of the most influential literary spokesmen of the American post-war generation.

While the In Our Time Adams vignette shows him sitting happily wounded and exhilarated amid carnage and destroyed European homes, “Soldier’s Home” portrays its protagonist, Harold Krebs, facing a situation that is the vignette’s mirror opposite: a physically unwounded veteran feeling trapped and alienated back in his parent’s oppressively intact Victorian home in the Midwestern United States. Knowing what it was to be wounded on the front line was one part of Hemingway’s post-war literary formula. Another consisted of knowing, or appearing to know, how and what it meant to live with the ineffable psychological effects of the war after the formal hostilities were over. Yet another consisted of making relative comparisons in order to demonstrate that knowledge.

Comparable juxtapositions abound in In Our Time beyond those that result from the interlarding of the original in our time vignettes between stories. “Soldier’s Home,” in particular, provides numerous examples. The story opens, for instance, with a description of two photographs of Krebs, just before and just after the war, that beg comparison. The first “shows him among his fraternity brothers, all of them wearing exactly the same height and style collar,” while the second “shows him on the Rhine with two German girls and another corporal.” The description of the second photograph is elaborated with three additional sentences: “Krebs and the corporal look too big for their uniforms. The German girls are not beautiful. The Rhine does not show in the picture” (SS 145). This juxtaposition of photographs creates a number of subtle reversals and

ironic contrasts indicative of Hemingway's elusive, relativist sense of authenticity, particularly as it pertains to the experience of World War One. In juxtaposition, the staged and professionally created fraternity portrait signifies something deceptively false compared to the spontaneous and amateurish, and thus seemingly more honest, post-war snapshot. The contrast of the American college campus with the European theater of war would have resonated in the minds of many middle-class American men who, in the 1920's, felt that the protected environment of their college campus was both at odds with and had failed to prepare them for the all too real experiences of the war they were exposed to upon leaving their American ivory towers for Europe. Even without the reality of the ensuing war "over there," college was considered a protected, artificial staging ground for the more "real," competitive world of work to follow.

Opening "Soldier's Home" with a description of photographs again engages Hemingway in a representational dialogue between the technology of the camera and the practice of writing. On one hand, Hemingway borrows from photography an air of documentary factuality that parallels and augments his use of matter-of-fact, passive-voice grammatical construction—"There is a picture." Both the grammatical construction and the photograph it refers to work together as irrefutably positivist. At the same time, his use of qualifying statements about what the pictures do "not" show establishes the more discerningly truthful supremacy of his prose over the literalist limitations of what a photograph can and cannot depict. Thus Hemingway registers his comparative honesty in part through negation (just as he had told the truth about the panicky hypocritical Christian soldier by explaining what he did not do at the end of the vignette). The manner in which he invokes pictures in "Soldier's Home," show his words

surpassing the camera eye and silver nitrate, reaching suggestively beyond the borders and representational limitations of the photograph and demonstrating the more comprehensive possibility of his writerly exposition. With his “nots,” he demonstrates how words, through negation, can register what is not there, and, as such, can do what the camera simply cannot. As rendered in Hemingway’s story, a picture cannot show what it cannot show, while his words can evoke absence. Among other things, Hemingway shows how his modernist words work differently and further beyond the camera. In the end, his writing both borrows from and problematizes the camera’s cultural cache of truth and objectivity. His comparison of a staged portrait and candid snapshot also suggests that not all photographs are equally genuine or truthful, thus making his encompassing writing all the more so.

The details of Hemingway’s juxtaposition of the two photographs in “Soldier’s Home” also turn on a curious reversal of gender expectations that add further complexity to the comparison of real and faked worlds. The “picture” of the American university Hemingway describes does not show frat brothers and coeds indulging in a permissive environment of youthful heterosexuality (an image made familiar and wildly popular in the 20s by, among others, Hemingway’s contemporary F. Scott Fitzgerald), but instead depicts a rigid and carefully staged world of homosocial uniformity in an official fraternity group portrait, where all of the men’s collars are of “exactly the same height and style.” By contrast, any expectation for a depiction of disciplined order in a homosocial world of soldiers in the theater of war is overturned by a picture of two American corporals too big for their uniforms and out on a double date. That the men don’t fit into their uniforms, that the two German girls are not beautiful, and that the

Rhine does not show in the picture, all speak to the veracity of the image through negation and imperfection as it portrays two American soldiers in their distinctive, fallible, human, and heterosexual individuality, all portrayed in an imperfect and spontaneous snapshot. In this second photo, with what it does and does not depict bolstered by Hemingway's truth-telling prose, Krebs has clearly come a long way from the safe, simple, uniformly patterned, homogenous and homosocial world of the mid-western college fraternity, the falsity of which is reflected in the static formalism of the staged group portrait.

In Europe, Krebs doesn't fit into his undersized uniform, and upon returning home to the American Midwest, he feels he no longer fits into the uniform patterns of civilian life. As such, the story unfolds as an expression of the alienation and disillusionment of American veterans who returned from the war front feeling like misfits on the home front. The uniform patterns suggested by the collars of Krebs and his fraternity brothers before the war have, after the war, become part of the "complicated world of already defined alliances and shifting feuds" occupied by the now grown-up girls of Krebs's hometown, a world he does "not feel the energy or the courage to break into" (SS 147). Although he is strongly attracted by the patterns of the new, boyish American girls in their "sweaters and shirt waists with round Dutch collars" and "their hair cut short," he can only bring himself to watch them from a distance. As he does so, he longs nostalgically for the simple truths of soldiering and easy, natural relations with French and German girls that require no talking, "intrigue" or "politics"—all the complicating things that would come with the appealing patterns of the modern American girls. For Krebs, the war in Europe was simple and true: in it "he had done the one

thing, the only thing for a man to do, easily and naturally.” In contrast, Krebs associates the American post-war home front with all the complicated qualities normally attributed to the root causes of the First World War: already defined alliances, shifting feuds, politics, and intrigue. Hemingway’s inside-out juxtaposition of the Great War with modern American gender relations comes as part of a narrative preoccupied with making and then complicating comparative distinctions between before and after, the home front and the war front, the easy and the difficult, the simple and the complicated, the real and the false, and, ultimately, the distinction between truth and lies. In his short narrative about a soldier back on the home front, he turns these oppositions on their head and, ultimately, undermines all together their binary logic.

The story’s opening juxtaposition of the two photographs introduces further comparative commentary on the real and inauthentic that presents Krebs as a real and “good soldier” at odds with an American home front of complicated inauthenticity and lies. Having enlisted early and returned long after the armistice, Krebs’s expansive war resume (virtually all of the major American campaigns, “Belleau Wood, Soissons, the Champagne, St. Mihiel and in the Argonne”) (SS 145) endows him with unchallengeable credentials of soldierly authenticity. Yet he does not receive “the greeting of heroes” other, less accomplished soldiers do: those men “who had been drafted” and who “had all been welcomed elaborately on their return” (SS 145). This greeting of heroes is aligned with the other inauthentic impulses of the American home front that incite Krebs to tell lies about the war:

At first Krebs. . . did not want to talk about the war at all. Later he felt the need to talk but no one wanted to hear about it. His town had heard too many atrocity stories to be thrilled by actualities. Krebs found that to be listened to at all he had to lie, and after he had done this twice he, too, had

a reaction against the war and against talking about it. A distaste for everything that had happened to him in the war set in because of the lies he told. (SS 145)

Hemingway's reference to "atrocities" stories in opposition to "actualities" reflects the contemporaneous post-war revelations exposing the excesses of war-time propaganda that had codified the apocryphal "atrocity story." Used as a powerful tool of war, such stories were systematically disseminated in order to mobilize and unify nations by playing on hatred and irrational fear. Contemporary with Hemingway's story, studies and public accounts revealing the systematic dishonesty of wartime propaganda were contributing to a postwar crisis of truth.¹⁰ Krebs's lies, Hemingway explains, "consisted in attributing to himself things other men had seen, done or heard of, and stating as facts certain apocryphal incidents familiar to all soldiers" (SS 146). Though disgusted with the proliferation of apocrypha surrounding the war, Krebs winds up perpetuating propagandistic falsehoods just the same.

Ironically, Hemingway's fictional prose, in this instance drawing distinctions between truth and lies, effectively collapses those very distinctions. By virtue of T.S. Eliot's contradictory Modernist edict that all art is a lie yet one that reveals or leads to truth, Hemingway shows no compunction in rendering a fictive persona based on "things other men had seen, done or heard of," and as such, implying his own personal knowledge of such experiences. Hemingway conceives of his story (and, as it turned out, quite successfully so) as an entirely valid literary exercise in transforming an apocryphal

¹⁰ For both a discussion and bibliography of further writing on the cultural aftermath of WWI propaganda, see Trudi Tate's *Modernism, History, and the First World War*, Ch. II, "Propaganda Lies" pp. 41-62. In addition to an account of war propaganda's legacy of a loss of faith in the "truth," Tate's discussion includes close textual analysis of the post-war trilogy of Ford Madox Ford (one of Hemingway's mentors and employers during his years in Paris), which she argues is obsessed with the effects of propaganda, rumors, and lies.

story into something his audience would take as a transcendent artistic truth. He creates his fictional truth in part by obsessively making delineations between what is true or “real” and what is not. And yet, Hemingway’s guiding literary principle as a postwar Modernist relied on undermining such neat binary categories, for he insisted at one and the same time that a writer must write based on what he (Hemingway’s preferred choice of pronoun) has experienced first hand and, yet, that to make something truly artistic, and not simply journalistic reporting of facts, it must also be “made up.”

Thus in “Soldier’s Home,” Hemingway’s account of an invented protagonist’s ruinous practice of false attributions links up most ironically with his own problematic status as an “authentic” American literary spokesman of the war whose own war resume was far less comprehensive than that of the fictional Harold Krebs or virtually all of his other fictional soldier characters. As he writes about the lies told about the war in “Soldier’s Home,” Hemingway implies that his story is, somehow, a more truthful corrective. Yet it too is a “lie,” or rather what he and his contemporaries would deem an artistic fiction. Hemingway himself was neither a soldier nor a fraternity brother, and his seemingly authoritative language describing the inner feelings of a college-student-turned-soldier exposed to numerous campaigns in France, and his assertion that his protagonist’s sense of war service was “the one thing, the only thing for a man to do, easily and naturally” was, for Hemingway, based on speculation, relayed accounts, and hearsay if not outright romanticizing and idealization of the subjectivity of the soldier he wanted to be and had tried unsuccessfully to become. Unlike Krebs, Hemingway did not go to college after high school but instead apprenticed as a cub reporter and then, ineligible for military service, volunteered as a red-cross non-combatant, spending less

than one month on the Italian front before being wounded during a delivery of chocolate and cigarettes to soldiers. In “Soldier’s Home,” Hemingway does not write of these experiences or “actualities” but instead renders “things other men had seen, done or heard of.”

It would not be until after his literary reputation was more firmly established that Hemingway would render fictional material drawn more directly from his own experiences as a non-combatant (and even then he would still transform his protagonists into soldiers rather than red cross volunteers and continue to elaborate and inflate the extent of their exposure to the war relative to his own). In telling the story of Krebs and his soldier’s home, Hemingway portrays the American home front as demanding lies about the experience of war; Krebs is incited to tell lies that ruin the war for him. For Hemingway as an author, however, lying constitutes the means by which he laid claim to literary authenticity. Thus the ultimate irony of Hemingway’s story is that the postwar demand for lies (that undermines Krebs links to the truth of the war) proved to be his own literary saving grace. At the end of 1924 Hemingway called “Soldier’s Home” “the best short story [he] ever wrote” (SL 139), and it was immediately lauded as a powerfully insightful rendering of the condition of returning soldiers. Once again, the construction and reception of Hemingway’s authorship as “the real thing” rested on a dialectic convergence—this time of postwar truth and lies as the fictional truth of his authentic writing.¹¹

¹¹ J.F. Kobler’s “‘Soldier’s Home’ Revisited: Hemingway’s *Mea Culpa*” provides a provocative reading of the story that also considers the question of truth and lies, but with conclusions that differ from mine. Kobler offers a Freudian reading of the story as Hemingway’s need to write a veiled confession for his earlier inflations of his war experience. Through an at times reaching interpretive close reading of the text, Kobler argues that Hemingway is deliberately if very subtly implying that Krebs was not a “fighting marine” providing an elaborate

This blend of truth and lies, fact and fiction, and the blurring of invention and biographically accurate recounting has, since the 1920s, fed an ongoing debate among literary scholars and Hemingway biographers who have endlessly speculated on the meanings and convergence points between Hemingway's life and writing. This phenomenon is the result of Hemingway's own insistence that his writing was based on having really experienced things and recorded them in a truthful manner, while, at the same time, also insisting that he was above all else a writer of fiction and an artist who, by nature of that *métier*, was an inventor (or creator of "good yarns" as he liked to say). Therefore, he insisted, his critics and readers should not take his work as autobiographical. Rather than contributing further to the debates on what is true and what is fiction, it can be more valuable to understand how and why Hemingway's conflation of the two was so successful in speaking to the modern world as something authentic—something both real and transcendently artful.

* * *

The fictionally "true" story of Harold Krebs's homecoming itself functions as a kind of interlude offering a relative foil for *In Our Time's* more sustained focus on Nick

explanation of how he could not possibly have fought in all the American campaigns Hemingway lists and remained a corporal. This inaccuracy in Krebs's story is, rather than a deliberately coded message on Hemingway's part, more likely a sign indicating his speculation and invention of things and experiences he did not know first hand. Nonetheless, it seems somehow appropriately ironic to entertain Kobler's argument that Hemingway would present a *mea culpa* for his earlier lies about the war, by presenting yet another, even more complicated lie. Other Hemingway critics have tracked the inspiration for Harold Krebs as based in part on a composite of Hemingway's two Paris expatriate literary contemporaries, Harold Loeb (who would later become the model for Robert Cohn, the villain of *The Sun Also Rises*) and Krebs Friend, a rich American veteran who sponsored different little literary magazines in Paris. Thus the Krebs of "Soldier's Home" is all the more "made up" as a composite. In response to Kobler's reading, it is worth noting that Hemingway did not pursue writing as psychological therapy. He wrote with the intent of becoming a critically and popularly acclaimed modern author—he wrote with his audience (both the critics and the American reading public) in mind and not simply to process guilt or psychological demons.

Adams, another American youth whose experiences before, during and after the war constitute the collection's closest thing to a consistent protagonist. As one of his most autobiographical characters, Adams served Hemingway as a touch-stone fictional alter-ego throughout his literary career, and as such represents an even better example of how Hemingway collapsed together (biographical) truth and invented fiction. Just as Nick Adams simultaneously is and is not Ernest Hemingway, so too In Our Time both does and does not tell the story of Nick Adams. As the stated subject of seven (and the possible subject of two more¹²) of the book's fourteen stories, and with his appearance in inter-chapter VI (which makes him the only character to bridge the divide between the interpolated stories and in our time vignettes), Adams comes close to making In Our Time a cohesive coming-of-age narrative. At the same time, however, five (and possibly seven) of the collection's stories, and all but one of its inter-chapter vignettes, depart altogether from rendering Adams's life. The fragmentary multiperspectivalism of the in our time vignettes on their own not only carries over but gets broadened in the larger text as it moves beyond an individual bildungsroman and reaches instead for a broader rendering of the times. Just as in our time's prose graphic matches dynamized the subject of individual vignettes, so too does a kind of narrative graphic match between the story of Krebs in "Soldier's Home" dynamize—through a combination of similarities and differences—the series of stories depicting Adams's initiations, war experience, and

¹² The stories "A Very Short Story" and "Out of Season" refer generically to their protagonists (as "he" or "the young gentleman") and so could be interpreted as Nick Adams stories but not definitively identified as such. Because Hemingway did specifically name Adams in seventeen stories written over the course of his career, it is generally assumed these are not Adams stories and, consequently, they were not included in the posthumous collection of The Nick Adams Stories. Nonetheless, the character and situation of each protagonist is suggestively similar to Adams, particularly in "A Very Short Story," which shows a young American man recovering from a wound in an Italian hospital immediately following the inter-chapter depicting Nick's wounding in Italy.

homecoming.

The Battler and the Big Two-Hearted Writer: Hemingway Blacks Up

While the in our time vignettes constitute a multiperspectivalism that, collectively, transcend any one single embodied “I/eye,” they also addresses frankly the limits of the body’s integrity and its status as penetrable and prone to wounding. Thus the times seen in the collection are perceived from a vision that amounts to, on the one hand, a kind of panoptic virtuosity and, on the other, an acknowledgment of the limits, failings, and vulnerability of the body upon which all vision, perception, and apprehension of art ultimately rely. In Hemingway’s times, the human capacity for creating and appreciating visionary high art is coupled to the human capacity for inhumanity, destructive violence, and loss of control in the face of surmounting technological forces. Because of the emphatically gendered terms of Hemingway’s exploration of the times as such, his writing represents an exercise in masculine authorial prowess that also amounts to an admission of the fallibility, physical and emotional frailty, and limits that also constitute the state of masculinity in modern times.

As an observer prone to being wounded, educated, and transformed by what he witnesses and experiences, Nick Adams occupies a crucial place in the later In Our Time’s elaboration of the original’s broken up, yet somehow also transcendent, postwar vision and subjectivity. Just as Hemingway’s authorship expresses its virtuosity through its transgressions of a unified “I/eye,” so too does Nick Adams identity develop over the course of In Our Time by moving from boyish innocence, observation, and experimentation in the midst of interactions with others (marked as such by their race, class, and gender) to a state of knowing manhood constituted by wounding experiences

and a survivor's strategy of self-preservation achieved through an emulation of others. Adams first observes and then becomes a wounded battler akin to Ad Francis, the broken-down white pugilist he encounters as a young man in "The Battler." The story immediately precedes the vignette depicting Adams's wounding and culminates the series of five stories depicting his prewar childhood and adolescence. Later in the two-part closing story of In Our Time, Adams returns to the woods of Michigan as a wounded man like Francis yet also having learned strategies of self-preservation taken from the white boxer's black companion Bugs. Thus in a state of two-heartedness, with links to both of the men he had encountered as a youth, Adams fishes on a river of the same name. In an early draft of the story, he also ponders the promise of his future as a "great writer" (and reveals himself as the author of the collection at hand). Though Hemingway ultimately chose to keep Adams's metafictional ruminations to himself, the published version of the story shows Adams and Hemingway alike achieving a state of compromised yet transcendently knowing masculine stasis upon which Hemingway's literary authenticity rested.

* * *

"A swell new Nick story about a busted down pug and a coon" (SL 157). This was how Hemingway characterized his short story, "The Battler," to his friend John Dos Passos in the Spring of 1925. The story depicts Adams's encounter with a white boxer and his black companion camping in northern Michigan swampland outside of Mancelona. Although Boni and Liveright had offered Hemingway a contract for the larger In Our Time manuscript, Horace Liveright and his staff had censorship concerns about one of the original stories, "Up in Michigan," which dealt explicitly with a possible

rape. In response, Hemingway wrote “The Battler” as a replacement and was confident about its merits and its ability to enhance the collection overall: “[It] makes the book a good deal better” he assured Liveright, “It’s about the best I’ve ever written and gives additional unity to the book as a whole” (SL 155).

While Hemingway accepted the censorable nature of his earlier story about a girl getting “yenced”—as he put it—he and his publisher had no reservations about the propriety of a story about “a busted down pug and a coon” that repeatedly referred to the “nigger” qualities of the story’s African American character. That story offers revealing indications not only of Hemingway’s racial sensibilities, but also of the broader racial sensibilities of the 1920s publishing industry and the predominantly white American reading public of the “time” for which and about which Hemingway wrote and referred to in his title. Since Boni and Liveright’s publication of In Our Time, generations of literary critics and biographers have scrutinized Hemingway’s life and writing through a wide range of critical lenses. Scant consideration had been given to Hemingway’s portrayals of African Americans, however, until Toni Morrison’s literary critical essay, Playing in the Dark: Whiteness and the Literary Imagination published in 1992. Morrison reveals a significant blind-spot in the criticism of the canon of white American literature and makes a call for critics and readers to examine the implications of how and why white writers invoke images of racial difference. She accompanies this call with some of her own critical readings of canonical white texts and argues that “Africanism is the vehicle by which the American self knows itself as not enslaved, but free; not repulsive, but desirable; not helpless, but licensed and powerful” (52). Morrison concludes her argument with an analysis of Hemingway’s fiction which she describes as an “artless and

unselfconscious” use of an Africanist presence. Viewing it as such, Morrison suggests that Hemingway’s writing “can be taken by way of a ‘pure’ case” to test her assertions about how white American authors use an Africanist presence as a self-reflexive literary strategy that allows them to define and depict a superior American whiteness.

Since the publication of Morrison’s influential essay (indeed at least partly as a result of that essay), there has been an outpouring of critical work investigating the constitutive elements of whiteness in relation to African Americans and other minorities as well as the complex interrelations between African-American and white literary voices of modernism. These new assessments of the relationship between black and white, however, have not, until very recently, taken up the question of Hemingway’s modernist literary style and subject matters in relation to the racial sensibilities that influenced both their creation and reception. Morrison’s characterization of how and why Hemingway’s writing invokes an Africanist presence still stands as an authoritative statement about the racial meaning of his fiction.

Ann Douglas, Eric Lott, Lynn Weiss, and Michael North have all offered readings of interracial literary and cultural relations that suggest a profoundly complex dialogue between white and black constructions of both identity and literature, particularly (in the case of Douglas and North) in the “Jazz Age” decade of the 1920s. Morrison’s earlier interpretation of Hemingway’s use of an Africanist presence can be fruitfully revised in light of these interpretations focusing on the contradictory impulses in the white literary imagination, in general, and in Hemingway in particular. On its own, Morrison’s critique offers an incomplete reading of what is ultimately Hemingway’s self-conscious rather than “unselfconscious” use of an Africanist presence in his fiction.

Morrison gives only tertiary consideration to the character Bugs in “The Battler”—one of Hemingway’s earliest portrayals of an African American. In this story about Adams’s encounter with the mutilated white prizefighter Ad Francis and his “negro” companion, Hemingway’s formulation of racial difference does correspond with Morrison’s theory of white self-reflection. The implications of that reflection, however, run counter to the conclusions she draws in her readings of Hemingway’s later works. In the case of “The Battler,” Hemingway portrays Bugs as a redemptive or saving Africanist presence who provides Adams with an alternative, racialized male role model. This only becomes clear, however, when Adams’s returns to the woods of Michigan at the end of In Our Time in “Big Two-hearted River.” Bugs’s race, as Hemingway portrays it, enables him to live under a formulation of masculinity that proves less restrictive and less self-destructive than the male gender codes Ad Francis has lived by and that Adams is exposed to as a young man encountering a predominantly white masculine world.

In the opening of “The Battler” we see Adams nursing a black eye after being thrown off a moving train by the brakeman. In the stories immediately preceding “The Battler,” a younger Adams had witnessed child birth as a naïve child and then the humiliation of his father by native American men. He then confronted problems of adolescent romance and lost love. Though he is old enough to be traveling on his own in “The Battler,” he is still young and inexperienced enough to fall for the brakeman’s trick of busting him and throwing him off the train: “‘Come here, kid,’ he said. ‘I got something for you.’/ He had fallen for it. What a lousy kid thing to have done. They would never suck him in that way again” (SS 129). Nursing his black eye, Adams makes his way along the railroad tracks and encounters Francis and Bugs camping on the edge

of the tamarack swamp. The two men wind up playing a crucial role in Adams's initiation into manhood.

Adams recognizes Francis as a former prizefighter, or "battler," who has lost so many battles "...his face was misshapen. His nose was sunken, his eyes were slits, he had queer shaped lips...the man's face was queerly formed and mutilated. It was like putty in color. Dead looking..." (SS 131). Meanwhile, Bugs appears on the scene and proceeds to cook dinner for the three men. Francis's mood turns hostile when Bugs recommends that Adams not let the boxer take his pocket knife. Francis belligerently challenges Adams and threatens to throttle him. Before he can do that, Bugs knocks the boxer out with a blow to the back of the head. Bugs then drags Ad back to the fire to clean him up. While he is unconscious, Bugs explains to Nick the prizefighter's difficult past:

He took too many beatings, for one thing...Then his sister was his manager and they was always being written up in the papers all about brothers and sisters and how she loved her brother and how he loved his sister, and then they got married in New York and that made a lot of unpleasantness. (SS 136-7)

The public had erroneously assumed that Francis's relationship with his wife was incestuous. Although Bugs first says that his wife was his sister, he later denies it: "Of course they wasn't brother and sister." People only assume so because they look like twins. With Francis's wife serving as his manager, their relationship became all the more unorthodox. Because they looked too much alike, and perhaps because Francis's wife deviates from her prescribed gender role by managing a boxer, the public and the boxing community cannot accept their relationship. The scandal of that relationship involves a perceived androgyny as well as incest. Francis's gendered fate of battler, however, ultimately distinguishes him from the woman he loved and looked like: "She was an

awful good-looking woman. Looked enough like him to be twins. He wouldn't be bad-looking without his face all busted" (SS 137). This description of a twinned female counterpart highlights the mutilating effects of Francis's masculine identity. In short, his masculinity leaves him damaged physically, mentally, and no doubt emotionally.

Numerous parallels between Adams and Francis allude to the possibility of the former becoming a mutilated battler like the latter. Adams takes a beating from the brakeman and in the two preceding stories had reluctantly rejected female love. Though Francis is a battler, he has failed to protect himself from the damaging effects of living as a man in a destructive masculine world. In "The Battler" Adams is still learning how to take care of himself and, if he fails to do so, runs the risk of winding up like Francis. Adams's black eye, which he sees as "Cheap at the price" (SS 129), signals just the beginning of what could become a "misshapen face" like Francis's. Even the boxer's first name, Ad, represents a foreshortened version of Nick's last name Adams.

Bugs, on the other hand, offers Adams an alternative, and more positive, role model by effectively blending both stereotypically male and female gender roles. He clearly serves as a maternal figure for Francis and takes care of "the little white man" (SS 134) who can't care for himself: "I got an awful headache, Bugs.' [the boxer complains as he begins to recover from his companion's earlier blow]... 'You'll feel better, Mister Francis,' the negro's voice soothed. 'Just you drink a cup of this hot coffee'" (SS 138).

Throughout the story, Bugs's behavior effectively domesticates the campsite. He cooks dinner, makes coffee, maintains a formality of manners (referring to Nick as "Mister Adams"), and makes Adams seem like a welcome guest in his home. Bugs is not, however, simply a feminized domestic, however, for when Francis gets belligerent

with Adams, Bugs knows how to stop him using brute force. He carries a trusty blackjack with “a whalebone handle” he is clearly proud of and has used many times before. “They don’t make them anymore” he brags (SS 136), and we also learn that he has been jailed in the past “for cuttin’ a man” (SS 137). Though Bugs prevents Francis from cutting Adams (having advised him to “hang onto [his] knife” [SS 134] when Francis asks for it), he is equally capable of such violence himself. Bugs’s actions—methodically cooking and serving dinner, knocking Francis out and then nursing him back to consciousness, sending Adams away with a sandwich and directions to Mancelona—simultaneously exemplify stereotypically masculine and feminine behaviors. Significantly, Bugs tells Adams that he “like[s] living like a gentleman,” which clearly illustrates the complicated nature of male gender roles, for in order to live like a gentleman, Bugs must act, in part, like a woman.

Hemingway’s story explicitly links Bugs’ gender role transgressions to his racial identity which further distinguishes Bugs as an alternative masculine role model. Though Bugs’s actions are clearly maternal, Nick associates them with “negro” or “nigger” behavior instead:

“...No, don’t thank me, Mr. Adams. I’d have warned you about him but he seemed to have taken such a liking to you and I thought things were going to be all right. You’ll hit a town about two miles up the track. Mancelona they call it. Good-bye. I wish we could ask you to stay the night but it’s just out of the question. Would you like to take some of that ham and some bread with you? No? You better take a sandwich,” all this in a low, smooth, polite nigger voice. (SS 138)

Hemingway’s story suggests that the gender dilemmas Nick faces as a young white man and Francis as an older battered one do not manifest themselves in the same way for Bugs as a black man, or at least that Bugs does not respond to them in the same way.

Hemingway presents a black man who disregards gender prescriptions in order to live like a gentleman.

According to Morrison's readings of Hemingway's fiction, he invokes images of "a discredited Africanism" in order to establish his white characters' "claims to fully embodied humanity." She argues further that Hemingway associates Africanism, or "blackness," with "the power of illicit sexuality, chaos, madness, impropriety, anarchy, strangeness, and helpless, hapless desire." Morrison draws these conclusions primarily from Hemingway's novel To Have and Have Not and the posthumous Garden of Eden.

Morrison makes little more than passing reference to "The Battler," and when she does, it appears to be a discussion of Hemingway biographer Kenneth Lynn's reading of the story rather than her own. Both the fact that she misquotes Hemingway's text¹³ and does not fully explore one of his most provocatively detailed portrayals of an African American raises doubts as to how closely, or whether, Morrison actually read the story. What she does conclude after discussing "The Battler" in conjunction with other Hemingway stories is that he repeatedly portrays "black nursemen" who are "Tontos all," and "whose role is to do everything possible to serve the Lone Ranger without disturbing his indulgent delusion that he is indeed alone" (82).

Morrison's failure to explore the Africanist presence in "The Battler" is worth noting, for a close reading of the text (particularly in relation to the rest of In Our Time—which Hemingway had already completed and envisioned achieving increased cohesion with the addition of the story) reveals a rendering of racial difference significantly

¹³ Hemingway never describes Bugs "as a 'gentle-voiced crazy black man'" (Morrison 83). Morrison seems to conflate Lynn's characterization of Bugs with that of Hemingway's. On the question of his sanity, Bugs himself explains that Francis "likes to think I'm crazy and I don't mind" (SS 137).

different from the one she describes. Rather than using a “discredited Africanism” to contrast the “fully embodied humanity” of Adams or Francis, Hemingway portrays Bugs as more rational and more civilized than his white companion. Meanwhile, he presents Francis, a physically deformed pugilist who has lost his wife, as someone victimized by white society’s inhumanity and intolerance to unconventional lifestyles. In Hemingway’s juxtapositional constructions of masculine subjectivities, Bugs constitutes a more rational and sane foil (rather than a “crazy black man”) for the mentally unstable and physically mutilated “little white man.” Morrison’s characterization of Francis as a “Lone Ranger” misrepresents the broken down prizefighter Hemingway repeatedly describes in pathetic rather than individualistic or heroic terms. If such an association must be made, Francis can be more plausibly read as a parodic antithesis of a Lone Ranger figure. Far from a heroic vigilante, Francis is portrayed instead as a belligerent “little man” controlled and cared for by Bugs. As Hemingway writes, “The negro looked over at the little man, lying breathing heavily. His blond hair was down over his forehead. His mutilated face looked childish in repose” (SS 137-8).

Morrison also asserts that Bugs is one of Hemingway’s “black men” who “articulate the narrator’s doom and gainsay the protagonist-narrator’s construction of himself.” But instead of gainsaying his companion’s construction of himself, Bugs in fact attempts to thwart Francis’s further destruction of himself. He also protects Adams from the potential violence of his white companion. After he knocks Francis out with a blackjack, Bugs explains why he had to do it: “I didn’t know how well you could take care of yourself and, anyway, I didn’t want you to hurt him or mark him up no more than he is” (SS 136). Later Bugs explains: “I have to sort of keep him away from people” (SS

138). In protecting Francis from himself, Bugs also saves Adams, the story's main protagonist, from what undoubtedly would have been a brutal beating (or, even worse, being cut up with his own knife). Besides serving as Francis's protector and caretaker, Bugs also serves Adams as a world wary role model who helps him learn how to take care of himself.

The full extent of Bugs's significance as Adams's teacher and role model involves the way "The Battler" lends "additional unity to [In Our Time] as a whole. Hemingway's insistence to Liveright that this was the case points to his conscious attempt to relate Adams's encounter with Bugs and Francis to the other stories in the book. In relation to those stories, "The Battler" contributes a transitional moment in Adams's initiation into manhood. The inter-chapter immediately following "The Battler" is the one portraying Adams as a wounded soldier (or "battler") declaring his "separate peace" from World War One. Then, In Our Time's final story offers a two-part account of Adams's return to Michigan after the war to fish for trout on the Upper Peninsula's "Big Two-Hearted River," and it is there that he applies lessons learned from Bugs and Ad together. Although "Big Two-Hearted River" is one of Hemingway's most acclaimed short stories, critics have overlooked a number of telling parallels between it and "The Battler"—parallels which point to the ways Bugs serves as a role model for Adams as he attempts to put the trauma of World War One behind him. The two stories together provide yet another example of Hemingway's authorship of juxtaposition.

The two stories open in similar yet subtly distinct ways. In both, we see Adams disembarking a train and setting out on foot. In "The Battler" he is forcefully, violently ejected by the train's brakeman. The older Adams in "Big Two-Hearted River,"

however, steps off the train of his own accord and with the assistance of the baggage man who throws his pack down to him. He disembarks the train in a desolate spot, a wasteland: “There was no town, nothing but the rails and the burned-over country” (SS 209). From this blackened wasteland, Adams sets out for the verdure of the woods and river where he will set up camp. As he goes back to where he grew up, Adams experiences the “old feeling” of his boyhood life. En route to the river, “He [feels] he had left everything behind, the need for thinking, the need to write, other needs. It was all back of him”(SS 210).

On his way out of the scorched landscape, Adams stops for a smoke and encounters a grasshopper that, along with numerous others he sees, has turned black in adapting to the burned-over landscape. His advice to the hopper—“Fly away somewhere” (SS 212)—alludes to what he is attempting to do himself. The blackened grasshopper flies “to a charcoal stump across the road” (SS 212) which mirrors the “charred stump” (SS 211) against which Adams himself rests. This, together with other references in the story, suggests parallels between Adams and the grasshoppers he later uses to fish with, implying that he too has been “blackened over” in the process of losing his innocence and becoming a man and a war veteran. For Adams, becoming a man involves wounds, and in both “The Battler” and “Big Two-hearted River” receiving those wounds also involves a process of becoming black, so that the black eye Nick receives from the brake man foreshadows his later parallel to the blackened grasshoppers. Living on in a postwar wasteland condition, Hemingway implies, consists of a process of literal and metaphorical blacking-up; in other words, Adams becomes like the “negro” Bugs he had encountered before going to war. It is not just Bugs’s “negro” skin color that Adams

gets symbolically linked to in the pair of stories; In “Big Two-hearted River,” he also emulates the behaviors Bugs exhibited in “The Battler.”

In “The Battler,” the less-experienced Adams carried no baggage, while in “Big Two-hearted River” Hemingway mentions Adams’s pack repeatedly and describes it as cumbersome and oppressive: “He adjusted the pack harness around the bundle, pulling straps tight, slung the pack on his back, got his arms through the shoulder straps and took some of the pull off his shoulders by leaning his forehead against the wide band of the tump-line. Still, it was too heavy. It was much too heavy” (SS 210). The camping gear he has packed is excessive, particularly for someone trying to leave “everything behind.” Among the host of things in Adams’s pack are: three blankets, numerous cans of food, a bag of nails, a bottle of “tomato catchup,” and cooking utensils including a frying pan, coffee pot, and wire grill. He also carries a leather rod case with multiple fishing rods. Adams is no minimalist camper. He uses all of these items to construct a makeshift sense of home. With these materials he engages in both domestic and sporting rituals that give him a sense of internal peace and satisfaction. These rituals keep him preoccupied enough to avoid thinking about the world he has left, or tries to leave, behind. After he sets up camp, cooks his dinner and drinks his coffee, Adams’s “mind was starting to work. He knew he could choke it [though] because he was tired enough” (SS 218). By using his camping accessories in a ritualized manner, Adams is able to choke painful memories and emotions.

At the Big Two-hearted River Adams, like Bugs, transcends conventional gender roles and uses his bag of materials to domesticate his campsite and literally become a “homemaker.” As Hemingway writes, “He had made his camp. He was settled. Nothing

could touch him. It was a good place to camp. He was there, in the good place. He was in his home where he had made it" (SS 215). In simple and repetitive prose typical of Hemingway, Adams has reached an ideal state of being, made possible by a transcendence of specifically masculine or feminine behavior. Hemingway's account of Adams's methodical restraint and control in hiking to his campsite, making the camp, cooking and eating his dinner, and fishing the next morning all evoke the same formal, methodical restraint of Bugs' attempts to "live like a gentleman" regardless of societal gender prescriptions. In "The Battler," Adams had thought receiving wounds like his black eye was "cheap at the price"; in "Big Two-Hearted River" he more consciously attempts to protect himself. Both the mangled Ad Francis and Adams's own exposure to the barbarities of war have taught him that the range of wounds men receive are not cheap, at any price. In developing strategies of protection and self-preservation, Adams draws on lessons learned from his encounter with Bugs, a "negro" gentleman, and Ad Francis, a deformed white "battler." Using the two men as distinct models of manhood, Adams fashions his own somewhere in between.

In "The Battler," Hemingway clearly and deliberately invokes images of racial difference. From the moment Bugs appears in the story, Hemingway refers to him as "the negro" and uses the term "nigger" to describe both his manner of walking and talking. Yet contrary to Morrison's conclusions about white authors' invocations of racial images, Hemingway does not belittle Bugs as an African American in order to aggrandize the whiteness of Francis and Adams. In fact, despite his adjectival use of the epithet "nigger," Hemingway's portrayal seems to do just the opposite. Bugs, as a markedly "negro" presence, represents a redeeming alternative identity, rather than a

discounted one. This is not to say that Hemingway succeeds in insightfully rendering the experience of an African American, or that he even tried to. Hemingway does employ what Morrison calls a “strategic use of black characters to define and enhance [although “illustrate” would be a better word] the qualities of white characters.” In the case of “The Battler,” Hemingway does not depict Africanist “vulnerability,” “chaos,” or “anarchy” as Morrison suggests. Instead, his portrayal of Bugs fits more closely with Eric Lott’s analysis of the black-face tradition and its role in what he calls “racial cross dressing and the construction of American whiteness” which consists of a conflicted double impulse that both “reifies and at the same time trespasses on the boundaries of ‘race.’” In this light, Adams’s adoption of Bugs as a role model suggests an example of what Lott calls the making of white American manhood which “simply could not exist without a racial other against which it defines itself and which to a very great extent it takes up into itself as one of its own constituent elements.” In other words, Adams’s mimicry of Bugs illustrates the white American male’s “curious dependence upon and necessary internalization of the cultural practices of the dispossessed.”

Ann Douglas has made similar observations in her cultural analysis of what she calls “Mongrel Manhattan” in the 1920s. She reveals a particularly complex interrelation between white and black identities in the period when Hemingway both wrote and managed to get his first collection of short stories published. Douglas’s explication of “To Jim Davies,” a poem Hemingway wrote (prior to In Our Time), illustrates another example of his authorial habit of juxtaposition, this time comparing the behavior of two men just before they are to be publicly executed (the poem is a verse variation on the jail house execution depicted in the In Our Time inter-chapter that comes

between the two parts of “Big Two-hearted River”). In the poem, Hemingway depicts a white Italian immigrant who loses all control of himself, drooling and slobbering and falling all over the priest in contrast to a stoic black man who stands “straight and dignified” and declines his right to pronounce any last words. Douglas suggests that the black Jim Davies is an early prototype of the stoic “Hemingway hero” who, like his laconic creator, chooses to use few words in expressing himself. Douglas reads the poem as an indication of Hemingway “shifting his lineage from the white race to the black” (270). She sees this move as a reflection of the larger social maneuvering that shaped U.S. culture in the 1920s and that she characterizes as “a situation of complex...double empowerment” consisting of “a larger American emancipation [from England and Europe and an] African American movement of liberation within it” (5).

Michael North’s Dialects of Modernism makes similar observations about the complexity of the interracial dynamics that shaped both black and white literary sensibilities in the 1920s. As North argues in his analysis of “the racial cross-identification” of American Modernism, “Writers as far from Harlem as T.S. Eliot and Gertrude Stein reimagined themselves as black, spoke in a black voice, and used that voice to transform the literature of their time” (v). Hemingway’s portrayal of Bugs in his collection In Our Time, suggests that he and his writing should also be included in the reconsideration of the work of white authors seemingly far from the influence of Harlem and the complicated racial cross-identification that shaped black and white American Modernism in the 1920s.

In his study, North emphasizes the extent to which American race relations function through the contested ground of language and dialect as they constitute the

distinctive characteristics of modern American literature. For Anglo-American modernists, making their literary production distinctively “American” involved appropriating (or inventing) what was conceived of and constructed as black dialect (and, as North points out, had similarities to but was not synonymous with actual African-American speech patterns and modes of expression). In the midst of such biracial literary exchanges, Hemingway approached his white literary contemporary’s fascination with and celebration of a black idiom with skepticism and seeming disinterest. Racist and anti-Semitic epithets sprinkled throughout his published and personal writings reveal the extent to which Hemingway held racially insensitive, and at times intolerant, sensibilities of the times. Yet at the same time Hemingway would refer to Jews as “kikes,” he also jokingly deemed himself “Hemingstein” and nurtured close, respectful relationships with Jewish friends. At the same time that he describes Bugs as a “nigger” he also constructs him as redemptive racial role model for his fictional alter-ego Adams.

Furthermore, Hemingway’s resistance to white American uses of racially inflected literary inspirations also manifests itself as a seeming suspicion of the inherent problems of appropriation and “inauthentic” romanticizing (even as he was clearly prone to the same impulses and literary practices). Once again, the perceived authenticity of Hemingway’s prose may best be understood as resulting from the “in between” quality that results from these impulses and result in his writing consisting of both racist insensitivities and what Carl Eby has recently interrogated as his fetishism of race. Hemingway’s Torrents of Spring (1926), a parody of Sherwood Anderson’s Dark Laughter (infamous for the fact that Hemingway used it to get out of his contract with Boni and Liveright—who was Anderson’s publisher—and move to Scribners), took aim

at Anderson's problematic invocation of overly romanticized "dark laughter" of two-dimensionally rendered black servant women who serve as the backdrop against which his novel tells the story of more psychologically nuanced white protagonists struggling to reconcile their culturally and emotionally barren postwar condition. The subtitle of Hemingway's parody, "The Drama of the Passing of a Great Race" also lampoons the white supremacists diatribes against a "rising tide of color" in the 1920s and so shows Hemingway triangulating between a critique of white American racists to his right and overly sentimental white liberals to his left.

From this in between position, Hemingway headed out for greener literary territory just as a blacked up Adams attempts to break out and go back to nature where he can leave it all "back of him." That particular wording for what motivates Adams's therapeutically escapist camping trip echoes exactly the wording Hemingway had used in describing to Wilson how he viewed his early, little Parisian publications: "once it is published it is back of you" (SL 104). With the little Parisian in our time back of him, Hemingway made the transatlantic literary move to the New York trade In Our Time. This literary return home represented a key development in his status as an authentic, and increasingly profitable, American literary property. Just as greener hills lay ahead for Adams as he moved out beyond his psychologically and metaphorically blackened state, so too did larger profits and thus greener literary hills still lie ahead for Hemingway. He would also put In Our Time, and its publisher Boni and Liveright, "back of him," not only with the parody of his avant-garde mentors (Torrents of Spring had not only parodied Anderson but also took swipes at Gertrude Stein) but with his next authorial endeavor. With his two-hearted Times "back of [him]," he was ready to take on a novel.

He was also ready to explore further a subject that would become the touchstone of his literary celebrity and cultural authenticity: his status as a uniquely, markedly masculine writer. His first novel would advance his status as such, yet would do so through writing that would challenge and complicate, even as it laid claim to, constructions of masculine identity.

CHAPTER TWO

REMEMBERING LOST MASCULINITY: THE SUN ALSO RISES

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. [...] But I made the unfortunate mistake, for a writer, of first having been Mr. Jake Barnes. So it is not going to be splendid and cool and detached after all.” (from “The Unpublished Opening of The Sun Also Rises”) (in Bloom 7-8)

At the beginning of The Sun Also Rises, the novel’s narrator Jake Barnes confides in the reader that he “mistrust[s] all frank and simple people, especially when their stories hold together” (4). The particular story he mistrusts concerns his friend Robert Cohn’s past as a middleweight boxing champion, but this statement should put on alert the reader of Barnes’s own story, itself written in a seemingly frank and simple manner. Its straightforward style implies that it does little more than objectively record a series of conversations and events in the lives of a group of expatriates residing, vacationing, and getting drunk in postwar continental Europe. Barnes’s story, however, turns out to be a consciously crafted and subtly revealing act of narrative will, and his own frank simplicity is neither frank nor simple. The story revolves around, but never addresses explicitly, Barnes’s struggle with a war wound that has left him sexually compromised yet not emasculated (years later Hemingway explained the specific nature of the wound he had had in mind for his fictional protagonist: “I wondered what a man’s life would

have been like...if his penis had been lost and his testicles and spermatic cord remained intact”) (SL 745). As such, Barnes’s story serves both as a veiled confession of incapacity and an attempt, in the writing itself, to assert a control over his world that is not strictly, but always threatens to become, compensatory. In writing his story, Barnes lays claim to an authorial virility in an attempt to make himself whole again in the face of his un-write-able wound. Painfully aware of what his narrative both hides and reveals, Barnes has very little reason to trust purportedly intact stories. The New York edition of In Our Time had, in a decidedly fragmentary and decentered way, told the story of Nick Adams becoming a man in a way that involved as much loss as it did “becoming.” As Hemingway’s transitive collection of stories and prose fragments portrays it, becoming a man comes at a high price and involves loss, sacrifice, and wounding. This same combination of becoming and loss animate his first novel—both in its construction of manhood and in its unorthodox approach to the narrative act of authorship and novel writing.

Despite its air of frank simplicity, The Sun Also Rises tells a complex tale of self-regenerative authorship that reaches beyond Jake Barnes’s story, for it is also Ernest Hemingway’s. Hemingway’s equivocal status as creator and model for Barnes has preoccupied critics and readers of the text ever since its publication. Ultimately, the “I” of the novel’s excised opening (the epigraph above) wavers ambivalently between author and fictional first person narrator, as both attempt to simultaneously announce and distance themselves from the text. In the end, this self-reflection about a writerly “mistake” was itself deemed a mistake and cut from the manuscript. Nonetheless, the connection between author and character provokes a tension running throughout the

published text. As Barnes tries to write his way out of his wounded masculinity, Hemingway (wondering what such “a man’s life would have been like”) writes himself into a problematically potent masculine textuality and authorship.

While the unnamable wound belongs exclusively to the fictional Jake Barnes, the authorial act of will that results in The Sun Also Rises belongs to both Barnes and Hemingway. As a roman à clef and a kind of anti-novel novel (that aspires not to be “splendid and cool and detached” like “good writing” is supposed to be), The Sun Also Rises reflects Hemingway’s antagonistic authorial engagement with a genre he mistrusted. Only months before he began work on the manuscript, Hemingway wrote to his future editor Maxwell Perkins that, “Somehow the novel seems to me to be an awfully artificial and worked out form” (OTTC 34). In writing The Sun Also Rises, Hemingway acted on this skepticism (while also capitulating to literary marketplace demands) and attempted to infuse this otherwise “artificial and worked out form” with his debunking revisionist “truth” (that could also be more profitable than short fiction). This alternative “truth” relied on taking events from his life (serving with the Red Cross in the war; living in Paris as a journalist; traveling to Spain and attending bullfights with Lady Duff Twydsen, Harold Loeb and others) and transforming them into a new kind of narrative fiction. Using a semi-fictional, semi-new form—a roman à clef anti-novel novel—The Sun Also Rises revised Hemingway’s past and paved the way for his literary future.

Hemingway aspired neither to remember or record his life factually, nor to create an entirely “artificial” novel. Instead, he set out to create an exceptional imaginative truth somewhere in between by inventing the personal narrative of Jake Barnes and the public text The Sun Also Rises—an episodic story about a man facing the impossibility

of somatically re-membering his sexually truncated body. Written in the stripped-down prose style that would make Hemingway famous, the text falls deliberately short of full narrative unity or disclosure as entirely fact or entirely fiction. Thus with the story itself truncated yet still there on the page, its form reflects Barnes's wounded body which, given the combination of what is absent (his penis) and what remains (his testicles), is characterized, not by impotence or emasculation as critics and readers often assume, but by a problematically potent incapacity. Ultimately, both the text and Barnes's fictional body constitute together a contradictory form of masculine virility that also involves Hemingway's authorship of both.

Barnes's stated mistrust of "frank and simple people" applies "especially when their stories hold together." If his instincts are right, we should be able to trust Hemingway's seemingly "frank and simple" text, for a close reading of his story, as Jake Barnes's story, reveals that it does not hold together. As an American journalist in Paris who writes and files dispatches as a trained eye witness, who spends his time in the see-and-be-seen leisure world of cafes and bars, and who watches bullfights as a conspicuously foreign aficionado, Hemingway-cum-Barnes writes a self-conscious narrative about writing, watching, and bullfighting spectatorship as promising yet ultimately problematic acts of participant observation. All three wind up shoring up yet also further destabilizing Barnes's wounded masculine subjectivity vis-a-vis subject/object relations and activity vs. passivity. More specifically, these interwoven practices constitute the compensatory means by which Hemingway-cum-Barnes attempts to both render and remember lost masculinity.

As an act of distinctively masculine authorship, Hemingway crafted The Sun Also Rises as an unorthodox literary narrative that challenged the boundaries and formal conventions of long fiction; he also, however, set out to write a novel that would be viable in a competitive literary marketplace. The novel was, as Leonard Leff calls it, “market wise.” “Though the prose was notable for its concreteness and hardness, and for the scent of the moderns, Pound and Stein and Joyce,” Leff suggests, “its author was no zealot. [...] he had shaped The Sun Also Rises to appeal to readers who found his method too elliptical or (Perkins’s word) too ‘strange.’ He had understood what was wanted. The plot [...] was coherent, the action, and the characters fashionably indecent” (44). As such, The Sun Also Rises consists of a tragically romantic story about thwarted heterosexual love between two members of a “lost generation.” At the same time, however, the novel also explores the implications of sexuality and identity constructions across racial and ethnic lines in ways that challenge nascent hetero-normative social strictures of the 1920s. In the midst of rising homophobia and nativist intolerance of racial and ethnic difference (accompanied by the development of a homosexual identity and growing cultural and economic influences of ethnic immigrants and African Americans), Hemingway wrote a novel that turned on an ambiguously sexed pair of Anglo-Saxons who share a “funny” or queer compensatory bond: getting aroused together by looking at boys marked by an exotic difference constituted by race, ethnicity, and/or transgressive sexuality. Thus The Sun Also Rises fails to “hold together” as either entirely conventional or entirely transgressive.

Hemingway’s first novel, both formally and thematically, reflects a resistant engagement not only with popular literary marketplace dictates, but also with

developments in the history of sexuality—developments Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick has described as a “world mapping by which every given person, just as he or she was necessarily assignable to a male or female gender, was now considered necessarily assignable as well to a homo- or hetero-sexuality, a binarized identity that was full of implications, however confusing, for even the ostensibly least sexual aspects of personal existence. It was this new development,” Sedgwick explains, “that left no space in the culture exempt from the potent incoherences of homo/heterosexual definition” (Epistemology 2). Hemingway’s roman a clef can be seen tapping into such “potent incoherences” as a crucial means of establishing an authorial potency. Through a writing that explores the fault lines of binarized identity constructions—gender, sexual and otherwise—Hemingway’s far from “frank and simple” first novel offers a dramatization of what Sedgwick calls the “crisis of modern sexual definition, [that can, in turn, be seen] dramatizing, often violently, the internal incoherence and mutual contradiction of each of the forms of discursive and institutional ‘common sense’ on this subject inherited from the architects of our present culture”(1). Hemingway-cum-Jake Barnes’s simultaneously tragic and funny story is, then, a decidedly queer narrative revealing an attempt to write, remember, and assert a masculinity at odds with (and yet also constitutive of) the discursive and institutional “common sense” of Hemingway’s modern times.

With The Sun Also Rises, Hemingway attempted to write and remember masculine loss as an act of fiction-making prowess imbued with an exceptional authorial truth. This chapter examines that novel as a text that is powerfully divided against itself. Part one, “A Crafty ‘Con’ of a Narrator,” considers the equivocations of the novel’s narrator as he both asserts and undermines difference, on one hand, and frank simplicity,

on the other, by dramatizing the dilemmas of participant observation and first-person narration. Part two, “Two-Timing Truncations and Syncopated Self-Assertion,” focuses on the ways the novel (de)constructs both difference and its own problematic textual potency through a combination of deliberate elisions and invocation of ethnicity and race. Part three, “Bullfighting: Boys to Men,” examines the way boyishness functions in the text as a queer zone of open desire that goes beyond sexuality while also being bound up with it. This section considers the novel’s obsession with the sexual potency of boys and difference that comes to a problematic head in the world of bullfighting afición where Jake Barnes and Brett Ashley share a compensatory bond by watching the boy matador Pedro Romero. Part four, “The Superiority of ‘Jews and bull-fighters,’” traces the novel’s preoccupation with sexually potent boyishness back to the novel’s opening construction of Robert Cohn as a foil and fall-guy (or fall-boy) for Barnes assertive first-person narration. Superiority emerges in the novel as a thematic that undermines difference in the construction of both the novel’s narrative voice and exclusive in-groups—neither of which prove to be as exclusive or as different as they first appear. Finally, the concluding section, “It’s funny...It’s very funny,” considers the multiplicity of ways The Sun Also Rises functions, not only as a tragic love story of a “lost generation,” but as a decidedly “funny” text turning on questions of humor, queer sexualities, and literary and textual unorthodoxies upon which Hemingway constructs his authorial voice.

A Crafty “Con” of a Narrator

After the excision of the manuscript’s original opening chapters, the published version of The Sun Also Rises opens with the line, “Robert Cohn was once middleweight

boxing champion of Princeton” (3). Thus Jakes Barnes initiates his first-person narrative with a declarative sentence about someone else: a Jewish friend with an athletic, ivy-league past. In the very next sentence, however, Barnes qualifies this statement and introduces himself as the text’s narrator: “Do not think that I am very much impressed by that as a boxing title, but it meant a lot to Cohn.” This disclaimer, besides introducing Barnes into the text, insists on the difference between himself and his friend so that the first thing we learn about Jake Barnes is that what “meant a lot” to Cohn does not “very much impress” him. Because this immediate, and seemingly impulsive, disclaimer comes in the form of a negative directive to the reader (“Do not think”), we also learn that Barnes—while assertively introducing himself—is also a narrator preoccupied with what readers may or may not think of him even as he sets about describing others. What Barnes knows, and what clearly makes him uncomfortable, is that writing a description of someone else also results in a revealing textual generation of himself. He immediately attempts to control and delimit this textual self-generation through an assertive appeal to his reader.

Though Hemingway’s place in the text remains a knotty subject, The Sun Also Rises’s fictional narrator, Jake Barnes, is undeniably there on the page and in the reader’s mind. Not only does he announce his narrative “I” in the novel’s second line, but by the end of the first chapter we also hear him in dialogue with Cohn and his girlfriend and even feel him getting kicked under a café table where he sits with the two of them (6). From the outset, Barnes is self-consciously present, both asserting and revealing himself through his written narrative and through descriptions of and interactions with others. In the first two chapters, this process consists of Barnes focusing on the biography and

personality traits of Robert Cohn. Chapter one is dedicated almost entirely to summarizing Cohn's past history and assigning him a specific psychological profile consisting of, among other things, a "race consciousness" and "feeling[s] of inferiority and shyness [that result from] being treated as a Jew at Princeton" (3). In describing the anti-Semitism Cohn faced while at university, and in revealing his awareness of numerous details from Cohn's past, Barnes almost comes across as a supportive and empathetic friend:

At the military school where he prepped for Princeton, and played a very good end on the football team, no one had made him race-conscious. No one had ever made him feel he was a Jew, and hence any different from anybody else, until he went to Princeton. He was a nice boy, a friendly boy, and very shy, and it made him bitter. He took it out in boxing, and he came out of Princeton with painful self-consciousness and the flattened nose, and was married by the first girl who was nice to him. (4)

Up until "the flattened nose" (a reference to an earlier joke Barnes makes about Cohn's stereotypical Jewish features being improved by a boxing injury) this passage strikes a tone of sympathetic insight into the formation of Cohn's character, including a sensitivity to the "painful" and damaging effects of anti-Semitism. That tone is abruptly interrupted, however, with the turn to anti-Semitic humor that demonstrates, among other things, how Barnes's estimation of his friend is itself "race conscious." Barnes follows up this reiteration of a mean-spirited ethnic joke with an awkward, seemingly deliberate, use of a passive voice that denies Cohn any agency in marrying his wife. Throughout the chapter, Barnes's choice of biographical details that pretend to be nothing more than "simple and frank" reportorial, set about undercutting Cohn through deliberate syntactical formations that make him passive rather than active.

Barnes pictures Cohn as a wounded, ineffectual man who things happen to and upon whom people (and particularly women) act. Barnes's biographical summary begins with Cohn's privileged family background and the fact that "Robert Cohn was a member, through his father, of one of the richest Jewish families in New York, and through his mother of one of the oldest." As Barnes's wording emphasizes it, who Cohn is comes "through" others. People "made him race conscious" in college; his boxing trainer "overmatched him and got his nose permanently flattened"; rather than marrying a girl, Cohn "was married by the first girl who was nice to him"; later "just when he had made up his mind to leave his wife she left him"; after "the divorce was arranged" Cohn then "fell among literary people" and "in a short time he was backing a review of the Arts." In this desultory "backing" contribution, Barnes explains, Cohn was someone "who had been regarded purely as an angel, and whose name had appeared on the editorial page merely as a member of the advisory board"; later when he "had become the sole editor" and "discovered he liked the authority of editing. . .the magazine became too expensive and he had to give it up" (all emphasis mine). Having piled up evidence of Cohn's passivity and ineffectuality, Barnes then adds to it the description of a "very forceful" lady whose excessive ambition and agency provide equally distasteful counterparts to Cohn's utter lack of either:

By that time, though, he had other things to worry about. He had been taken in hand by a lady who hoped to rise with the magazine. She was very forceful, and Cohn never had a chance of not being taken in hand. Also he was sure he was in love with her. When this lady saw that the magazine was not going to rise, she became a little disgusted with Cohn and decided that she might as well get what there was to get while there was still something available. (5)

With the supremely awkward statement, “Cohn never had a chance of not being taken in hand,” Barnes’s syntactical unorthodoxy reaches new heights; by this point one can’t help but feel his own disgust with the man he has set about describing in such distinctively constructed detail.

Barnes, however, then concludes the chapter with a description of a café scene that includes himself, Cohn, and the forceful lady, Frances Clyne. The anecdote, complete with dialogue between Cohn and Barnes making plans to go away on a trip together, reveals their status as close friends and serves as an illustration of Cohn’s fear of Clyne and the extent to which she controls his life. The chapter’s final sentences describe Cohn leaving Barnes and returning to Clyne: “I watched him walk back up to the café holding his paper. I rather liked him and evidently she led him quite a life.” This last-minute pronouncement of fondness for Cohn, while seeming to contradict all that has preceded it, suggests that the passivity Barnes deliberately builds into his presentation of Cohn, is constitutive of what he finds appealing about his friend. Having declared his fondness for Cohn, Barnes then concludes the chapter with yet another awkwardly, deliberately passive rhetorical construction that undercuts him as someone who is led “quite a life.” Barnes fondness for Cohn is linked to the latter’s passivity and the way that he enables Barnes to perform a rhetorical, textual agency of his own.

All of Barnes’s deliberate narrative constructions of Cohn and himself are, in fact, also narrative constructions of Hemingway’s. Barnes is, after all, Hemingway’s fictional character. Though Barnes does not choose the name “Cohn” for his friend, Hemingway did, and—given the French setting of the novel’s first third—the choice results in one of the text’s many subtle wordplays. In French, “con” (deriving from the Latin *cunus*) is a

derogatory term referring to the female sex organ yet also used to dismissively characterize a man as an annoying idiot (roughly equivalent to the British use of “cunt”—most typically invoked by men to discredit other men). In giving his book’s Jewish character the name “Cohn,” Hemingway truncates the more typical Jewish name Cohen and crafts a Semiticized version of the derogatory French epitaph that subtly contributes to the character’s status as the book’s unlikable antagonist. This bi-linguistic *jeu de mot* also contributes to the book’s ongoing elliptical commentary on sex and gender as charged, equivocal, and mutable social constructs. The allusion to a foreign and otherwise censorable sexual profanity chosen as a name for one of the main characters has its counterpart in another imbedded French language joke turning on references to Count Mippipopolous’s “little friend” named Zizi—“zizi” being a diminutive colloquial French expression for penis which winds up inflecting the statements “He is rather hard” and “He gives me the willys” with clever, off-color sexual humor (63). Such clandestine wordplay contributes to the text’s obsessive—albeit elliptically rendered—concern with sexuality and gender as they get communicated through signs both somatic and linguistic and that prove mutable rather than essential.¹⁴

¹⁴ For this understanding of Cohn as a “con,” I am indebted to Jean Joseph Compan who explained to me the significance of this term in the French language and pointed me to the lyrics of George Brassens’s “Le Blason” which offers a critical reflection on the word’s problematic power in constructions of French gender relations. For a thorough etymology of this word see <<http://fr.wikipedia.org/wiki/Con>>. For a more detailed discussion of *The Sun Also Rises*’s word play, see James Hinkle’s “What’s Funny in *The Sun Also Rises*” and Robert E. Fleming’s “The Fun Also Rises.” Both pursue thorough examinations of the novel’s word play. Fleming includes a discussion of the “Zizi” joke in Mippipopolous’s hard little friend, but does not discuss the joke embedded in Cohn’s name. Kenneth Lynn has discussed the significance of Jacob Barnes’s name, not as a sexual joke, but as an invocation of two lesbians Hemingway knew in Paris: Natalie Barney (who lived on Rue Jacob) and Djuna Barnes (who first stayed in Hotel Jacob). Lynn reveals this link in a compelling discussion of the way Hemingway’s fascination and identification with lesbian sexual desires make their way into *The Sun Also Rises* as aspects of the relationship between Barnes and Ashley (Lynn 322-325).

In relation to Robert Cohn's name and how it gets used in the text, it is also worth noting that while Barnes references all of the other Anglo and American characters in the book using their first names (Brett, Bill, Mike), Robert is most frequently identified by his family name (e.g. "Cohn said" vs. "Brett said" or "Bill said.") and, as such, always remains a "Cohn." This difference in address (that, interestingly, gets replicated by most scholars in their discussion of the novel), contributes to the text's insistence on Cohn's status as a Jew ("through" his parents) who does not quite fit in with the others. It also further contributes to his portrayal as an ineffectual scion who lacks any individual agency. By contrast Barnes, Ashley, Campbell, and Gorton (who are regularly referred to as Jake, Brett, Mike, and Bill) all appear as individuals unhinged—or in the process of becoming unhinged—from ties to any lineage, family, ethnicity, titles of nobility, or any past whatsoever. The other characters who also get consistently identified by their family rather than first names are Juanito Montoya and Pedro Romero, the two Spaniards Barnes most respects as role models of uncorrupted masculinity rooted in the tradition of bullfighting. In the end, these distinctions in address help establish identities constituted by descent versus chosen affiliation or, as in the case of the group of expatriates, deracination as opposed to either ethnic or national rootedness. As the narrative portrays it, both kinds of identity formation have their potentials and problems. Barnes's ambivalent and troubled position in between the two is one of the novel's central concerns and constitutes his dilemma in trying to remember lost manhood and piece together an identity in the face of postwar modernity's many upheavals.¹⁵

¹⁵ Robert Meyerson's "Why Robert Cohn? An Analysis of Hemingway's The Sun Also Rises" offers the most thorough reading of Cohn's Semitism and the novel's conflicted Anti-Semitism. Meyerson argues that Cohn's Jewishness is essential to the text, for Barnes-cum-Hemingway sets about usurping the position of Jews as the ultimate sufferers and attempts to

The penultimate line of chapter one—where Barnes fondly watches Cohn walk up the street—introduces an activity Barnes performs throughout the novel as a crucial means of maintaining a sense of control: watching. Although the narrative opens by communicating his condescension to Cohn, it also reveals that Barnes is, himself, most comfortable in the similarly passive position of the onlooker who lives vicariously through others. It is not until the book’s third chapter that Barnes provides the reader with a passage about himself alone. When he finally does describe himself in more detail, he is again engaged in the act of watching. Like a static version of the Baudelairean flâneur, Barnes sits installed in one of his most preferred vantage points: the safe yet stimulating proximity of a seat on the terrace of a Parisian café, where he can observe street life on the verge of night, complete with “poules,” or street walkers, passing by:

It was a warm spring night and I sat at a table on the terrace of the Napolitain after Robert had gone, watching it get dark and the electric signs come on, and the red and green stop-and-go traffic-signal, and the crowd going by, and the horse-cabs clippety-clopping along at the edge of the solid taxi traffic, and the poules going by, singly and in pairs, looking for the evening meal. I watched a good-looking girl walk past the table and watched her go up the street and lost sight of her, and watched another, and then saw the first one coming back again. She went by once more and I caught her eye, and she came over and sat down at the table. (14)

Here Barnes not only fondly drinks in the sensory stimuli of the Paris street scene before him, he transcribes it as a virtuoso performance in prose. The contrasting lights and darks as electric neon signs come on at dusk, the stop-and-go musicality of the sentence’s rhythm that echoes what it describes—right down to the onomatopoeic neologism of

claim for his “lost generation” of wounded Anglo-American war veterans “the most coveted niche in the pantheon of suffering [that] is already occupied by the all-time scapegoat: the Jewish people” (103). Ultimately, the text’s Anti-Semitism is a curious one—inflected by resentment, desire, and attempts at appropriation.

“clippety-clopping” horse cabs: this creative language seeks to transform Barnes’s watching into something active.

The kinetic potential of Barnes’s watching, however, does not end with its transformation into crafted authorial prose. In the course of the brief three-sentence passage, various derivations of the word “watch”—together with “look” “sight” and “saw”—get repeated eight times, transforming the otherwise desultory practice of people-watching into something deliberate, insistent, and active. In one sentence alone, Barnes repeats that he “watched” three times, implying that it is something he does with purpose and agency. Though securely installed at a café’s terrace, Barnes manages to assert himself through this aggressive watching and to “catch the eye” of one of the passing poules resulting in her coming over to his table. Having successfully beckoned a woman with only his eyes amounts to a minor triumph for Barnes (even though she is a professional also out “looking for an evening meal”—my emphasis). The passage clearly illustrates that unlike Cohn, Barnes is not passive in his relations with women.

And yet, it is the fundamental limitation to how active Barnes can be vis-a-vis women—the penis he does not have—that lies, unspoken, just below the surface of his narrative. The fallout that comes after Barnes’s ocular triumph in successfully beckoning the poule illustrates how his watching from a distance and the sense of empowerment it provides can all too easily lead to painful, uncontrollable closeness and self-confrontation through contact with others. With his gaze having delivered him a prostitute, the sexually incapacitated war veteran quickly realizes that watching and getting prove far more agreeable than the messy and unpleasant interacting that comes after. Among other things, we learn in this passage that Barnes, prior to his wounding, had gained sexual

experience and knows what it is to be with a prostitute. In his new compromised condition, however, he almost immediately regrets his “vague sentimental idea that it would be nice to eat with some one. It was,” he explains, “a long time since I had dined with a poule and I had forgotten how dull it could be” (16). The real problem with his new post-war, post-watching-from-a-distance interaction, however, is not that it is dull but that the encounter inevitably results in Barnes having to confront what society views as a fundamental flaw in his masculine subjectivity: he cannot consummate. Once enclosed in the close, intimate space in the back of a taxi cab, Georgette begins to make the advances customary to her trade that Barnes surely knows are coming: “She cuddled against me and I put my arm around her. She looked up to be kissed. She touched me with one hand and I put her hand away. ‘Never Mind’” (15). Because he is “sick” (Georgette’s euphemism) and has been “hurt in the war” (Barnes’s wording), he must awkwardly reject her advances—a situation that no doubt leaves him longing for the public, contemplative security of the Café terrace he has left behind.

It is because of the painful awkwardness of this intimacy that Barnes does his best to make observation active rather than passive. He resorts to both watching and writing as means of asserting difference and shoring up his own sense of himself: they keep him in control and prove safe and reassuring. The reassuring power of looking (and writing), however, break down when Barnes must confront the implications of what he lacks, or when he turns his gaze (and his prose) upon himself and becomes painfully self aware.

We first see such self reflections when Barnes returns to his apartment after a frustratingly intimate encounter with Lady Brett Ashley (again in the back of a taxi cab: a motif that, for Barnes, nightmarishly repeats throughout the narrative). Back in his

apartment, Barnes is left alone with himself, and in an odd kind of demure exhibitionism, he carefully and somewhat evasively lets the reader into this private moment:

I lit the lamp beside the bed, turned off the gas, and opened the wide windows. The bed was far back from the windows, and I sat with the windows open and undressed by the bed. Outside a night train, running on the street-car tracks, went by carrying vegetables to the markets. They were noisy at night when you could not sleep. Undressing, I looked at myself in the mirror of the big armoire beside the bed. That was a typically French way to furnish a room. Practical too, I suppose. Of all the ways to be wounded. I suppose it was funny. I put on my pajamas and got into bed. (30)

Here Barnes awkwardly, and reluctantly, narrates what is the novel's most frank moment of self-reflection, standing naked before a full-length mirror regarding his sexually disfigured body. The presentation of this scene puts off the ultimate moment of self-confrontation by describing, in a kind of ritualistic detail, everything Barnes does prior to looking in the mirror: turning light sources off and on, opening up and withdrawing, undressing before dressing again, and, ultimately, revealing and concealing. As a result, the passage takes on a strange tone of both avoidance and exhibitionist display. The first sentence is oddly detailed and precise as it goes to pains to open 'the wide windows' and yet also makes clear that the bed is far back from those windows as if to prudishly dispel any notions that Jake is an exhibitionist (while at the same time subtly evoking that very possibility). Beginning with this sentence, the passage becomes increasingly fraught with concerns about looking and being looked at as the two collapse into one another in a textual moment where Barnes awkwardly becomes his own subject.

All of the seemingly random details in this passage contribute to Hemingway's Steinian-influenced strategy of word repetition making "the bed" (repeated five times) a predominant object/symbol that resonates subtly and poignantly with the fact that Barnes is missing a key piece of physical equipment used for sexual performance in that bed.

The other emphasized object symbols in this scene are both the mirror and the window, framed spaces designed for reflecting and looking. Barnes puts off describing what he sees through the belabored presentation of everything but his wounded body. He digresses with musings about the kind of mirror he looks at (a foreign frame for seeing himself—which also subtly lets us know it is a full-length mirror) before finally getting around to what it is he sees in that mirror. The reader, having been invited in through the opened window during a very private moment of—to invoke Barnes’s own description of Cohn—“painful self-consciousness,” finally gets a glimpse of the narrator as he looks at himself with dissatisfaction. Once in bed, Barnes then takes the reader inside of his head:

I lay awake thinking and my mind jumping around. Then I couldn’t keep away from it, and I started to think about Brett and all the rest of it went away. I was thinking about Brett and my mind stopped jumping around and started to go in sort of smooth waves. Then all of a sudden I started to cry. Then after awhile it was better and I lay in bed and listened to the heavy trams go by and way down the street, and then I went to sleep. (31)

Even here, there are ellipses (another motif of the novel discussed in more detail below) so that any thoughts or actions that may have helped ameliorate his condition get elided out of the narrative with the phrase “Then after awhile it was better.” Ultimately, the far off sound of the “heavy trams” provide Barnes (in both this and the preceding passage) with something to focus on and write about as avoidance of writing and thinking about himself and his situation. The reassuringly weighty trams that facilitate travel and mobility help carry him away from himself. The writing of the incident overall, however, returns Barnes to the territory of painful remembering.

This awkward mirror scene in Barnes’s apartment illustrates how watching and writing become more problematic with his position within the text as a first-person narrator and participant observer. Observing and describing others establishes distance

and provides Barnes with a sense of control and self-assurance. When either his gaze or prose turn back on himself, however, they turn up uncomfortable self-reflections and self-realizations. In these instances, Barnes finds himself in a nightmarish confrontation with himself that he can neither escape nor control. “Listen, Robert,” Barnes tells Cohn early in the novel, “going to another country doesn’t make any difference. I’ve tried all that. You can’t get away from yourself by moving from one place to another. There’s nothing to that” (11). On the subject of trying to escape one’s self, Barnes speaks from experience. Though he addresses Cohn with an air of sagely wisdom, his status as an expatriate who leaves Paris for Spain each summer reveals that he has not taken his own advice to heart; he continues to pursue a strategy of travel as escape.

In her study of “The Plight of the Participant Observer,” Carolyn Porter identifies the “detached contemplative stance” that Hemingway’s narrative problematizes as one running through American literary history. Porter argues that the recourse of writers like Emerson, James, Adams, and—in the modernist context—Faulkner to participant observation is both the result of and a reaction to a reified consciousness brought on by “the relatively unimpeded development of capitalism in America” and that fostered “a social reality breeding an extreme form of alienation” (xvii, 20). “Each of these writers,” Porter argues, “exhibits a deep-seated ambivalence toward his society” that, in Hemingway’s modernist contemporary Faulkner, “achieves a certain purity, a kind of stoic and open-faced acceptance of despair in comparison with which Hemingway’s concept of courageous honesty [...] looks irremediably sentimental” (48). The Sun Also Rises, however, dramatizes the same crisis of alienation Porter sees her four authors facing: “a crisis in which the observer discovers his participation within the world he has

thought to stand outside” (xviii). In writing The Sun Also Rises as a novel about his first person narrator’s failure to maintain a detached contemplative stance, so too does Hemingway problematize the detachment of the participant observer.

Furthermore, “Faulkner’s despair”—that Porter contrasts with Hemingway’s sentimental investment in “courageous honesty”—in fact parallels the despair registered in The Sun Also Rises through Hemingway’s roman a clef Jake Barnes: a despair, as Porter puts it, that “grows out of a recognition that the very project he himself pursues in his fiction, the drive to go beyond one’s situation, is both irresistible and doomed” (48). As Jake Barnes declares midway through the novel, “All I wanted to know was how to live in it” (148). Hemingway’s narrative as Jake Barnes’s narrative tells of efforts to “live in it” and yet to also narrate one’s way out of a crisis of subjective wholeness as someone who can neither entirely be there or not be there; someone who is neither wholly connected or disconnected. What Hemingway’s novel dramatizes (as both a fictional narrative and an authorial construct) is that the project of writing one’s self as a means of “going beyond one’s situation” is “both irresistible and doomed.”

In the opening chapters of The Sun Also Rises, then, Jake Barnes attempts to establish himself first by writing off Robert Cohn and then by watching from a distance. Observational distance, however, cannot be sustained given the inclusion of Barnes, his problematic body, and his self-reflections within—and at the center of—the text. Again and again, the safe viewing distance Barnes attempts to maintain collapses as he is forced to confront his compromised manhood twice in uncomfortably intimate cab rides with sexually aggressive women and once in front of an all-too-revealing bedroom mirror. Furthermore, Cohn’s difference—which fascinates Barnes from the novel’s outset—

dissipates over the course of the narrative as he is gradually revealed to be more and more like Barnes. Hero and villain, antagonist and protagonist, self and other all merge into one another as Hemingway's novel reveals how a story built on such constructions ultimately fails to "hold together" by failing to hold such binary constructs apart.

Two-Timing Truncations and Syncopated Self-Assertion

In writing a text that is neither entirely fictional nor entirely biographical, Hemingway's authorship is characterized by a problematic two-timing that, for Hemingway more than for his protagonist, proved successful. As much as Barnes-cum-Hemingway craves narrative distance and the cool detachment that comes with it, so too does he long for the privileged status of the accepted, knowing insider (particularly as a former outsider): be it as a foreigner-turned-Parisian-local, journalist-turned-literary-writer, or American-tourist-turned-bullfight-aficionado. While residing as an American expatriate journalist in France and traveling ritually to Spain each summer to observe bullfights, Barnes affiliates with a variety of exclusive in-groups and attempts to maintain ties to all of them simultaneously. As one who again and again tries to establish himself as an inside outsider, Barnes is the consummate two-timer. Ultimately, however, what the novel narrates is the demise of Barnes's carefully constructed world of participant observation across various in-groups. When these different in-groups come into contact and fail to remain separate, things fall to pieces, and Barnes ultimately learns a lesson forebodingly articulated by the black jazz drummer at the end of Book I: "you can't two-time" (64).

While Robert Cohn and his "race consciousness" provide the opening difference upon which Barnes attempts to assert and generate himself (in ways that ultimately reveal

a break down of difference), Cohn is far from being the novel's only racially marked other. The Spanish bullfighting aficionados and matador Pedro Romero of the novel's second half are, of course, central to Barnes's narrative construction of himself through watching exemplars of racialized masculine difference (something discussed in more detail below). Before the novel ever moves to Spain, however, other racially marked men besides Cohn—namely the Greek Count Mippipopolous and a “nigger” jazz drummer—also contribute to Barnes's story as one characterized by a crisis of identity formation shaped by sexuality, racial and ethnic difference, and tensions between watching versus performing as acts of masculine assertion.

As in the second taxicab scene with Lady Ashley, Barnes ends Book I in frustrating and uncomfortably close physical contact with the woman he loves and desires but cannot have. This time he finds himself all too close to Ashley in the “crowded, smoky, and noisy” (62) Monmartre night club Zelli's—an actual venue of 1920s Paris that drew a racially and economically diverse crowd of international performers and patrons and emblemized the postwar modernity of “Jazz Age” Paris. At Zelli's, Barnes finds himself pressed up against Ashley and “caught in the jam” (62) as the two dance on a crowded, overheated dance floor to the sexual rhythms and lyrics of jazz music being generated and regulated by a black drummer. Accompanying the scene's sexual charge is an equally problematic racial charge. The combination proves menacing and nightmarish for Barnes, as the jazz music and the atmosphere it creates and dominates undermine his efforts to maintain a position of controlled difference and detached observation. Both in the “noisy” Zelli's scene and the “quiet” dinner that he shares with Ashley and Count Mippipopolous just before it, Barnes finds himself confronting his masculine

shortcomings as they get highlighted through contact with other men who possess ethnically and/or racially marked masculine potency. At the novel's opening, Barnes had used Cohn as an ethnically marked foil who served his efforts at shoring up and reasserting his otherwise compromised masculine agency. By the close of Book I, the strategy has unraveled and the tables have turned on Barnes.

The events and odd presentation of the Zelli's sequence are preceded by a series of scenes with Barnes, Ashley and the Count Mippipopolous (a Greek aristocrat-turned-American-immigrant business man) that set in relief Barnes's later sense of a nightmarish loss of control in the jazz club. Prior to going to Zelli's, the Count treats Barnes and Ashley to champagne in Barnes's apartment and then to a drawn-out and satisfyingly "quiet" meal at an expensive restaurant in the Bois du Boulogne—far removed from the crowded and chaotic environment of Montmartre and its after-hours nightlife. The champagne cocktail and then the elaborate gourmet meal, complete with cigars and aged brandy, provide a marked contrast to the scene that ends the evening. As reassuring rituals of continental refinement, they represent situations where the count's rarefied old-world "values" (60-61) remain in balance.

The question of values is one Hemingway (and Barnes) obsessively return to in the text and that get emphasized in connection with the Greek Count. Even his name contributes to his association with value as someone who "counts" because, as Greek royalty and as a successful American immigrant businessman, he indeed has plenty of money to count. As an empowered "count," Mippipopolous provides a role model for Barnes who obsessively tries—yet ultimately fails—to keep all accounts in balance throughout the narrative. Economics, exchange values, and the unstable relationship

between buying and receiving are an insistent motif in the novel.¹⁶ At the end of book one, this concern with values and their potential instability contributes to the contrast the narrative sets up between a meal at the Bois and a night at Zelli's. Despite Barnes attempt to reassure himself of the simplicity of financial exchange—"Enjoying living was learning to get your money's worth and knowing when you had it" (148)—the novel goes on to illustrate the instability of prices placed on things. The Spanish fiesta brings about a "shifting in values" (152) that Hemingway portrays as contributing to the ecstatic good time it creates—something he clearly enjoys but that also clearly troubles him. One of the things Barnes admires about the Count is his solid faith in and understanding of values. This gives Barnes a satisfying sense of security in paying and receiving in balance. In one of his early dispatches for the Toronto Star, Hemingway maligned the after hours inflation of prices at nightclubs like Zelli's, where the price of a bottle of champagne could be raised as much as ten fold (DT 117-18). As the inflated dollar underwrites the entire expatriate existence, Barnes finds himself both enabled by and uncomfortable with the mutability of such exchange values.

By partaking in the old-world rituals of refined eating and drinking, Barnes can happily bond with the paternalistic and virile Mippipopolous. As an almost parodic exemplar of old-fashioned masculinity, Mippipopolous functions as another kind of foil demarcating Barnes's far more tenuous relationship to modern manhood. The text's portrayal of the count as a decidedly phallic male (a cigar smoker among other things) consists of such an expansive range of paternalistic masculine credentials and accoutrements that it borders on caricature. When the count's "little friend" Zizi

¹⁶ For a detailed discussion of this motif in the novel, and within a larger context of Hemingway's authorial preoccupations, see Scott Donaldson's chapter on "Money" in By Force of Will.

introduces him to Barnes and Ashley, Barnes immediately notices the “elk’s tooth on his watch chain”(28)—the first of many physical details Barnes provides in his admiring description. He also carries “a heavy pigskin cigar-case” and “a gold [cigar] cutter [. . .] on the end of his watch-chain” (57). The count is a member of Greek nobility yet also “Owns a chain of sweetshops in the States” (32), a biographical detail that playfully refers to his sugar daddy status for women like Brett to whom he casually offers \$10,000 to serve as his traveling companion in the south of France. As the count declares—in a repetitive statement that is itself excessive—“I have been around very much. I have been around a very great deal” (59). More specifically, he has been “in seven wars and four revolutions” both “soldiering” and “on business” (60) and he even has arrow wounds to prove it. He does in fact prove it, and Barnes provides for his readers a detailed, and admiring, description of the display:

The count stood up, unbuttoned his vest, and opened his shirt. He pulled up the undershirt onto his chest and stood, his chest black, and big stomach muscles bulging under the light.

“You see them?”

Below the line where his ribs stopped were two raised white welts. “See on the back where they come out.” Above the small of the back were the same two scars, raised as thick as a finger.” (60)

Barnes is clearly impressed by these wounds that, both somatically and otherwise, serve as polar opposites of his own war wound that has left him both physically and figuratively less of a man. The count’s arrow-wound scar humps are “thick as a finger” and decidedly phallic; they augment rather than diminish both his physically and symbolically “bulging” masculine stature. In addition to being able to make such virile physical displays, the count is also free to exercise his economic potency and refined sense of values by treating Barnes and Ashley to an expensive evening of food and drink.

This conspicuous consumption culminates with what Ashley objects to as an “ostentatious” gesture of ordering a bottle of the oldest brandy in the house and the count’s flippant reference to his “houseful” of “antiquities.” Up to this point, the evening with Mippipopolous, as rendered by Barnes, has been exemplary. Though one most likely financed by profits from the count’s chain of stateside sweet shops, the soiree (“a good party” as Jake puts it in his typical less-is-more manner of acclaim) has consisted of a reassuringly traditional pursuit of masculine pleasures imbued with old-world refinement and seemingly removed from the troubles and ambiguities of modern sexuality.¹⁷

Upon completion of the meal that Barnes renders in idealized terms, things take a dramatic turn for the worse and move straight into modern frenzy as Barnes and the count capitulate to Ashley’s desire to end the evening at Zelli’s Montmartre jazz club. When they arrive, Barnes explains that “The music hit you as you went in,” and the nightclub atmosphere interrupts and reverses the “quiet” tranquility of the evening so cherished by Barnes and Mippipopolous. “What is it men feel about quiet?” Ashley had impatiently asked at the restaurant. “We like it...Like you like noise, my dear” replies the count. In clear contrast to the restaurant that is completely empty by the time they leave it, the

¹⁷ A number of critics have pointed to Mippipopolous as one of Hemingway’s code-heroes and paternalistic role models, e.g. Robert Fleming’s “The Importance of Count Mippipopolous: Creating the Code Hero.” As a masculine role model, however, the count only highlights the problems (and uniqueness) of Barnes’s very different relationship to manhood. If Mippipopolous is a “tutor” as Fleming argues, his lesson is, for Barnes, one of limited applicability, for Barnes must ultimately teach and assert himself differently. Leon Seltzer makes the debatable claim that Mippipopolous is “like Jake Barnes...physically impotent” and thus an even closer role model than critics like Fleming have assumed. Jake Barnes is not technically “impotent,” however, and the text suggests the count’s exceptionally voracious sexual appetites as much as it does the possibility of his impotence. Still, Seltzer’s suggestion that Mippipopolous proves to be an alternative double or “a sort of successful Jake Barnes”—as opposed to Romero and Cohn who Seltzer points out critics have characterized as Barnes’s alter-egos—can be used in support of my point about how differences ultimately fail to hold together (or, rather, apart).

nightclub setting is uncomfortably “crowded and close,” and, once inside, Barnes finds himself crushed up against Ashley and “caught in the jam dancing in one place in front of him.” This “him” introduces a “noisy” masculinity that Ashley is clearly drawn to: the jazz band’s drummer who Barnes describes as a “nigger drummer” who is “all teeth and lips” and who waves at Brett upon their arrival. His syncopated jazz beats assert control over the atmosphere Barnes finds himself caught up in:

“He’s a great friend of mine,” Brett said. “Damn good drummer.”

The music stopped and we started toward the table where the count sat. Then the music started again and we danced. I looked at the count. He was sitting at the table smoking a cigar. The music stopped again.

“Let’s go over.”

Brett started toward the table. The music started and again we danced, tight in the crowd.

“You’re a rotten dancer, Jake [...]” (62)

Here, as Barnes attempts to return to the observational stasis maintained by Mippipopulous, his efforts are frustrated by the stop and go jazz music. He finds himself, once again, trapped in intimate physical contact with Ashley. This, in and of itself, is not necessarily problematic. In an earlier sequence, Barnes had happily danced with Brett to the more traditional music performed in a Bal Musette : “We were dancing to the accordion and some one was playing the banjo. It was hot and I felt happy” (23). The music in this latter scene, however, is jazz, and its sexualized lyrics and downbeat figure centrally into why dancing with Brett becomes nightmarish for Barnes. This time he is caught between the black musician’s commanding drumming and singing and the Greek count’s commanding paternalistic gaze. The Count, having usurped Barnes’s favorite subject position, tells Ashley and Barnes “I enjoy to watch you dance” once they finally make it back to his table. His ungrammatical English serves as a reminder of his non-native status. On top of it all, Ashley, just after praising the black musician as a “Damn

good drummer” (and a “great friend”), criticizes Barnes telling him that he is, by contrast, “a rotten dancer.”

After a short break from the dancing, only long enough for the aforementioned “hard” “little friend Zizi” exchange that makes little sense except as a veiled joke referring to the count’s sexual arousal from watching the couple, Ashley insists on returning to the dance floor with Barnes, to once again be caught just in front of her friend the drummer. It is at this point that Barnes describes the feeling of descending into a repeating nightmare. As Ashley articulates her own sense of misery, the drummer provides a provocative, and oddly interpolated, background for the exchange that so tortures Barnes:

“Oh, darling,” Brett said, “I’m so miserable.”
 I had that feeling of going through something that has all happened before.
 “You were happy a minute ago.”
 The drummer shouted: “You can’t two time—”
 “It’s all gone.”
 “What’s the matter?”
 “I don’t know. I just feel terribly.”
 “.” the drummer chanted. Then turned to his sticks.
 “Want to go?”
 I had the feeling as in a nightmare of it all being something repeated, something I had been through and that now I must go through again.
 “.” the drummer sang softly.
 “Let’s go,” said Brett. “You don’t mind.”
 “.” the drummer shouted and grinned at Brett.
 “All right,” I said. We got out from the crowd. (64)

The peculiarities of this passage beg for analysis, particularly in the ways they contribute to the novel’s imbricated themes of problematic modernity, racial difference, transgressive sexuality, and absent presence—all of which shape and complicate Barnes’s efforts at masculine self-definition.

Central to what makes this scene at Zelli's so nightmarish is Barnes-cum-Hemingway's use of both the epitaph "nigger" and the stereotyped physical description of the drummer as "all teeth and lips"—both made all the more disturbing with the narrative's turn to the charged specter of miscegenation and fears of a black man's primal virility being welcomingly received by a libidinous white lady. In light of jazz's overwrought association with sex (the term itself having originating from African American slang for the sex act) and Ashley's "uncontrollable" sexual appetite, her knowledge of the black man's "damned good" drumming implies more than familiarity with his musical prowess, just as Barnes's rotten dancing corresponds with his sexual shortcomings.

This, however, only begins to get at the significations stewing within this brief passage of dancing and dialogue accompanied by a grinning black man's chanting, shouting, and drumming (all of which is also being observed by a cigar-smoking Greek-aristocrat-turned-American business-man). Critics like J. Gerald Kennedy have explicated the drummer's shouted line, "You can't two time—" as an allusion to the tryst Ashley has arranged with Robert Cohn. Earlier in the evening, she had rebuffed Barnes's suggestion they "just live together" by declaring, "I don't think so. I'd just tromper you with everybody. You couldn't stand it" (55). She also informs him "I am going away from you" to San Sebastian, and Barnes learns later that Cohn is her chosen travel and sexual partner for the trip. In light of all this, the drummer's shouted admonition can be read as triggering Ashley's misery and guilt for her decision to two-time, or 'tromper' (to deceive) Barnes.¹⁸

¹⁸ This is, for example, Kennedy's reading: "At Zelli's, when the drummer shouts 'You can't two time—' [Brett] suffers an ostensible crise de conscience about her impending trip to

Based on the drummer's shouted half-line, James Hinkle argues that the song performed in this scene is Roy Turk and J. Russell Robinson's 1922 "Aggravatin' Papa (Don't You Try To Two-time Me)" (cited by Svoboda, 109). The song's lyrics recount the story of "Triflin' Sam" whose "gal named Mandy Brymm" threatens retribution for his infidelities first through "smack[ing him] down," then wielding her "fourty four," and, ultimately, beating him at his own game of infidelity (Turk & Robinson 2-3). These and the other lyrics in the song illustrate how the title itself two times, with "aggravatin'" functioning as both an adjective and a verb so that "Papa" can be both aggravating to his gal and aggravated by her lament and threats to either kill him or usurp his own "aggravatin" infidelity. The song concludes with Mandy Brymm declaring, "Once you were steady, once you were true, But papa now sweet mama can't depend on you. Aggravatin' papa, don't you try to two-time me." Though Hemingway does not include any of these lyrics in his text, the song's story, particularly its last lines, speak ironically to the situation faced by Ashley and Barnes. Brymm's final complaint could easily be spoken by Ashley as an expression of her frustration with Barnes's sexual limitations.

To return to the passage, the shouted half line (the only extant clue that the song being sung might be Turk and Robinson's) can and does also "two-time" within the text and even triple- and quadruple-times in its own promiscuity of possible meanings. In Playing in the Dark, Toni Morrison points out how a black Africanist presence in the white American literary canon gets formulaically invoked as one that gainsays the

San Sebastian with Cohn and tells Jake: "I just feel terribly." ("Hemingway, Hadley, and Paris: The Persistence of Desire," 205)

identity and efforts of white protagonists (see Chapter I).¹⁹ In this light, the drummer's shout can be read as a challenge not only to Ashley but to Barnes as well, in the form of a menacing articulation of the latter's masculine sexual failings. The Turk and Robinson lyrics lend support to such a reading, suggesting that the drummer deliberately sets out to "aggravate Papa" with a demonstration of his own musical (and by association sexual) prowess that effectively highlight "Papa's" flaws. Unlike the drummer, who can "turn to his sticks" and adroitly maintain jazz's complex "two-timing," polyrhythmic beat, Barnes is both literally and figuratively stickless as well as "rotten" at moving his body to such a beat. All of this points uncomfortably to Barnes's inability to perform in the sexualized terms that are the song's, at best thinly veiled, subtext. Put another way, Barnes can't two time, in bed or on the dance floor. Meanwhile, he also finds himself stymied in his efforts to emulate the safe, cigar-smoking, contemplative remove of Mippipopolous.

The elliptical references to infidelity and betrayal in this scene, however, also point back to Hemingway's authorship. The significance of "two timing" in the text can also be read in a telling biographical context in that it was written in the midst of Hemingway's desire for and pursuit of an extramarital affair that led to the demise of his first marriage. Bio-critical readings of The Sun Also Rises have interpreted Hemingway's creation of Jake Barnes as impotent as a translation of the author's

¹⁹ A useful contemporary example of such a use of an Africanist Presence can be found in John Dos Passos's Three Soldiers (1922), a text Hemingway owned and studied as a role model for his own writing. In the sequence when Dos Passos's three soldiers are being shipped over to Europe and suffering from fears of the ship being bombed and their being lost at sea, a black man on board sings menacing lyrics regarding the fate of the Titanic:

His voice was confidential and soft, and the guitar strummed to the same sobbing rag-time. Verse after verse the voice grew louder and the strumming faster.

"De Titanic's sinkin' in de deep blue,

Sinkin' in de deep blue, deep blue,

Sinkin' in de sea.

O de women an' de chilren a-floatin' in de sea [...] (34)

frustrations with a marriage that prevented him from pursuing a sexual liaison with Lady Duff Twydsen. Thus his roman-a-clef rendering of the summer of 1925 writes his wife Hadley out of the story and writes sexual incapacity into his own fictional alter ego. Furthermore, Hemingway produced the novel in the midst of pursuing Pauline Pfeiffer, a young fashion editor for *Vogue* who had the same boyish flapper look as Ashley in the novel and who later became his second wife. Thus the text, dedicated to his first more matronly Victorian wife and their son but written and revised in the midst of his betrayal of her, can also be read as a more immediately personal form of veiled confession of Hemingway's own "two-timing" and an attempt at a kind of literary catharsis and processing of guilt (that also resulted in Hemingway signing all royalties for the novel over to Hadley).²⁰

Financial payments as a sign of morality and potency figure within the novel through its obsessive commentary on payment (e.g. "Either you paid by learning about [things], or by experience, or by taking chances, or by money") (148), and they contribute to the sense of frustration Barnes faces in the Zelli's scene. His inability to pay constitutes another way in which he finds himself stymied and ineffectual. Having been treated to the expensive dinner earlier, he tries to assert himself financially while dancing with Ashley by offering to help finance her divorce so she can marry Michael Campbell. Ashley dismisses the offer: "Don't be an ass. Michael's people have loads of money." Shortly after, the situation gets echoed in an exchange Barnes has with the count: "'It was a wonderful time,' I said. 'I wish you would let me get this.' I took a note out of my pocket. 'Mr. Barnes, don't be ridiculous,' the count said" (64). Twice in this scene

²⁰ For a thorough pursuit of such a reading of the novel, see J. Gerald Kennedy's "Hemingway, Hadley, and Paris: The Persistence of Desire."

Barnes makes attempts to pay the bill (as is traditionally expected of a man), and twice he is rebuffed as either “an ass” or as “ridiculous.”

The drummer’s reference to failed “two-timing” can be further read as a foreboding commentary on the novel’s central dilemma: Barnes’s efforts at having things both ways. On one hand, Barnes attempts to partake of the old world’s traditional approach to living—of Paris’s safe day-time, right-bank world of work; of the staid quiet of Mippipopulous’s refined European values and pleasures (including slowly chilled champagne and drawn-out meals in the Bois), of the reassuring homosociality of rugged male camaraderie removed from the taint of the modern city (i.e. the fishing trip he will take in Spain with his friend Bill Gorton), and of the atavistic world of Spanish catholic piety and bullfighting aficion. On the other hand, Barnes also finds himself irresistibly drawn to Ashley and her dangerously modern world of after hours Paris with its Latin Quarter/Montmartre jazz clubs and bohemianism. This other Paris constitutes a decadent, sinful environment of cross-dressing androgyny, homosexuality, international and interracial tourism, sexual and cultural miscegenation, and, ultimately in the novel, a world that has as its extension the exhilaratingly chaotic transgressions, shifting values, and acceptance of foreignness that imbue the Spanish fiesta experience. The alluringly transgressive fiesta worlds of both Paris and Pamplona’s San Fermin turn on rule-breaking and deviance and, as such, are set in opposition to the world of order and tradition that Barnes also desires and seeks out in daytime right-bank Paris, in the Bois during evening mealtime, and in the codified formalism of Spanish bullfighting culture. The sense of control that comes with tradition dissipates in the fiesta worlds of bohemian Paris and San Fermin with their investment in inventive, exploratory promiscuity—in

terms of sex and sexuality but also in the construction of one's identity in general. In light of all this, the drummer's shout, "You can't two time—," can be read as a foreshadowing of Barnes's ultimate failure to hold these different worlds in balanced separation.

Perhaps most fundamentally, the drummer's proclamation against two-timing bespeaks the narrational efforts of Barnes-cum-Hemingway to play the role of a "two-timing" participant-observer and author-narrator. Hemingway through Barnes tries to write his book (and himself) as something and someone both truthful and artful, both timely and timeless, both autobiographical and fictional. As it both functions and gets portrayed in The Sun Also Rises, writing becomes a form of personal catharsis and artistic assertion. Barnes tries to convince himself that he wants to approach life like the count, proclaiming, "I did not care what it was all about. All I wanted to know was how to live in it" (148). This declaration comes in one of Barnes's internal monologues after a particularly ugly evening among the group of expats visiting Pamplona. The idea harkens back to an earlier conversation between Barnes and Mippipopolous during their champagne drinking session in Paris:

"You ought to write a book on wines, count," I said.
 "Mr. Barnes," answered the count, "all I want out of wines is to enjoy them" (59).

This brief exchange, in fact, illustrates an important difference between Barnes and Mippipopolous and reveals Barnes compulsion to "write a book" as a means of fully experiencing. The count mildly reprimands him for this impulse. Because Barnes is a working journalist who—along with others in the text—dismisses expatriate "literary chaps" (177) like Cohn, The Sun Also Rises reads as though it were being written by

someone who doesn't normally write books and who disdains the authorial turn even as he pursues it. The idea that writing is an urge best resisted is shared by Barnes's fictional kindred spirit Nick Adams. In "Big Two-Hearted River," Adams—like Barnes—pursues fishing as a means of therapy and escape from the problems he faces as a wounded veteran. Upon arriving at the trout stream, Adams feels "he had left everything behind, the need for thinking, the need to write, other needs. It was all back of him" (210). And yet, for Barnes and Adams (and for their creator), somehow, to live in it "right" also required writing it, so that writing becomes a kind of therapy and action. Writing both prevents one from action and legitimates inaction as a surplus to and replacement for living. As the novel portrays it, once Barnes sets out to practice such therapy, he must grapple with a whole host of contradictions. Hemingway's authorship through Barnes reveals an urge to render experience beyond meaning and yet to grasp equally—through writing—the meaning of that experience. For Barnes and Hemingway, writing as therapy may offer relief, but it fails as a means of escape.

Two-timing authorial efforts can also be discerned in how the book's title evokes both a rising and setting sun and in its pair of epigraphs juxtaposing Gertrude Stein's reference to a "lost generation"—made "in conversation" and thus off-handed and immediate—with a passage from the bible—the most timeless and permanent of western texts. As Hemingway later explained to Perkins, "I meant to play off against that splendid bombast (Gertrude's assumption of prophetic roles)" (SL 229). In pairing what he felt was the overblown proclamation of his sexually and literarily transgressive mentor with the dour gravitas of a passage from Ecclesiastes, Hemingway again uses a literary strategy of two-timing, or "play[ing] off against." More specifically, it plays time-

honored textual tradition (the bible) against the decidedly contemporary, radical textual experimentation that Stein championed and had come to emblemize by the 1920s.

Hemingway invokes both together as a framework for his own text.

With Stein's founding contribution to literary modernism, the story "Melanctha" at the center of Three Lives (1909), centering on a bisexual African American woman, the invocation of Stein also raises questions of racial, textual, and sexual transgression in relation to Hemingway's novel. Yet another means of exploring the possible valence of the "two-time" passage in his text is to consider the biographical details of the roman a clef source of Hemingway's "nigger drummer." Frederic Svoboda has recently identified that source as Eugene Jacque Bullard, an African American expatriate with a truly remarkable biography filled with the kind of masculine accomplishments that mattered most to Hemingway. As a WWI flying ace, a member of the French Foreign Legion, a war hero who was wounded four times and received the Croix de Guerre, a prewar boxer, a postwar jazz musician, a successful businessman and nightclub owner, and a local celebrity of 1920s Paris, Bullard's biographical credentials as a man who could do more than just two-time on the drums, not only rival but surpass those of Hemingway's fictional Greek count. Svoboda declares that "Bullard was a surprisingly accurate parallel to Jake," and adds that "he out-Jakes Jake in the unwritten undercurrents of The Sun Also Rises. . . [for example] Like Jake, he was in love with a member of the nobility, though with more success. Since 1923 Bullard had been married to a Frenchwoman of noble descent, with whom he had two daughters" (106-07). However, what Svoboda's discovery of Bullard's role in Hemingway's text suggest (which Svoboda himself fails to acknowledge) is the novel's grimly reductionist racial politics:

in the guise of a “nigger drummer,” Bullard survives only in stereotypical blackness, and his heroism gets displaced as Jake Barnes’s back story.

None of the above explications of the “two-time” passage address what is perhaps its most striking and peculiar feature: the strange ellipses (“.”) that stand in for all but the one half-line of the drummer’s shouting, singing, and chanting. Svoboda speculates that “Most of the lyrics Hemingway quoted were cut, probably by Maxwell Perkins, to downplay any scandalous-in-1926 suggestion of an interracial affair between the drummer and Brett” (106). However, in the very first draft of the text (written in a children’s notebook before Hemingway ever signed a contract with Scribner’s or showed the manuscript to Perkins or anyone else), he had already rendered the drummer’s chanting as blank spaces in quotation marks (Brucoli, SAR facsimile 205). As the Hemingway papers at the Kennedy library reveal, he would continue to leave out the drummer’s lyrics in future drafts as well. The ellipses, then, exist in the text not as an example of a commercial publishing industry’s emasculating censorship (the kind of thing Hemingway would famously rail against in the process of bringing A Farewell to Arms to press, effectively boosting his reputation as a manly authorial rule-breaker), but rather as the result of the author’s deliberate choice from the outset.

This unusual move raises a variety of issues concerning Hemingway’s authorial intent in rendering the jazz man’s lyrics as absence. Are the black man’s proclamations so off-color (or, put another way, so sexually colorful) that they must be censored for the sake of propriety (not just in a publisher’s opinion, but in Hemingway’s as well)? Or is it more plausible to read these ellipses as suggesting that, beyond the phrase “you can’t two time—”, Barnes (though sensing the importance of the drummer’s proclamations and

feeling compelled to somehow include them in his story) simply cannot understand what is being articulated and so has no choice but to put down blanks to represent it? Are these ellipses, then, a sign of Barnes's cultural (and sexual) illiteracy that placed him on the outside of a secret, sexually-charged communiqué that Ashley shares with another (and decidedly "other") man, even as Barnes holds her in his arms? One way or another, Barnes (and his reader) clearly don't get it. For one who revels in being in the know when it comes to inside jokes and secret transmissions (as his own text, filled with such communiqués, illustrates), this instance of failing to "get it"—or to be able to give it—surely contributes to the nightmarishness of the situation.

With Barnes's inability or unwillingness to share with his reader the jazz drummer's lyrics, the ellipses that do get marked on the page—and that, as such, render a lack in the text—wind up contributing to the novel's larger thematics of lack. In this connection, the scene's use of ellipses can be read as a kind of perverse and extreme example of Hemingway's experimentation with his iceberg principal of creating artistic potency through absence. Truncating the racially marked jazz man's lyrics as a conscious (and even ostentatious) literary choice parallels Hemingway's decision to sexually truncate the male body of the novel's white protagonist as another, equally ostentatious, literary choice designed as an act of defiant authorial virility. Both Jake Barnes's body and narrative are, like the "nigger" drummer's lyrics, truncated; as a result, both are problematically virile manifestations of Hemingway's own authorial potency. This nightclub scene, with a "nigger drummer" oddly and ominously inflecting the text, culminates the first of the novel's three parts. It is densely evocative and layered with textual peculiarities that all contribute to an overheated convergence of concerns

including promiscuity, desire, and betrayal; spectatorship and performance; and anxieties about impotence and racially marked sexual potency. It also serves as an example of how Hemingway's text simultaneously sings and refuses the blues by both invoking and rendering as absent its two-timing complexity. After the nightmarish jazz two-timing of Zelli's, the Count's chauffeur takes Barnes home. Book one ends with the simple sentences, "I rang the bell. The door opened and I went upstairs and went to bed" (65). This time no one is invited up into Barnes's bedroom; instead we are left on the street where we can do no more than imagine him once again having to confront his wounded body in the mirror of his armoire where his nightmare will continue.

Bullfighting: Boys to Men

If looking at both women and himself leads Jake Barnes to painful confrontations with his physical wound and sexual shortcomings, as his story continues we learn that he derives his greatest pleasure from watching other men—men who, like the jazz drummer, represent a virile otherness. The most obvious examples of this are, of course, the bullfighters he travels ritually to Spain to watch each summer. For Barnes, even better than a seat on the terrace of a Parisian café is a front-row seat at a Spanish bullfight. As an American outsider, Barnes successfully infiltrates the exclusive male club of bullfighting aficionados organized around the specialized practice of watching spectacles of ritualized manhood. Barnes' role as an outsider-turned-insider and a specialized observer of an exotic rite ameliorates his own compromised manhood by allowing what amounts to a virile form of watching. Although he cannot be a bullfighter, watching them as an accepted and valorized insider becomes the next best thing. In short, his vicarious identification with the matador, made necessary by his wound, not only

virtually fulfills him, it qualifies him as a member of an elite corps of vicariosos—men who work hard at watching. For Barnes and Hemingway, the hard work of watching bullfighters couples with the hard work of writing about them. Because of the markedly masculine subject upon which watching and writing reflect, these two otherwise passive activities carry Barnes away from his compromised masculine subjectivity and reconnect him with a pre-modern masculine virility. Looking at and writing about men performing rarefied masculinity result in a virile text that is itself a masculine performance piece. As a result, looking at bullfighters—unlike his earlier café looking at women in Paris—shores up his link to manhood.

Bullfighters, however, are not the only exemplars of masculinity that Barnes enjoys watching. So too are count Mippipopolous (in the wound exposition discussed above) and Robert Cohn “othered” men upon whom Barnes turns his fond gaze. After Cohn has met and fallen in love with Ashley, Barnes returns to the subject of his Jewish friend. In doing so he disrupts the narrative with a direct address to the reader. In a doubting, self-conscious digression, Barnes attempts to correct what he feels is the inadequacy of his earlier presentation of Cohn:

Somehow I feel I have not shown Robert Cohn clearly. The reason is that until he fell in love with Brett, I never heard him make one remark that would, in any way, detach him from other people. He was nice to watch on the tennis-court, he had a good body, and he kept it in shape; he had a funny sort of undergraduate quality about him. If he were in a crowd nothing he said stood out. He wore what used to be called polo shirts at school, and may be called that still, but he was not professionally youthful. I do not believe he thought about his clothes much. Externally he had been formed at Princeton. Internally he had been moulded by the two women who had trained him. He had a nice, boyish sort of cheerfulness that had never been trained out of him, and I probably have not brought it out. (45)

Once again, Barnes turns his narrative efforts toward a comprehensive assessment of Robert Cohn, revealing a desire (and confessing an inability) to “bring out” his personality in its entirety, either “externally” or “internally.” And once again, the description reveals as much about Barnes as it does Cohn. Barnes admits that Cohn probably did not give much thought to his clothes while he himself clearly has. Barnes dwells almost obsessively on trying to communicate what strikes him as Cohn’s “funny” and elusively appealing “boyish” quality manifest in both how he looks and acts: “He was nice to watch on the tennis-court, he had a good body.” This reflection on Cohn, however, also signals the beginning of a process in which Barnes’s fondness for him begins to deteriorate. That fondness had relied upon Cohn’s status as someone who was innocently boyish, passive, and thus different from himself. When Cohn falls in love with Ashley, he loses his boyishness and becomes more like Barnes as he sees himself: active instead of passive, someone who “makes remarks” and does things that “detach him from other people.”

At other points in his narrative, Barnes refers to the visual appeal of “boyish” qualities in people other than Cohn. In fact, looking like a boy is yet another insistent motif of Barnes’s narrative and contributes to the story’s failure to “hold together” as simple and straightforward. A range of characters in The Sun Also Rises possess the boyish qualities that prove central to Barnes’s sense of visual pleasures. These various boys evoke in Barnes mixed feelings of both desire and resentment. While an “undergraduate” boyishness is part of what makes Cohn so “nice to watch on the tennis court,” it is also what makes Lady Brett Ashley so “damned good-looking” in Barnes’s estimation: “She wore a slipover jersey sweater and a tweed skirt, and her hair was

brushed back like a boy's. She started all that. She was built with curves like the hull of a racing yacht, and you missed none of it with that wool jersey" (22). Though her hull-like, racing-yacht curves are undeniably feminine, the clothing and hairstyle Ashley packages them in are decidedly boyish in the same collegiate, or "undergraduate," manner Barnes has earlier linked with Cohn.

The narrative's most important boy of all, however, is the promising young bullfighter Pedro Romero. As Barnes declares in recounting the awkward scene when he and Bill Gorton go to meet the young matador in his hotel room as he dresses for an upcoming bullfight, "He was the best-looking boy I have ever seen" (163). Following this encounter, all further discussion of Romero in the narrative compulsively emphasizes his status as a "kid," a "child," a "lad," and, most emphatically, a "boy." Through the expatriates' discussions about Romero, Hemingway creates a kind of compulsive repetitiveness in their fixation on his status as a fine-looking, adolescent boy:

"She wants to see the bull-fighters close by," Mike said.
 "They are something," Brett said. "That Romero lad is just a child"
 "He's a damned good-looking boy," I said. "When we were up in his
 room I never saw a better-looking kid."
 "How old do you suppose he is?"
 "Nineteen or twenty."
 "Just imagine it." (167)

What Barnes and his fellow expatriates perceive as Romero's exceptional boyishness turns them all into awe-struck observers. "Bill and I were very excited about Pedro Romero," Barnes explains, and Ashley shares their excitement: "Romero was the whole show. I do not think Brett saw any other bullfighter. No one else did either [. . .] It was all Romero"(167). In his later short story "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," Hemingway rendered a British character who dismissively characterizes emasculated

American men who fail to mature as “great American boy-men” (SS 33). Here in The Sun Also Rises, Romero represents such men’s polar opposite; he is a virile Spanish man-boy. As such, Romero becomes the object of Barnes’s desire, both as an ideal man who performs a pure, potent and uncompromised version of masculinity from the past and as a boy who represent manhood’s lost state of innocence and masculine future promise.

And yet, boyishness also crosses over into Barnes problematic sexual desires as well. Just as the text undermines other binaries, so too does it complicate the relationship between boyhood and manhood and self and other—all in relation to questions of desire, sexual and otherwise. For Barnes, as a wounded man, boyishness presumably represents a desirable state of innocence that he himself has lost. At the same time, boyish qualities also hold an erotic appeal for Barnes, particularly when crossed with signs of womanhood. For Barnes and Ashley both, boyishness manages to represent idealized versions of the self and the other simultaneously, thus blending together desire for the other and desire to be the other as an idealized version of one’s self. Barnes’s investment in watching bullfighting is motivated by a desire to somehow return to and possess desirable otherness as a means of reconstituting his compromised masculine selfhood and satisfying his sexual drives.

As an observer of a man-boy matador’s performance, Barnes is able to sit in a front-row seat alongside the boyish Lady Ashley while they both cast their gaze across the barrera and into the bull ring. This position affords Barnes the rare opportunity of sharing a charged intimacy with Ashley without having to confront the dilemma of his sexual incapacity. Side by side, with Barnes serving as a knowing guide and Brett a

willing follower, the two dissipated expatriates are finally able to channel their desires for one another visually outward onto an exhilarating boy's virtuoso performance of artistic, exotic and virile masculinity. At a safe visual distance, Romero and the bullfight ritual he dominates serve as a kind of sexual proxy for Barnes and Ashley:

I sat beside Brett and explained to Brett what it was all about. I told her about watching the bull, not the horse, when the bulls charged the picadors, and got her to watching the picador place the point of his pic so that she saw what it was all about, so that it became more something that was going on with a definite end, and less of a spectacle with unexplained horrors. I had her watch how Romero took the bull away from the fallen horse with his cape, and how he held him with the cape and turned him, smoothly and suavely, never wasting the bull. She saw how Romero avoided every brusque movement and saved his bulls for the last when he wanted them, not winded and discomposed but smoothly worn down. She saw how close Romero always worked to the bull, and I pointed out to her the tricks the other bull-fighters used to make it look as though they were working closely. She saw why she liked Romero's cape-work and why she did not like the others. (167)

With Barnes's knowing, capable guidance, Ashley comes to understand the deeper significance of the ritual and how, at the climactic moment of truth when the matador kills the bull, "for just an instant he and the bull were one," and then, "it was over." Through watching and instructing Ashley on how to watch, Barnes exercises a dominant agency vis-à-vis the woman he loves and thus enjoys metaphorically, and temporarily, a certain sexualized virility. For Barnes, this is as close as he can get to a conventional sexual relationship with Brett, and he accepts "that disturbed emotional feeling that always comes after a bull-fight, and the feeling of elation that comes after a good bull-fight" (167).

For Ashley, however, Barnes's lesson in the ways of bullfighters only whets her sexual appetite, and once the bullfight is over her pursuit of a far more immediate and tangible liaison with the boy matador begins. In acting on her desires ("I've got to do

something. I've got to do something I really want to do") (183), Ashley sets in motion a chain of events by which she beds the bullfighter and sends Barnes's carefully constructed world of safe detached observation crashing down around him. In precipitating the narrative's disaster, however, Ashley does not act alone. Just as Jake has been the one to walk her through the meaning of Romero's exceptional performance in the bullring, he is also the one to broker their later liaison by honoring Ashley's request that he take her to the young matador. Barnes is also the one who goes to bail her out when things later turn sour. When she realizes she cannot maintain a relationship with Romero nor be the kind of traditional woman he expects, Barnes responds to her wire and travels to Madrid to rescue her from the "trouble" she is in. The extent of his own complicity in her actions, and that he is compelled to respond to her plea for help, make Barnes disgusted with himself: "That was it. Send a girl off with one man. Introduce her to another to go off with him. Now go and bring her back. And sign the wire with love. That was it all right" (239).

Barnes's sense of self-disgust in signing "the wire with love" points to ways in which he, like Cohn, continues to hold onto untenable notions of romantic love, in spite of the complicated sexual relations in which he finds himself implicated. Cohn's pathetic notions about chivalry—his readiness "to do battle for his lady love" as Barnes mockingly puts it—come to a head after Barnes facilitates Ashley's sexual liaison with Romero. Cohn accuses Barnes of being a "damned pimp" which provokes Barnes into swinging at him and leads to Cohn's spree of ultimately ineffectual boxing violence. Judging from the concise, self-loathing narrative Barnes later tells against himself, Cohn's accusation of "pimping" proves painfully accurate in Barnes's own eyes.

And yet, the truth of Barnes's self-denunciation does not accurately reflect the gendered complexities and contradictions of the situation, and it also overstates the degree of agency and control Barnes has in dictating the events he describes. Barnes does not, in fact, "send" Ashley off with Cohn; she takes him to San Sebastian of her own volition. And though Barnes does "Introduce her to another to go off with him," she demands the introduction for her own sexual gratification just as she had chosen for herself the earlier liaison with Cohn. And Ashley's agency is not all that gets misrepresented in Barnes's guilty summary: so too do the gender categories it invokes. Ashley is no ordinary "girl" to be sent off; she is a fallen "lady" with boyish looks and decidedly un-ladylike sexual appetites. She moves among crowds of men and emphatically identifies herself as one of the "chaps" or "gents" (meeting up after one of the bullfights, Ashley and Barnes share this exchange: "'Hello men,' I said. 'Hello, gents!' said Brett") (165). Furthermore, both of the "men" Barnes claims to send this "girl" off with are, in fact, little more than boys, or, at most, boy-men. Throughout the novel, Barnes could hardly be more emphatic about the "funny" boyish naiveté and passivity of Cohn, and it is no man he introduces Ashley to but rather a "lad," a "child," a "good-looking kid" and a "fine boy."

Once again, Barnes seemingly simple confessional narrative of betrayal and corruption—of "pimping" a girl out to men as Cohn would have it—does not hold up upon closer consideration. With that said, Barnes does clearly feel guilty for his role in orchestrating a corruptive sexual liaison. The corrupting nature of that exchange for Barnes, however, is not as Cohn conceives of it. The sex-object being trafficked is the "good-looking boy" Romero whose desirable boyishness Barnes makes available to the

gent-like Ashley, who declares, “I’ve always done just what I wanted” (184) and, in this instance, does so with Barnes’s assistance. In arranging the tryst between Ashley and Romero, Barnes does the former rather than the latter’s bidding and betrays the trust of the Spanish aficionados. This club of watching men, who hold so much stock in Romero’s boyish promise, clearly see exposure to women like Ashley as deeply corruptive of that promise. By exposing him to Ashley, Barnes’s jeopardizes Romero’s messianic potential for the exclusive homosocial world where men can watch boys perform masculinity in a timeless, artistically pure arena of manhood uncompromised by the transgressive modern complications of new womanhood and new sexualities. In that realm, sexually potent boyhood like Romero’s represents a kind of queer zone—a zone of open desire that goes beyond sexuality, though is also bound up in it and at risk of being compromised by it. The appeal of boys and boyishness for Barnes is the open-ended future and masculine promise they hold—the same kind of promise Barnes himself possessed prior to being wounded in the war. Thus boyhood is, for Barnes, before, when all is still possible. There is a utopian promise in the boyhood Romero represents, yet it is a promise that Barnes finds himself most drawn to, fascinated by, and excluded from, particularly in his efforts at both fashioning a narrative distance in linking himself to exclusive in-groups. Barnes corrupts that promise and trades on his insider aficionado status for the sake of his fellow modern—a strange sort of fellow like himself.

Barnes’s entrance into the world of bullfighting as one of its virile watchers leads to the culminating catastrophe around which the novel builds. In relation to bullfighting, Barnes’s problem is, once again, a problem of two-timing, for he infiltrates its exclusive world while also remaining attached to the transgressive modern world of expatriation

that consists of, among other things, his sexually unorthodox liaison with Ashley. In the end, Barnes is left with no other choice but to do what he accuses Ashley of at the novel's close: to "think pretty" about a life without consequences in which he can both maintain a safe narrative distance yet position himself as an unproblematic insider. The result is a narrative, however, that resists itself and such pretty thinking tendencies by calling attention to its own impulse to stake out a position of distanced narration that claims a problematic kind of superiority with which Barnes is clearly uncomfortable and that ultimately proves untenable.

The Superiority of "Jews and Bull-Fighters"

The collapsing of self and other around questions of boyishness and desire that comes to a problematic head with Barnes and Ashley's spectatorship of bullfighting, can be traced back to the very beginning of the novel. As Barnes initiates his story positing Cohn as a foil whose difference rests on his boyishness and Semitism, the narrative also repeatedly alludes to Cohn's status as Barnes's double. The more Barnes attempts to differentiate himself from Cohn, the more he reveals ways in which they turn out to be similar. Besides being tennis partners and friends who travel together, Barnes and Cohn are American expatriates who write and reside in Paris, and both of these characteristics distinguish them from the other male characters in the book (Mippipopolous is an American immigrant, Gorton resides in the U.S., Campbell—Ashley's fiancé—is Scottish, and the remaining principal male characters are Spanish).

One example of the deliberate textual doublings of Cohn and Barnes comes just before Barnes and Gorton depart for their fishing trip in the mountains. Cohn literally serves as Barnes's place holder by sitting in his seat on the crowded bus: "Bill went up

and Robert sat beside Bill to save a place for me” (103). That Cohn (in one of the rare instances where he is referred to as “Robert”) serves as a proxy for Barnes gets mentioned not this once, but twice: “Robert climbed down and I fitted into the place he had saved on the one wooden seat that ran across the top” (103). Along with a series of other details in the text, this one has no apparent reason for being included except as a means of pointing to how Cohn fills in for Barnes, despite the narrative’s efforts to otherwise “other” him.

What ties the two men together most explicitly is the fact that both are tortured by a desire for Ashley that they cannot fulfill. In parallel scenes, both men lay face down on their beds and cry in a state of misery brought on by their love for her (31, 55, 193). In Pamplona, the group of expatriates increasingly despises Cohn for the way that his fixation on Ashley makes him a passive but always-present nuisance. As Campbell puts it, “He hung around Brett and just looked at her” (original emphasis 143). In a variety of ways, Barnes’s behavior is quite the same, for he is, as I have been arguing, the text’s master “looker” and spends plenty of time “hanging around” Brett. In one of Campbell’s outbursts attacking Cohn, his characterization of him as a steer more accurately describes Barnes:

“I would have thought you’d loved being a steer, Robert.”
 “What do you mean, Mike?”
 “They lead such a quiet life. They never say anything and they’re always hanging about so.”
 We were embarrassed. Bill laughed. Robert Cohn was angry. Mike went on talking.
 “I should think you’d love it. You’d never have to say a word. Come on, Robert. Do say something. Don’t just sit there.”
 [. . .]
 “Come off it, Michael. You’re drunk,” Brett said.
 “I’m not drunk. I’m quite serious. Is Robert Cohn going to follow Brett around like a steer all the time?” (original emphasis 141)

Contributing to the embarrassment of the scene, particularly for Barnes, is not just Campbell's openly nasty attack on Cohn but the extent to which that attack winds up characterizing his own friendship with Ashley. After all, it is Barnes who can do no more than "hang around" and look at Ashley. More so than with Cohn, the steers, as emasculated males, have a closer kinship with Barnes's and his condition of sexual lack. As is often the case with this text, the turn of phrase also ironically points to its problematic opposite: Barnes can do no more than "hang around" Ashley precisely because he lacks that which hangs. By contrast, the real problem with Cohn's presence in Pamplona is that he can do, and has done, more than "just look" at Ashley. Barnes can be around Ashley but as a man with no phallus, whereas Cohn's relationship to her is clearly a threat to Campbell precisely because he is "hung" and, perhaps, "well hung." As Barnes, Campbell, and everyone else knows, Ashley has had sex with Cohn. Cohn may hang around, but his relationship with Ashley—unlike Barnes's—has been less, or rather more, than steer-like. Campbell's reference to the "quiet" life the steers lead also resonates with the text's earlier mentions of "quiet" during the evening with Mippipopolous when it is characterized as the thing Barnes and the count most desire. Cohn is also linked to this quiet when he sends Barnes a letter from Hendaye reporting that he was "having a very quiet time" (81). Only later does Barnes discover, however, that Cohn's quiet time consists of a tryst with Ashley. Furthermore, in harping on Cohn's tendency to not speak, Campbell also effectively characterizes the close-lipped Barnes. As the text and its dialogue reveal, Barnes keeps his conversational contributions—and his narration—to an absolute and carefully chosen minimum.

Later, when Campbell again lashes out at Cohn, even more viciously, the attack is in fact prompted by his annoyance with Barnes. Like a steer trying to “quiet down the bulls” and “make friends” with everyone (133), Barnes tries to keep the peace in an awkward exchange between his drunken expatriate friends and the young matador Pedro Romero, whom they encounter in one of Pamplona’s cafes. Clearly aggravated by his fiancé’s latest attraction to yet another ethnic man (this time a dark-skinned Spaniard rather than a Jew), Campbell, trying to play it off in obnoxious outbursts, insists that Barnes tell Romero, in Spanish, that “bulls have no balls” and that “Brett is dying to know how he can get into those pants” (176). Barnes refuses to translate and only explains to Romero that Campbell is drunk. He then cuts Campbell off as he stands and attempts to make what undoubtedly would have been an inappropriate toast. After the bullfighter leaves, Campbell confronts Barnes but then abruptly, and oddly, shifts the focus of his attack:

“I started to tell him,” Mike began. “And Jake kept interrupting me. Why do you interrupt me? Do you think you talk Spanish better than I do?”

“Oh, shut up Mike! Nobody interrupted you.”

“No, I’d like to get this settled.” He turned away from me. “Do you think you amount to something Cohn? Do you think you belong here among us? People who are out to have a good time? For God’s sake don’t be so noisy, Cohn!”

“Oh, cut it out, Mike,” Cohn said.

“Do you think Brett wants you here? Do you think you add to the party? Why don’t you say something?”

“I said all I had to say the other night, Mike.”

“I’m not one of you literary chaps.” Mike stood shakily and leaned against the table. “I’m not clever. But I do know when I’m not wanted. Why don’t you see when you’re not wanted, Cohn? Go away. Go away, for God’s sake. Take that sad Jewish face away.” (177)

This scene marks a breaking point in the novel where Barnes ultimately fails to keep separate the two cultural worlds with which he attempts to affiliate: that of bullfighters

and their aficionado supporters and that of dissipated bohemianism and expatriation. The scene also shows Campbell displacing his annoyance at Barnes and redirecting it as an anti-Semitic attack on Cohn. Once again, Cohn serves as Barnes's proxy. The attack, however, clearly includes Barnes in the collateral damage; after all, Campbell sees both Cohn and Barnes—as well as Gorton—as “literary chaps.”

Ultimately, this scene dramatizes the permeability of in-group and out-group formations constituted around bullfighting aficion, bohemianism, and national identity. Such instabilities motivate Campbell's attack and function as a key source of the narrative's many tensions. Furthermore, in his attempt at asserting himself through an attack on Cohn, Campbell, like Barnes, winds up characterizing his own miserable and ineffectual situation vis-à-vis Ashley and as a bankrupt man who also “hangs around” her. This is made explicit when Romero, having been told that Cohn and Gorton are writers (something that impresses the young bullfighter), asks Barnes, referring to Campbell, “What does the drunken one do?” and Barnes explains, “Nothing.” “Is that why he drinks?” Romero asks. “No,” Barnes explains. “He's waiting to marry this lady” (176). Shortly after learning this, the young matador winds up in bed with Ashley himself. This fraught café scene and Campbell's embarrassing drunken outbursts illustrate how Barnes is not the only character who suffers from subject/object confusion. No one can speak about or want anyone else without exposing his or her own lack. Jake Barnes's struggles to stand apart and, at the same time, become the privileged insider, are not specific to his physically, sexually wounded masculinity; they are part of a general expatriate malaise. In other words, all of the novel's protagonists suffer from some kind of wound.

In the midst of this disastrous scene depicting the collision of Barnes's two worlds and the first direct anti-Semitic attack on Cohn, Campbell is not the only one to express irritation with Barnes's effort to two-time the situation by shuttling between the table of his expatriate friends and the table of bullfighters. After Barnes is invited to move over to Romero's table to meet a bullfighting critic and discuss Romero's performances (and just before Campbell begins his embarrassing outbursts), Ashley voices her own resentment:

“I say Jake,” Brett called from the next table, “you have deserted us.”
 “Just temporarily,” I said. “We’re talking bulls.”
 “You are superior.”
 “Tell him that bulls have no balls,” Mike shouted. He was drunk.
 Romero looked at me inquiringly. (original emphasis 175)

Ashley's criticism of Barnes for acting “superior” in making the move to the other table to “talk bulls” in a language she cannot understand ties together seemingly disparate threads running throughout Barnes's narrative. This negative reference to acting “superior” is not the first time the term appears in the text. Prior to this, Gorton and Barnes repeatedly use it to describe what is most annoying and most Jewish about Robert Cohn. “Let him not get superior and Jewish” Gorton declares (96), while Barnes describes being irritated by Cohn's “air of superior knowledge” (95). Later Gorton again declares, “Cohn gets me [. . .] 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). Superiority, it seems, is a tendency that simultaneously contributes to Cohn's difference from—and kinship with—Barnes, particularly in the latter's relationship to Spain and bullfighting.

Nor are Barnes and Cohn the only individuals criticized for putting on such superior airs. Barnes himself rails against the group of men who arrive at a *bal musette*

with Ashley in Book I in similar terms: “I was very angry. Somehow they always made me angry. I know they are supposed to be amusing, and you should be tolerant, but I wanted to swing on one, any one, anything to shatter that superior, simpering composure” (20). So far as Barnes describes them, these men are not Jews, and he avoids stating exactly what it is that binds them together as a simpering, superior “they” who are “supposed to be amusing” and of whom “you should be tolerant”:

A crowd of young men, some in jerseys and some in their shirt sleeves, got out. I could see their hands and newly washed, wavy hair in the light from the door. The policeman standing by the door looked at me and smiled. They came in. As they went in under the light I saw white hands, wavy hair, white faces, grimacing, gesturing, talking. (20)

This fragmentary physical description of the men emphasizing hands, “wavy hair,” and whiteness is followed by a brief exchange of dialogue:

“I do declare. There is an actual harlot. I’m going to dance with her, Lett. You watch me.”
The tall dark one, called Lett, said: “Don’t you be rash.”
The wavy blond one answered: “Don’t you worry, dear.” (20)

This minimal information, together with Barnes later describing “the tall blond youth [as someone] who danced big-hippily, carrying his head on one side, his eyes lifted as he danced,” point to the men’s hyperbolic and transgressive performance of gender—typically associated with homosexuality—as the source of Barnes’s uncontrollable anger. As Ira Elliott argues in his analysis of gender performances and sexuality in the text, “In Butlerian terms, Brett’s companions are ‘imitating’ the ‘wrong’ gender” (80)—performing in their primping histrionics, talking, and dancing, self-conscious parodies of femininity. Further complicating Barnes’s description of this group of men, however, is his insistence on their youth—an insistence that results in their serving as yet another variation on the text’s many references to boyishness. When Elliott argues that “Jake

objects not so much to homosexual behavior (which is unseen) but to ‘femininity’ expressed through the wrong body,” his point is only half right, for it does not account for the fact that the description Barnes’s offers consists of boyishness as much as femininity. What really seems to be the source of Barnes’s anger and anxiety when he sees these men with Brett is the way in which they achieve an androgynous ambiguity more than outright femininity. The real “gender trouble” in this scene is that this very same jersey-induced androgyny is the source of Ashley’s sex appeal for Barnes. Ashley is, as Barnes states, not once but twice, “very much with them.” The collegiate garb of jerseys and polo shirts, as signs of privileged ivy-league and/or prep-school boyishness, get sported by Cohn, Ashley, and this group of ambiguous men.²¹

The superiority that the men with Brett share with both Cohn as a Jew and Barnes as a bullfighting aficionado suggest that it is not necessarily, or simply, homophobia that

²¹ In the wake of the posthumous publication of Hemingway’s Garden of Eden—a text obsessed with transgressions of gender and sexual roles—these men and this expression of Barnes’s rage have become the focus of increasing attention and speculation regarding what they reveal about Hemingway’s literary and biographical sexuality in general, and relationship to homosexuality, in particular. In Debra Modellmog’s reading of The Sun Also Rises, she calls Brett’s companions homosexuals (a label the text itself never applies) and engages the gender analysis of Cathy and Arnold Davidson in their poststructuralist reading of The Sun Also Rises in which they argue that “The terrifying ambiguity of [Barnes’s] own sexual limitations and gender preferences may well be one source of his anger (it usually is) with Brett’s companions” (qtd in Modellmog 93). Building on the Davidsons’ reading and pursuing a more elaborated analysis of Hemingway’s exploration of gender and sexuality, Modellmog sets out to read Hemingway as an author who “challenge[s] the validity of defining gender and sexuality in binary terms of masculine/feminine, heterosexual/homosexual.” Modellmog’s reading of Hemingway and his oeuvre reveals the complexities of desire in relation to his renderings of gender and sexuality and complicates his role as an icon of hetero-normative American masculinity. Her observations about how Hemingway’s text complicates binaries of gender and sexuality can be developed further and read as part of a more fundamental challenge to constructions of selfhood based not only on gender and sexuality but on a multiplicity of delineations of difference used to construct notions of self and other, including race, class, and ethnicity, as well as both national and continental (Europe and America) affiliations, and, perhaps most fundamentally, authorship. Hemingway’s text narrates multiple transgressions of group formations, ultimately revealing the instability of such categories. The ways “superiority” gets presented, re-presented, and critiqued in the book illustrates how this works.

motivates Barnes's rage when he sees the men with Brett, but rather his awareness of the fact that they constitute a group from which he is excluded. This group (that is, but for Brett, homosocially exclusive) communicates, like aficionados, through distinctive codes of behavior, dress, and speech deliberately performed as exceptional instances of manhood. As George Chauncey explains about gay men's subcultures in 1920s New York (the New York where Bill Gorton's expression of fondness for Jake Barnes would result in his being labeled "a faggot") (116), they relied upon elaborately and secretly coded sign systems—both visual and verbal—used to communicate exclusively—albeit in public—with one another as a means of protecting and sustaining their subculture in the midst of an increasingly threatening and intolerant mainstream.²²

The flamboyant group of men with Ashley, with their insider codes and gestures marking them as exceptional men, can be read as clear parallels to the group of men who self-identify as bullfighting aficionados who are also members of an exclusive homosocial—and even homoerotic—group, albeit one that is decidedly not associated with femininity. Aficion translates, after all, as "passion," and it is not just any kind of passion but rather passion directed toward a ritualized performance of opposing male forces seeking to penetrate one another. Furthermore, bullfighters and their aficionados constitute a group of men who employ and read codes and gestures that signify exclusive meanings to fellow insiders. As Hemingway renders it, the exclusive club of Spanish bullfighting aficionados faces the increasing exposure and vulnerability to outsiders and forces of modernity (in the form of international tourism and a growing presence of rich

²² As Chauncey explains: "Gay men developed a highly sophisticated system of subcultural codes—codes of dress, speech, and style—that enabled them to recognize one another on the streets, at work, and at parties and bars, and to carry on intricate conversations whose coded meaning was unintelligible to potentially hostile people around them" (4).

foreigners) that threaten the sanctity of their subculture. In light of these parallels, it is not at all difficult to read Barnes's description of his exchanges with Montoya, the aficionado he most respects and looks to for approval and guidance in the ways of aficion, as an exchange akin to those shared among members of an urban homosexual subculture attempting to identify and communicate among its exclusive members:

When they saw that I had aficion, and there was no password, no set questions that could bring it out, rather it was a sort of oral spiritual examination with the questions always a little on the defensive and never apparent, there was this same embarrassed putting the hand on the shoulder, or a "Buen hombre." But nearly always there was the actual touching. It seemed as though they wanted to touch you to make it certain. (133)

In short, what aficionados and urban gay men have in common is their status as exclusive subcultural in-groups who, when viewed from the outside, appear as annoyingly "superior." Airs of superiority imply a moralizing delineation of an in-group and an out-group. Being "superior," requires a discounted inferior who falls outside of the superior group. At its core, Hemingway's novel amounts to dramas of how such group formations motivate both desire and resentment and also prove highly permeable in their formations.²³ The Sun Also Rises shows Barnes attempting to two-time between and among a whole host of such in-groups. If, on the surface, the novel implies a polar opposition between the effeminate, boyish, urban men who arrive with Brett Ashley at the bal mussette (cast as exemplars of the worst kind of modern deviance) and Spanish

²³ Chauncey's study of the multiplicity of "Male (homo)sexual Practices and Identities" that contributed to New York city's "Gay Male World" in the 1920s identifies a certain type of gay man that describes to a tee Barnes in his resentment of the wavy haired, feminized boys with Ashley: "Some gay men internalized the anti-homosexual attitudes pervasive in their society. Many others bitterly resented the dominant culture's insistence that their homosexuality rendered them virtual women and despised the men among them who seemed to embrace an 'effeminate' style" (5). If Barnes is such a gay man, he does not take the situation sitting down—or, rather, he first travels to Spain to seek out an alternative (yet parallel) subculture gendered as emphatically masculine and sits down behind the barrera to watch.

matadors and their erudite enthusiasts (who serve as exemplars of safe, traditional masculinity rooted in the past), it also undermines such polar opposition in subtly pointing to the common problem of “superior” airs in both groups. Even more explicit (and yet also more implicit), as various recent readings of the novel have pointed out, is the homoeroticism that imbues the text’s descriptions of bullfighting. (Blackmore, Davidsons, Elliot, Moddelmog, Comley and Scholes).

Jake Barnes craves the superior status of the exclusive insider but feels uncomfortable with such desires, all the while deeply resenting being an outsider. In telling his story, Barnes reveals the promiscuous fluidity with which he attempts to shuttle between exclusive groups and affiliations. Jews, homosexuals, and bullfight aficionados are all specifically delineated as exclusive groups with a tendency toward superiority. These groups, however, represent only the tip of an iceberg of other exclusionary group formations included in the novel. Other exclusive groups, also ultimately revealed as permeable, include entitled aristocrats, ivy-league alumni, and literary bohemians. In portraying all of these groups as ultimately unreliable sources for securing one’s identity, Hemingway reveals the problematics of forming in and out groups and critiques the intolerance and exclusion that come with them. At the same time, his novel also dramatizes the identity crisis that can result when one attempts—as Barnes does—to shuttle across such binary formations.

What then to do with the fact that Cohn, as a Jew, is the character in the book most insistently characterized as “superior”? It seems superiority is simultaneously a problem for those most on the outs and those most on the ins, for Cohn’s problems in the book are those of a perpetual outsider. Cohn is the one who, as Campbell insists, doesn’t

fit in. Even Spain's history of expelling Jews in 1492 contributes to his status as the unwelcome outsider once the novel's milieu moves south of the Pyrenees. In the end, superiority like Cohn's winds up exemplifying the problems with exclusive groups at the same time it reveals Barnes's desire for affiliation as insider within such groups.

Furthermore, virtually every set or pair of opposites in the book turn out to share just as many commonalities as differences. Cohn and Barnes prove to be as much alike as they are different. Meanwhile, Romero and Cohn, as "code hero" and antagonist respectively, also wind up being lumped together as "ethnic" men with whom the promiscuous Ashley sleeps. As the drunken Campbell keeps insisting, his problem is having a fiancé who "goe[s] about with Jews and bull-fighters and such people" (203). Here, not only do Cohn and Romero get lumped together, but the third category—the catch all reference to "such people" or, when he repeats his complaint, "all those sort of people"—evokes, on one hand, the group of effeminate men Ashley carouses with in Paris (and perhaps the "nigger drummer" as well), and, on the other hand, Jake Barnes himself. All these men constitute a problematic "they"—outsiders trying to make their way in, and, from the perspective of Campbell, as a bankrupt Scotsman, all cause "trouble."

In the novel, Jews/bullfighters/homosexuals as paralleled in- or out-groups with problematic airs of superiority can be linked to a number of other socially constructed group identity formations that Hemingway brings into tension, and which he and his fictional protagonist can be seen attempting to shuttle across. These include group identities formed around delineations of class, national/continental identity, questions of education, and literary production. Thus Barnes's transgressions of group formations involve the cultural relations and exchanges between American and Europeans and

questions about Europe's cultural superiority as it came into conflict with the United State's rising economic superiority in the wake of WWI. Among other things, the outcome of this economic and cultural transition resulted in the onslaught of American tourists on the continent, a phenomenon for which Hemingway and Barnes both register clear distaste. Such conflicts contribute to a heightened instability in exchange values that motivates one of the novel's other obsessions: questions of finances, values, paying one's way, and bankruptcy. The instability of "value" and the irresponsibility of bankrupts like Campbell and Ashley clearly trouble Barnes. What is no doubt even more troubling but more difficult for Barnes to address or admit is the extent to which an inflated dollar and fluidity in value systems enable his own expatriate lifestyle. Furthermore these problems of financial solvency also cross with questions of European nobility. Among the novel's many preoccupations is the question of whether individuals carry a noble's title or not. Lady Ashley is on the verge of divorce and hence about to lose her title; the Count's title is in question as he also plays the role of American immigrant businessman. Campbell is a Scotsman, not a noble, but from a wealthy family, but is personally bankrupt in a way that contrasts Barnes's efforts to cover all debts and maintain financial balance and self sufficiency. Barnes of course, does not have a title, but aspires to a new kind of nobility just the same. Although Barnes has no title, Ashley's is soon to be lost, and the Greek's is attenuated by his commercial American affiliations, Ashley takes for granted that they are all members of an exclusive in-group. Regarding Mippipopolous, she assures Barnes, "He's quite one of us" (32).

Another of the novel's in-groups with airs of exclusive superiority is that of "writers" and literary bohemians of Paris's left bank—yet another group with which

Barnes tenuously affiliates and yet also resents. As both a journalist and first-person narrator of the text at hand, Barnes is undeniably a writer, yet one who presents himself as having an only partial connection to the other “literary chaps” who people the novel he himself generates.

This writerly in-group also crosses with another grouping of superior exclusion-making: that of American prep schools and elite colleges. During their fishing idyll, Barnes and Gorton engage in a playful commentary on such affiliations:

“I loved Bryan,” said Bill. “We were like brothers.”
 “Where did you know him?”
 “He and Mencken and I all went to Holy Cross together.”
 “And Frankie Fritsch.”
 “It’s a lie. Frankie Fritsch went to Fordham.”
 “Well,” I said, “I went to Loyola with Bishop Manning.”
 “It’s a lie,” Bill said. “I went to Loyola with Bishop Manning myself.”
 [...]

 “I went to Notre Dame with Wayne B. Wheeler.”
 “It’s a lie,” said Bill. “I went to Austin Business College with Wayne B. Wheeler. He was class president.” (122-23)

Although Barnes and Gorton share a good laugh mocking the clubby exclusivity upon which the collegiate name-game turns, the subtext for the exchange points to an awkward, irreversible difference between the two men. For Barnes, as a fictional version of Hemingway, claiming to have gone to any college with anyone would, undeniably, be “a lie” since Hemingway never received a college education, let alone one from an Ivy-League or other elite school. The role model for Gorton, however, Donald Ogden Stewart, developed his irreverent non-sequitur “crazy humor”—which accounts for much of Gorton’s “funny” dialogue in the novel—as a Yale undergraduate and member of the Skull and Bones secret society there. Thus while Barnes mocks the “I went to X with Y” collegiate name game as a seeming outsider, Gorton does so as a form of self parody. In

fact, Barnes struggles to keep up with Gorton's ironies and quick repartees; when Gorton demands that Barnes say something imbued with "irony and pity," Barnes is stumped and can only think to invoke Cohn as something pathetic—the joke appears as too easy and only marginally satisfactory to the quick-witted Gorton. Shortly after, the jokey exchange goes awry as Gorton makes a crack about impotence that Barnes takes personally thus putting an end to their fun.

The novel's farcical exchange about colleges also resonates with its opening description of Cohn as a Princeton man whose ivy-league background further complicates his position as an outsider prone to annoying superiority. Barnes explains that "being treated as a Jew at Princeton" instilled in Cohn feelings of "inferiority and shyness." To "counteract" such feelings, Cohn learned how to box "painfully and thoroughly" and, as a result, acquired "a certain inner comfort in knowing he could knock down anybody who was snooty to him" (3). In yet another subtle link between Cohn and Barnes, Barnes himself later articulates a desire to knock down snooty men dressed in collegiate garb: the simpering superior wavy hairs who accompany Ashley in her entrance into the novel. Furthermore, Cohn may have felt inferior and out of place at Princeton, yet his status as one of its alumni is something that, like his San Sebastian tryst with Ashley, cannot be taken away (Barnes: "It must have been pleasant for him to see her looking so lovely, and know he had been away with her and that every one knew it. They could not take that away from him") (146). Being an Ivy-League alumnus and among Brett Ashley's sexual liaisons, are both things from which Barnes is irrevocably shut out. For, presumably like his authorial creator, the newspaper man-turned-novelist is most likely a public school midwesterner who never made it to any college. As

Hemingway set out to establish himself as a modernist insider, he did so as an outsider compared with almost all of his American literary contemporaries who had ivy league and/or prep school educations (Stein, Pound, Eliot, Fitzgerald, Wilson, Dos Passos, Cummings, Ogden Stewart, Loeb). This theme of the insider elitism and clubiness of colleges folds into the text's emphasis on the fact that both Cohn and the men with Ashley dress in collegiate versions of boyishness which somehow factors into their airs of superiority. It also suggests they are part of an in-group formation from which Barnes finds himself excluded.

Primping and personal toilet constitute yet another of the novel's motifs that further inflect questions of superiority. The men who arrive with Ashley, besides being dressed in collegiate garb, are "newly washed"; Cohn's "barbering" and repeated shaves in Pamplona get mentioned as part of what galls Barnes and Gorton; meanwhile, Gorton shaves repeatedly in the text though—unlike Cohn—does the job himself; and, we see Barnes bathing again and again as if it were a ritualistic attempt at purification. Ashley, meanwhile, longs for baths (Barnes: "I was just bathing." Ashley: "Aren't you the fortunate man. Bathing.") (53). In the novel, being freshly washed holds an appeal in its associations with an unsullied purity and innocence. It also, however, points to narcissism and suspect airs of superiority.

Ultimately, in relation to questions of superiority and in/out groups, Barnes seems to want to be the outsider who becomes the insider of virtually every group there is: He seeks to be and live like a local in Paris but as an American; though he does not have a title like Ashley and the count, she takes for granted that he is part of the group. Catholics, with their own set of coded rituals, constitute yet another sort of exclusive in-

group with which Barnes maintains attenuated ties: he tells Gorton that he is “technically” a Catholic (124) and goes to confess himself (in a language—like that of the bulls—Brett “did not know”) (151) for being such a “rotten Catholic” (97). (He turns out to be an equally rotten aficionado.) When he and Gorton are forced to wait for their meal service on the train to Spain due to a large group of American Catholics taking a pilgrimage to Lourdes, Barnes expresses his frustration since he too is a Catholic yet fails to gain access to the dining car (“‘It’s a pity you boys ain’t Catholics. You could get a meal, then, all right.’ ‘I am,’ I said. ‘That’s what makes me so sore’”) (87). This odd exchange in the book offers a discreet parallel for the earlier *bal musette* moment when Barnes gets “so sore” at the men who arrive so very much with Ashley. His anger at the group of gay men, and a coded message of the novel over all, point to the possibility that Barnes is secretly communicating that, although he is not effeminate, he really is an insider of this group as well.

In ways that parallel his tentative Catholic-ness, Barnes also clearly revels in being not just a bullfighting aficionado, but one who is unique as a result of his Americanness: “They were always polite at first, and it amused them very much that I should be an American. Somehow it was taken for granted that an American could not have aficion. He might simulate it or confuse it with excitement, but he could not really have it. When they saw I had aficion....” (132). Perhaps most importantly, Barnes attempts to affiliate, as a new outsider recently transformed into the consummate insider, with the insider group of “literary chaps” and expatriate writers. This particular liminal affiliation to a group explains the nature of the narrative most saliently, as it is written as a coded and complex and thus decidedly literary text, yet one that also puts on airs of

being the simple story of a journalist rather than that of a “literary chap.” The ultimate marginal status, that at the same time somehow garners him a privileged position as an exceptional member of an in-group, is that of the writer. It is this formula of marginal-yet-ultimate-insider that characterizes Barnes’s status as aficionado and describes Hemingway’s own authorship as an uneducated yet authentic literary modernist. To return to the novel’s cut opening: Barnes-cum-Hemingway wants to write a story that “will not be splendid and cool and detached.” Another way of putting this would be to say he does not want to tell a story with an air of superiority. Superiority ties in with the book’s concerns about detachment versus the effort to insert one’s self into one’s text. Hemingway writes his first novel by self-consciously problematizing exactly these issues.

“It’s Funny...It’s Very Funny”

As an ostensibly frank and simple narrative, Hemingway’s career-launching novel centers on the lost viability of traditional heterosexual love and romance. As Mathew Brucoli describes it, the novel’s plotline is that of a “smoking-car story: the unconsumatable love between a nymphomaniac and a man who has lost his penis as the result of a war wound” (Brucoli v). As a reluctant and woefully experienced representative of the “lost generation” (the now famous catchphrase included in one of the novel’s two epigraphs), Barnes is joined by Lady Brett Ashley, a woman whose cross-dressing, libidinous sexuality, and ensuing divorce from an English noble all attenuate her status as a traditional “Lady” just as Barnes’s missing penis compromises his claim to full manhood. Their tortured love relationship animates what seems to be the novel’s central tension: Barnes can’t consummate, and Ashley admits that if she were ever to marry or try to “live quietly in the country with [her] own true love” (55), she

would “tromper,” or deceive, him with sexual liaisons with other men who are also racially or ethnically “other.” In rendering this pair of misfit lovers, Hemingway evacuates the promise of conventional heterosexual intimacy and romantic love—both from their lives and from his narrative—making it the thing these postwar moderns have most explicitly lost.

Tragically thwarted romantic love between a damaged American man and a fallen British lady, however, is far from all there is to what turns out to be Jake Barnes-cum-Ernest Hemingway’s coy, elliptical narrative. The tragic loss of conventional heterosexual romance is no more than the proverbial tip of Hemingway’s narrative iceberg. A deliberately “funny” subtext undergirds the novel’s surface of tragic heterosexual failure and contributes to Hemingway’s authorial challenge to pretensions of meaning. His turn to the “serious” prose of literary long fiction (coming after his rejection of the more conventionally masculine writing of journalism and his early experimentation with unprofitably short avant-garde prose) also included deliberate efforts to make his writing “funny” in ways that encompass both the queer and comic valences of the term.

When characters and situations in the novel are described as “funny” or rendered as comical, it involves a combination of humor and transgressive sexuality. While working on early revisions of the novel, Hemingway told his friend Jane Heap that he had “tried to write a hell of a good story” by addressing what “every body knows”—that “life is a tragic show”—but also by acknowledging that “life is funny. Damn funny.” Failing to capture such funniness, Hemingway declared, was “the defect of all Am. writers” (Brucoli vii). “Well wait for this one,” he confided in Heap insisting that his book

would be different: it would include funny conversation and “funny people”; it would augment the story of life’s “tragic show” with a decidedly funny subtext. The audience for this touting of his first novel’s combination of tragedy and funniness is itself telling: a mannish lesbian and avant-garde modernist tastemaker who along with Margaret Anderson co-edited The Little Review, which had published and promoted Hemingway’s earlier experimental short prose. He was now writing a novel for the New York trades and a more mainstream audience, but also kept in mind the European-based avant-garde that had fostered his early literary apprenticeship.

With transitive, transatlantic ambitions of bridging the divide between European and expatriate “high-brows” and an American mainstream readership, Hemingway’s novel can best be understood as complexly, transgressively, and seriously “funny” sort of text. While aspiring to be “serious” long literary fiction, The Sun Also Rises also proves to be a deliberately “funny” text with a “funny” narrator. Hemingway’s use of the word “funny,” both in his text and as an adjective describing that text, exercises the multiple meanings of the term as: 1. a: affording light mirth and laughter: Amusing b: seeking or intended to amuse: facetious 2. differing from the ordinary in a suspicious way : Queer 3. involving trickery or deception.²⁴

Indeed accompanying the tragic love story of Barnes and Ashley is much deliberately “funny” dialogue and repeated references to the word “funny” both in relation to queer sexuality as something “very much with” (20) the novel’s protagonists. A handful of

²⁴ A fourth meaning of the term for Hemingway was “profitable.” Hemingway had seen his parodist friend Donald Ogden Stewart (who became the wise-cracking Bill Gorton in Sun and who, Barnes tells us, “had made a lot of money on his last book, and was going to make a lot more”) (70) get rich on the success of his parodic “crazy humor” texts Parody Outline of History (1921), Perfect Behavior (1922), and Mr and Mrs Haddock Abroad (1924). An overlooked motivation of Hemingway’s own parody Torrents of Spring was his hope that he too could cash in on this potentially lucrative genre of writing.

critics have addressed the question of what makes The Sun Also Rises a “funny” text. James Hinkle was one of the first to examine “What’s Funny in The Sun Also Rises” in his influential (twice anthologized after its first publication in The Hemingway Review) new critic’s cataloguing of examples of subtle wordplay and jokes in the novel. Hinkle “point[s] to about sixty submerged jokes in The Sun Also Rises” and, as he himself admits, limits the objective of his close reading of Hemingway’s novel to: “simply identify his jokes—to demonstrate by example that there are many more of them in The Sun Also Rises than we have realized. Playing with the multiple meanings inherent in words,” Hinkle is content to conclude, “is a pervasive feature of Hemingway’s writing” (77). Hinkle sets up a dichotomy between Hemingway’s status as a “serious” writer and what he identifies as his status as a “part-time humorist,” thus cordoning off the significance of humor and “funniness” in his writing as a nothing more than a “part-time” curiosity.

Scott Donaldson, writing after Hinkle’s cataloguing of jokes contributed to renewed “new” and biocritical interest in the text, acknowledged Hinkle’s discovery yet contends that “there is more to it than word play, for Hemingway plays with ideas as well as words, adopting an incongruous point of view, confusing categories, violating logical principles, and so forth” (26). Donaldson points out how “Hemingway started out trying to be funny” and, through his more thoroughgoing biocritical analysis, illustrates the extent to which humor functioned as a fundamental component of Hemingway’s authorial identity and ambitions, in general, and of The Sun Also Rises, in particular. Unlike Hinkle, Donaldson addresses “the complicated nature of the book’s tone” describing it as “an intricate mixture of humorous and serious elements” and shows how

those elements grew out of Hemingway's own interests in humor dating back to his juvenilia and early journalism as well as the influence of humorist contemporaries including Donald Ogden Stewart. Donaldson also points out how humor in the novel usually depends on "incongruity of presentation" (26).

Donaldson stops short, however, of considering the full implications of Hemingway's "adopting an incongruous point of view, confusing categories, violating logical principles, and so forth" in the novel and the way in which such practices amount to a queer, or "funny," sort of authorship that links questions of humor and queer sexuality. Donaldson's vague "and so forth" can be read as a reluctance to articulate or pursue the fact that the incongruities, confusions of categories, and violations of logical principals in the novel's humor revolve around questions of sexual and gender identity as the key source of what makes it a markedly "funny" text.

Writing after both Hinkle and Donaldson, Wolfgang Rudat returns to the subject of the text's funniness in his article, "Hemingway on Sexual Otherness: What's Really Funny in The Sun Also Rises," and focuses explicitly on that which Donaldson and Hinkle do not explore—the link between "funniness" and questions of transgressive sexuality. As the title to Rudat's article suggests, it serves as a response to Hinkle's analysis and attempts to pursue more probingly the significance of the novel's funniness as a question of sexual otherness. Rudat focuses on the bal musette scene where Barnes lashes out at the men with whom Brett makes her entrance into the novel. He, rather awkwardly, points out a "linkage" between Jake's wounded condition and the group of "homosexual" men, and argues that this is what is "really" funny in the novel:

In fact, what I consider to be the most "funny" aspect of the homosexuals is that Hemingway will be pointing to the linkage when he has Jake echo

his interior-monologue statement that gays are “supposed to be amusing” in the very scene in which Jake tries to assure Brett that his sexuality [sic] disabling war injury is “supposed to be funny.” Jake never tells us why he thinks gays are “supposed to be amusing,” but I would argue that Hemingway has Jake establish a self-echo between his pronouncements on what supposedly is “amusing” and on what supposedly is “funny” for the following narrative purpose. Through the self-echo Jake is first of all setting up an ironic equivalence between his supposedly “amusing” physical inability to have sexual intercourse with women on the one hand, and on the other gays’ supposedly “funny” demeanor through which they show that they reject that type of sexual relationship and exercise a different sexual preference. As I tried to textually illustrate by exchanging the adjectives “amusing” and “funny,” the equivalence is ironic because its establishment is not intended by Jake. (173)

In this observation, however, Rudat fails to explore the full extent of the novel’s “funny” implications as something that binds together humor and sexuality as transgressive issues tied to narration and the generation of the text itself.

At the center of the text’s obsession with funniness is, of course, Barnes’s wound. Barnes laments before the mirror of his armoire: “Of all the ways to be wounded, I suppose it was funny.” This statement is then followed by a decidedly “funny” paragraph that wavers between trying to be humorous and trying to illustrate how problematically un-funny, and yet funny at the same time, such a wound really is:

My head started to work [“head” here contributes to a running double entendre evoking the missing head of Barnes’s penis (see 54-55)]. The old grievance. Well, it was a rotten way to be wounded and flying on a joke front like the Italian. In the Italian hospital we were going to form a society. It had a funny name in Italian. I wonder what became of the others, the Italians. That was in the Ospedale Maggiore in Milano [...] That was where the liaison colonel came to visit me. That was funny. That was about the first funny thing. I was all bandaged up. But they had told him about it. Then he made that wonderful speech: “You, a foreigner, an Englishman” (any foreigner was an Englishman) “have given more than your life.” What a speech! I would like to have it illuminated to hang in the office. He never laughed. He was putting himself in my place, I guess. “Che mala fortuna! Che mala fortuna!” (all emphasis mine 31)

In spite of this paragraph's insistence on how funny the situation is (getting wounded on a "joke" front no less), Barnes—like the liaison colonel—clearly has a difficult time laughing, even as he infuses his prose with bitterly ironic humor (he will have that "wonderful speech" "illuminated to hang in the office"). Included in the joke is the extent to which Barnes's identity is attenuated not only in sexual and gender terms but in nationality as well. Despite the colonel's efforts to put himself in Barnes's position he cannot; Barnes remains vague and misunderstood: "a foreigner, an Englishman." The parenthetical aside—"(any foreigner was an Englishman)"—adds to the dark humor of Barnes's compromised situation.

In exchanges with Ashley early in the novel, Barnes makes other insistent references to the tragic funniness of his wound that set the tone for the novel and the insurmountable (a particularly apt term) problem of their relationship:

"[W]hat happened to me is supposed to be funny. I never think about it."

"Oh, no. I'll lay you don't."

"Well, let's shut up about it."

"I laughed about it too, myself, once." She wasn't looking at me. "A friend of my brother's came home that way from Mons. It seemed like a hell of a joke. Chaps never know anything do they?"

"No," I said. "Nobody ever knows everything."

I was pretty well through with the subject. At one time or another I had probably considered it from most of its various angles, including the one that certain injuries or imperfections are a subject of merriment while remaining quite serious for the person possessing them.

"It's funny," I said. "It's very funny. And it's a lot of fun, too, to be in love."

"Do you think so?" here eyes looked flat again.

"I don't mean fun that way. In a way it's an enjoyable feeling." (26-27)

As this passage suggests, the grave and humorous are yet another binary Hemingway's text sets out to undermine so that Ashley's manner of speaking becomes an ironically apt way of characterizing Barnes's condition: it is a "hell of a joke." Barnes's claim that he

is “pretty well through with the subject,” however, does not jibe with the text at hand, which takes the subject of his seriously “funny” wound as one of its core concerns. The obsessiveness with which this passage repeats the oddly “funny” quality of Barnes’s wound contributes to multiplicity of ways the narrative overall is concerned with fun and funniness in a variety of “ways.”

Barnes’s sexual wound is not the only thing in the text that is “supposed to be” funny or amusing. As Barnes tells us of the effeminate men who arrive with Ashley: “they are supposed to be amusing.” Bill Gorton’s non-sequiturs of course are also a key part of what makes the novel funny. Gorton’s crazy word play comes to its fullest expression during what, upon close reading like David Blackmore’s, is suggestively presented as Barnes and Gorton’s “funny,” homo-erotically charged fishing idyll that subtly points to something more, and something more funny, than simple serious heterosexual male camaraderie.

Although Barnes, with his “Che mala fortuna,” clearly represents the text’s most darkly “funny” man, he is joined by other seriously funny men (like Gorton) with whom he at times affiliates, at other times resents, and still other times may actually desire. Even someone like Count Mippipopolous, who could be characterized as this funny novel’s straightest straight man, also proves to have his own ties to funniness. The novel’s contradictory drama of boy/men relations, discussed earlier, unfolds most explicitly around the Spanish ritual of bullfighting with Barnes and Ashley bringing Romero into a sexual triangle where the two postwar expats use him in order to share a compensatory sexual bond. It is not, however, the first time the two constitute two thirds of an odd trio. Count Mippipopolous—who, as discussed earlier, appears to represent

traditional, phallic, old world manhood desirable to Barnes as such—plays a peculiar third in Barnes and Ashley’s tortured relationship. Though the Greek count can, and most often has been, read as a heterosexual sugar-daddy figure for Ashley and a man with voracious heterosexual appetites (who is last seen in the novel with “three girls” gathered around him after Barnes leaves Zelli’s with Ashley) (64), a number of peculiar details in his presentation point to ways in which he can be seen as courting not Ashley but, instead, Barnes as a younger, boyish object of a homosexual desire.

The text establishes that Ashley fraternizes with presumably homosexual men, and the count may in fact be another of such men, engaging Ashley as one who can arrange trysts with young gay men and/or trade. This could explain why Ashley turns up at Barnes’s apartment in the middle of the night with the count and attempts to get Barnes to join them for a champagne picnic in the Bois (33-34). It would also explain the count’s seemingly odd gesture of presenting Barnes with roses when he arrives at his apartment (53). It also offers a way of reading Barnes’s statement: “And that count. The count was funny” (30) and his later elliptically presented thoughts about the count while praying in Pamplona—his remembering “something funny Brett told me about him” (97).

During the count’s champagne and roses courtship of Barnes (during which Barnes says to him, “Do sit down count [. . .] let me take that stick.”) (57), Ashley tells the Greek aristocrat “you always have someone in the trade” (56), and although she is referring to champagne and other luxury goods, in this instance the reference to “trade” can also be read as a veiled comment on the kind of homosexual exchange he appears to be seeking with Barnes. In the text, the count’s experience and “knowing” gets repetitively emphasized (“I have been around very much. I have been around a very great

deal”) (59) just prior to his striptease performance for Barnes and Ashley and his later pronouncements of how much he enjoys watching the two of them on the dance floor (where, given Ashley’s modern gender-bending fashion and haircut, they would look like two men). That dancing is immediately followed by Ashley asking the count about his “hard” “little friend” Zizi and the count explaining that “his father was a great friend of my father” (63).

In light of all this, the reason for the count’s offer of \$10,000 to Ashley to travel with him may not be to engage her as his sexual partner, but rather as a woman who can arrange for him liaisons with gay men and other possible “trade” like Barnes—men who perform homosexual sex acts but identify as heterosexual. Such a reading adds a further valence to the text’s references to the Count’s little friend Zizi, an effeminate young miniaturist painter with whom the Count has ties and ambiguously rendered relations. This phallic male, who serves as one of Hemingway’s many older foreign patriarchs—men who live by fixed codes of tradition and seasoned manhood (e.g. Count Greffi in A Farewell to Arms), may be cast as Greek for more reasons than simply to add to the book’s portrayal of postwar Paris’s multiethnic milieu. If bullfighting offers one form of ancient masculine ritual, with ties to the Roman arena, the Greek count can be read as another deeply rooted “classical” man seeking young men with whom he can play the role of Greek senator.

Such a reading of the count, together with other scholars’ recent interpretations of the homoeroticism of both bullfighting and Barnes and Gorton’s fishing idyll, points to the possibility of a homosexual hidden transcript running throughout Hemingway’s tragic yet also “funny” text, where even the most seemingly pure and traditional of masculine

representatives (bullfighters and the Greek count/business man) are presented, in coded terms, as participating in traditions of same-sex object choice. In this light, The Sun Also Rises can be read as a veiled confessional narrative of an ashamed bisexual whose shame comes, not from his desire for other men, but from his betrayal of that desire as a result of his desire for Ashley. In other words, Ashley lures Barnes into heterosexual desire through her adoption of boyish looks, dress, and behavior. Thus she confounds otherwise simple homosexual desire with her cross-gendered identity as an appealingly boyish lady.

All of this adds further wrinkles to the question of Barnes's role as Ashley's pimp (Cohn's accusation). By bringing Ashley and Romero together, Barnes corrupts that which he holds most sacred: the promise of a young, innocent-yet-capable, pre-modern manhood—a gifted boy bullfighter who is as yet uncorrupted by fast foreign women. Barnes serves as the agent of that corruption, and in the process Cohn accuses him of being a pimp. Ultimately, however, pimping is really the wrong word, for Jake gets no benefit from the exchange, financial or otherwise. In fact, he loses twice over in brokering the liaison. He facilitates a union that he knows will, on the one hand, corrupt and betray what he holds most sacred and, on the other, result in yet another sexual betrayal by the woman he loves and desires but can't have. In order to see Barnes as a "pimp," it may be necessary to also consider how Ashley can be seen playing some kind of liaison role between Barnes and Mippipopolous; in this light, both Barnes and Ashley are revealed as engaging in a form of mutual "pimping" in arranging sexual partners for one another in order to satisfy each other's transgressive sexual desires. They constitute a couple who share a sexualized bond, albeit one that involves sexual relations with others. Yet another way of reading The Sun Also Rises, then, is as a text that

communicates a kind of dualistic sexual two-timing that makes it a complexly bisexual text: with a tragic heterosexual surface and a guilty homosexual hidden transcript confessing a betrayal of a homosocial world of desires by introducing into it a corruptive crossover influence of a transgressive heterosexual woman.

* * *

Upon arriving in Madrid to help get Ashley out of the trouble she is in, Barnes soon finds himself once again trapped in the back of a taxi cab in painfully close and intimate contact with a woman who forces him to confront himself as a sexually compromised man. With this ending, Barnes's narrative can be read as failing to progress. More than once, and at times when he is displaced from the comfort and security of his detached observer's stance (and usually pressed up against a woman), Barnes describes having a "feeling of going through something that has all happened before." He even repeats this statement a few lines later so that his reader gets a taste of the repetition for themselves: "I had the feeling as in a nightmare of it all being something repeated, something I had been through and that now I must go through again" (64). Both repetition and narrative circularity prove to be central components of the seemingly frank and simple story Barnes tells to his readers and that haunts him like a repeating nightmare. In the end, he winds up more or less right back where we found him in the beginning: trapped with himself and a woman he can't have in the uncomfortably intimate space of a taxi cab. Such circularity and failure to develop from one point to another is just one indication of a story that, in the end, does not hold together by holding together all too well.

One way of reading Hemingway's novel, and in particular its ending, is as an attempt to reject romantic (heterosexual) efforts to invent could-have-beens summed up in Brett's self-pitying declaration at the novel's close: "we could have had such a damned good time together." Barne's bitterly ironic response to Ashley ("Isn't it pretty to think so?") ends, more than it closes, Hemingway's unorthodox narrative, and suggests that the narrative's point is the rejection of untenable notions of simple romantic love and, by extension, the literary forms, like the novel, that perpetuate them. Furthermore, in making such a critique, the Sun Also Rises can be seen as Barnes's (and his creator's) attempt to remember lost manhood by putting new, albeit compromised, masculinity into words. On one hand, the rising sun that the book's title refers to suggests an acceptance of the dark message of Ecclesiastes and its insistence on any generation's insignificance in light of the timeless cycle of life sustained by an abiding earth (Hemingway insisted to Maxwell Perkins that the abiding earth was the real hero of the book) (SL 229). On the other hand, the rising sun can also be seen as The Sun Also Rises itself: the written text serving as a prosthetic, concrete—albeit compensatory—sign of a man's artistic prowess that will last, out of the past and into the future.

Yet another way of reading the title is as containing yet another of the book's subtly rendered sexual jokes and one of the many ways that the book is a deliberately "funny" one. In a letter to his friend F. Scott Fitzgerald, Hemingway evoked the comic sexual potential of his title: "I am asking Scribners to insert as a subtitle in everything after the eighth printing: THE SUN ALSO RISES (LIKE YOUR COCK IF YOU HAVE ONE) A greater Gatsby (written with the friendship of F. Scott Fitzgerald (Prophet of the JAZZ AGE)" (SL 231). This irreverently bawdy joke, though reserved for personal

correspondence, illustrates the potential for humorous double entendre in the title that was obviously not far from Hemingway's own mind. Through and through, The Sun Also Rises proves to be a deliberately "funny" text with a "funny" narrator/author.

As demonstrated by the lasting critical and popular success of The Sun Also Rises and its celebrity author, Hemingway mastered the language of authenticity by constructing a discourse of unspoken male suffering and wounding which was equated with experience. But the way he did this was by "speaking" or, rather, writing elliptical fiction that put him both there and not there on the page in what turned out to be a persuasively modern, masculine way. What was not there but there has been actively pursued by scholars and readers alike ever since, with new levels of meaning and hidden transcripts being uncovered and claimed. As one of the most analyzed texts of the twentieth century American literary canon, The Sun Also Rises has sustained a variety of efforts to determine what Allen Josephs's calls the book's "moral axis." For Josephs that center is *toreo*—something he centers in the novel in an erudite and persuasive explication of the role *toreo* plays in the book. H.R. Stoneback locates the novel's deep structure in catholic pilgrimage, while many others have debated the question of whether the book deliberately lacks any moral axis at all, and that that, in a contradictory way, is its morality, or moralizing point. While Josephs and Stoneback both privilege old-world European subtexts of the novel as the true "moral axis" or deep structure of the novel, they exclude (and thus erase) the more contemporary and decidedly "modern" subtexts of the book that coexist with the embedded transcripts they explore. As a result, their readings flatten out and suppress the narrative's deliberate equivocation and two-timing qualities. Their readings also wind up suppressing the book's participation in and

evocation of multiple cultural and social discourses that Hemingway crosses in “funny” ways. Among the book’s hidden transcripts, as I have attempted to demonstrate here, is one that crosses bullfighting aficion with modern male homosexuality.

Whether toreo constitutes Sun’s moral axis or not, it is clearly central to Hemingway’s construction of his modern, American, masculine authorship. It also, as I have been arguing here, figures centrally into the “queer” qualities of that authorship, particularly as it is manifest in his first published novel. In his next attempt at another textual, formal first—his nonfiction study of “death in the afternoon”—toreo would again take center stage and again get entangled in Hemingway’s queerly, funny masculine authorship.

CHAPTER THREE

BULLFIGHTING AND WRITING “WITH A TENDENCY TO SMILE”

Sometime in March of 1923, while visiting Ezra Pound in Italy and months before his first trip to Spain to see a series of bullfights, Hemingway composed a compact paragraph of things gone awry in a fictitious bullring:

The first matador got the horn through his sword hand and the crowd hooted him on his way to the infirmary [sic]. The second matador slipped and the bull caught him through the belly and he hung onto the horn with one hand and held the other tight against the place, and the bull rammed him wham against the barrera and the horn came out, and he lay in the sand, and then got up like crazy drunk and tried to slug the men carrying him away and yelled for a new sword but he fainted. The kid came out and had to kill five bulls because you can't have more than three matadors, and the last bull he was so tired he couldn't get the sword in. He couldn't hardly lift his arm. He tried eight times and the crowd was quiet because it was a good bull and it looked like him or the bull and then he finally made it. He sat down in the sand and puked and they held a cape over him while the crowd come down over the barrera into the bull ring. (JFK item #94a)

This six sentence summary of a bullfight (which would, after minor revisions, become one of the In Our Time vignettes—discussed in chapter one) was the first thing Hemingway ever wrote on the subject, and it depicts a violent spectacle out of control: two matadors gored and taken to the infirmary, a third—though valiant—losing his composure as a rowdy unappreciative crowd runs amok. This unorthodox literary experiment—written under the influence of Pound's imagist edicts of a deliberate, minimalist use of language—consists of carefully chosen words and a distinctively

crafted tone. What makes the piece so striking beyond the violence, is its heavy reliance on American slang and colloquialisms: “got the horn”; “hooted”; “through the belly”; “rammed him wham”; “got up like crazy drunk”; “slug”; “The kid”; “because you can’t have”; “couldn’t hardly”; “it looked like him or the bull”; “puked”; “the crowd come down” (later revised to “the crowd hollered and threw things”). Throughout, Hemingway favors a distinctively American idiom that makes the paragraph read like gossip reportage delivered in a Chicago or New York speakeasy. The result is an anomalous tone given the subject matter of a Spanish bullfight. At one point the narrator explains how “you can’t have more than three matadors” appealing directly to an English-speaking “you” and communicating not only his own familiarity with the basic rules of bullfighting, but also implying the possibility of “your” own personal connection to an otherwise shockingly foreign cultural spectacle. The narrator's colloquialisms render the bullfight scene as both mundane and exotic—perhaps disturbing but something that occurs “in our time,” which is exactly how Hemingway would use it in his earliest short fiction experiments collected under that very title.

As presented in this vignette, the bullfight becomes a macabre vaudeville show and a burlesque version of itself. With the crowd “hooting” and “hollering,” Hemingway’s matadors perform more like circus clowns in a comic free-for-all than heroic actors in a carefully staged tragedy. They get it through the sword hand, slip, and are spun around by the belly; they slug and swing ineffectually like crazy drunk and, through this series of undignified acts (described with decidedly undignified English), reveal their fallibility to the crowd’s amusement. Edward Stanton has written dismissively of this pre-contact bullfight vignette, arguing that it is only “important for

revealing to us Hemingway's preconceptions of the bullfight before he travelled to Spain" and that its lack of blood gives it a "colorless aseptic quality" illustrating Hemingway's early ignorance about the "emotional value of blood" central to bullfighting as a tragic blood sport (11-12). The inclusion of blood in this farcical piece, however, would have been at cross purposes with its oddly, forcefully comic irony. The vignette's deliberately oddball coupling of colloquial American English with the violently grave spectacle of Spanish bullfighting achieves a literary dynamism that blends the familiar and the foreign, the comic and the tragic, the high and the low. Throughout, this short piece renders crossings. As the crowd "comes down over the barrera into the bull ring," the narrator (and not necessarily Hemingway) comes across as an interloper who is a little too jaded and ethnocentric to fully appreciate the gravity of the events that unfold before him. As such, Hemingway's first ever depiction of bullfighting renders a situation where things have gone wrong and where the narrator and his narration themselves seem to be part of what is, on one hand, not quite right and, on the other, a key component of what makes the odd little paragraph and what it describes so compelling.

Though written before he had ever seen a bullfight, this vignette foreshadows the many contradictions of Hemingway's relationship with bullfighting as he both attended and wrote about it as a foreign yet increasingly knowledgeable aficionado between 1923 and 1932. Drawing upon his many characterizations of bullfighting as an ancient, tragic, and highly formalized art, Hemingway scholars have, by and large, been in agreement as to the role it played in shaping his authorial voice. Almost unanimously, they have cast bullfighting as an exotically foreign, atavistic, artistically pure, and rigidly codified

masculine ritual that gave Hemingway access to something essential from the past and apart from his makeup as an American living in the twentieth century. Viewing it as such, these critics concur that it provided him a timeless artistic role model and a redemptive means for transcending modernity's many corruptions and ambiguities. Hispanicist and Hemingway scholar Allen Josephs, in his influential assessment, insists that Spanish "toreo" (the term he, unlike Hemingway, prefers to bullfighting) fostered in the American author a "primordial vision" that enabled him to imagine and write about "a hieratic restoration of values we had lost in contemporary life." "[Hemingway's] explanation and exaltation of the pristine savagery of the *corrida*," Josephs asserts, "were equivalent to resurrecting an ancient mystery religion and rejecting much of what passed for Western values" ("Hemingway's Spanish Sensibilities" 235). This perspective is typical of the widely accepted interpretation of Hemingway's engagement with Spanish bullfighting as something "ancient," "primordial," and transcendent, and, as such, artistically "pristine" and apart from modernity in both its nationally specific foreignness and atavistic timelessness. In his summary of the different assessments of Hemingway's relationship to Spain and bullfighting, Josephs praises those that develop the ideas of a "cultural abyss yawning between the modern age and taurine Spain . . . and [of] toreo as a paradigm for grace under pressure and as archetypal ritual" ("Death in the Afternoon: A Reconsideration" 5).

And yet, immediately after endorsing such ideas Josephs goes on to quote from the "Bibliographic Note" Hemingway included in Death in the Afternoon, his non-fiction treatise on bullfighting, in which the author himself declares that his book "is not intended to be either historical or exhaustive. . . [but rather] an introduction to the modern

Spanish bullfight” (my emphasis 487). Josephs misses the possibility that for Hemingway bullfighting was as modern as it was hieratic. As often as Hemingway proclaimed bullfighting’s status as an ancient, rule-bound tragedy “come down to us intact from the old days” (SL 237), he also recognized and wrote about its status as a modern “commercial spectacle” and “industry” (DIA 154). Bullfighting’s “pristine savagery” may well have inspired Hemingway’s writing, but equally compelling for him was what he saw as its contemporary decadence. “[Bullfighting] is a decadent art in every way,” Hemingway declared, “and like most decadent things it reaches its fullest flower at its rottenest point, which is the present” (DIA 68). Necessarily, the path to the purity of bullfighting for Hemingway lay through the contemporary spectacle it had become. He could not, nor should critics, separate one from the other.

As Hemingway portrays it, the modern decadence of bullfighting was linked to the growing presence of international spectators like himself. From his earliest writings on the subject, he self-consciously emphasized the implications of both the foreign and the modern in shaping that which he experienced and wrote about. Central to what both appealed to and worried Hemingway about bullfighting was its status as a meeting point of the past and the present, the ancient and the modern, the tragic and the comic, the degraded and the transcendent, the commercial and the artistic, and of volatile relations between the foreign and the familiar, the national and the international, and spectatorship and performance. When Hemingway wrote about bullfighting, he explored and exploited these encounters in a way that infused his prose with a dynamic tension. This tension lent originality and authenticity to his authorial voice based on an embrace of conservative tradition, on one hand, and innovation and transgression on the other.

Hemingway's fascination with bullfighting reached its own fullest flower in Death in the Afternoon, a literary experiment (complete with over 100 photographic illustrations) considered by some to be among his rottenest works and the one marking his turn toward solipsistic writing and self-parody. As Thomas Strychacz points out, Death "sometimes functions as a watershed in what we might call 'regression' theories of Hemingway's work, which [...] seek to comprehend the faltering trajectory of his career" (145-46). Alternatively, others—like Josephs—have hailed the book as his most philosophically sophisticated text. Either way, it can easily be characterized as a self-indulgent, self-aggrandizing, and self-reflective authorial product. John Dos Passos, who was otherwise encouraging when he read the initial manuscript, urged Hemingway to cut the "unnecessary tripe" where "Old Hem straps on the longwhite whiskers and gives the boys the lowdown . . . about writing and why [he] like[s] to live in Key West etc." Dos Passos, however, also told his friend the text was "hellishly good" and "way ahead of anything of yours yet" (The Fourteenth Chronicle 402-03). This latter characterization would have pleased Hemingway (and he responded to the former by cutting out large passages), for the text, in spite of its "old Uncle Hem" performance, also clearly represents one of his most ambitious attempts to thoroughly, formally, and deferentially render a subject matter in such a way as to move beyond himself—even as he seems to be thoroughly indulging that self.

As such, Death manages both to tell about the author himself and to experimentally transcend his status as a "professional writer" by delving headlong into the subject of bullfighting. Hemingway attempts to link his authorial identity to bullfighting as his text sets out to complicate the notion of a "cultural abyss yawning

between the modern age and taurine Spain.” Just as The Sun Also Rises had explored the fault lines between constructions of self and other in the context of Spain and bullfighting, so too does Death turn on an exploration and exposition of both Hemingway’s subject and himself simultaneously in one unorthodox performance of masculine authorial potency. In this unusual approach to modern authorship, Hemingway seizes on bullfighting as an inspirational role model and stakes out a claim to its status as a rarefied and tradition-bound performative masculine art that, in its modern form, is also practiced (and well compensated) as part of a commercial spectacle and dynamically contemporary popular culture.

In his efforts to merge himself and his writing with bullfighting, Hemingway draws upon both the tragic and comic elements that constitute the ritual/spectacle. While exploring bullfighting as a tragicomedy, Death itself goes in for much clowning in the midst of describing death and decay. It proves to be, like The Sun Also Rises had been before it, a decidedly “funny” book on a variety of levels—humorous, peculiar, transgressive, queer, and otherwise. While The Sun Also Rises enacts a deliberately funny challenge to the conventions of novel writing, Death amounts to an even more thoroughgoing queering of authorship, this time through an unorthodox formal approach to an unorthodox subject. That approach amounts to a queer writerly performance and a self-conscious textual joke. In bullfighting, as in Hemingway’s writing about it, comedy and being “funny” serve as a rule-breaking survival tactic counterbalancing the strict formalism of tragedy.

In his short story “The Undefeated,” written just after his early bullfighting vignettes and just before The Sun Also Rises, Hemingway renders a turn to comedy (with

explicit parallels to Charlie Chaplin's little tramp) as essential to the way a broken down bullfighter, and bullfighting in general, remain "undefeated" in the midst of degrading modern conditions. As Hemingway's caption to the last photographic illustration in Death suggests, bullfighting "as [it] should be" is a ritual that ends with a combination of life and death and thus a ritual both of closure and continuation into the future. The bull, the source of the ritual's tragedy, "should be" dead; the bullfighter (and by extension the writer and his text) "should be...alive and with a tendency to smile" (374). The performer (bullfighter and writer) should survive; the performance (in the ring and on the page) should last, making a permanent contribution to art while also gaining the kudos from an informed intelligentsia and remuneration from a paying audience.

In the end, Hemingway's turn to comedy in the midst of rendering tragedy emulates what he perceived as the bullfighter's (and bullfighting's) survival tactics in the face of a modernity that was transforming a local rite of authenticity into a cosmopolitan spectacle. Like the bullfighter, Hemingway as a writer sought to foster bullfighting. He also sought to craft a genuine modern American literature that would survive its own modernism. With this highly contradictory American literary project (a rambling non-fiction treatise on the modern Spanish bullfight), Hemingway successfully writes the failure of writing about bullfighting. As such, he "captures" his subject truthfully by ultimately letting it go. Thus he admits the impossibility of capturing it at all and instead writes about it as "undefeated," persistently dynamic, and modern in its own right.

This chapter considers the literary, artistic, and ideological genealogies of Death that contribute to the book's status as one of Hemingway's most peculiar authorial endeavors. As early as 1925, Hemingway had written to his future editor Maxwell

Perkins of his desire to create a “big” “classic” book on bullfighting that would include “wonderful pictures” and render the subject in an unprecedentedly thorough, honest, artistic, and nuanced way. When that book finally came to fruition six years later as both a treatise on Spanish bullfighting and a decadently self-referential celebrity text, it bore the marks of a self-conscious struggle to write truthfully about bullfighting and about one’s self. In doing so, it foregrounded an ultimate inability to render for once and for all the tradition Hemingway had adopted as a foreign aficionado. Thus the text enacts a deferential honesty less to the bullfight than to the act of translation that allows him to make Spain’s most visible cultural spectacle a moment of making innovative American literature.

Part I of this chapter, “A very big book,” considers Hemingway’s early aspirations to write a book on bullfighting which, as he pitched it to Perkins, would be modeled after Charles Doughty’s British orientalist epic Arabia Deserta. It considers this late-nineteenth-century textual role model and its popular republication in the 1920s as a means of examining Hemingway’s conflicted relationship to British orientalism. It also considers Hemingway’s investment in the anthropological perspective of ethnographic participant-observation. As such, this section situates Hemingway’s work within imperialist and post-colonial discourses.

Part II, “not enough of a book,” discusses how, when finally writing his “bull book,” Hemingway rejected the epic as a viable means of truthfully and thoroughly rendering bullfighting. Instead, he attempts to acknowledge and move beyond his own authorial hubris and the totalizing tendencies of a Doughtyesque, epical approach. As part of this rejection of the epic mode, Hemingway attacks Virgin Spain, a book written

by his American literary contemporary Waldo Frank, as an example of “false mysticism” and the worst kind of epical writing which Hemingway characterizes as compromised “erectile” writing. This attack marks the point from which Hemingway’s own writing departs. As he had done in The Sun Also Rises, Hemingway attempts to write out past the erect penis.

With Death, Hemingway attempts to move beyond epic, “erectile” writing and pursue a literary project using prose presented as flaccid, sated, and post-coital. As such, Death constitutes Hemingway’s attempt to produce an alternative kind of masculine writing that communicates a literary prowess of knowing characterized by a lack of rigidity. As part of this, it is a writing that insists on not taking itself too seriously. Hemingway’s flaccid writing in Death is deliberately “funny” writing that manifests itself in both comic and queer ways. With Death, Hemingway sets out to write an alternative to phallogocentric masculine authorship that is, as such, alternatively masculine in its unorthodox, unprecedented “funny” kind of knowing and truth.

At the same time that Hemingway openly attacks Frank’s book as a means of asserting the originality and difference of his own book, he follows an unacknowledged lead in John Dos Passos’s Rosinante to the Road Again (1922), another American book that explores Spain in the face of modern change. Though Hemingway never states it, his approach to Spain and bullfighting in Death are clearly indebted to Dos Passos who had tried to acknowledge the Spanish people’s continued agency out of the past and into the future (as his book’s title suggests). As Dos Passos portrays it, this agency is linked to tendencies toward both the tragic and the comic and the high and the low as they are embodied in the literary pairing of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. For Dos Passos, and

later for Hemingway in Death, the secret to moving beyond tragedy and a tragic, epic—or as Dos Passos puts it “monumental”—mode of writing, lies in comic defiance and an acknowledgement of the limitations of words—even as that acknowledgement gets delivered using words.

Part III, “Seriously Funny Subjects,” considers the cross of tragic violence and “funniness” in Death as Hemingway’s attempt to render Spain’s cultural viability in the face of forces of modernity. Hemingway may have insisted on bullfighting’s tragic qualities, but he was also deeply sensitive to its potential for comedy, both as a means of survival for individual bullfighters (with El Gallo, the brother of the heroically tragic Joselito, serving as the text’s stealth comic counter-hero) and as a resource for bullfighting’s continuation as a uniquely artistic and resilient modern cultural institution.

Part IV, “Writing ‘not only with his pen but with his pencil,’” examines how Death in the Afternoon’s “funny” qualities link to The Sun Also Rise’s hidden transcript of transgressive sexuality, for Hemingway’s bullfighting treatise also draws parallels between taurine culture and homosexuality. Death’s obsessive and contradictory invocations of homosexuality contribute to the text’s queer bridging of differences constituted in the binaries of comic/tragic, self/other, foreign/american, and commercial/artistic.

“A Very Big Book”

“I hope some day to have a sort of Daughy’s [sic] Arabia Deserta of the Bull Ring, a very big book with some wonderful pictures.” Hemingway made this pronouncement to his future editor Maxwell Perkins in April of 1925, and it is the earliest record of his interest in writing the book that would ultimately come to fruition as Death

in the Afternoon seven years later. The role model he invoked was Charles Montagu Doughty's Travels in Arabia Deserta—a behemoth of British Orientalist literature first published in 1888. An intrepid traveller's tome of epic proportions, Arabia Deserta originally ran to 1300 pages in two volumes, and the book's size was an essential part of its literary authority. Its imposing page count, complete with numerous illustrations, maps, appendices, and an extensive glossary and index were all part of its status as a comprehensive final word on its subject: the people and barren desert landscape of the Arabian Peninsula.

Doughty's text is based on his travels throughout Arabia as a Christian English gentleman who joins various caravans and dresses as an Arab in order to get first-hand authentic exposure to all that makes up his subject. As such, Doughty represents a kind of forerunner to the modern ethnographic participant observer: an intrepid fieldworker who braves unfriendly climates and conditions in order to observe, with his own eyes, and record, through decidedly literary prose, the "truth" of "Arabia Deserta." As a Christian who bravely travels in a land of infidels for the sake of writing his book, both he and his literary project take on an air of brave heroism. Doughty blends in and masquerades as an Arab while maintaining his Christian sense of himself and remaining true to his Western morals beneath his Arab garb. As one of the most often quoted statements from the book asserts, "As for me who write, I pray that nothing be looked for in this book but the seeing of an hungry man and the telling of a most weary man; for the rest the sun made me an Arab, but never warped me to Orientalism." (I 56). By announcing his hunger and weariness, Doughty alludes to the difficulty of his accomplishment: seeing as he has is hard work, and he can only tell his tale of truth as

one who has been exhausted in the process of obtaining his material in an authentic way. These lines also affirm the resilience of Doughty's western, Christian core that, despite his adoption of an Arabic appearance and a unique perspective allowing him to write authentically of Arabia, remains intact.

Doughty's book is also decidedly unscholarly. Arabia Deserta does not maintain a scholarly distance and offers, instead, a perspective built upon first-hand experiences and knowledge. Doughty does not quote from other sources or authorities on his subject and but rather writes a hermetic account of Arabia relying solely on his own travels. In his preface, he dismisses "those few old Arabic authors" as well as "the writings of the two or three Europeans that before [his] time visited [Arabia]." Doughty's narrative assumes instead the vantage point of an ethnographic fieldworker: "I have set down, that which I saw with my eyes, and heard with my ears and thought in my heart, neither more or less." He gets in and down and dirty, and his book aspires to an earthy immediacy. His book, as he puts it in the preface to the second edition, is "the Story of the Earth," or, as the preface to the first edition explains, it "might be likened to a mirror, wherein is set forth faithfully some parcel of the soil of Arabia smelling of *samn* and camels." Doughty hopes the reader will react to his text by "smiting his thigh" and crying out "Ay Wellah, the sooth indeed!" What Doughty's book delivers is "sooth": truth in an archaic, exotic form that he hopes will elicit both an emphatic physical response and an Arabic exclamation. This reveals the nature of Doughty's authorial truth and from where he draws it: from things ancient, archaic, and exotic yet that somehow augment the Christian faith and noble superiority of the author himself.

For Doughty, the Arabia Deserta is “a dead land” (56) emphatically in and of the past, an archaic precursor and deep prehistory of his own, more vital, Christianity. His travels excavate these ruins, and his book mounts them for view. As a Christian with an unshakable faith and profound confidence in his own morality, Doughty braves Arabia, both perceiving and portraying it as a barren and inhospitable land of infidels, outcasts and robbers. He identifies the main “perils” one faces when he “come[s] down to Arabia” and “passe[s] from known landmarks”: “Two chiefly are the perils in Arabia, famine and the dreadful-faced harpy of their religion, a third is the rash weapon of every Ishmaelite robber.” According to Doughty, if there be humanity at all in Arabia, it is of an “antique” quality.

A sample passage illustrates the narrative and stylistic strategies Doughty employs to translate an ancient foreign complexity. It is the combination of exotic place names and the narrator’s immediate presence in the text that gives the book its unique feel of authenticity:

It was afternoon when a few Arab friends bade me Godspeed, and mounted with my camel bags upon a mule I came riding through Damascus with the Persian, Mohammed Aga, and a small company. As we turned from the long city street, that which in Paul’s days was called “The Straight,” to go up through the Medan to the Boabat-Ullah, some of the bystanders at the corner, setting upon me their eyes, said to each other, “Who is this? Eigh!” Another answered him half jestingly, “It is some one belonging to the Ajamy” (Persian). From the Boabat (great gate of) Ullah, so named of the passing forth of the holy pilgrimage thereat, the high desert lies before us those hundreds of leagues to the Haremeyn: at first a waste plain of gravel and loam upon limestone, for ten or twelve days, and always rising, to Maan in “the mountain of Edom” near to Petra. Twenty-six marches from Muzeyrib is el-Medina, the prophet’s city (Medinat en-Neby, in old time Yathrib); at forty marches is Mecca. There were none now in all the road, by which the last hajjies had passed five days before us. The sun setting, we came to the little outlying village Kesmih: by the road was showed me a white cupola, the sleeping station of the commander of the pilgrimage, Emir el-Haj, in the evening of his solemn

setting forth from Damascus. We came by a beaten way over the wilderness, paved of old at the crossing of winter stream-beds for the safe passage of the Haj camels, which have no foothold in sliding ground; by some other are seen ruinous bridges—as all is now ruinous in the Ottoman Empire. (I 4-5)

With camel bags on a mule, Doughty is in immediate contact with the exoticism of the Arabia he describes. The eyes of Arabians are “upon him” (“half jestingly” they identify him as a Persian) and he also has “Arab friends.” Though local bystanders are struck by his presence, they see him as “belonging to Ajamy.” Blended together is a straightforward and relatively generic description of land filled with exotic place names, sometimes italicized sometimes not, and sometimes “translated” with parenthetical qualifiers, all giving the book a baroque texture of multiple layers of history, space, and seemingly elusive meanings (albeit wholly discerned by Doughty himself). Doughty interlards his writing with Arabic words and titles that, far from designating geographic places, float above the land as linguistic signs of a generic oriental foreignness. Although Doughty provides a glossary of Arabic terms, thus affording his readers an opportunity to educate themselves in a foreign language, his heavy reliance on such words and place names makes his book an elusively exotic text that is both disorienting and orientaling: Arabia is, simply, foreign. At the same time, Doughty also portrays Arabia as an ancient, biblical land of significance in “Paul’s days,” and as he sets out into the desert, he follows a well-worn path, on the one hand, and braves a forebodingly barren and “ruinous” landscape, on the other. In taking a “beaten way over the wilderness, paved of old” Doughty casts himself as an English frontiersman travelling into an ancient Christian past both breaking ground and partaking in a timeless ritual of “holy pilgrimages.” The land he encounters is decidedly of the past and his presence there feels anachronistic.

Though first published in 1888 in a limited edition, Doughty's book had undergone a widespread renaissance by the 1920s. In his fawning review for the Dial of October 1924, for example, Padraic Colum could not have been more emphatic about the "heroism" of Doughty's opus: "Travels in Arabia Deserta is an heroic book—heroic in its length, heroic in the very language that it is written in, a book that has come out of an heroic endurance and that celebrates an heroic and tragic peoples" (339). As Colum saw it, book, author and subject (the "tragic peoples" of Arabia) came together to mutually reinforce an author's heroic accomplishment.

Although Hemingway's reference to Doughty's book in his letter to Perkins demonstrates an awareness of its status as a renewed classic, it seems unlikely that the aspiring young author actually read the expensive and expansive text itself—even in one of its reprint editions. Even if he had flipped through the book at Sylvia Beach's bookshop—if she carried it at all—the cover price of \$17.50 would surely have been an extravagance beyond Hemingway's then bohemian means. What seems most likely, in fact, is that his invocation of Doughty's book was not the result of having read it himself, but instead of having seen Colum's review in the Dial. Colum's assessment of the first American edition of Doughty's big book happened to be placed immediately preceding Edmund Wilson's groundbreaking review of Hemingway's own two self-consciously little books, Three Stories & Ten Poems and the original in our time. Hemingway had adroitly solicited Wilson's review convincing him to lump together his assessment of the two avant-garde booklets for one feature-length review as opposed to a single-paragraph write up of only Three Stories & Ten Poems for the "Briefer Mentions" at the back of the magazine. The longer, higher profile review had been a coup crucial to Hemingway

landing his first American trade publishing contract. That the Dial had placed his two little books in the company of a “big” “classic” book like Doughty’s was a fortuitous result of Hemingway’s lobbying efforts.

When Hemingway wrote his reply to Perkins as a prospective author and invoked Doughty’s reborn classic as a model for the kind of “big book” he hoped to some day write himself, it was only months after the publication of that October Dial. Thus it is not difficult to imagine Hemingway reading through the magazine and optimistically pondering a promising literary future while, at the same time, feeling a kind of “big book” envy comparing his two pamphlet-sized works (the sum total of his published literary output at the time) with Doughty’s two-volume tome in the midst of being repeatedly reissued, repackaged, and reprinted. The size gap between his and Doughty’s work would not have been the only comparative difference Hemingway would have noticed. The big-ticket price tag of Doughty’s book (\$17.50) compared with the minuscule asking price of his own two works (\$1.50 and \$2) would no doubt have struck Hemingway, particularly in light of Perkins caveat to Scribner’s interest in the “remarkable writing” of one of his little books:

I am bound to say. . . that I doubt if we could have seen a way to the publication of [in our time] itself, on account of material considerations:- it is so small that it would give the booksellers no opportunity for substantial profit if issued at a price which custom would dictate. The trade would therefore not be interested in it. (OTTC 33)

Hemingway’s decision to share with Perkins his designs for future projects on a more Doughtyesque scale was, no doubt, motivated in part by a desire to assuage Perkins’s concerns about the “material considerations” of the literary marketplace. In addition to the felicitous juxtaposition of reviews of first Doughty’s and then Hemingway’s books

was the fact that Arabia Deserta's American publisher Boni & Liveright (Scribner's competition), as Hemingway had to regretfully inform Perkins, would soon be publishing the bigger version of In Our Time—the book that would mark his American literary debut and set him on the road to bigger markets and bigger books. That Boni and Liveright was his new publisher and that it also reissued “classic” works like Doughty's as part of its commercially successful series “The Modern Library of the World's Best Books” undoubtedly influenced Hemingway's confident musings to Perkins about his own prospects for writing “very big,” “classic” books along the lines of Doughty's Arabia Deserta.

Knowing the likelihood that the Dial review of Travels in Arabia Deserta at the very least helped shape Hemingway's sense of what characterized a big classic book, it is worth examining that review for insights into what Hemingway initially wanted Death to be. In the review, Colum could hardly have been more enthusiastic about Doughty's accomplishment. “Let no one hereafter write about Arabia, or about the Semites, or the Hebrew Scriptures without first knowing Arabia Deserta,” he pronounced in his opening line, “It is an indispensable background; in it there is a life as old as the oldest written history” (336). Colum further insists that the book is not only historically significant, for it does more than just “give the soul of a people...it gives the soul and the body, the garb and the odour of the Semite of the Desert.” “He was an Englishman of the heroic and simple kind,” Colum continues, “and he carried into the desert with him [. . .] the spaciousness of Chaucer and Spencer, and an English [. . .] that had a pristine freshness [and] he came out of the desert with a book that is no less a monument of language than it is a record of travel” (337).

Here Colum picks up on what has since become a critical consensus concerning the dual literary and ethnographic significance of Doughty's book as a British Orientalist masterpiece. Colum also praises at length the immediacy and "sense of speech" in Doughty's literary voice (which "remains in your mind not as words written, but as words said") and attributes the book's "spell" to "the voice that we hear continuously—a voice that has got the wilderness into it—something brooding and of another world." One line of Colum's review, in particular, that seems to have resonated with Hemingway since it is something he later echoed in his own descriptions of what he hoped to accomplish in Death, is his declaration of the highest possible praise, "I know of no other writer who has been able to place as Doughty has been able to place, a whole society in a book. . . . it is a society that he gives us" (338).

"To place a whole society in a book" (for the sake of another, more advanced society's literary heritage and the display of one's own literary heroism) was an implicit early goal of the project that would ultimately yield Hemingway's Death seven years later. After breaking with Boni and Liveright to begin his lifelong relationship with Scribner's, Hemingway continued to write to Perkins about his designs for "the bullfight book." In a letter written after the successful publication of The Sun Also Rises, Hemingway mentioned the project again, assuring Perkins that he would "keep it going" while also warning "it is a long one to write because it is not to be just a history and text book or apologia for bull fighting—but instead, if possible, bull fighting its-self." Some kind of total treatment of his subject, along the lines of that achieved by Doughty, was still Hemingway's ambition. In this later letter, however, Hemingway also explains how

his early understanding of bullfighting had evolved and become significantly more sophisticated:

I'd like to take it first from altogether outside—how I happened to be interested in it, how it seemed before I saw it—how it was when I didn't understand it—my own experience with it, how it reacts on others the gradual finding out about it and try and build it up from the outside and then go all the way inside with chapters on everything. (OTTC 53)

Aware of his early ignorance of bullfighting's deeper meanings, Hemingway still imagined a transcendently comprehensive book, one with “chapters on everything” that would “take” the bullfight from both outside and in, “all the way” in. Colum's review of Arabia Deserta provided Hemingway with an early example of how one man had succeeded in just such a feat doing so as “an Englishman of the heroic and simple kind. . . [who] took on the endurance of the Arab of the desert” and delivered a “whole society” in a book of “epical speech.”

Hemingway's invasive, possessive language in describing his early designs for what would ultimately become Death (“to take it” and “go all the way inside”), together with the fact that Doughty's Arabia Deserta was one of his earliest, albeit indirect, inspirations for writing such a book, point to the influence of late-nineteenth century ideologies of British Orientalism and imperialism on Hemingway's early ideas about writing a modern American classic taking Spanish bullfighting as its subject. A consideration of the ideologies that shaped a canonical British orientalist text like Doughty's can shed light on both what Hemingway imagined himself to be doing and how he ultimately decided to push “out past” his predecessors and render his subject in a way that worked against the epical quality of a book like Doughty's.

In his analysis of Orientalism, Edward Said has pointed to books like Doughty's Arabia Deserta and T.E. Lawrence's Seven Pillars of Wisdom (a book Hemingway owned and drew upon as he wrote about the Spanish Civil War in For Whom the Bell Tolls) as representative texts of "the great contribution of imaginative and travel literature, which strengthened the divisions established by Orientalists between the various geographical, temporal, and racial departments of the Orient." Writers like Doughty and Lawrence, Said argues, made "a significant contribution to building the Orientalist discourse" (99). And yet Said also suggests that their works reflect the evolution, or rather devolution, of earlier more "traditional" views of the Orient, and contribute to what he describes as "a convergence of the [latent and manifest] types of Orientalism" (222). Because Doughty and Lawrence saw themselves as "fiercely individualistic travellers in the East" (195), they, together with other Victorian writers, effectively forged a new brand of Orientalism where "Every learned (and not so learned) European traveller in the Orient felt himself to be a representative Westerner who had gotten beneath the films of obscurity" (222). The views and works of these new Orientalists "refined and gave a personal twist to the academic style of modern Orientalism, with its repertoire of grand generalizations, tendentious 'science' from which there was no appeal, reductive formulae" (237). The sense of immediacy in this more personal approach gave rise to "a new form of Orientalist discourse that presents a vision of the contemporary Orient, not as narrative, but as all complexity, problematics, betrayed hope—with the White Orientalist author as its prophetic, articulate definition" (237).

What is most compelling about the relationship between Hemingway's early pronouncements about the kind of book he hoped Death would be and the Orientalist discourse Doughty and Lawrence simultaneously participate in and problematize is that both British authors reveal a compulsion to attain some kind of hermetic, total, once-and-for-all rendering of an exotic other in the name of defining and making some kind of nationally specific authorial identity (and a literary product that is bound up with that national identity). As Lawrence puts it in his introduction to Arabia Deserta written during the text's 1920s renaissance:

Doughty's completeness is devastating. There is nothing we would take away, little we could add. He took all Arabia for his province, and has left to his successors only the poor part of specialists. We may write books on parts of the desert or some of the history of it; but there can never be another picture of the whole, in our time, because here it is all said, and by a great master. (xvii)

Following Doughty's lead, as it was described in both Colum's review and Lawrence's preface, Hemingway longed to "put an entire society into a book" (or, to use Hemingway's own words, to capture through his writing "the real thing it-self") as a way of creating a literary classic and making a lasting contribution to his own nation's literary traditions. The oriental other that serves as the subject for such a classic in Doughty's and Lawrence's case is Arabia and Arabs, while in Hemingway's it is Spain vis-a-vis its bullfight.

For Hemingway, the lesson of Colum's review was how one man had become an heroic author by making an epic book about a tragic and ancient society. "For it is a society that [Doughty] gives us," Colum explains, "that ancient society out of which has come the prophets and the great creeds. If it is not the strangest society that is on this earth it is certainly the most tragic society"(338). In one sense, Hemingway would take

this lesson to heart as he pursued his ambitions for his own big book replacing Iberia for Arabia. In another sense, however, he would work against the grain of Doughty's epic, tragic approach. In the end, Hemingway's attempts to create himself as a kind of Ernest of Iberia would draw upon the comic as much as the tragically heroic; also, his depiction of bullfighting as a key to understanding the Spanish people and their culture would be as much contemporary as ancient. By the time Hemingway had moved from dreaming about a big bullfighting book to actually writing it, he would temper—and self-consciously acknowledge—the literary hubris involved in setting out to deliver a devastatingly complete whole. Fashioning himself as a modern American “great master” in the early 1930s would turn on a different, more contradictory approach acknowledging the impossibility of saying it all in one's book.

“Not Enough Of A Book”

“all bad writers are in love with the epic.” (DIA 54)

When Hemingway's dream project of a great classic “bull fight book” finally came to fruition, getting “all the way inside” of bullfighting meant moving beyond a strictly tragic, epic conception of his subject. While Doughty's epic text about “tragic people” was, according to Lawrence, “devastatingly complete,” Hemingway's text, by contrast, tries to be devastatingly incomplete and idiosyncratic. *Death* offers a much more deferentially ethnographic approach to its subject matter acknowledging the impossibility of claiming the last word on Spain. Instead, it renders the modern bullfight—as a synecdoche for modern Spain—as something elusively dynamic and mutable. Aspiring to complete knowledge would, simply, miss the point.

Hemingway deliberately concludes Death with an odd litany of all that the book “should” have done and said but ultimately does not or cannot. “It is,” he declares, “not enough of a book” (278). This seemingly defeatist assessment can be read, on one hand, as an indication of Hemingway’s real sense of the inadequacy of a final product compromised by the limitations of a struggling Depression-era trade publishing industry. As he worked to bring Hemingway’s unorthodox book to press, Maxwell Perkins had to insist on scaling back the author’s original ambitions for a “very big book full of wonderful pictures.” Perkins reminded Hemingway of the need to keep the manuscript to a potentially profitable limit, negotiated downward the number of black and white photographic plates the book would include, and ruled out the inclusion of any color illustrations beyond a frontis piece that was ultimately only used in the first edition. Hemingway complained that “Limitations of space and costs have aborted any attempt to make the book exhaustive” (SL 361).

These complaints about the book’s shortcomings, however, were more than just chafing against contemporary publishing limitations. Declaring Death “not enough of a book” in its closing chapter also functioned as part of Hemingway’s efforts to move beyond his early aspirations for an epic, totalizing “classic” on bullfighting. In addition to admitting that his book falls short of being “enough” of an assessment of Spain and bullfighting, he also sets his sights on other books written about Spain by foreign visitors—in particular Virgin Spain, by his American contemporary Waldo Frank. Hemingway singles out Frank’s 1926 text—subtitled “Scenes from the spiritual drama of a great people”—and dismisses it as “bedside mysticism” and an exemplar of “one-visit books [that] are much surer of everything” than his own book written after multiple visits

which “make[s] conclusions much less easy to draw” (52-53). By openly maligning Frank’s Virgin Spain, Hemingway implies the superior authenticity of his own text. Hemingway’s refusal to draw definitive conclusions figures centrally into his claim to a greater truth and accuracy in rendering his subject.

From the outset, Death strikes a self-consciously confessional tone as Hemingway explains the limits of his attempt to explain bullfighting. He opens the book by admitting his ignorance and preconceptions about how he would react to “what happens to the horses” as part of the ritual—that which English and American tourists find the most objectionable. Whereas Doughty had engaged and written about Arabia as a confident and stolid Christian, Hemingway’s text immediately raises doubts: “The killing of the horses in the ring was considered indefensible. I suppose, from a modern moral point of view, that is, a Christian point of view, the whole bullfight is indefensible...I should not try to defend it now, only to tell honestly the things I have found true about it.” Hemingway seeks truth as something beyond defending, beyond modern morality, and apart from a “Christian point of view.” Instead, he must find his own point of view. In order to “tell honestly,” Hemingway proclaims, “I must be altogether frank, or try to be, and if those who read this decide with disgust that it is written by some one who lacks their, the readers’, fineness of feeling I can only plead that this may be true” (1). Truth becomes tentative—“this may be true”—as Hemingway’s prose turns to awkward qualifiers that leave his book something other than “altogether frank.”

As much as Hemingway insists that above all else he wishes to render the truth about bullfighting, he also obsessively explains how doing so is no easy task:

I went to Spain to see bullfights and try to write about them for myself. I thought they would be simple and barbarous and cruel and that I would

not like them, but that I would see certain definite action which would give me the feeling of life and death that I was working for. I found definite action; but the bullfight was so far from simple and I liked it so much that it was much too complicated for my then equipment for writing to deal with. (3)

This critical self-reflection on his “then equipment for writing” implies that the author of the text at hand has since acquired new and improved equipment with which he has put down the words we read. “Aside from four very short sketches,” the narrator informs us, “I was not able to write anything about it for five years—and I wish I would have waited ten.” Besides the fact that the recollection is inaccurate (Hemingway wrote six short sketches, two short stories—one published one unpublished, and a novel on bullfighting, all in the first three years of his having been exposed to the ritual), it implies that the narrator has since arrived at a point where he can deliver the goods on bullfighting. And yet, he continues to further complicate his current writing about bullfighting:

However, if I had waited long enough I probably never would have written anything at all since there is a tendency when you really begin to learn something about a thing not to want to write about it but rather to keep on learning about it always and at no time, unless you are very egotistical, which, of course, accounts for many books, will you be able to say: now I know all about this and will write about it. (3-4)

Here Hemingway seems to have internalized Count Mippipopolous’s bias against writing about things (i.e. wine) and instead just enjoying them (see ch. II). And yet, we are reading his written words, so perhaps not. Before the reader has a chance to dismiss the author of these lines as one who is himself egotistical, he continues to qualify his text:

Certainly I do not say that now; every year I know there is more to learn, but I know some things which may be interesting now, and I may be away from the bullfights for a long time and I might as well write what I know about them now. Also it might be good to have a book about bullfighting in English and a serious book on such an unmoral subject may have some value. (4)

In decidedly tentative and self-conscious terms (“I know there is more to learn”...“I know some things”...“it might be good”...“it may have some value”), Hemingway finally embarks upon the text he had long dreamed of creating: a “big” “classic” book about bullfighting. Though working hard to remove any egotism from his own voice, Hemingway invokes the perpendicular pronoun over 80 times in the first eight pages and could hardly be more self-absorbed or self-indulgent as he prepares to deliver a “serious book.” And yet it is a “funny” kind of serious as again and again his ostensible subject and its “truth” get left behind while the narrator pursues without reservation all that comes to mind regardless of how far it carries him from bullfighting itself.

In the midst of these opening self-pronouncements, confessions, and caveats, Hemingway also initiates his complaints about “Everything [he] had read about the bull ring” and Spain written by other foreign observers. Among the many “books on Spain” written in English, Waldo Frank’s Virgin Spain comes in for the most extensive criticism, the tenor of which sheds light on the excessive hedging and qualifications of Death’s opening chapters and its description of what Hemingway is trying to do. The criticism of Frank represents Hemingway’s literary strategic modus operandi: launching a vicious attack on a literary contemporary who had earlier supported him as a means of asserting his own authorial voice as groundbreaking, independent, and superior:

The author of [Virgin Spain] once published a piece in a now dead little magazine called S4N explaining how he did his writing. Any historian of letters wanting to explain certain phenomena of our writing can look it up in the files of that magazine. My copy is in Paris or I could quote it in full, but the gist of it was how this writer lay naked in his bed in the night and God sent him things to write, how he “was in touch ecstatically with the plunging and immobile all.” How he was, through the courtesy of God, “everywhere and everywhen.” The italics are his or maybe they are God’s. It didn’t say in the article. After God sent it he wrote it. The result was that unavoidable mysticism of a man who writes language so badly he cannot make a clear

statement, complicated by whatever pseudo-scientific jargon is in style at the moment. God sent him some wonderful stuff about Spain, during his short stay there preparatory to writing of the soul of the country, but it is often nonsense. The whole thing is what, to make a belated entry into the pseudo-scientific field, I call erectile writing. (original emphasis 53)

This “erectile writing,” Hemingway explains further, results in a “distortion of vision” brought on by sexual frustration or “congestion.” As such, it amounts to a kind of literary masturbation and artistic impotence.

Hemingway dismisses Frank’s account of Spain as shallow—the result of “only one visit” taken “preparatory to” writing his book. The book comes before the subject, an ordering of priorities of which Hemingway clearly disapproves (even though it is arguable that is how his own book evolved: the vision of the “big book” first then later the understanding of its subject). Hemingway, by contrast, had developed a longstanding relationship with Spain built on numerous visits over the course of a decade not for the sake of writing a book, but because of a personal investment and deep passion for its most important cultural ritual: the bullfight. As Hemingway admits, however, his own method has its problems in making it much harder to draw conclusions. Frank, with his one visit, may feel he has got “in touch ecstatically” with an “immobile all” that allows him to be, as an author, “everywhere and everywhen,” but Hemingway knows better: an honest writer simply cannot capture “the soul of a country”—only the conceit of Frank’s ignorance allows him to think he has. The ironic upshot of Hemingway’s attack on Frank, together with his confessional final chapter admitting that his own book is “not enough of a book,” is that Hemingway achieves a kind of superior ineffectiveness which allows him, in turn, to claim a higher moral and artistic ground. I can’t, he admits, deliver the everywhere and everywhen of Spain, but I am big enough to admit that. As

he declares in *Death's* last chapter, "I know things change now and I do not care. It's all been changed for me. Let it all change" (278).

Frank's Spain is free from any compromising foreign presence, and his omniscient narration makes no reference to his own influence upon his subject. Instead, he holds Spain at a mystical distance and renders it, as his title suggests, ever virginal. In his telling of "scenes from the spiritual drama of a great people"—the subtitle he gives his book—Spain is there to be possessed for the first time. Furthermore, he and his readers can enjoy this possession of an uncorrupted Spain without compromising it. Frank suggests as much in the book's epigraph quoting Angel Ganivet: "Often, meditating on the fervor with which Spain has ever defended and proclaimed the Doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, I have thought that in the depths of this dogma there must be a mystery akin with the mystery of our national soul: that perhaps this dogma is a symbol...of our being." Ganivet may make a native's declaration about the "mystery of [Spain's] national soul" being linked to the Immaculate Conception, but it is Frank who seizes on this dogma as a means of writing himself as its smitten literary suitor who lovingly takes the perpetual virgin with his book.

Frank uses both an orchestral piece of music and a theatrical performance as metaphors for the "Symphonic History" of Spain he aspires to: "If I could have my way, the pages of my book would come unto my reader as a drama he sees acted in an evening, or as a work of music he hears performed in an hour" (2). Frank not only wants to have his way with a virginal Spain, he also wants his reader to watch, listen, and properly appreciate his masterful artistic prowess in doing so. After a "prelude," "The Sky of Spain," and "the Hinterland of Africa"—linking Spain with the exotic continent—Frank

moves through a comprehensive survey of its regions offering a cornucopia of subjects ranging from dances and gypsy culture to history, religion, painting, languages, literature, and poetry. These topics “come, each in its measure and its turn, upon the scene,” as Frank explains in his introduction, “and like actors in a play, like themes in a symphony, they have spoken their parts”(2). Spain may contribute the different parts, but Frank—the American author/maestro—is responsible for delivering the symphonic whole as the director of the play and conductor of the cultural orchestra.

After his all-encompassing cultural survey, he moves to his next “act,” “the Tragedy of Spain,” in which he declares the country altogether incompatible with the “modern state” given its medieval and Catholic roots. Having rendered her tragically complete, he closes with a final act “Beyond Spain” and reveals that his ultimate goal is not to write a book about Spain at all but, rather, to write of America’s promise in the future by casting Spain as her past. In the end, Frank’s true interest in Spain is apparent: to use her to explain what got Columbus to the coast and on to his boat. Thus his book concludes with the chapter “The Port of Columbus” and a dramatic dialogue between Columbus and Cervantes. In the closing pages, Columbus beseeches his “mother” Spain to “Give to the New World now your spirit, that it may surpass you,” while Cervantes laments “My tragic mother”(300). Thus in writing Virgin Spain, Frank attempts to take her and use her to write the prehistory of the epic story of America. It is this ethnocentric overreaching that earns him Hemingway’s scorn.

Frank, in his attempt at such a totalizing possessive rendering of Spain, pursues a literary strategy similar to Doughty’s in his Arabia Deserta. Hailed for being the devastatingly complete and final word on its subject, Arabia Deserta set a standard for the

textual possession of an exotic peninsula upon which Frank seizes in his attempt to render Spain once and for all, and for the sake of his American literary production. In writing his 300-page odyssey, Frank stages “Scenes from the Spiritual Drama of a Great People,” and, like Doughty, writes that people and their story as tragically of the past. For both Doughty and Frank, their rendering of a great yet tragic people as over and done with allows them to establish their and their countries’ own literary and cultural futures. That Frank can be seen emulating Doughty, may help explain Hemingway’s attack on Virgin Spain. In a way, Frank beat Hemingway to the punch—he wrote the kind of book about Spain that he himself had long dreamed of writing. Frank possessed the “virgin” subject of Spain first, and so, of course, Hemingway needed to go out of his way to malign such a book as bogus “erectile writing” in order to establish the superior truth of his own later book.

Although Hemingway takes Frank to task for his possessive literary romanticism, his own authorial designs also turn on a desire for some kind of textual possession of “the thing it-self.” Hemingway would also sexualize Spain in his own way in his later novel of the Spanish Civil War, For Whom the Bell Tolls. In that novel, Hemingway renders two female icons of Spain: one a sexually potent and widely experienced gypsy-matriarch, who is far from virginal; the other, a desirable girl named after the Virgin Mary who has been raped by fascists. Maria manages to represent a virgin Spain after the fall, and questions of her innocence remain central to Hemingway’s novel. Robert Jordan’s possession of Maria, sanctioned by the gypsy matriarch Pilar (Patroness Saint of Spain), casts him as a T.E. Lawrence-esque foreigner-as-saviour who miraculously restores her womanhood, if not her virginal status, by having earth-moving intercourse

with her. As a figure for Hemingway himself, Jordan's sexual conquest represents a more "true" sexual encounter with an already deflowered Spain that stands in contrast to Frank's impotent textual masturbation. In Death, meanwhile, Hemingway writes himself as a debunker of his American literary contemporary and as a more knowing—and caring—lover of Spain willing to acknowledge her continuing agency. As such, he intervenes on Frank's inauthentic literary pawing and does so for the sake of Spain, her bullfighting, and literary truth.

If Frank's book exemplifies "erectile" writing and reveals the "sexual congestion" that comes from not having had "that sovereign piece," how are we are to conceive of Hemingway's writing as an alternative? In the sexual economy of authorship Hemingway invokes in his attack on Frank, knowing and writing of one's subject merges with a more biblical kind of "knowing." In letters, Hemingway often described feeling empty and "fucked out" after a session of writing and, in figuring literary production as akin to fornication, one might assume that he himself wrote in an "erectile" state. His characterization of Frank's writing as the product of frustrated sexual arousal, however, suggests that his own writing amounts to a more flaccid alternative. One implication is that, unlike Frank, Hemingway has had plenty of "that sovereign piece" and thus writes free from sexual congestion and in a state of sexual satisfaction. The implied contrast between his own writing and Frank's suggest that we are to read Death's treatment of its subject as a post-coital recording of one who has been sated by the peninsular object of his desire. Hemingway has known his subject, and it is only then that he can write about it knowingly; Frank, in his mystical fetishizing, is guilty of ignorant authorial onanism.

But if writing is akin to sex for Hemingway, how can he write without an erection? In a phallogocentric conception of the role men play in sex, he cannot. And yet, as Hemingway's later writing would address more explicitly (and had gestured toward more covertly in The Sun Also Rises), men could engage in sex acts that departed from traditional gender roles and coitus. Furthermore, as Gertrude Stein's literary protégé, whose stylistic experimentation has been identified as a gynocentric alternative to phallogocentric writing, Hemingway's ideal for writing in sexualized terms may in fact best be understood as receptive rather than erectile. When Hemingway characterized himself feeling "fucked out" after a session of serious writing, he may have conceived of himself as having been thoroughly "fucked by" the subject and practice as one who played a receptive rather than penetrative, or "erectile" role. Indeed, writing without a penis, erect or otherwise, is what Hemingway's Jake Barnes must do in The Sun Also Rises.²⁵

According to Hemingway, being an ineffective or unrequited lover merges with being a bad writer, particularly when one attempts to write about Spain. Sexually "congested" writers like Frank, Hemingway argues, "sought to make all objects mystic through the slight distortions of vision that unrelieved turgidness presents" (53). This stands in stark contrast to the implied clarity of Hemingway's own vision and writing: "If a man writes clearly enough any one can see if he fakes" (54). Frank, Hemingway concludes, offers nothing more than false mysticism and incompetent writing:

²⁵ If Hemingway's Death represents an effort to write out past phallogocentric writing informed by Stein's gynocentric experiments with writing the body, it is telling that in the midst of his attack on Frank, Hemingway implies that Stein is a member of the same "erectile," mystical school of writing, making a dismissive reference to the literary "valentines" publicly exchanged between Stein and his other early mentor Sherwood Anderson: "The school seems to be passing now, or have passed, and it was an interesting mechanical experiment while it lasted, and full of pretty phallic images drawn in the manner of sentimental valentines" (53).

True mysticism should not be confused with incompetence in writing which seeks to mystify where there is no mystery but is really only the necessity to fake to cover lack of knowledge or the inability to state clearly. Mysticism implies a mystery and there are many mysteries; but incompetence is not one of them; nor is overwritten journalism made literature by the injection of a false epic quality. Remember this too: all bad writers are in love with the epic. (54)

Being a good lover, and thus writer, of Spain, Hemingway suggests, means working beyond mysticism and the distortions of phallocentrism and, instead, owning one's fallibility and penetrability: to be taken by Spain rather than taking and finishing her once and for all with a big, epic book. A more effective and capable lover engages Spain instead with "not enough of a book." Such an approach rests on a decidedly "funny" sort of authorial prowess. It includes making fun of Frank's book about Spain, but it also consists of writing one's self with comic self-deprecation, a strategy Hemingway borrows from another of his American literary contemporaries who wrote about Spain (and also wrote dismissively of Frank's book): John Dos Passos.

While constructing his alternative authorial prowess in Death and casting Frank's Virgin Spain as the result of sexually frustrated ineptitude, Hemingway does not acknowledge the lessons he learned from Dos Passos about how to be a more capable literary lover of Spain. Dos Passos, who had served as one of Hemingway's early literary role models, had also dismissed Frank's Virgin in a 1926 review published in the New Masses. Having authored his own book of essays on Spain based on his experiences while studying there in 1916-17 and then returning in 1920 to write his first novel, Dos Passos judges Frank's book as an established American modernist with first-hand knowledge on the subject of Iberia. Both his critique of Virgin Spain and his own book's

focus on the state of modern Spain reveal sources of inspiration for Hemingway's later attacks on Frank.

Under the title "Spain on a Monument," Dos Passos's review of Virgin Spain for The New Masses criticizes Frank for constructing an overly monumental, static, and thus lifeless, "retablo of Spain against a background of history books" (83). Central to his dissatisfaction with the book is its excessive bookishness. "[F]or some reason that I can't make out," he declares in frustration, "the figures [in Virgin Spain] are rather lifelike than alive." He goes on to try to explain or "make out" why the book strikes him as "academic, rather than real" describing its use of a dated architectural model (the baroque) and failure to move beyond a lifeless world of books and bookish words:

Perhaps it's the drapery, all these voluted bookwords, these mystical philosophic terms that obscure the outlines [...] I can't help feel that this psychological phraseology, so popular with all serious writers of our time, is mere ornamental verbiage, like the swirling drapery on baroque sculpture where all the lines ingrow to a short circuit. The result is that this highly wrought work is a mere library piece, a static elaborate monument. (original emphasis 83)

Thus Dos Passos condemns Frank's book on the grounds that it is a "static," monumental, overwrought "library piece" that is too "serious." "There's no factual information in it," he adds, "that you couldn't find in the New York Public Library." As a lifeless monument of Spain, Frank's book leaves out what Dos Passos had himself attempted to address in his own book on Iberia, the Spain of "to-day" in the face of modern change:

I can't understand how Frank came to leave out all the confused and confusing tragedy of the Spain of our day, the gradual collapse of bullfights before football, the influence of the Rio Tinto British-owned mines, the bloody farce of the Moroccan war, the Jesuit control of the railroads, the breakdown of Catalan syndicalism, of the agrarian movement in Andalusia. (84)

Here, Dos Passos criticizes Frank for rendering a tragic Spain entirely of the past and for failing to acknowledge its current challenges in the face of modernity. “These things,” he declares, “are as much Spain as Philip IV and the Old Cathedral at Salamanca and much more important to us at the present moment” (84). For Dos Passos, what is most unforgivable in Frank’s book is the way it “ignore[s] the whole tangled welter of industrial and working class politics” of a contemporary Spain facing the assault of “the howling pandemonium of the new world” of modernization. Dos Passos’s dismissal of Frank’s book on grounds of its epic mysticism and failure to confront the truth of Spain’s modern complexity prefigure Hemingway’s later attack on the same author and book. Likewise, Dos Passos’s own earlier work on Spain, Rosinante to the Road Again, points to an inspiration for the kind of alternative approach Hemingway would pursue in Death.

In Rosinante, Dos Passos admits to initially wanting to “hammer some sort of unified impression out of the scattered pictures of Spain in [his] mind” yet ultimately realizes “that there are many Spains” (55). Compared with the mystical authorial hubris of Frank’s book and the symphonic unity it aspires to, Dos Passos’s rendering of Spain proves far more self-conscious, humble, and fragmentary. Like Frank’s book, Rosinante covers a wide swath of subjects and aspects of Spanish culture and history. It does so, however, far more selectively and impressionistically. Unlike Frank’s “museum” piece about a Spain of the past, Dos Passos seeks to write about a Spain “According to [the] temperament” of his Spanish contemporaries—the Generation of 98—who “rejected all or part of the museum of traditions they had been taught to believe was the real Spain; each took up a separate road in search of a Spain which should suit his yearnings for beauty, gentleness, humaneness, or else vigor, force, modernity” (65). Dos Passos thus

defers to the modernist sensibilities of Spanish intellectuals in formulating his own approach to the subject.

In an attempt to bring some continuity to a collection of previously published essays, Dos Passos interlards Rosinante with recurring chapters titled “Talk by the Road” that consist of dialogues between a pair of protagonists, Telemachus and Lyaeus as they travel by foot from Madrid to Toledo. These two figures together constitute Dos Passos’s conflicted literary alter ego as he attempts to capture Spain with his book while also acknowledging the challenges in doing so. Telemachus takes to the road as a mystic-minded seeker who holds romantic ideals. His companion Lyaeus, motivated by food and drink, serves as Telemachus’s spoiler by regularly laughing at his friend’s pretensions and thus bringing him back down to earth. As complimentary personalities, the two parallel Cervantes’s Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. Through this pair and their wanderings, Dos Passos presents himself as being educated by Spain as much as he is educating his reader about it. He seems only to want to bring his reader along for the desultory journey.

One similarity Dos Passos’s Rosinante has with Frank’s Virgin, however, is that it is not intended to only be about Spain but also about the modern United States. For Dos Passos, the U.S. can glean lessons from the older country, its cultural heritage, its people, and its present day struggles. Unlike Frank, however, Dos Passos does not attempt a totalizing symphonic/theatrical narrative claiming to tell the beginning, middle, end, and beyond of Spain. Instead, he makes a simple call for the spirit of Spain—in the guise of Quijote and Panza together—to move forward or, as Dos Passos’s title beseeches, to take “Rosinante to the Road Again.” This time in the journey, they will be accompanied by a

Whitmanian American modern who follows their lead with a love for the open road and the importance of “the way” rather than the destination.

With Rosinante's opening chapter, “A Gesture and a Quest,” Dos Passos introduces the book's theme of quixotic searching, with Telemachus describing to Lyaeus his desire for a word that can adequately represent the different gestures that reveal the Spanish character. Words themselves become that which Telemachus futilely seeks. Lyaeus identifies one exemplary gesture of this Spanish essence in matador Juan Belmonte's execution of a perfect veronica: “When Belmonte turned his back suddenly on the bull and walked away dragging the red cloak on the ground behind him” (17). Telemachus attempts to apply the word “swagger” to such a gesture: “an instant swagger of defiance in the midst of a litany to death the all-powerful. That is Spain.” However, Lyaeus immediately questions this word choice: “‘Is ‘swagger’ the right word?’” he asks. “Find a better,” Telemachus replies. Ultimately, Dos Passos uses the pair's conversation to suggest that such gestures defy the limitations of language and written words. “Swagger” is not right yet neither is any other word or set of words.

Dos Passos, however, attempts to write the significance of such gestures just the same. In addition to Belmonte's haughty veronica, other defiant gestures include that which “a medieval knight made when he threw his mailed glove at his enemy's feet or a rose in his lady's window, that a mule driver makes when he tosses off a glass of aguardiente, that Pastora Imperio makes dancing...” (17). In composing this series of examples, Dos Passos creates for himself an authorial conundrum in attempting to describe with words that which he insists transcends words. Lyaeus—who invokes the examples--immediately rejects them with the defeatist declaration, “Word! Rubbish!” As

far as he is concerned, there is no word or set of words that can capture the gestures of Spanish defiance. Meanwhile, Telemachus articulates his desire to fix such gestures in words: “I must catch that gesture, formulate it, do it. It is tremendously, inconceivably, unendingly important to me” (20). It is exactly this insistence that Spain “be formulated, made permanent”—or made “monumental” to use Dos Passos’s own term—that he would later criticize in Frank’s book. In his own book, Dos Passos has Lyaeus ridicule Telemachus’s impulse: Spain made permanent is Spain “Killed” (20). Furthermore, trying to “catch the gesture” is, according to Lyaeus, to play the role of the “comedy professor with a butterfly net.” When he tells Telemachus as much, this Panza-esque sidekick breaks out into laughter at his companion’s expense.

Throughout Telemachus and Lyaeus’s “Talk by the Road” dialogues, Dos Passos writes words as at best flawed and ultimately unable to capture Spain definitively. In doing so, he figures himself, as a comic, quixotic figure who dares to try yet who has also internalized Panza’s scepticism. In clear contrast to the closing of Frank’s Virgin Spain where Columbus and Cervantes look gravely to the future of a “new world” born out of the tragic spirit of a finished Spain, Dos Passos ends Rosinante with yet another of the Spanish gestures of defiance that Telemachus so longs to capture. As Lyaeus attempts to woo a Spanish girl from below her window, Telemachus becomes the comic victim of her response:

A girl was leaning from the window, shaken with laughter, taking aim with a bucket she swung with both hands.

“Stop,” cried Telemachus, “it’s the other...”

As he spoke a column of cold water struck his head, knocked his breath out, drenched him.

“Speaking of gestures...” whispered Lyaeus breathlessly from the doorway where he was crouching, and the street was filled with uncontrollable shrieking laughter. (244-45)

Thus Dos Passos ends Rosinante, not with a Spain that is tragically finished, but with a Spanish gesture of comic defiance that does not heed Telemachus's imperative to stop and, instead, leaves the mystical searching half of Dos Passos's authorial alter ego all wet—having received a proverbial cold shower that symbolically deflates the kind of “erectile,” monumental writing Frank would later pursue.

In Rosinante's portrayal of a futile attempt to find and fix “the gestures” that represent an essential Spain, Dos Passos offers only one reference to bullfighting: Belmonte's veronica. Apart from this one gesture, invoked as an exemplar of Spanish defiance in the face of death, Dos Passos passes over Spain's ancient ritual turned modern spectacle and chooses instead to focus on how Spanish literature and philosophy can be brought to bear on the challenges of industrialization and modernization. In the midst of his dismissal of Frank's book, Dos Passos acknowledges that “Some of the details, within the limits of the library are excellent” including “The explanation of bullfights.” That explanation, he declares, “is the best I've ever read” (84). This praise for Frank's concise discussion of bullfighting can help explain why Hemingway later dismissed Frank's Virgin in such emphatic terms. With Death, Hemingway sought to establish himself as an unprecedented American authority on an essential aspect of Spain—one that his hispanophilic friend Dos Passos had not examined. In the competitive terms in which Hemingway conceived of authorship, if another American writer had written effectively about bullfighting, particularly in Dos Passos's authoritative view, that writing would need to be both discredited and outdone. In writing Death, Hemingway attempts to do both by offering both more and less of a book.

In Virgin's seven pages on bullfighting, Frank—echoing one of Dos Passos's descriptions of quintessentially Spanish gestures—describes the “veronica” (explaining that it is the pass considered to be bullfighting's most “classic gesture”) (235) and the performances of Belmonte in particular as constituting the “archetype of the Spanish bullfight.” Frank acknowledges that his brief description “describes a masterpiece” and explains that “in an art so profound and dangerous, the masterwork is rare, even as in other aesthetic fields” (Virgin 236). Frank concisely describes the ideal “masterwork” of Belmonte and lets that stand as all the reader needs to know of bullfighting in the midst of his larger knowing of a virgin Spain. It is from this point that Hemingway's Death departs. Over 278 pages rather than seven, he discusses all manner of specifics in, around, and departing from modern bullfighting as it had developed both before and after the “golden age of Joselito and Belmonte” (Death 244). Like Frank, Hemingway describes rarefied “masterworks” like those of both Belmonte and Joselito, two contemporaries Hemingway acknowledges as exceptional artists whose styles had advanced bullfighting. Yet rather than seizing on Belmonte's cape work as the archetypal essence of bullfighting, as both Dos Passos and Frank do, Hemingway discusses it as only one influential yet passing moment in a protean art.

In fact, Hemingway describes Belmonte's artistry as moving bullfighting toward an increasingly technical and overly-specialized version of the ritual. As such, it is anything but archetypal or definitive: “the decadent, the impossible, the almost depraved, style of Belmonte was grafted and grown into the great healthy, intuitive genius of Joselito and in his competition with Juan Belmonte, bullfighting for seven years had a golden age in spite of the fact that it was in the process of being destroyed” (68).

As great artists who transform bullfighting, Belmonte and Joselito—according to Hemingway—make a fundamental contribution to the growing decadence of the spectacle he experiences in their wake. Modern Spanish bullfighting, as Hemingway encounters and then renders it, is no timeless virginal affair. It has always changed and developed and will continue to do so, and Hemingway insists again and again in Death, “by the time this book comes out” (226) bullfighting will have moved on from the state in which he attempts to describe it.

With Death constituting Hemingway’s most ambitious and unorthodox attempt to merge his writing with the subject matter it renders, Hemingway implies that the authorial performance that results in his book is akin to that of the modern bullfighter. As Michael Thurston has observed:

Death in the Afternoon is not only a book about the corrida, it is a book that follows the structure of the corrida in its step by step elaboration of the pageant and process of bull-killing, and it is a book that enacts a sort of corrida, one in which Hemingway plays all the parts (just as he does in dialogues with the Old Lady). He is a brilliant matador at times, enticing the reader with elaborate lures and feints, turning, fixing, and finishing critics and opponents. (60)

As such, Hemingway casts himself as a writer who, like the bullfighters that came in Belmonte’s artistic wake, must practice his performative craft in a state of advanced decadence. If modern bullfighting is in a state of full-flower decadence, so too must his book be decadent. In his description of how Belmonte and Joselito constituted a competitive pair who gave rise to a destructive “golden age” of bullfighting in the 1920s leaving the art form irrevocably changed, one can read a parallel between Belmonte and Joselito and Gertrude Stein—who had introduced Hemingway to bullfighting and taught him the value of her radical prose experimentation—and himself as one who seized on

such stylistic experimentation in developing his own distinctive style. Thus Hemingway's Belmonte and Joselito serve as stand-ins for the Stein/Hemingway literary relationship as the latter saw it: "the decadent, the impossible, the almost depraved, style of Belmonte [read Stein] was grafted and grown into the great healthy, intuitive genius of Joselito [read Hemingway]." The result was a "golden age" of American literary modernism that peaked in the 1920s (concurrently with the Belmonte/Joselito golden age) and was, at the same time, "in the process of being destroyed." With Death, published in 1932, Hemingway attempts to write again, this time out past the state of decay and destruction, or in a manner that attempts to embrace and own that decay in a self-consciously decadent text that is both masterful yet also "not enough of a book."

Just as Hemingway laments the passing of better times in bullfighting—which contributes to his elegiac literary tendency to write about "the lost generation," "the end of something" and the bidding of "farewells"—so too does he continue to set out for new territories in his authorship. The result is an odd mix of authorial melancholy and hubris. Just as Nick Adams lay immobilized with a grave spinal injury in the middle of In Our Time, leaning against the wall of a destroyed home yet looking "straight ahead brilliantly" (63), so too does Hemingway write Death with the air of one with a "brilliant" "straight ahead" vision situated within a state of decay and compromise.

When describing the current state of bullfighting, Hemingway repeatedly invokes contradictory language that reflects such an authorial stance. He describes the corrida as having both "developed and decayed" (67) and declares that, due to matadors like Joselito and Belmonte, "the bullfight has both lost and gained thereby" (67). He describes one of the promising young post-Belmonte/Joselito talents—a medical student

who also fights bulls—as possessing “a good sound classic modern style” (229)—thus offering a contradictory string of adjectives that both exemplifies and describes the writing style to which Hemingway aspires. Writing and bullfighting might be in an irrevocable state of advanced decay, but Hemingway attempts to write a path to the future of both practices as viable modern art forms. As Thurston points out, “Death in the Afternoon reads, overall, as always-already belated ... [and, as the book portrays it,] The modernist artist-hero never had a tougher task in ordering culture, in setting aesthetic crises right” (61). Nonetheless, Hemingway presents himself as up to the job and insists on bullfighting’s survival and persistence:

Judging from the enthusiasm I saw shown for it under the Republic the modern bullfight will continue in Spain in spite of the great wish of her current European-minded politicians to see it abolished so that they will have no intellectual embarrassments at being different from their European colleagues that they meet at the League of Nations, and at the foreign embassies and courts. [...] but so many people derive their livings from the many ramifications of raising, shipping, fighting, feeding and butchering of fighting cattle that I do not believe the government will abolish it even if they felt themselves strong enough. (268)

In this description, Hemingway eschews language that attempts to capture bullfighting as a sublime art or transcendent cultural rite (while writing stylistically “decadent” run-on sentences that include awkward phrasings like “I saw shown”). Instead, he describes it in mundane, practical terms as something “so many people derive their livings from.” It is in this practical aspect of the fight that Hemingway sees its persistence in the midst of an international modern state system and encroaching outside influences. Bullfighting can be practically explained as the “raising, shipping, fighting, feeding and butchering of fighting cattle.” As such, talk of individual, archetypal gestures get replaced by a language of everyday, industrial realities and “ramifications.”

Hemingway's book thoroughly explores these ramifications including the aberrations, apprenticeships, economics, agricultural land use, and social nuances of bullfighting as a modern popular spectacle and industry. Thus the Veronicas of Belmonte and other luminaries gets covered, yet so too do the cafes frequented by bullfighters and aficionados, the bullring infirmary and hospital rooms, the cattle ranches and ranchers, and the prostitutes and venereal diseases—the latter of which are one of the “industrial accidents” that can befall a bullfighter. Hemingway offers a far more far-reaching book on the subject upon which Frank spent only seven pages. In doing so, Hemingway works out beyond the individual “masterwork” to address all that gets left out of such a narrow picture. It is in this way that he delivers a devastating rebuttal and trump to Frank's short assessment of bullfighting in Virgin Spain.

And yet, in the final chapter of his book, Hemingway opens with the confession that: “If I could have made this enough of a book, it would have had everything in it” (270). This line introduces an eight page litany of all that the book “should have,” “could have,” and “would have” “been,” “done,” “made,” and “had in it” if only it were “enough of a book.” The mood of the book's culminating chapter is emphatically—even obsessively—subjunctive with the author writing as one racked with doubt, dissatisfaction and unrequited desire. This litany of “could have beens” runs counter to the devastatingly thorough explication of modern bullfighting that precedes it. In announcing such a failure, Hemingway reveals that his original aspirations for the book had been not only—as his closing “Bibliographic Note” states—to write “an introduction to the modern Spanish bullfight and [attempt] to explain that spectacle both emotionally and practically” (487), but to somehow get all of Spain into the book. In other words,

Hemingway's closing subjunctive regret is motivated by his failure to live up to his early model, Arabia Deserta, which had put all of a society and a place into a big classic book.

The litany, however, functions equivocally, for in offering an account of what the book does not include, it does, in a way, include it. This metafictional move anticipates the structure of Hemingway's "Snows of Kilimanjaro," the short story hailed by critics for pulling Hemingway out of his Depression-era literary slump (the beginning of which was marked by the initial critical and commercial failure of Death), which consists of a protagonist lamenting all the things he never wrote but that, in the story, do get written in a composite form that exemplifies Hemingway's preferred ice-berg-tip approach. It is also a funny way of simultaneously writing and not writing what should have, could have, and would have been. It is thus that Hemingway closes the final chapter of Death:

The great thing is to last and get your work done and see and hear and learn and understand; and write when there is something that you know; and not before; and not too damned much after. Let those who want to save the world if you can get to see it clear and as a whole. Then any part you make will represent the whole if it's made truly. The thing to do is to work and learn to make it. No. It is not enough of a book, but still there were a few things to be said. There were a few practical things to be said.
(278)

It may not be "enough of a book," but that is exactly Hemingway's point: it is not supposed to be: "...to make it. No. It is not enough of a book." Hemingway chooses instead not to (or admits that he cannot) "kill the bull"; he won't because he cannot deliver the devastatingly total, final word on his subject. Thus, Hemingway rejects the epic "false mysticism" of Frank's Virgin Spain and, instead, takes Dos Passos's lead in Rosinante to the Road Again by sending his subject, bullfighting as a synecdoche for Spain, "to the road again" as a lasting tragic-comic art form.

The “closing” chapter, with its triumphantly defeatist subjunctive litany, does not, in fact, close the text, for it is followed by over 200 more pages of illustrations and numerous appendices. All of the extras suggest efforts to somehow make the text “enough of a book” through filling it out as a comprehensive guidebook/miscellany that would, without any doubt, “give readers their money’s worth”—something Hemingway repeatedly insisted on doing in letters to Maxwell Perkins. One of the biggest supplements to the prose chapters is 100 pages of photographic illustrations accompanied by the author’s explanatory captions. In linear terms, the illustrations follow up on the prose narrative and offer a second, supplementary narrative with Hemingway’s captions bringing the images context and continuity. This second narrative delivers a second photo-and-caption ending that does not have a defeatist or melancholy tone but, instead, concludes with “a tendency to smile.”

Seriously Funny Subjects

Judging from his earliest bullfight vignette, Hemingway had been turning over in his head the problem and promise of bullfighting as a subject and inspiration for his prose since before ever observing it. He would follow up on that early vignette, with its distinctively idiomatic American tone, writing others that would offer contrasting tones and perspectives. He would also pursue such juxtapositions in his early journalistic writing on bullfighting. A pair of his dispatches for the Toronto Star Weekly (written shortly after the six bullfighting vignettes he included in the two versions of In Our Time) also represent bullfighting as, on the one hand, a timeless and artistically dignified performance of a carefully staged tragedy and, on the other, a contemporary spectacle that could be unpredictably spontaneous, grotesque, and comical.

The two pieces ran consecutively as Sunday features with the first, titled “Bullfighting Is Not A Sport—It Is A Tragedy,” emphasizing the formality of the ritual as “a survival of the days of the Roman Colosseum” and “a very great tragedy. . . played in three definite acts.” In this first piece, Hemingway insists: “Bullfighting is not a sport. It was never supposed to be. It is a tragedy. A very great tragedy.” It is not a sport, but a rite: “underneath it all is the necessity for playing the old tragedy in the absolutely custom-bound, law-laid-down way. It must all be done gracefully, seemingly effortlessly and always with dignity” (DL 344-45). The second piece, however, takes a decidedly different tack in its rendering of Spain’s Roman coliseum hand-me-down. Under the title “World Series of Bullfighting a Mad, Whirling Carnival,”²⁶ the tragic ritual of bygone days becomes contemporary, chaotic, carnivalesque, and like a major league baseball game. The bullfight Hemingway chooses to describe in detail in this second dispatch, declaring it “the best” he ever saw, has striking similarities to the scene he had invented for his first bullfight vignette where events unfold in anything but a dignified or law-laid-down way. Everything goes wrong, and after two matadors are incapacitated (one is even tossed into the crowd) a third is required to kill five bulls in a row. As Hemingway portrays it, the festival in the streets spills over into the bullring where both bulls and matadors depart from the formality of the bullfight’s rigidly tragic script.

²⁶An interesting note on this title: In *Dateline: Toronto* (Scribner’s 1985) and *By-line: Ernest Hemingway* (Scribner’s 1967), posthumously published collections of Hemingway’s journalism edited by William White, the title for the article is changed from its original to “Pamplona in July.” This toning down, “for bibliographical and historical purposes” reveals the ways in which Hemingway scholarship tweaks and prunes at his image. The title for the first piece also revised to “Bullfighting a Tragedy” leaves the original closer to intact (“Bullfighting Is Not A Sport—It Is A Tragedy”). Apparently references to sports, the world series, and a “whirling carnival” struck White as too amateurish and not in keeping with correct “historical” representation of Hemingway and so were changed. The result is a muddling of the juxtaposition of tragic/comic elements in the pair of dispatches.

Almost a decade after experimenting with little prose fragments, filing these two dispatches, and writing a novel and two short stories about bullfighting, Hemingway finally produced Death, melding non-fiction with his, by then, well-established fictional literary style. In it, Hemingway attempts to cover every possible angle of the subject including its tragic, comic, and tragicomic components and to show it as something simultaneously ancient and contemporary, commercial and artistic, noble and degraded. In a variety of ways, Hemingway's Death is, like The Sun Also Rises before it, a decidedly funny book. As a non-fiction, English-language exegesis of modern Spanish bullfighting, it marked a clear departure into uncharted literary territory and was a self-consciously particular, even bizarre, project. In addition to the twenty rambling chapters including detailed explanations, playful dialogues, anecdotes, and non-sequitur musings and digressions, it also includes numerous appendices: the "Illustrations" section consisting of over 100 pages of captioned photographs; "An Explanatory Glossary" of terms that with its many digressions offers much more than straightforward explanations of bullfighting vocabulary; a section resembling field notes titled "Some Reactions of a Few Individuals to the Integral Spanish Bullfight"; a sort of bonus essay titled "A Short Estimate of the American, Sidney Franklin, as a Matador"; a list of "Dates on Which Bullfights Will Ordinarily Be Held in Spain, France, Mexico, and Central and South America"; and, finally, a closing "Bibliographic Note" apologizing for the author's intrusion upon the Spanish-language literature of tauromaquia. With its agglomeration of different sections and writing styles (non-fiction narrative, short story, theatrical dialogues, captions, field notes, glossary, essay, etc., etc.) the book amounts to a grab bag of material on, around, and, at times, having little or nothing to do with bullfighting. As

such, it is self-consciously designed as a peculiar or “funny” sort of book. Yet in grousing about Scribner’s marketing the book as a “fucking miscellany,” Hemingway also reveals how he wants the book to be received (and thus the best way to “try to sell it”): “as a great classic goddamned book on bull fighting” (SL 362).

Expensive to print and highly unorthodox in both its esoteric subject matter and stylistic pluralism, Death was a far cry from what Perkins and Scribner’s would have liked to see Hemingway produce as a follow up to his commercially and critically successful novel, A Farewell to Arms. For a publishing industry facing a Depression-era downturn, a collection of short stories, not to mention the most saleable of literary products—another novel—would have been a much safer and far more desirable prospect. By 1932, however, Hemingway’s earlier works had earned him enough critical and popular acclaim to make Perkins and Scribner’s willing—albeit reluctantly—to support the significantly riskier project. With Hollywood’s adaptation of A Farewell to Arms due for release, with critics talking about a “Hemingway School” of writing, and with a public enthusiastically consuming literary and gossip-column publicity about an author whose adventurous lifestyle was transforming him into a celebrity akin to the movie-stars with whom he had begun to hob knob, Hemingway had the leverage to choose for himself his next project regardless of its dubious commercial viability. If he wanted to make a funny kind of book about bullfighting, he could.

Central to Death’s “funny” unorthodoxy is its blend of the comic and the grave. On one hand, Hemingway casts the book as a serious work on a serious subject, in fact, one of the most serious of all possible subjects: death. And yet, even the book’s title complicates and plays with the gravity of death, like a matador playing with a deadly

bull. Hemingway did not title the book “Death in the Bullring”; nor “Spain’s Ancient Ritual of Death”; nor “Bullfighting a Tragedy” (like one of his early newspaper dispatches). Instead, his choice for a title has a more peculiar ring to it wavering uncomfortably between the grave and the banal. Death is of course a solemn subject, but “in the afternoon”? Pursuing the title’s humorous potential, it is not difficult to imagine more farcical variations: “Death at Teatime,” “Death at the Matinee,” “Death at Half Past Three.” Death at practically any other time of day or night (“at first light” or “sunrise”; “at high noon”; “at sunset”; “in the night”) lacks the same kind of comic irony Hemingway achieves with “Death in the Afternoon.” And yet, as it turns out, it also happens to be a perfectly accurate title for a book about a ritual killing traditionally performed in the afternoon as an entertainment spectacle. At the same time Hemingway’s title can be read as potentially humorous and ironic, it can also be read straight: a phrase chosen for its deadpan accuracy—no specifics, just time-honored epic grandeur. Death always comes, even in the afternoon. And in the instance of bullfighting, it is confronted honestly and bravely as it is performed ritually in the bright light of day. As such, “death in the afternoon” provides an oddly comforting reliability as a display of man’s capacity for control, bravery, and artistic transcendence.

Hemingway’s title marks only the beginning of his melding of the funny and the grave. In the book’s opening chapter, he begins by explaining how death in the bullring can be both tragic and comic and launches his discursive odyssey on bullfighting with what he defines as a “comic” aspect of the ritual—one that he knows is problematic for his English-speaking, non-Spanish audience—the goring of the picador’s horse:

At the first bullfight I ever went to I expected to be horrified and perhaps sickened by what I had been told would happen to the horses. Everything

I had read about the bull ring insisted on that point; most people who wrote of it condemned bullfighting outright as a stupid brutal business, but even those that spoke well of it as an exhibition of skill and as a spectacle deplored the use of the horses and were apologetic about the whole thing. (1)

Admitting his preconceptions at the outset, Hemingway goes on to demonstrate how these early, misguided prejudices against bullfighting have been replaced by an expertise and the deepest appreciation for all aspects of a highly complicated cultural phenomenon. His book would go beyond the other things he had read and heard about bullfighting by placing “truth” above all else. And before anything else, that corrective truth came as an explanation of the comic quality of gored horses: “The death of the horse tends to be comic while that of the bull is tragic. In the tragedy of the bullfight the horse is the comic character. This may be shocking but it is true” (6). “Shocking but true” could serve as Hemingway’s literary credo, and in this instance he locates that shocking truth in the comic residing within the tragic.

Though he insists his book will not defend or apologize for bullfighting, he does write defensively about “the strange and burlesque visceral accidents which occur” in the bullring. What is made clear in Death’s opening chapter is that, for Hemingway, the best defense is comic offense:

There is certainly nothing comic by our standards in seeing an animal emptied of its visceral content, but if this animal instead of doing something tragic, that is, dignified, gallops in a stiff old-maidish fashion around a ring trailing the opposite of clouds of glory it is as comic when what it is trailing is real as when the Fratellinis give a burlesque of it in which the viscera are represented by rolls of bandages, sausages and other things. If one is comic the other is; the humor comes from the same principle. I have seen it, people running, horse emptying, one dignity after another being destroyed in the spattering, and trailing of its innermost values, in a complete burlesque of tragedy. I have seen these, call them disembowelings, that is the worst word, when, due to their timing, they were very funny. (7)

Thus Hemingway's exegesis of bullfighting opens with a gruesome discussion of disembowelings—and thus he begins with the “worst” sorts of words—describing “a complete burlesque of tragedy.” Thus he immediately seeks to shock his American readership while also complicating any narrow or classical understanding of Spain's cultural ritual. What he assumes his audience finds gruesome and morally reprehensible, Hemingway finds “very funny.” Both the writing and what it describes are unorthodoxly “funny” and decidedly undignified.

Something else making Death's treatment of bullfighting oddly funny is its self-indulgent narration. As an introduction to bullfighting for the uninitiated, the book draws upon numerous comparisons and, at a whim, winds up pursuing a disparate range of alternative subjects. These initially illustrative comparative examples often turn into showy presentations of Hemingway's eclectic tastes and knowledge. These topics, sometimes running far afield from the bullring, include fine art, horse racing, symphony, wine connoisseurship, syphilis, homosexuality, love, and war, to name only a few. About halfway through the book, Hemingway condemns just such writing—when it appears in fiction. Writing itself is a topic Death obsessively returns to, thus making the book all the more self-reflexive:

If the people the writer is making talk of old masters; of music; of modern painting; of letters; or of science then they should talk of those subjects in the novel. If they do not talk of those subjects and the writer makes them talk of them he is a faker, and if he talks about them himself to show how much he knows then he is showing off. No matter how good a phrase or a simile he may have if he puts it in where it is not absolutely necessary and irreplaceable he is spoiling his work for egotism. Prose is architecture, not interior decoration, and the Baroque is over. For a writer to put his own intellectual musings, which he might sell for a low price as essays, into the mouths of artificially constructed characters which are more remunerative when issued as people in a novel is good economics, perhaps, but does not

make literature. (191)

A question this particular rant raises (there are many rants like this throughout the book) is, what does that make of the book at hand? Is it to be considered “literature” and “good” “sound” architectural prose? Though seeming to articulate exactly his own book’s weakness, Hemingway also implies that he has taken a more artistically honest path by refusing to place his vast knowledge of bullfighting—and many other subjects—within the artificial confines of a novel. He foregoes the “more remunerative” route by choosing to write non-fiction. The payoff is twofold: on one hand, he can claim a disregard for money and a noble pursuit of a higher, more original literary “truth”; on the other hand, writing Death in the Afternoon as non-fiction also allows him to indulge his considerable ego and show off as much as he wants. The result is a book characterized “by grotesqueness, extravagance, complexity, and flamboyance”; a book that is “irregularly shaped”; in other words, a book that fits Merriam-Webster’s definition of “baroque.” Baroque may be “over” as Hemingway declares, but in Death in the Afternoon, he does his best to show how it can be resurrected to serve his authorial purposes.

In the end, Death’s rambling style of narration is not as haphazard as it may seem, for it connects with Hemingway’s contradictory philosophy about the means for writing the most artfully truthful prose. In the close of chapter one, Hemingway’s discussion of the gypsy bullfighter Cagancho and his potential for artistry shows the counterintuitive link Hemingway makes between the good and the bad in both the art of bullfighting and the art of writing:

Cagancho is a gypsy subject to fits of cowardice, altogether without integrity, who violates all the rules, written and unwritten, for the conduct

of a matador but who, when he receives a bull that he has confidence in, and he has confidence in them very rarely, can do things which all bullfighters do in a way they have never been done before and sometimes standing absolutely straight with his feet still, planted as though he were a tree, with the arrogance and grace that gypsies have and of which all other arrogance and grace seems an imitation, moves the cape spread full as the pulling jib of a yacht before the bull's muzzle so slowly that the art of bullfighting, which is only kept from being one of the major arts because it is impermanent, in the arrogant slowness of his veronicas becomes, for the seeming minutes that they endure, permanent. That is the worst sort of flowery writing, but it is necessary to try to give the feeling, and to some one who has never seen it a simple statement of the method does not convey the feeling. (13-14)

In this passage, the contradictions of bullfighting—the exceptional artistry of a cowardly, rule-breaking matador with no integrity—get folded into the contradictions of Hemingway's artfully "truthful" writing: to truly "give the feeling," Hemingway explains, he has no choice but to move beyond simplicity and resort to "the worst sort of flowery writing." Thus the best, most truthful sort of writing that gives feeling is somehow derived from the worst. As if bullfighting were itself the rare bull that he can trust, Hemingway demonstrates how a writer who breaks all the rules, a writer with supreme "arrogance and grace," "can do things in a way they have never been done before" and, as a result, make the impermanent permanent.

Cagancho is only one rule-breaking gypsy bullfighter with no integrity of whom Hemingway writes. As an aberration, along with the evisceration of horses, Cagancho is joined by the seriously funny matador Rafael El Gallo (the rooster), a capable yet comic survivalist who breaks all the rules and emerges as Death's stealth anti-hero. More heroic bullfighters like Joselito, Belmonte, and Maera—who represent for Hemingway pinnacles of bullfighting's capacity for artistry, bravery, and tragedy—share the pages of Death with the comic, cowardly Gallo. While Joselito and Maera each die in ways

Hemingway highlights as appropriate to bullfighting's tragic form (one in the ring and one drowning in tubercular mucous under his hospital bed thus cutting his promising career short), Gallos' death, Hemingway insists, would undermine altogether the integrity of the rite:

You knew that if a bull should ever gore and kill him, and you should see it, you would know better than to go to any more bullfights. Joselito should die to prove that no one is safe in the ring and because he was getting fat. Belmonte should die because he deals in tragedy and has only himself to blame...but for Rafael El Gallo to be killed in the bull ring would not be irony, nor tragedy, since there would be no dignity; El Gallo would be too frightened for that; he never admitted the idea of death...killing El Gallo would be bad taste and prove the bullfight was wrong, not morally, but aesthetically. (159)

This characterization of El Gallo as entirely without dignity or bravery is not one of Hemingway's typical poison-pen hatchet jobs (like the one he performs earlier on Waldo Frank), for here he also frankly declares his admiration for the gypsy maverick who "never admitted the idea of death." "El Gallo did something to the bullfight," Hemingway explains, "as he did something to all of us who admired him, he corrupted it perhaps" (159). Bullfighters like Belmonte, Joselito, and Maera also "did something" to bullfighting that "corrupted it" and contributed to its decay, yet they "should die" as a means of reinforcing the tragic integrity of bullfighting. As for Gallo, Hemingway declares what "a sin it would be to kill El Gallo" (159).

Gallo and his brother Joselito are the first matadors mentioned in Death (as the ones pictured with Toklas and Stein in the picture the latter showed Hemingway when she introduced him to bullfighting) (1). While Hemingway characterizes Joselito as "probably the greatest bullfighter that ever lived" (even though he never saw him perform since he "was killed on the 16th of May, 1920" in the bull ring of Talavera) (39), his older

brother receives as many mentions in Death as his famous sibling or any other matador. The book's last photographic image, if not its last word, is also reserved for El Gallo. Belmonte reigns and then retires; Maera and Joselito both die in ways that are ugly, tragic, and somehow wrong and that, as such, only heighten the impact of their brave mastery while alive. With all three, theirs is an artistry that has come and gone and left bullfighting irrevocably changed as a result. Thus Death's narrative includes detailed discussions of each, and its illustrations section begins dominated by them. Each gets singled out as an exceptional individual talent of bullfighting's golden age, receiving all-caps pronouncements of their names accompanying their photograph.

Their death and/or completion also gets represented through Hemingway's combination of words and photos. Thus we see "JUAN BELMONTE" twice announced as such but then later depicted bidding farewell to the ring in the "LAST VIEW OF JUAN BELMONTE" (figs. 4-6). Similarly, we are introduced to "MANUEL GARCIA, MAERA" and yet, in the subtitle for that same photograph, also told that what we are seeing him "The year before he died" (fig. 7). We are first introduced to Joselito standing proud alongside his brother Gallo in a group portrait (fig. 8) followed by a series of eight images showing this "greatest bullfighter that ever lived" "at the height of his career." The montage of images offers examples of Joselito's "healthy, sound, natural" style. That montage, however, culminates with a close-up of him lying in state, and thus we finally see "JOSELITO DEAD," as the caption emphatically declares (fig. 9). This death mask image provides Hemingway's captioned photo-montage with a clear marker of the end of bullfighting's "golden age" that had been dominated by Belmonte, Joselito, and Maera.

Although images of Joselito dead and Belmonte retiring mark the end of the golden age, they come only midway through Death's illustrations. The supplementary narrative Hemingway constructs through the combination of pictures and captions continues—just as bullfighting does—into a post-golden-age afterlife of new talents and further developments. Thus, the “LAST VIEW OF JUAN BELMONTE” is immediately followed by the “FIRST VIEW OF CHICUELO” (fig. 10) a matador who follows in the golden-age luminary's wake. The message is clear: bullfighting does not end with Belmonte's retirement or Joselito's death—it moves on. What follows the tragic, dominant artistry of those men, however, is a period of disarray, failures, and problems. With the first view of Chicuelo bullfighting faces an uncertain, undetermined future. Chicuelo, though capable (and “who could do this” as one caption declares accompanying a photo of him performing a close, artful pass—fig. 11), also “hated to kill” (as the next two photos illustrate, showing him grimacing and dodging at the moment of the kill—fig. 12) and, as the next series of photographs and captions insist, was: “AFRAID OF THIS,” “AND OF THIS,” “AND OF THIS”—what we see alongside these insistent captions is a variety of disturbing outcomes that can befall matadors when things don't go according to plan: gorings, surgery, bandaged matadors in hospital rooms, and disturbing deathbed scenes. (figs. 13-19)

The “AND OF...” series of photographs function like the clauses strung together in one of Hemingway's “and” ridden run-on sentences. The series culminates with an image—captioned “AND OF THESE”— showing the “Bull of Vicente Martinez [accompanied by other bulls] that went alive out of the Madrid ring in 1923 when Chicuelo was unable to kill him” (fig. 19). What this section of Death's illustrations

depicts in all manner of aberrations and accidents in a world of bullfighting gone awry and turned upside down. They show men getting gored and winding up in hospitals or dead while bulls leave the ring alive. Things are decidedly not as they should be. Men are dying. Bulls are surviving. Bullfighting is in crisis. Death's photo narrative, however, does not end here either. Instead, it continues with even more pictures and yet another wave of talent: "These took his [Chicuelo's] place" (fig. 20). Among this new generation of bullfighters, Marcial Lalanda emerges as the "most scientific and able of present fighters." A series of three photographs illustrating his "scientific" capabilities suggest he may be on his way to filling Joselito's shoes, for bullfighting and for carrying forward Hemingway's photo narrative.

Instead, Lalanda is quickly dropped as the picture narrative moves to an increasingly jumbled assortment of images. One series shows amateurs in the streets of Navarra displaying more bravery "for fun" than highly paid professionals like Lalanda and Cagancho (fig. 21). Thus Hemingway shifts his camera/authorial eye from the individual artistic talent to the popular collective so that the all-caps captions now accompany a picture showing an "AMATEUR FIGHT IN PAMPLONA" (fig. 22). The mayhem of a crowd surrounding a bull as he tosses one of those amateurs interrupts the depiction of the formal bullfight. From here, the illustrations turn into a disordered grab bag of bullfighting curiosities: two pictures of the American matador Sidney Franklin (who, as one yet to be anointed as a full matador, does not belong in the text as Hemingway explains in an amended essay); various examples of "GOOD AND BAD KILLING"; a bullfighter caught on a bull's horn as it lifts him into the air by his neck; and other miscellany—"This, for movement" (Felix Rodriguez performing a "pase



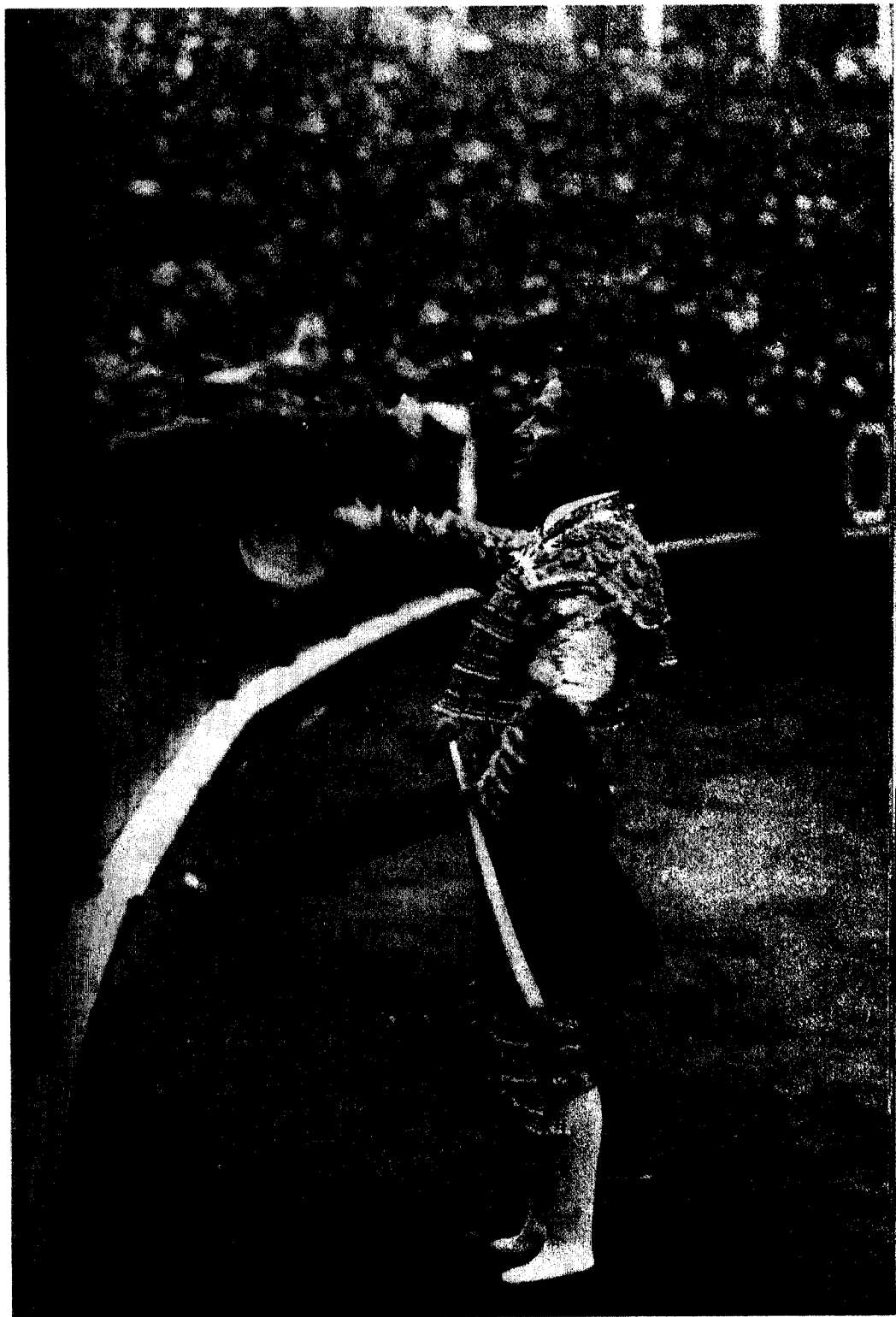
JUAN BELMONTE

Fig. 4. "Juan Belmonte." Death in the Afternoon. New York: Scribner's, 1932: 298-99.



JUAN BELMONTE

Fig. 5. "Juan Belmonte." Death in the Afternoon. New York: Scribner's, 1932: 350-51.



LAST VIEW OF JUAN BELMONTE

Fig. 6. "Last View of Juan Belmonte." Death in the Afternoon. New York: Scribner's, 1932: 352-53.



MANUEL GARCIA, MAERA

The year before he died

Fig. 7. "Manuel Garcia, Maera." Death in the Afternoon. New York: Scribner's, 1932: 314-15.



Rafael Gomez y Ortega, called El Gallo, standing in the entrance to the Madrid ring with his young brother, José, called Joselito or Gallito, at the start of Joselito's career as a matador. El Gallo is on the left, Joselito beside him. Fourth from the left is Enrique Berenguet, called Blanquet, the confidential banderillero of Joselito. The matador on the right is Paco Madrid of Malaga.

Fig. 8. "Rafael Gomez ..." Death in the Afternoon. New York: Scribner's, 1932: 330-31.



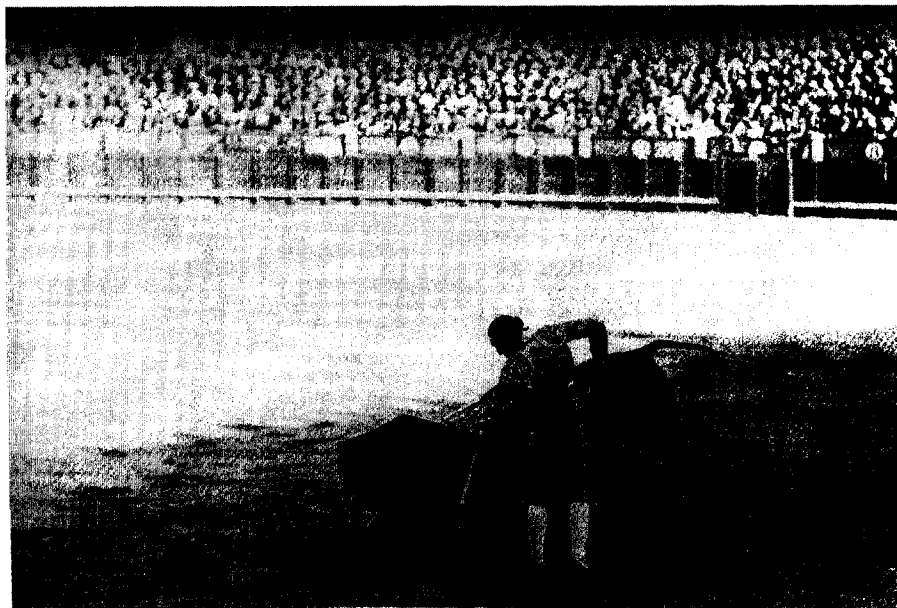
JOSELITO DEAD

Fig. 9. "Joselito Dead." Death in the Afternoon. New York: Scribner's, 1932: 348-49.



FIRST VIEW OF CHICUELO

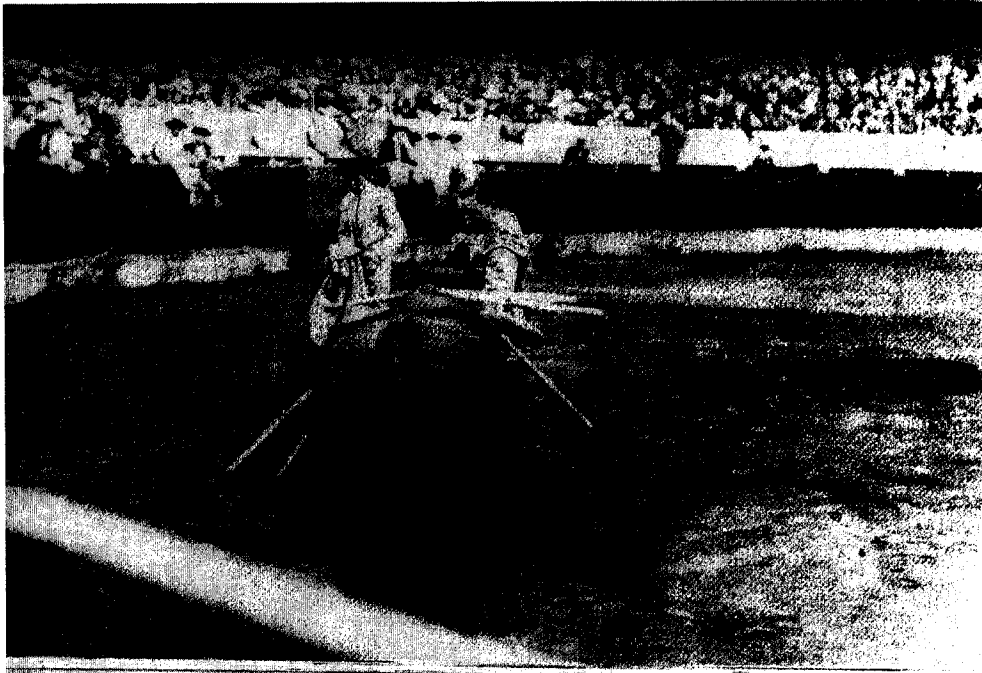
Fig. 10. "First View of Chicuelo." Death in the Afternoon. New York: Scribner's, 1932: 355-55.



CHICUELO

Who could do this

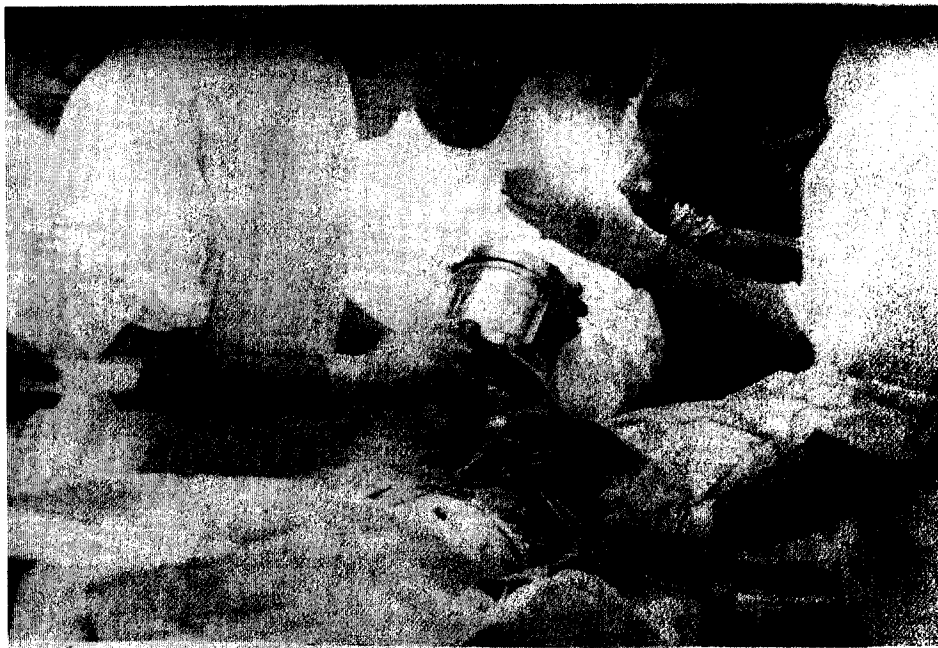
Fig. 11. "Chicuelo who could do this." Death in the Afternoon. New York: Scribner's, 1932: 356-57.



CHICUELO

Who hated to kill

Fig. 12. "Chicuelo who hated to kill." Death in the Afternoon. New York: Scribner's, 1932: 358-59.



AFRAID OF THIS

Opening a cornada in the Madrid infirmary

Fig. 13. "Afraid of This." Death in the Afternoon. New York: Scribner's, 1932: 362-63.



AFRAID OF THIS

Valencia II, called Chato, with a cornada in the right thigh.

Fig. 14. "Afraid of This." Death in the Afternoon. New York: Scribner's, 1932: 364-65.



AND OF THIS

Manuel Granero killed in the Madrid ring

Fig. 15. "And of This." Death in the Afternoon. New York: Scribner's, 1932: 366-67.



AND OF THIS

Granero dead in the infirmary. Only two in the crowd are thinking about Granero. The others are all intent on how they will look in the photograph.

Fig. 16. "And of This." Death in the Afternoon. New York: Scribner's, 1932: 368-69.



AND OF THIS

Vicente Pastor killing in the ring at Burgos. The horn has caught him as he put in the sword because the wind has blown the muleta up and toward the man.

Fig. 17. "And of This." Death in the Afternoon. New York: Scribner's, 1932: 370-71.



AND OF THIS

After the cornada. Varelito in the hospital

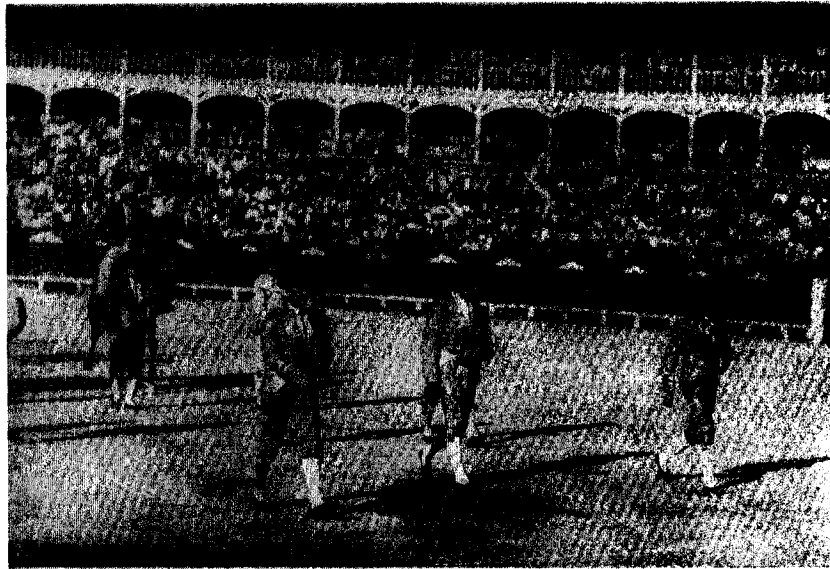
Fig. 18. "And of This." Death in the Afternoon. New York: Scribner's, 1932: 372-73.



AND OF THESE

Bull of Vicente Martinez that went alive out of the Madrid ring in 1923 when Chicuelo was unable to kill him.

Fig. 19. "And of These." Death in the Afternoon. New York: Scribner's, 1932: 374-75.



These took his place. Manolo Bienvenida, Domingo Ortega and Marcial Lalanda making the paseo in the ring at Aranjuez. Ortega when this photograph was taken was still an unknown novillero and acted as sobresaliente or substitute matador for the other two.

Fig. 20. "These took his place." Death in the Afternoon. New York: Scribner's, 1932: 376-77.



The highly paid Cagancho often kills like this from cowardice while in Navarra amateurs do this for fun.

Fig. 21. "The highly paid Cagancho...." Death in the Afternoon. New York: Scribner's, 1932: 384-85.



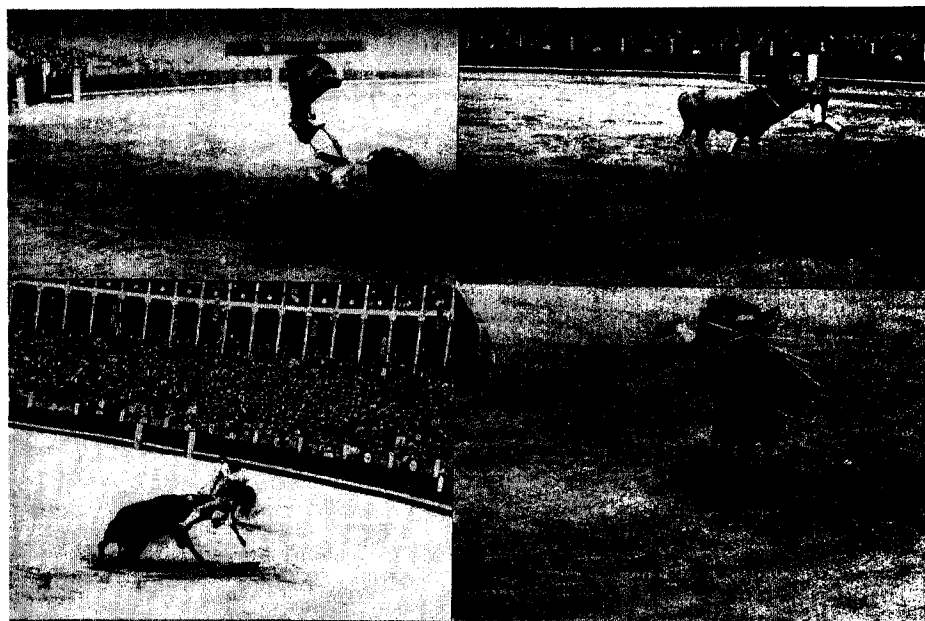
AMATEUR FIGHT IN PAMPLONA

Fig. 22. "Amateur Fight in Pamplona." Death in the Afternoon. New York: Scribner's, 1932: 386-87.



This, to remove all tragedy, is El Gallo, dedicating the last bull of his life as a bullfighter. The story is in the text.

Fig. 23. "This, to remove all tragedy." Death in the Afternoon. New York: Scribner's, 1932: 400-01.



Four of the type of incidents El Gallo avoided so assiduously while fighting bulls for thirty years as a full matador.

Fig. 24. "Four of the type of incidents..." Death in the Afternoon. New York: Scribner's, 1932: 402-03.



Half-bred bull killed in an amateur fight or capea near Madrid but not without, first, having wet his left horn.

The amateur bullfight is as unorganized as a riot and all results are uncertain, bulls or men may be killed; it is all chance and the temper of the populace. The formal bullfight is a commercial spectacle built on the planned and ordered death of the bull and that is its end. Horses are killed incidentally. Men are killed accidentally and in the case of full matadors, rarely. All are wounded; many of them severely and often. But in a perfect bullfight no men are wounded nor killed and six bulls are put to death in a formal and ordered manner by men who expose themselves to the maximum of danger over which their ability and knowledge will allow them to triumph without casualties. In a perfect bullfight, it may be admitted frankly, some horses will be killed as well as the bulls since the power of the bull will allow him to reach the horse sometimes even though the picadors were completely skillful and honorable—which they are not. But the death of the horses in the ring is an unavoidable accident and affords pleasure to no one connected with or viewing the fight except the bull who derives supreme satisfaction from it. The only practical good the death of the horse gives is in showing the spectator the danger the man is constantly exposed to and keeping him reminded that the spectacle, which the grace and skill of the men engaged in makes him take lightly, or for granted, is one of great physical peril. Writers on the peninsula who tell of the public applauding the death of the horses in the ring are wrong. The public is applauding the force and bravery of the bull which has killed those horses, not their death which is incidental and, to the public, unimportant. The writer is looking at the horses and the public is looking at the bull. It is the lack of understanding of this view-point in the public which has made the bullfight unexplainable to non-Spaniards.

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Fig. 25. "Half Bred Bull." *Death in the Afternoon*. New York: Scribner's, 1932: 404-05.



And finally El Gallo in one of the series of delicate formal compositions that the happier part of his life in the ring consisted of. The bull, as he should be, is dead. The man, as he should be, is alive and with a tendency to smile.

Fig. 26. "And finally El Gallo." Death in the Afternoon. New York: Scribner's, 1932: 406-07.

natural on a fast charging bull”) and “This, for instruction” (“a picador ruining a bull by pic-ing him in the ribs”). In what had begun as a far more cohesively structured illustrated narrative, Hemingway finishes as an increasingly disjunctive montage of the good, the bad, the ugly, and the aberrant of bullfighting. Finally, he concludes by turning again to El Gallo.

In the final series of photographs, Hemingway introduces the first with the caption, “This, to remove all tragedy, is El Gallo, dedicating the last bull of his life as a bullfighter. The story is in the text” (fig. 23). If this were Death’s last image, it would provide its “Illustration” narrative with a tidy symmetry and closure, for it echoes the earlier depictions of the departed bullfighters Maera, Joselito, and Belmonte. Instead, what the Gallo image offers is, in the language of Death’s opening discussion of gored horses, a “complete burlesque of tragedy.” The story “in the text” reveals the joke of the image that “remove[s] all tragedy.” Gallo, Hemingway explains, repeatedly declared the end of his career, each time making a big show of his “final” performance only later to change his mind and return to the ring. The image of “the last bull of his life” is nothing more than a farce, and the echo of earlier departures like Belmonte’s becomes one of histrionic mockery (in fact, Belmonte himself came out of retirement after the publication of Hemingway’s book). With this culminating series of images, we learn that Hemingway has ordered and provided captions for his illustrations in such a way as to first render and then undo bullfighting’s tragic formalism. Gallo “removes all tragedy” by refusing to die or retire.

Next comes a group of four images showing bulls tossing unnamed matadors into the air like rag dolls: “Four of the type of incidents El Gallo avoided so assiduously while

fighting bulls for thirty years as a full matador” (fig. 24). Whereas bullfighting heroes like Joselito, Belmonte, and Maera had been shown dominating bulls in total artistic control (Death does not include images of any of the three getting gored), here Hemingway illustrates Gallo’s accomplishment as a bullfighter not by showing what he did but rather what he avoided doing. The penultimate image makes yet another dynamic montage shift to show a grim close-up of a “Half-bred bull killed in an amateur fight or capea near Madrid but not without, first, having wet his left horn” (fig. 25). The image of the dead, open-eyed bull with one horn tip darkened with what appears to be blood (though also looks suspiciously like it could be paint or tar) is clearly meant to shock, sadden, and repulse as the product of amateur chaos that culminates in death, not only of the bull slaughtered by a mob but also of at least one member of that mob as the bloody horn implies.

In addition to the one sentence caption explaining the image, Hemingway amends a lengthy paragraph—by far the longest piece of text in the illustrations—which reads like an abstract of Death’s central argument. It succinctly describes the difference between amateur and formal bullfights, revisits the problem of the goring of horses as the thing most misunderstood about bullfighting, and reasserts his argument about “the lack of understanding” among “non-Spaniards” that his book has attempted to address through its combination of words and pictures. More than just the bull is “half-bred”: so too is Hemingway’s book and its section of illustrations, for Death breeds a cross between the tragic and the comic while it also mates words with photographs.

In doing so, Hemingway formally reflects the ways in which bullfighting itself functions as a cultural cross breed of popular spectatorship and professional artistry,

ancient and modern, foreign and national. This penultimate image of the dead half-breed bull sets up the book's final image (fig. 26). El Gallo, who had just been shown dedicating the last bull of his life, is back in the ring standing before another dead bull. The post-Belmonte chaos (with bulls staying alive and bullfighters going to the infirmary) has been returned to a state of order where the formal elements of bullfighting are "as they should be." It is the comic—and decidedly not tragic—El Gallo who makes it so: "And finally El Gallo in one of the series of delicate formal compositions that the happier part of his life in the ring consisted of. The bull, as he should be, is dead. The man, as he should be, is alive and with a tendency to smile." The smile, as a "tendency," is coy, and belongs not only to the comic survivalist matador (who, incidentally, outlived Hemingway) it also belongs to Hemingway and to his book. The "delicate formal composition"—of the photograph and of Hemingway's book—is deceptive. While it bespeaks the tragic, ordered formalism of bullfighting as it "should be," we know—thanks to the author's discerning eye and prose—that the undefeated man left standing (with a tendency to smile) is so due to his transgressive, rule-breaking recourse to the comic and aberrant, or "funny."

"Not only with his pen but with his pencil"

Such rule-breaking funniness proves central to Hemingway's rendering of bullfighting in Death in the Afternoon. For a rising American literary talent, the book was, on a variety of levels, a decidedly and deliberately "funny" authorial project. In his review in The New Yorker, Robert Coates called the book "an almost suicidal work for a popular author like Hemingway" (63) and contributing to the seemingly "suicidal" authorial queerness of the book is its obsessive commentary on sexuality and, in

particular, homosexuality in the midst of its exegesis of bullfighting. Again and again, Hemingway turns to stories and discussions of homosexuality as a “funny” subject. Much of the commentary bespeaks a homophobic intolerance where the funniness of the topic rests on Hemingway’s seeming contempt for “maricons”—the Spanish term included in Death’s explanatory glossary (another component of the text contributing to its status as an instructive non-fiction miscellany) which Hemingway defines as:

A sodomite, nance, queen, fairy, fag, etc. They have these in Spain too, but I only know of two of them among the forty-some matadors de toros. This is no guaranty that those interested parties who are continually proving that Leonardo da Vinci, Shakespeare, etc., were fags would not be able to find more. Of the two, one is almost pathologically miserly, is lacking in valor but is very skillful and delicate with the cape, a sort of exterior decorator of bullfighting, and the other has a reputation for great valor and awkwardness and has been unable to save a peseta. In bullfighting circles the word is used as a term of opprobrium or ridicule or as an insult. There are many very, very funny Spanish fairy stories. (417-18)

This entry communicates homophobic contempt implying a clear boundary with homosexuality on one side and the author and his chosen subject of bullfighting on the opposite side. With the dismissive reference to “interested parties” continually proving homosexuality in famous figures, the entry can also be seen as attempting to preempt any such “interested” speculation on Hemingway’s own obsessive interest in the topic. At the same time, the entry also clearly communicates an insider’s knowledge about homosexuality within the world of bullfighting; “interested parties” may make spurious claims about sexual orientation, but Hemingway presents himself as knowing beyond a doubt the status of at least two matadors as “maricons.” The entry’s declaration that “They have these in Spain too” implies an assumption on the part of his readers that homosexuality is somehow a uniquely American, English-speaking, or modern

phenomenon. Hemingway, this entry tells us, knows otherwise. The sexual tendencies of matadors fall within his purview and acquired knowledge of bullfighting.

He also knows that not all homosexuals are the same and complicates any stereotyped assumptions about them. As “a sort of exterior decorator of bullfighting,” one of the two *maricon* matadors connects with a stereotype of homosexual men who pursue what is considered the effeminate career of interior decorating (the ephemerality of which, from a modernist masculinist perspective like Hemingway’s, is clearly set against the more substantive, lasting prowess of artistic creation). In fact, Hemingway’s characterization inverts this interior decorator stereotype by describing the matador as an “exterior decorator” thus making him even more of an aberration and a joke. The second *maricon* matador, represents an opposite type of the first. Thus the stylized “exterior decorator,” who is also miserly, gets juxtaposed with a valorous, awkward spendthrift. With this curious glossary entry, then, Hemingway simultaneously communicates a distancing disdain for homosexuals together with an insider’s complicating knowledge about them. With bullfighting and homosexuality alike, they may seem simple, aberrant, and immoral from an outsider’s perspective. Hemingway, however, delves beneath such perceptions to explore the complexities of both subjects, particularly as they overlap. The entry’s concluding declaration that “There are many very, very funny Spanish fairy stories” winds up characterizing the book at hand; Death constitutes Hemingway’s own collection of very, very “funny” Spanish stories about bullfighting that, as a homosocial practice presumed to be immoral from the perspective of intolerant outsiders, proves to have much in common with homosexuality. As Hemingway tells of both kinds of stories in one, he winds up constructing a decidedly queer form of American authorship. He

does so, to use one of Death's metaphors for bisexuality, by writing "not only with his pen but with his pencil" (71).

The maricon entry's equivocal invocation and dismissal of homosexuality is not an isolated instance in Hemingway's Death and, in fact, represents only one of numerous discussions about homosexuality throughout the text. In the maricon entry, Hemingway points dismissively to "interested parties" who claim the homosexuality of famous figures, yet, with his book, he reveals his own deep, and rather obsessive, interest in the topic. Death's exegesis of bullfighting manages to include commentary on homosexuality in such a way as to communicate the author's knowledge and learned acceptance of such sex acts. A consideration of the various anecdotes and commentaries Hemingway makes on homosexuality in Death—with varying degrees of explicitness—reveal Hemingway connecting up homosexuality, bullfighting, and his own acquisition of bullfighting aficion or "passion."

At the very outset of Death, Hemingway explains that Gertrude Stein was the one to introduce him to bullfighting by showing him pictures of herself and Alice Toklas with Joselito and El Gallo. As a mentor figure from the Parisian-based avant-garde, Stein simultaneously introduces Hemingway to: 1) a world of bullfighting that consists of both the tragic and comic figures of Joselito, the dead genius matador, and his older brother El Gallo, the rule-breaking survivalist who continued to fight bulls as a cowardly joke into his fifties; 2) her homosexual partnership with Alice Toklas (something Hemingway would write vindictively about decades later in A Moveable Feast); and 3) her radically transgressive writing experiments from which Hemingway would develop his own distinctive prose style. Furthermore, when Stein shows Hemingway the bullfighting

photographs, he explains that he had just returned from “the Near East where Greeks broke the legs of their baggage and transport animals” (2). Having come from Greece where he was disturbed by their actions vis-à-vis “the poor horses,” Hemingway also admits that he “was trying to write then and found the greatest difficulty, aside from knowing truly what you really felt, rather than what you were supposed to feel, and had been taught to feel, was to put down what really happened in action; what the actual things were which produced the emotions that you experienced” (2). Thus in the first two pages of Death, Hemingway tells of his introduction to bullfighting in conjunction with exposure to deplorable practices of Greeks that he initially found disturbing but learns to accept in the context of bullfighting, his search for truth in writing, and his mentored relationship with Gertrude Stein who shows him photographs of herself and her lesbian lover pictured with the comic and tragic figures of bullfighting who would play leading roles in his book. Thus Death opens as a “very, very funny” kind of Spanish/“fairy” story about bullfighting and his own modern authorship.

After introducing Death with an admission of his initial state of innocence and authorial incapacity, Hemingway goes on to narrate at length how he came to understand and accept the comic role the “poor horses” played in the ritual of bullfighting and how he came to overcome this initial ignorance. He also shows how he has learned to “put down what really happened in action.” The specifics of the language Hemingway uses to describe his dilemma and aspirations as a writer wind up paralleling one of the book’s later anecdotal digressions that the narrator shares with the Old Lady about “those unfortunate people”—homosexuals—and thus covertly articulates exactly the struggle and identity crisis one with homosexual desire faces in being socialized under

heteronormative imperatives: in other words, having great difficulty “knowing truly what you really felt, rather than what you were supposed to feel, and had been taught to feel.”

In the anecdote—one of many that Hemingway tacks onto the end of Death's chapters in order to give his readers their “money's worth” and to amuse the “old lady” interlocutor he includes in the text (another of Death's “funny” textual components)—he tells, at the old lady's request, a “true story about those unfortunate people.” Before reluctantly agreeing to tell it, the author warns her that such stories “in general lack drama as do all tales of abnormality, since no one can predict what will happen in the normal while all tales of the abnormal end much the same.” Hemingway presents the story as a twice-told account of an incident experienced by a “poor newspaperman” who he describes as “a fool, a friend of mine, and a garrulous and dull companion [who] lived at a hotel too expensive for his salary.” Having created elaborate layers of storytelling distance between himself and “those unfortunate” “abnormal” people the story is ostensibly about, Hemingway recounts how one night in his hotel, the newspaperman has an encounter with two men occupying the room next door. The younger of the two men knocks on the newspaperman's door and enters the room crying and insisting “nothing on earth would induce him to go back into that room” that he shares with the older man. Next, “the older friend” also comes to the newspaperman's room. Although the younger man “commenced crying again and said nothing on earth would make him go back in that room [...] He went back, however, finally, after some very sensible reassuring pleading by the older friend and after the newspaperman had given them each a brandy and soda and advised them to cut it all out and get some sleep.” Death's narrator explains that “The newspaperman did not know what it was all about, he said, but thought it was

something funny all right.” Things take a disturbing turn when the newspaperman “was next awakened by what sounded like fighting in the next room and someone saying, ‘I didn’t know it was that. Oh, I didn’t know it was that! I won’t! I won’t!’ followed by what the newspaperman described as a despairing scream.” What this elaborately mediated “funny” story recounts is the newspaperman’s experiencing, from one remove, the younger man’s coerced initiation into homosexuality. As the newspaperman’s interlocutor, Death’s narrator “knows” of this story from an even further remove (179-81).

The story takes another turn the next morning as the newspaperman explains he “saw them at breakfast outside the Café de la Paix, chatting together happily, and reading copies of the Paris New York Herald” (181-82). After the protests and “despairing scream” of the night before, the two men have made peace and now sit like two lovers in the “café of peace” reading a newspaper from New York—the place where The Sun Also Rises’s Bill Gorton had told Jake Barnes he would be labeled a “faggot” if he dared declare his affection for his wounded expatriate friend as he does in the mountains of Spain. The implication is that the younger man has been converted into accepting the things he had found so reprehensible the night before. Next, Death’s narrator moves a step closer to the protagonists of the hearsay story as he explains that the newspaperman “pointed them out to me a day or two later riding together in an open taxi and I frequently saw them, after that, sitting on the terrace of the Café des Deux Magots” (182). Just as the earlier café’s name lends meaning to the developments in the story, so too does the fact that the narrator sees them frequently at the café of “two maggots” (which happens to rhyme with Gorton’s label “faggots”) implying the narrator disapproves of such urbane,

urban men as typical of the “angle worms in a bottle”—the metaphor Hemingway had used in one of his Toronto Star dispatches of the early 1920s (and would later repeat in Green Hills of Africa) for decadent New York intellectuals who traveled to Paris.

While the funniness of the story draws most explicitly from the pair of homosexual men the newspaperman encounters, its details—including Hemingway’s distancing devices—wind up contributing to further “funny” subtexts. The “I have a newspaperman friend who...” pretext of the story sounds suspiciously like an invented distancing mechanism given the level of detail in the anecdote—particularly in light of Hemingway’s own prior experience as such a man and his first novel centering on an autobiographically constructed newspaperman of ambiguous sexuality. Alternatively, the narrator’s friendly relationship with this newspaperman points to parallels with the two “unfortunate” men. The newspaperman is, after all, described as a “companion” of the narrator’s, albeit one who is “garrulous and dull” and whose own distance from the story at hand is suspiciously not-quite-distant enough. The narrator contributes to such suspicions by rendering his feelings about the newspaperman equivocally, describing him as both a “fool” and a “friend of mine.” In a story that is supposed to be about the two unfortunate men, Hemingway includes a curious amount of detail about his own friend, the story’s source, explaining not only that “he lived in a hotel too expensive for his salary,” but that “He still held his job because the circumstances which were later to demonstrate how poor a newspaperman he was had not yet arisen.” In what seems like a digression from the story at hand, Hemingway alludes to, yet withholds the details of, a career ending scandal that further calls into question the character of Hemingway’s “fool, friend,” and regular lunching “companion.”

Hemingway's manner of telling the story, including the details he chooses to include, subtly cues Death's reader to question the newspaperman's choice of hotel (one beyond his means and patronized by "unfortunate men"), his decision to share after hours drinks with these two "funny" men, and even his claim of not knowing what it was all about. As Hemingway puts it: "The newspaperman did not know what it was all about, he said, but thought it was something funny" (emphasis added). Here Hemingway explicitly raises doubts about the word of this newspaperman—the source of the very story being told. Perhaps the most potentially damning revelation about this newspaperman is his failure to intervene or respond effectively to the younger man's clear cries for help. Instead, he winds up functioning as an enabler of the younger man's initiation, providing comforting brandy and sodas that accompany what Hemingway describes as the older friend's "very sensible reassuring pleading," after which the newspaperman sends the two men back to bed. When he later hears the younger man's protestations and despairing screams, his inquiry "Do you want any help?" can be read in more than one way—as being directed either to the older or younger friend. There is also room for divergent interpretation of why the older man's retort, "Please mind your own business," makes the newspaperman angry. The reason that "he could not sleep very well" after that could be attributed to a state of agitation or arousal, or a combination of both.

The entire anecdote goes from being a simple, straightforward "funny" fairy story—one of those "true stories about those unfortunate people" that the old lady had requested—to something increasingly fishy told with unfolding layers of equivocation and unreliability. With each additional compromising piece of information about the

newspaperman, we are left wondering about the narrator himself and why he chooses to spend his time with such a questionable companion at all. As a kindred spirit of Jake Barnes's annoying friend Robert Cohn, this suspect newspaperman winds up both constituting and calling into question the character and reliability of Death's narrator. As the narrator shares with us the fact that he sees these two men together frequenting cafes, we as readers, also see that the narrator frequents the same places and does so, at least some of the time, in the company of his newspaperman companion.

In the opening of Death, Hemingway confesses initially going "to Spain to see bullfights and to try to write about them" thinking "they would be simple and barbarous and cruel and that I would not like them." Once he experiences them for himself, however, he realizes that "the bullfight was so far from simple and I liked it so much" (3). In other words—or, more specifically, in Hemingway's words—he experiences a "sea change" in his thinking about bullfighting. A "Sea Change" is the metaphor Hemingway used as the title of his short story included in Men Without Women about a lovers' café quarrel that reveals the male protagonist's acceptance of his girlfriend's pursuit of a lesbian relationship—an acceptance that leaves him suggestively moving to join a pair of men sitting on bar stools in the same café. These men enter the bar just as the story's male protagonist makes a feeble attempt at quoting lines from a poem he thinks summarize the gradual acceptance of homosexual "perversion": "“Vice is a monster of such fearful mien,”" the young man said bitterly, 'that to be something or other needs but to be seen. Then we something, something, then embrace.' He could not remember the words" (SS 399). As he tries to remember, we learn that the pair of men who enter the café drink, suggestively enough vis-à-vis Death's anecdote, brandy and

sodas—about which one of the men tells the bar tender, also suggestively enough, “Don’t neglect to insert the brandy, James.” (SS 399).

In Death, Hemingway describes the process of initial shock, fear and protest being replaced by acceptance or “embrace” that characterizes the young man’s exposure to homosexuality in ways that parallel his characterization of his own appreciation of bullfighting in Death’s opening pages—as something he thought would be shocking and distasteful that he would not like but that eventually becomes one of his most cherished passions. Such a parallel is made all the more compelling with Death’s commentary on an earlier time in bullfighting spectatorship when foreign tourists attending bullfights would leave early (unlike the narrator who, of course, would stay until the end), because it was presumed that “If they didn’t leave and liked it there was something wrong with them. Maybe they were queer” (34). Although Hemingway appears to make the link between liking bullfighting and being “queer” facetiously, and in order to disavow such associations, numerous other comments and anecdotes in his book wind up connecting the two.

In the midst of his opening chapter’s challenge to the Anglo-American assumption that bullfighting is immoral, he twice declares the importance of approaching things (first writing then bullfighting) with an open mind: “As in all arts the enjoyment increases with the knowledge of the art, but people will know the first time they go, if they only feel those things they actually feel and not the things they think they should feel, whether they will care for the bullfight or not” (10). Here, Hemingway equivocates on the question of innate vs. acquired pleasures, ultimately positing a kind of combination as he moves to a digression on the pleasure of appreciating good wine. He compares people

who refuse to “try” bullfighting with those who “refuse to drink wine which they might enjoy because they did not believe it right to do so” (10). He also explains, however, that with “education of one’s palate,” it will, over time, become all the “more educated and capable of appreciation of wine.” Besides allowing Hemingway to demonstrate an esoteric knowledge of fine wines (“I would rather have a palate that will give me the pleasure of enjoying completely a Chateaux Margaux or a Haut Brion, even though excesses indulged in in the acquiring of it has brought a liver that will not allow me to drink Richebourg, Corton, or Chambertin”) (11), this connoisseur’s viticultural sidetrack—which also compares the education of the palate to the education of the eye (and the need to avoid going blind)—culminates with a rather odd (and even queer) declaration: “But there seems to be much luck in all these things and no man can avoid death by honest effort nor say what use any part of his body will bear until he tries it” (11). The opening of the next paragraph apologetically declares that “This seems to have gotten away from bullfighting,” and tries to get back on task: “the point was that a person with increasing knowledge and sensory education may derive infinite enjoyment from wine, as a man’s enjoyment of the bullfight might grow to become one of his greatest minor passions” (11). What may “seem” like a digression from the topic at hand in fact “makes a point,” perhaps not only about the “passions” of bullfighting but also about other passions with which Hemingway’s book is preoccupied: passions that also can be seen as turning on a combination of innate and acquired tastes and that involve experimental use of a man’s body parts.

The commentary on both bullfighting and homosexuality in Hemingway’s Death, as well as in his long fiction and in a number of his short stories, revolve around

questions of vice, perversion, abnormality, and decadence in such a way as to fundamentally destabilize the grounds upon which such judgments of anything as such can be made. Ultimately Hemingway's queer authorial project in Death constitutes an effort to move beyond conventional, western, Christian notions of morality regarding bullfighting, and, by extension, homosexuality. The term and notion of decadence—something Hemingway insists is constitutive of the modern art of bullfighting—depends entirely on one's perspective—a perspective that Hemingway clearly illustrates is profoundly unstable and prone to transformation. He illustrates this point explicitly through another of Death's decidedly “funny” anecdotes that again focuses on homosexuals—this time the writer Jean Cocteau and his unfaithful young lover, Raymond Radiguet:

When the late Radiguet was alive he often wearied of the tenuous, rapturous and querulous society of his literary protector, Jean Cocteau, and spent the night at an hotel near the Luxembourg Gardens with one of two sisters who were then working as models in the quarter. His protector was greatly upset and denounced this as decadence saying, bitterly, yet proudly of the late Radiguet, “Bebé est vicieuse—il aime les femmes.” So you see, madame, we must be careful chucking the term decadence about since it cannot mean the same to all who read it. (71)

Thus what one may find “normal”—a man loving women—is, for another, aberrant or “vicieuse.” Just as Hemingway comes to embrace bullfighting, which is otherwise presumed to be immoral, and insists on its higher dignity and morality, so too does he include an anecdote where the same upending occurs vis-a-vis the assumed decadence and immorality of homosexuality, depending on one's perspective. Furthermore, a figure like Radiguet, who Death's narrator coyly describes to the old lady as a “writer who knew how to make his career not only with his pen but with his pencil if you follow me, madame,” winds up undermining any solid notions about what constitutes normalcy and

abnormality, vice and virtue. As such, Radiguet's bisexual fluidity—characterized by Hemingway with the writerly metaphor of pen/pencil—serves as a role model for the kind of queerly equivocal authorship Hemingway himself pursues in the unorthodox text that is simultaneously about its own author and his most desired other—Spain and its homosocial rite of bullfighting.

In yet another chapter-closing digression on homosexuality—something that proves to be a repeating pattern in Death—Hemingway rants about the painter El Greco as a “maricon” and accuses him of painting all of the figures in his paintings as “queers”: “Do you think that was all accident or do you think all those citizens were queer? The only saint I know who is universally represented as built that way is San Sebastian. Greco made them all that way. Look at the pictures” (204). Despite this characterization, the narrator clearly holds Greco in esteem as a fairy—an esteem he expresses by attacking a number of other men presumed or known to be homosexuals: “If he was one he should redeem, for the tribe, the prissy exhibitionistic, aunt-like, withered old maid moral arrogance of a Gide; the lazy, conceited debauchery of a Wilde who betrayed a generation; the nasty, sentimental pawing of humanity of a Whitman and all the mincing gentry. Viva El Greco El Rey de los Maricones” (205). Here, Hemingway again sounds like an “interested party” akin to those he dismisses in Death's glossary entry for maricon. Nancy Comley and Robert Scholes have pointed out how Hemingway “takes Whitman's [homosexuality] for granted at a time when many would have denied it fiercely” (120). Here again, Hemingway launches into a peculiar digression from the subject of bullfighting that turns on a confluence of “look[ing] at pictures” (as he had done in his introduction to bullfighting by Stein), homosexuality (being “built that way”),

and a discerning ability to perceive or “know” the truth about such subjects. And according to the bitter, sea-changed protagonist of Hemingway’s short story, “to be something or other needs but to be seen.” In Hemingway’s Death, looking, seeing, knowing, and being something or other all converge together with writing—both with one’s pencil and one’s pen, if you follow—as the means to establishing, performing, and somehow being—textually and otherwise—a queer sort of literary and authorial truth.

In the convergence of bullfighting, homosexuality, and the desire to write what one “truly feels” rather than what one is supposed to feel, Hemingway renders an unorthodox book about a homocentric male rite deemed “immoral” from a western Christian perspective, yet that for Hemingway makes him feel good after it is over. Before meeting Gertrude Stein and having her show him pictures of herself and her lesbian lover at a bullfight, Hemingway disapproved of what Greeks did...to their poor horses. After learning to understand and appreciate bullfighting, however, Hemingway is able to declare: “in the bullring I do not feel any horror or disgust whatever at what happens to the horses” (4). He also declares midway through his bullfighting exegesis, “Viva El Greco El Rey de los Maricones” (“long live the Greek, the King of the Fairies”) (205).

* * *

In his celebratory affirmation of El Greco as “El Rey de los Maricones,” Hemingway characterizes homosexuals as a “tribe,” and the term offers a glimpse of where Hemingway would go next in his efforts to write himself “far out past where he can go.” After the at-best tepid critical response and disappointing sales of Death, which revealed that in the eyes of critics and on the American literary marketplace it indeed

turned out to be “not enough of a book,” Hemingway did not give up on queer, experimental literary projects. In fact, he went on to explore further, to be all-the-more unorthodox, and, in a sense, tried again to go transgressively “tribal”—this time in Africa. Only recently have scholars begun to examine the imbrication of Hemingway’s transgressive racial and sexual desires as they were bound up in his interest in traveling and hunting in Africa (Eby and Moddelmog). As Hemingway put it in an entry he wrote in his wife Mary’s safari diary on his second hunting expedition there, he longed to move “outside all tribal law” in his sexual relations with her as they swapped gender roles. At the same time, he also longed to be accepted as a member of the Wakumba tribe while courting a Wakumba woman as a second wife (Moddelmog 116-17). Once again Hemingway’s desires as a man, sexual being, and author consist of transient moves beyond himself and toward tribal affiliations with a group marked as racially and sexually other. At the same time, however, he was also seeking to move beyond “all tribal law.” After Death in the Afternoon, Hemingway’s imbricated desires of affiliation and transgression of his own self with/vis-a-vis “others” would find their expression through a revisionist, self-deprecatingly “funny” kind of safari narrative where Hemingway would again insert himself into the text in decidedly funny ways. With his next big, new, groundbreaking book, Green Hills of Africa, Hemingway would once again set out to write himself as a means of establishing transgressive tribal affiliations while also attempting to move beyond all tribal—and authorial—laws.

CHAPTER FOUR

OFF THE BEATEN GAME TRAIL, IN SEARCH OF GREENER HILLS:
THE (NOT SO) GREAT WHITE HUNTER/WRITER IN AFRICA

Early in Ernest Hemingway's novel The Sun Also Rises, Robert Cohn complains to Jake Barnes about feeling restless and dissatisfied in Paris. "I can't stand it to think my life is going so fast," he laments, "and I'm not really living it" (10). Longing for adventure, Cohn proposes a trip to South America. Barnes rebuffs the offer and demeans his friend's desire for travel as the result of reading a "sinister" "romantic" book by the British naturalist and travel writer W.H. Hudson. Barnes suspects that Hudson's Purple Land is behind Cohn's longing for South America and accuses him of finding the book to be "sound" while in his own opinion it is anything but. Barnes sees it as dated nineteenth-century romanticizing of distant lands filled with exotic love affairs. For Barnes, it is as inappropriate a guide for the modern American generation as an Alger book would be for navigating the post-war stock market (9). Barnes counsels Cohn on his wanderlust and tries to convince him of its futility: "Listen, Robert, going to another country doesn't make any difference. I've tried all that. You can't get away from yourself by moving from one place to another" (11). And yet, Barnes himself resides as an expatriate in Paris, travels ritually to Spain each summer to see bullfights, and enthusiastically suggests an alternative travel itinerary: "Did you ever think about going to British East Africa to shoot?" he asks Cohn, "I'd go there with you" (10). This

fictional exchange, written some six years before Hemingway would take the first of his two shooting expeditions in British East Africa, begs the questions: If travel is such a waste of time, why did Barnes (and his creator) consider shooting in Africa to be a worthwhile travel adventure? And, where, other than from sinister, romantic books, would they have gotten such a notion? Finally, why did Hemingway choose to write Green Hills of Africa, his book about a hunting safari, given his cynicism (expressed through Barnes) about the genre of travel writing?

This exchange in Hemingway's first novel points to a number of contradictions in the author's relationship to "exotic" travel, reading and writing books, and the residual influence of Victorian ideologies in shaping his search for authenticity. Green Hills of Africa, published in 1935 (three years after Death in the Afternoon), represents Hemingway's contribution to a tradition of English language African travel writing dating back to the beginning of the nineteenth century and, as such, can be read as just another book by just another white man exploring, hunting, and writing under the influence of imperialistic assumptions vis-a-vis Africa: a book by a man who, as a representative of western civilization, asserts his prowess by braving the dark continent and engaging masterfully with its geography, its dangerous and elusive wildlife, and its racially and culturally inferior natives. In this light, Green Hills does little more than reflect the influence of the African travel narratives Hemingway read as a boy ranging from Mungo Park's Travels in the Interior Districts of Africa (1799) to Theodore Roosevelt's African Game Trails (1910). As texts widely circulated in the midst of what Michael Reynolds calls the "Africa mania" that swept Oak Park, Illinois during

Hemingway's late-Victorian childhood, African travel and safari books certainly contributed to his (and Jake Barnes's) interest in shooting in British East Africa.

And yet, upon completion of his Green Hills manuscript, Hemingway wrote to Perkins, "I had never read anything that could make me see and feel Africa." His book, by contrast, would experiment with a new kind of realism; his "absolutely true book," as he called it, would bring Africa to life for the reader in a way earlier African travel books had not. It would also, in its realism, attempt to write "out past" the romanticism of the conventional safari narrative, and thus complicate the image of the "great white hunter" and the colonialist fantasies that sustained him. Hemingway may be the narrative's white hunter out to test his masculinity in the heart of Africa, but his display of deprecating self awareness makes it clear that he is not so "great" as all that. After all, no colonial could sustain greatness in the face of the persistent sensitivity to the subjectivity of both the animals hunted and the African natives whom he portrays as ennobled alternatives to his own flawed selfhood. In this light, the hunter gets displaced by the great white writer.

There are broad historical reasons for Hemingway's critical turn on the genre. Between when a young Hemingway first read TR's book about the "African Wanderings of an American Hunter-Naturalist," and when he would write his own book about hunting in East Africa, a world war would eviscerate western civilization's confident claims to progress and superiority. Further widening the gap between Hemingway and his African travel writing predecessors were, first, the postwar "Jazz Age" celebrating the "primitive" culture and identities of black Africans and their American descendents as alternative sources of authenticity, and, second, the *Great Depression* which further challenged the confidence of western industrialized nations. Thus, while Hemingway's African safari

and the narrative it yielded are clearly tied to earlier traditions of big game hunting and safari writing (and can be read as evidence of Hemingway's hunting in Africa as an act of nostalgic escapism), his Green Hills also reveals a skeptic's challenge to the imperialist ideologies and assumptions motivating those traditions.

This chapter begins with a brief discussion of the tendency of much Hemingway scholarship to conflate Hemingway and Theodore Roosevelt as interchangeable representatives of modern American manhood, in part because both men took African hunting safaris. It then builds on Michael Reynolds and Suzanne Clark's considerations of Hemingway's oppositional stand vis-à-vis TR's version of manhood and offers a reading of Green Hills of Africa as a denunciatory critique of the "great white explorer/hunter's" assumption of a racial and moral superiority. This reading of Green Hills is prefaced by a reading of Hemingway's "Natural History of the Dead" (written shortly before Green Hills and included as one of the many tangents in Death in the Afternoon), a parodic attack on natural history writing that takes a bead on Mungo Park as the founder of English-language African travel writing. That story provides evidence of Hemingway's assault on what he saw as the flawed vision of "imperial eyes" (to borrow the phrase coined by Mary Louise Pratt).

Taking Hemingway's quarrel with Park's African travel writing as a rehearsal of his later challenge to the safari writing of TR and others, this chapter then compares TR's Game Trails and Hemingway's Green Hills and illustrates how the latter attempts to both debunk and outdo safari narratives like Roosevelt's. Hemingway casts himself as surpassing TR and other forebears by, on the one hand, focusing on the difficult and specialized endeavor of hunting greater kudu—something Roosevelt admitted he did not

have the strength or stamina to pursue. More importantly, however, Hemingway attempts to outdo Roosevelt and other safari authors by writing a book that claimed to be both more truthful and more literary. The exceptional “truth” Hemingway sought in writing his revisionist safari book (“absolutely with no faking or cheating of any kind” as he described it to Perkins) (OTTC 215) relied on rendering himself as a complicated hunter/writer who was more fallible than the Rooseveltian stereotype of the great white hunter/explorer. Green Hills replaces TR’s heroic persona with a far more self-deprecatory anti-heroic hunter who frankly acknowledges his shortcomings, and, at times, even turns himself—and his text—into a joke. As he had done in Death in the Afternoon, Hemingway again pursues a decidedly “funny” kind of authorship.

As such, Hemingway’s text takes what David Spurr has described as travel writing’s “epistemic violence and colonizing order” and turns some of that violence onto the self (3). Green Hills ultimately portrays the competitive pursuit of the trophy with the biggest horns (the pursuit that drives the book’s narrative) as a petty endeavor at odds with genuine prowess. In Green Hills, Hemingway’s fallible self and the book itself become the ultimate, albeit ironic, hunting trophies. As Hemingway renders his status as a not so “great white hunter,” he also establishes an alternative prowess as a still competent, principled, albeit flawed, hunter who claims a greater degree of sensitivity toward the land, animals, and people of Africa. Just as Death had been an attempt to capture the truth about Spain and its bullfighting by self-consciously writing “not enough of a book,” so too does Hemingway set out to capture the truth about Africa and big-game hunting by writing himself as not enough of a hunter. However, implying his superior intimacy with Africa, in what he insists is uniquely truthful literary prose, is a

key to claiming instead a status as an even greater “white writer” with abilities and sensitivities that surpass those of his colonial and neo-imperialist forebears.

Hemingway’s heightened self-awareness in Green Hills is matched by a heightened awareness of the “other” in the form of both the African natives who accompany him on his safari and the animals he hunts. At the same time Hemingway seeks approval from his paternalistic “white hunter” guide Philip Percival (who symbolizes all that is noble about safari hunting’s past), he is also drawn to the nobility of the Masai he encounters, particularly his gun bearer M’Cola. The kind of relationship of camaraderie and mutual respect that Hemingway seeks with some of his African attendants (while not hesitating to malign the affectations and flaws of others) stands in stark contrast to the relationship of superior master and generic subordinates that TR maintained with the Africans who worked for him on his safari. In the end, however, Hemingway’s undermining of the traditional colonialism of safari narratives is qualified by how the act of writing functions as a pioneering literary conquest of textual green hills.

“The legends that he started”: TR and Hemingway

One obvious explanation for why Hemingway would want to go shooting in Africa and then write a book about it is the fact that he grew up in a middle-class Victorian home that valued nineteenth-century naturalist and travel writing on Africa, from Mungo Park’s Travels in the Interior Districts of Africa, first published in 1799, to Stanley and Livingstone’s narrative of exploration to hunting narratives like Courtney Selous’s A Hunter’s Wanderings in Africa to Roosevelt’s African Game Trails of 1910. This latter gilt-edged tome, added to the Hemingway family library soon after it

appeared, was, no doubt, something young Ernest (whose mother dressed him not only in dresses but also in rough rider outfits) would have marveled over as the kind of impressively “big” “classic” book he would dream of making himself. Hemingway grew up just after the Roosevelt administration shepherded the United States into the twentieth century as an economically strong international presence. Roosevelt’s legendary adventurer persona and “strenuous life” ethic that helped define a modern American masculinity loomed large in the lives and imaginations of the middle class boys of Hemingway’s generation.

It is a truism of most Hemingway scholarship that in traveling to Africa for a safari and then writing a book about it, Hemingway was emulating his boyhood hero. Roosevelt and Hemingway are kindred spirits embracing the same confident masculine sensibilities and principles. In the opening paragraph of Kenneth Lynn’s influential biography, he states that as Hemingway’s “fame grew, his self-dramatizations hardened into myth, for he had tapped into the twentieth century’s enormous nostalgia for the manly virtues of earlier times” particularly those embodied by “the cowboys extolled by Theodore Roosevelt” (9). Jeffrey Meyers’s summary of the similarities between TR and Hemingway is an even more striking example of merging the two men into a single figure of manhood:

There are some striking similarities between Teddy Roosevelt, who glorified his own exploits and became President two years after Ernest was born, and Hemingway, who modeled himself on the hero of San Juan Hill. Both men had tremendous energy, personal magnetism, boastful self-confidence and a boyish joy in ordinary experience. Both advocated the strenuous life, and placed great emphasis on bodily fitness and physical strength. Both were pugnacious and belligerent, and became experienced boxers. Both were keen naturalists who hunted big game in the American West and in East Africa. Both were men of letters who became men of action, and heroes who generated considerable publicity.

Hemingway, following in the tradition of his grandfathers and of Teddy Roosevelt, went to five wars. (3-4)

John Raeburn melds the two men into one even more deliberately:

If Mark Twain was the Lincoln of American literature, as Howells said he was, then Hemingway was the Theodore Roosevelt: “Teddy” and “Papa” (and the famous nicknames were testimony to the public affection they commanded) each joined in one forceful individual the man of thought with the man of action, the distinctive public personality with the genius for making news, and those volatile combinations rendered them irresistible to their contemporaries, who loved them more for the legend of their lives than for their objective achievements. (11)

This tight fit is reinforced as well by the parallel careers of their safari narratives. Not only did Scribner’s publish both Roosevelt’s African Game Trails and Hemingway’s Green Hills of Africa, but its magazine serialized both narratives prior to book publication. Leonard Leff suggests that the fact Scribner’s had been Roosevelt’s publisher influenced Hemingway’s decision to abandon Boni & Liveright and sign on with the older, more established house. In describing Hemingway’s first meeting with Perkins at the Scribners’s office in New York, Leff explains that “Perkins had a ‘Rough Rider’ ashtray on the corner of the desk, for Scribners was the publishing house of the former president, an author whose hunger for attention was notable and whose books were part of the construction of the display of his persona. Hemingway, who revered Teddy Roosevelt, needed an audience. He wanted respectability, and he liked Max Perkins. He was home” (32).

Hemingway’s poem, “Roosevelt,” included in his first book, Three Stories and Ten Poems (1923), has served as a touchstone for connections between the two men. As a Hemingway scholarship chestnut, citations of the poem typically focus on the unintended irony of the last three lines of an otherwise self-consciously ironic piece of

verse: “And all the legends that he started in his life/Live on and prosper/Unhampered now by his existence.” Lynn’s observation of these lines is typical: “The poem was a tissue of ironies, but its greatest irony was lost on the author. In the last three lines, Hemingway inadvertently composed a prophetic description of the power that his own legends would acquire” (176). In his study of Hemingway as a public writer, Raeburn takes these same lines as his epigraph. This focus on the unintentionally prophetic closing implies Hemingway and Roosevelt were two versions of the same legend. What gets lost with such a reading, however, is the poem’s originally intended irony and what it reveals about Hemingway’s skeptical, debunking attitude toward Roosevelt and his legendary standing. The deliberately crafted “tissue of ironies” problematizes claims that Hemingway was a man who blindly “revered Teddy Roosevelt.”

In its entirety, “Roosevelt” reveals how Hemingway, who was famous for his “breaks” with influential mentors, at the outset of his literary career attempts to distance himself as a modern cynic from a late-Victorian legend. “Roosevelt” is no adoring encomium to the departed president:

Workingmen believed
 He busted trusts,
 And put his picture in their windows.
 “What he’d have done in France!”
 They said.
 Perhaps he would—
 He could have died
 Perhaps,
 Though generals rarely die except in bed,
 As he did finally.
 And all the legends that he started in his life
 Live on and prosper,
 Unhampered now by his existence. (88 Poems 45).

Disingenuously taking on the voice and perspective of “Workingmen,” Hemingway calls into question the legitimacy of Roosevelt’s status as a trust buster and then implicates this proletariat for blindly promoting an overblown and false persona. He evokes a process of bogus legend making with the image of a photographic portrait of Roosevelt being placed on public display by a misguided group of lowbrow men. Hemingway’s narrator, by contrast, is one not so blindly enthusiastic about speculation concerning Roosevelt’s potential prowess in World War I—a catastrophe of civilization that, in the hindsight of 1922 when he wrote his poem, Hemingway knew had been impervious to heroism. Hemingway reserves final judgment and strikes a superior, more skeptical tone evoked by his repeated “Perhaps.” For someone like Hemingway, who had not only seen the death and carnage of the war but embraced it as modern truth and his literary inspiration, dying in bed was not the end of true legends. The closing line (besides being prophetically ironic) is indicative of Hemingway’s sense of a historical chasm lying between the post-war “now” of his own time and Roosevelt’s pre-war “existence” in and of the past. Like the words and concepts “honor” and “courage” that Hemingway attempted to do away with in A Farewell to Arms, in “Roosevelt” he attempts to counteract any further prospering of what he clearly saw as an overblown and inaccurate Progressive-era legend foisted on and perpetuated by, among others, ignorant working men.

In contrast to the many Hemingway scholars who consider Roosevelt’s influence on Hemingway’s boyhood, Michael Reynolds notes the similarities and differences between the two men, evocatively juxtaposing Hemingway’s homecoming from Europe after being wounded in the war with Roosevelt’s funeral procession. Reynolds highlights

the rift that the war and Hemingway's experience of it created between Roosevelt's world and Hemingway's post-war coming of age. The cynical modernism of Hemingway's burgeoning manhood considered men like Roosevelt culpable for the heroic romanticizing ideologies that caused the war in the first place. TR would have disapproved of someone like Nick Adams, Reynolds asserts, and implies that Nick and his creator would not have much cared and even may have preferred that the too priggish TR disapprove (The Young Hemingway 16-35).

In his consideration of Hemingway in relation to Roosevelt, Reynolds more or less stops there; he does not revisit the TR legacy in his later volume on Hemingway in the thirties. More recently, Suzanne Clark has examined the relationship between TR and Hemingway in her study Cold Warriors: Manliness on Trial in the Rhetoric of the West, arguing that "Ernest Hemingway's texts had always had a critical relationship to the Roosevelt narrative of manliness and progress. At the same time that Hemingway took the Roosevelt hero as his theme...he wrote to unsettle that ideology from within" (68). Clark teases out the deeper implications of Reynolds's earlier observation of the differences between TR and EH in a rereading of Hemingway in relation to TR's mythic manhood and in light of Cold War politics and literary criticism which she blames for the conflation of the two figures. What Cold War ideologies obfuscate, Clark argues, is that "[Hemingway] wrote both within and against the moral legacy inherited by him and by American culture from Teddy Roosevelt" (89). "[T]o take him as representative of a particular link to Roosevelt, a certain kind of male subject," Clark asserts, "risks confounding cultural, natural, and personal histories" (82). With these insights in mind, both Hemingway's "Natural History of the Dead" and Green Hills of Africa can be seen

as texts that engaged TR and the traditions of African travel and natural history writing, yet also reflected a “cultural, natural, and personal” history both at odds with and struggling under the influence of its past. They also show how Hemingway attempted to go “far out past” such inherited legacies by way of his transgressive masculine authorship.

**Throwing Iodine in Imperial Eyes:
Mungo Park and Hemingway’s Denatured Naturalism**

Throughout his boyhood and in the later research he did for Green Hills of Africa, Hemingway read widely from the works’ of nineteenth-century naturalists and adventurers including W. H. Hudson (who Barnes found to be such a pernicious influence on Cohn). He also collected the popular American coffee-table safari books that proliferated throughout the teens and twenties in the wake of Roosevelt’s 1910 safari book. “Safari writing,” as a product of travel experiences expressly designed as shooting expeditions like those Jake Barnes and Hemingway dreamed of, dates back to Frederick Courtney Selous’s 1881 A Hunter’s Wanderings in Africa, which was one of the many books Hemingway owned. As an Anglo “wanderer-hunter” in Africa, and as an author who set out to write a “true book” about his experiences hunting greater kudu and other large game, Selous was a predecessor of both Roosevelt and Hemingway. In African Game Trails, Roosevelt described Selous as his “valued English friend” and “the greatest of the world’s big-game hunters.” Selous had made the arrangements for Roosevelt’s own post-presidential safari and was on board the Admiral with him when it sailed from Naples to Mombasa. Roosevelt sang the older Brit his highest praise, declaring that “No other hunter alive has had the experience of Selous; and, so far as I now recall, no hunter of anything like his experience has ever also possessed his gift of penetrating observation

joined to his power of vivid and accurate narration” (6). As these comments suggest, for Roosevelt, the hunting alone was not in and of itself the source of the greatest power or prestige: it was best accompanied by “penetrating” observation and the ability to create “vivid and accurate narration.” Thus one of the lessons handed down to Hemingway from forebears like Selous and Roosevelt, was that accurate shooting had to be joined by “accurate” seeing and writing.

In his article, “Hemingway’s Constructed Africa: Green Hills of Africa and the Conventions of Colonial Sporting Books,” Lawrence Martin takes Selous as the starting point of the literary and African travel influences on Hemingway’s own safari text. The tradition of “penetrating” African travel writing that influenced Hemingway, however, stretches significantly further back in time, all the way to Mungo Park’s seminal African travelogue, Travels in the Interior Districts of Africa (1799). In constructing his own account of adventures in Africa, Hemingway adopted yet worked deliberately against the conventions and sensibilities initiated by Park and codified over the course of the nineteenth century.

The influence of Park’s Travels throughout the nineteenth and into the twentieth century has marked him as the father of the genre of English-language African travel literature. In 1795, Park set out as an explorer and trained botanist, naturalist, and surgeon sponsored by The Association for Promoting the Discovery of the Interior Districts of Africa, with the mission of finding the Niger River in West Africa and determining the direction of its flow and its viability as a trade route. The story of Park’s entry into the “interior” of Africa with minimal assistance and his return two years later with nothing but the written notes of his observations and adventures tucked away in his

hat went on to become the stuff of legend. His book's Latin epigraph taken from Virgil, "egens Libya deserta peragro" (In Libyan deserts I wander thus alone), is indicative of Park's epic standing as the original lone British "wanderer" in Africa whose heroic accomplishment of exploration was equaled only by his literary narration of the experience. Selous, Roosevelt, and the numerous other literary explorers, wanderers, and hunters that ultimately included Hemingway all followed in Park's footsteps, not only as individuals remembered for braving Africa but also for writing (or in Hemingway's case attempting to write) influential books about their exotic travels.

In her introduction to a recent edition of Park's Travels, Kate Ferguson Marsters explains that Park's "narrative offered a paradigm for the hero who would make it possible for expansionist-minded Europeans to imagine themselves as a welcome and positive force. While he was intrepid in gathering the news he reported with a degree of scientific objectivity, he is even better known as a sentimental traveler—one who recorded also his personal and subjective response to Africa" (2). As such, Park set a standard of perseverance, objectivity, and compellingly personal literary narration. "Surgeon" is the title that accompanies his name on the title page, evoking the author's status as not only an author but someone trained in a scientific discipline that, in 1800, aspired to precise incision, exploration, and ameliorative alteration. With the success of his book, Park came to serve as a role model throughout the nineteenth century for bravery, manly rectitude, and a blend of scientific rationality and Christian faith. His Travels was repeatedly reissued and, as Marsten explains, "commonly given to boys in the United States and Britain as a prize for good behavior or achievement at school" (2).

In describing his travels into West Africa, Park provides a combination of dry empirical descriptions of flora, fauna, and landscapes blended with harrowing accounts of dangerous encounters with hostile lands and peoples. His exceptional “good behavior” and “accomplishment” turns on his seemingly super-human perseverance under the most adverse circumstances including starvation, dehydration, exposure to an unforgiving desert climate, encounters with murderous natives, imprisonment, and physical abuse. Park represented a real-life version of John Bunyan’s pilgrim, Christian, the quintessential intrepid traveler seeking the path to salvation. Throughout his narrative, Park repeatedly tells of being admonished to turn back and give up his exploration. He emphasizes the fact that each step forward carries him further into more hostile lands and perilous circumstances. The further he goes the fewer supplies and less assistance he has at his disposal. His guides and attendants either leave him or are detained, and with every new kingdom he enters he must offer up a portion of his already limited possessions as tributes ensuring his safe passage. What little he has is repeatedly pillaged and diminished by half (and half and half again) until he finally has nothing but his hat and travel notes. An expedition that begins with confidence, in control, well-supplied, and rationally directed gradually transforms into an increasingly suspenseful adventure and eventually into captivity, narrow escapes, irrational wanderings, and an increasingly tenuous struggle for survival. The reader’s only hope for Park’s survival is the existence of the narrative itself, brought to fruition upon successful completion of his journey and return to civilization.

As Park narrates a process of a gradual stripping away of all of his resources (along with his ability to control his circumstances), what becomes increasingly

remarkable (and in fact seemingly irrational) is his insistence on continuing his journey in spite of the ever-increasing risks. He explains that the thought of not fulfilling his obligations to the Association back in England is far more disagreeable to him than the possibility of starvation, torture, enslavement, unmediated exposure to the severest of climates, and a violent death at the hands of barbaric Moors or native savages, all of which he faces in continuing his exploration. What ultimately makes Park's seemingly irrational perseverance rational (besides the logic of literary narrative), is his continued pronouncement of a Christian faith, as well as an implied faith in the rightness and importance of his endeavor as a subject of the English crown and an agent of British imperial expansion, commerce, and knowledge.

As such, Park travels Africa as an agent of commerce, dutiful British subject, scientist, natural historian (who aspires to objectively observe and record), writer, heroic adventurer, faithful Christian, and colonialist frontiersman, all of which legitimate his primary purpose: to provide an "ocular demonstration" of the flow of the Niger river for the sake of "rendering the geography of Africa more familiar to my countrymen, and in opening to their ambition and industry new sources of wealth, and new channels of commerce"(68). Above all else, Park is sent into Africa to see and "demonstrate" as a preliminary stage of European exploitation and the transformation of Africa into a profitable colonial holding. Thus the "ocular" intentions of Park's travels make him an exemplary bearer of what Mary Louise Pratt has called "Imperial Eyes": His vision serves as a principal tool of imperialist expansion and domination. The power of this vision rests on its combination of scientific rationality together with Christian faith and sentiment. Park sees not only as a scientist, but as one whose faith lends crucial clarity to

his visions in the face of adversity. When he faces death under a cruel desert sun, he sees the reassuring hand of god in the delicate creation of desert flowers. His ability to feel a sentimental Christian hope from what he sees carries him forward as much as his more rational scientific vision in the service of imperial profit.

Park's hybridized authorial stance—heroic sentimental visionary and rational scientific observer as agent of commerce—mark the beginning of the genre of African travel writing. It is this genre-founding text that Hemingway directly challenges shortly before beginning work on his own African travel narrative. In his unorthodox short story, “A Natural History of the Dead,” included as one of the many tangents in Death in the Afternoon and reprinted in his third collection of stories, Winner Take Nothing (1933), Hemingway takes a bead on Park's Travels as a prime example of the natural history writing he set out to undercut and rewrite in his own dark parody. In an attack on what Hemingway sees as the genre's too rosy Christian humanism, he singles Park out as an early representative of the pious nineteenth-century naturalists who provided “charming and sound accounts of the flora and fauna” of different “natural” environments.

Hemingway parodies the blend of scientific observation and Christian faith, critiquing its failure to confront unsavory truths that challenge the confidence of both rational science and Christian faith (violence, warfare, death, and decay). These are subjects Hemingway confronts in positing himself as a more honest, unsentimental, and unflinching modernist.

In delivering his criticism of Park, Hemingway quotes directly from Travels, suggesting that he was one of the many American boys directed to Park's narrative as part of their upbringing. Hemingway's invocation, however, is bitingly irreverent. “The observations of the naturalist,” Hemingway quips, “[are] written most interestingly,” and

the specific writers he mentions, before focusing on Park in particular, include Cohn's "sinister" W.H. Hudson and two other men who bear Christian titles, Reverend Gilbert White and Bishop Stanley. These men, who wrote books with titles like Familiar History of Birds, represent for Hemingway a too chaste and ultimately untruthful blend of naturalism and Christian humanism. As such, they serve as the straw men for Hemingway's purportedly more true natural history. Park and his Travels in the Interior of Africa sustain Hemingway's most elaborate gibes:

When that persevering traveller [sic], Mungo Park, was at one period of his course fainting in the vast wilderness of an African desert, naked and alone, considering his days as numbered and nothing appearing to remain for him to do but to lie down and die, a small moss-flower of extraordinary beauty caught his eye. "Though the whole plant," says he, "was no larger than one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots, leaves and capsules without admiration. Can that Being who planted, watered and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and suffering of creatures formed after his own image? Surely not. Reflections like these would not allow me to despair; I started up and, disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forward, assured that relief was at hand; and I was not disappointed."

With a disposition to wonder and adore in like manner, as Bishop Stanley says, can no branch of Natural History be studied without increasing that faith, love and hope which we also, everyone of us, need in our journey through the wilderness of life? Let us therefore see what inspiration we may derive from the dead. (DIA 134)

This tongue-in-cheek reference to the "faith, love, and hope" that Hemingway sees as inherent to natural history writing serves as a sardonic introduction to his own gruesome account of the dead of World War One—the subject of his revisionist naturalist observations. Repeatedly referring to him as "that persevering traveler," Hemingway uses Park as the butt of a literary joke that sets out to gut the Christian humanist premise that he sees at the core of natural history writing.

Just as he had mimicked the British speech patterns of his professional soldier friend Chink Dorman-Smith in *In Our Time*, Hemingway mockingly employs the diction of the nineteenth century naturalist as a way of revealing it as a voice inadequate to the horrors of WWI. Hemingway strikes this distinctly sardonic tone by using a “pleasant” rhetorical style to describe the extreme unpleasantness of recovering dead bodies after a munitions plant explosion outside of Milan:

I remember that after we had searched quite thoroughly for the complete dead we collected fragments. Many of these were detached from a heavy, barbed-wire fence which had surrounded the position of the factory and from the still existent portions of which we picked many of these detached bits which illustrated only too well the tremendous energy of high explosive. Many fragments we found a considerable distance away in the fields, they being carried farther by their own weight. (DIA 136)

Here Hemingway transforms the naturalist practice of “collecting” “fragments,” “portions,” and “bits” of flora into the grisly task of picking human body parts from barbed-wire. In comparison to his typically minimalist style, phrasings in this passage—“quite thoroughly,” “only too well,” “tremendous,” and “a considerable distance”—serve as mockery. Employing the measured narrative tone typical of writers like Park and other British and American naturalists, Hemingway’s narration continues seemingly oblivious to the horror of what he describes, casually noting:

the fact that it had been so immediate and that the dead were in consequence still as little unpleasant as possible to carry and deal with made it quite removed from the usual battlefield experience. The pleasant, though dusty, ride through the beautiful Lombard countryside also was compensation for the unpleasantness of the duty [. . .] We agreed too that the picking up of the fragments had been an extraordinary business; it being amazing that the human body should be blown into pieces which exploded along no anatomical lines, but rather divided as capriciously as the fragmentation in the burst of a high explosive shell. (DIA 136-37)

In this description of the “extraordinary business” of collecting human body parts, Hemingway’s mock natural history explodes the “faith, love, and hope” upon which the naturalist’s confident, rational narrative style had been based. The anatomical integrity of the human body, along with the naturalist’s humanist ideals, get “blown into pieces [...] as capriciously as the fragmentation in the burst of a high explosive shell.” The extent of the seeming unnaturalness of such horrors that is the point of Hemingway’s “natural history” of the war dead is further dramatized by the fact that the victims of the munitions plant explosion were women. Hemingway notes “This inversion of the usual sex of the dead,” explaining “I must admit, frankly, the shock it was to find that these dead were women rather than men.” That women had become casualties of total war indicates how thoroughly a “natural” order envisioned by Hemingway’s Victorian forebears had come unraveled. Thus Hemingway draws upon a Victorian sensibility (a fundamental difference in the appropriate roles and situations of the sexes) just as he narrates its demise.

Park’s optimistic visions and Christian faith in “that Being” who created humans “after his own image” make natural observation a form of humanist inspiration. This Christian vision is central to what Hemingway disapproves of in nineteenth-century naturalism. Hemingway’s own natural history rejects such optimism in the face of altered modern vision. In opening his account of the munitions factory explosion, Hemingway states, “We drove to the scene of the disaster in trucks along poplar-shaded roads, bordered with ditches containing much minute animal life, which I could not clearly observe because of the great clouds of dust raised by the trucks” (135-36). The kind of “minute animal life” that had inspired Park and other nineteenth-century

naturalists is, for Hemingway, obscured by “great clouds of dust raised” with the destructions of mechanized warfare.

After describing the scene at the munitions factory, Hemingway continues with a stomach-turning description of a decomposing corpse:

Until the dead are buried they change somewhat in appearance each day. The color change in the Caucasian races is from white to yellow, to yellow-green, to black. If left long enough in the heat the flesh comes to resemble coal-tar, especially where it has been broken or torn, and it has quite a visible tarlike iridescence. The dead grow larger each day until sometimes they become quite too big for their uniforms, filling these until they seem blown tight enough to burst. The individual members may increase in girth to an unbelievable extent and faces fill as taut and globular as balloons. (DIA 137)

That Hemingway specifies the Caucasian race in his description of the dead illustrates another way (discussed in more detail below) in which he takes the nineteenth century Victorian sensibility of social Darwinian racial superiority (a hierarchical understanding of civilization with white western societies perceiving themselves as a more evolved and advanced stage of human development on the forward edge of progress) and turns it on its head. Hemingway’s description of the process of decomposition reverses the optimistic trajectory of progress by replacing it with one of decay and a return to a darker and darker state (which, nonetheless, still follows the hierarchy, only in reverse). He then returns to Park as his naturalist straw man:

One wonders what the persevering traveller, Mungo Park, would have seen on a battlefield in hot weather to restore his confidence. There were always poppies in the wheat in the end of June and in July, and the mulberry trees were in full leaf and one could see the heat waves rise from the barrels of the guns where the sun struck them through the screens of leaves; the earth was turned a bright yellow at the edge of holes where mustard gas shells had been and the average broken house is finer to see than one that has never been shelled, but few travellers would take a good full breath of the early summer air, and have any such thoughts as Mungo Park about those formed in His own image. (138)

Inspirational thoughts deriving from what Park saw as a Christian visionary, are no longer viable in the face of such destruction.

In addition to characterizing Park as an author with outdated sensibilities, Hemingway responds to another kind of naturalism: Stephen Crane's Civil War novel, The Red Badge of Courage. Crane's narrative, with its biblical references and blending of natural imagery with the fear and horror of the Civil War experience of Henry Fleming, falls short of rejecting Christian ideologies in the way Hemingway does. The disk of the sun and the rich descriptive imagery of the woods that recur in Crane's novel again and again serve as glimpses of a transcendent natural order that counterpoints the carnage of battle and Fleming's fleeting innocence. Hemingway, by contrast, paints bright yellow mustard gas and clouds of dust generated by trucks over a natural environment more fundamentally compromised by the acts of mechanized, industrialized total war. From Hemingway's perspective, the land and any kind of "natural" order itself have been corrupted and laid to waste.

At this point in his denatured "Natural History" Hemingway concludes that "men die like animals, not men" and moves from the parodic portion of the piece to a closing dialogue-driven episode more typical of his prose. This latter portion of the story turns on an exchange between a surgeon (perhaps a deliberate link to Park's professional moniker) and an artillery officer at a front-line dressing station arguing over the fate of a soldier whose head injury ("the structure of his brain disturbed by a piece of broken steel in it") has made it impossible for the surgeon to help or save him. In rendering this argument between doctor and artillery officer, Hemingway continues the motif of compromised vision begun in his critique of Park. The surgeon has been a victim of

mustard gas shells (like those Hemingway had earlier described as having “turned [the earth] a bright yellow”) and his “eyes were red and the lids swollen, almost shut from tear gas.” Despite his condition, the surgeon is compelled to keep tending as best he can to the overwhelming flow of wounded and dying soldiers. His training as a surgeon does not enable him to help the man with the broken skull. As such, the surgeon is confronted not only with his own personal and professional limitations but the limitations of humanity, “progress” and Western civilization as it sets about destroying itself.

The surgeon loses his patience with two stretcher bearers who are uncomfortable with the fact that the soldier has been placed in a cave among the dead. The artillery officer who overhears the exchange finds the surgeon’s attitude callous and challenges him to do something for the soldier. Their argument culminates with the surgeon throwing a saucer of iodine into the eyes of the artillery officer then toppling, kicking and disarming him. Pushed to his breaking point, the surgeon resents the artillery officer who sees himself as more humane than the doctor in suggesting that he give the wounded soldier an overdose of morphine. “My business is to care for the wounded not to kill them,” he replies biting, “That is for gentlemen of the artillery.” After their altercation, as the surgeon has the officer restrained and prepares to clean his eyes with alcohol, one of the stretcher bearers informs them that the soldier in question has died. “See my poor lieutenant?” the surgeon asks mockingly, “We dispute about nothing. In time of war we dispute about nothing.” This exchange illustrates for Hemingway the demise of any moral order, reason, or purpose as a result of a total warfare of attrition. Though the surgeon triumphs over the artillery officer in their individual skirmish, it is the destructive objectives of the artillery the officer represents (and that are responsible for the steel

shrapnel in the soldier's head) that ultimately win out over the surgeon's futile attempts to care for and heal the wounded and dying.

Hemingway's natural history of the dead turns on assaults to the eyes. Before tending to the artillery officer, the doctor is goaded into attacking and temporarily blinding him. With his own vision compromised by a mustard gas attack, the doctor specifically targets and attacks the eyes of the self-confident humanist ("I am a humane man. I will not let him suffer," the lieutenant declares. "You are not a human being."). The officer's Christian humanism, like that of Park's, is out of place in the moral chaos of war. With red swollen eyes and vision compromised by mustard gas, the surgeon is incapable of any such confidence in his abilities as a doctor or in western civilization. Furthermore, Hemingway's story can be read as his own attempt to assault his reader's sensibilities through their eyes and with the brutally honest writing that he offers as the appropriate response to the brutality of the modern condition. In the original version of the story included in Death in the Afternoon, his staged audience is "the old lady" who serves as the author's straight man, and her reaction provides a clear indication of Hemingway's antagonistic authorial intent. After the account of collecting human body parts at the munitions factory, the old lady curtly interjects, "This is not amusing," to which the "Author" retorts, "Stop reading it then. Nobody makes you read it." As disillusioned professionals, and with a perspective altered by their war experience, Hemingway and his fictional surgeon both deliver a "visually" painful and shocking message; in Hemingway's case, it is directed to the mind's eye of his reader. Hemingway establishes himself and his character as counterpoints to Park's confident visionary perspective as a surgeon, naturalist, and literary adventurer with a

“persevering” Christian faith in himself and in the progress of the civilization he represents in his seminal, sentimental, and surgical foray into the interior of Africa.

Colonel Roosevelt, “B’wana M’kumba”

On the face of it, Hemingway’s decision to write the safari book Green Hills of Africa could be seen as little more than a continuation of the travel and safari writing practices of his Anglo and American forebears including Roosevelt and dating back to Park. Green Hills, however, shows Hemingway positioning himself in clear opposition to the conventions and assumptions of his African travel writing predecessors. Thus, rather than reinscribing the safari as a white, masculine, imperialistic endeavor, and thus serving as an example of Hemingway following blindly in the footsteps of Park, TR, and others, Green Hills—like his revisionist “Natural History of the Dead”—instead illustrates Hemingway’s contradictory, and in many ways denunciatory, engagement with the narrative conventions, rhetorical tropes, and ideological underpinnings of African travel writing. In Green Hills, the figure who comes in for the most sustained, yet subtle, criticism is Roosevelt.

Over the course of the nineteenth century, Anglo and American adventure seekers went to Africa to explore and exploit, to lord over and proselytize, and eventually to get in touch with what they saw as earlier, more “primitive” stages of the human family. This family was conceived of racially and hierarchically with the white European world placing itself at the top of the civilization pyramid. Carrying with them assumptions of a white racial superiority grounded in the dual ideologies of a proselytizing Christianity and Social Darwinism, British explorers and adventurers of the late-eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were followed by British colonialist “hunters” (beginning with

Frederick Courtney Selous) who instituted the safari experience and who, in turn, were followed by increasing numbers of Americans in the early twentieth century, most famously Teddy Roosevelt.

To understand Hemingway's revisionist tactics in Green Hills, it is useful to first consider TR's version of the great white hunter in his African Game Trails. In that text, Roosevelt presents himself as carrying forward, as America's elder statesman, a British tradition of masculine adventure and exploration. For Roosevelt, the embodiment of this tradition was his friend Selous, the seasoned "hunter-wanderer" who helped organize the former president's own safari and was present during its initial stages, including the sea voyage to Africa. Roosevelt tells of the "many men who loved wild nature, and who were keen hunters of big game [all gathering] on deck around Selous to listen to tales of those strange adventures that only come to the man who has lived long the lonely life of the wilderness" (7). This description of exotic masculine story-telling ("as we steamed over the hot, smooth waters of the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean") portrays the African expedition as a timeless ritual passing from a British generation to American ones in the form of both Roosevelt and his son Kermit, who TR pulled temporarily from his Harvard education so he could serve as his father's "side-partner" in the "great adventure" (as Roosevelt put it in the book's dedication to his son). Endorsed by Selous, Britain's greatest "white hunter," and financially backed by the Smithsonian Institution, TR set out on his expedition with an oversized American flag waving over his tent and carried each day at the head of the safari procession. He also wore a British colonialist's trade-mark sun helmet and thus engaged Africa with an air of supreme confidence in himself, his family, his country, and the inevitability of Anglo-American neo-imperialist progress.

In his foreword to the narrative (written in Khartoum in the afterglow of his year-long adventure), Roosevelt describes “the joy of wandering through lonely lands; the joy of hunting the mighty and terrible lords of the wilderness, the cunning, the wary, and the grim” (ix). “The hunter who wanders through these lands,” he explains, “sees sights which ever afterward remain fixed in his mind... These things can be told. But there are no words that can tell the hidden spirit of the wilderness, that can reveal its mystery, its melancholy, and its charm” (x-xi). Here, TR’s sentimental literary tone echoes Park’s inspirational visions and portrays Africa as a timeless, incorruptible wilderness. Roosevelt concludes his foreword with a description of “the wide waste spaces of the earth, unworn of man, and changed only by the slow change of the ages through time everlasting” [xi]. The emphasis on the personal “joys” of the hunter who “wanders” through the land suggest a liberating, unintentional movement through uncharted territory and a benign subjectivity of one who comes and goes from an Africa that remains unchanged.

This rapturous recap of Roosevelt’s experience of Africa as “time everlasting” sharply contrasts the violent penetrative “thrust” of the book’s opening chapter, “A Railroad Through the Pleistocene.” It begins with an account of “the great world movement which began with the voyages of Columbus and Vasco de Gama, and which has gone on with ever-increasing rapidity and complexity until our own time” (1). Roosevelt places himself and his nation at the forward-most point of an inevitable march of time and progress, which, in the encounter with Africa, results in “the spectacle of a high civilization all at once thrust into and superimposed upon a wilderness of savage men and savage beasts.” Here, the seemingly benign “joys” of the individual hunter

described in the foreword become linked to the workings of “high civilization” as it is “thrust into and superimposed upon” a less developed world. Roosevelt’s passive voice construction suggests an inevitability and naturalness to these events and belies “high civilization[’s]” deliberate agency in the penetrative encounter.

The subtitle for his narrative, “An account of the African Wanderings of An American Hunter-Naturalist,” reveals the complexity of Roosevelt’s authorial stance and simultaneously announces his claims to benign “wandering,” a specifically “American” and thus nationalist significance to his travels, and a frank duality in his adventurer persona as a hyphenated “Hunter-Naturalist.” From this multi-layered subject position, Roosevelt creates a narrative that simultaneously romanticizes, rationalizes, and ultimately attempts to “naturalize,” the inherent violence and super-impositions of his African hunting expedition. As an adventure of a former president, the trip functions as a justifiable personal escape from the stultifying life of national administration and bureaucracy and a return to the “strenuous life” of hunting, masculine heroism, and prowess. At the same time, Roosevelt maintains the status of elder statesman and national figurehead and insists on the more rational objectives of his safari. Early on he makes a point of explaining that he was “in charge of a scientific expedition sent out by the Smithsonian, to collect birds, mammals, reptiles, and plants, but especially big game, for the National Museum at Washington” (3). As such, Roosevelt justifies the slaughter of all variety of birds and land animals, both male and female. Furthermore, he sees himself as justified in utilizing natives as inferior subordinates in a hierarchical, quasi-militaristic division of labor where he is “in charge” as both an American naturalist and “Colonel” turned revered “B’wana M’kumba” (the Swahili honorific for “great master”).

Under the guise of heroic manly adventure, on the one hand, and collection and preservation in the name of a national institution of science and education, on the other, Roosevelt conceives of himself as one exceptional American man leading the advancement of civilization and knowledge.

In a statement included in the original Scribner's magazine serialization of his first chapter but removed from the later book version, Roosevelt describes the “bringing into sudden, violent, and intimate contact phases of the world’s life history which would be normally separated by untold centuries of slow development.” As the chapter’s title indicates, this “sudden, violent” contact between two purportedly distant “phases of the world’s life history” is both made possible and symbolized by the industrial achievement of the steam locomotive, here transformed into a time machine or “A Railroad through the Pleistocene.” The contradictory forward/backward logic of a technological advancement like the locomotive (the nineteenth century’s central symbol of progress) enabling travel into a pre-historic past parallels the inherent contradictions of the racially-based discourse on civilization that powered the ideological undercurrents of Roosevelt’s safari and safari text.

On the one hand, Roosevelt sees himself as a representative of a superior race of “white men” who—in their dealings with the “child-like,” “primitive,” “dark skinned races” of “ape-like naked savages” of Africa—must “work heartily together, doing scrupulous justice to the natives, but remembering that progress and development in this particular kind of new land depend exclusively upon the masterful leadership of the whites” (9). On the other hand, Roosevelt’s belief in his racial superiority is also accompanied by the belief that his advanced, “civilized” masculine prowess is in need of

getting back into contact with the primal version of manhood that these dark savages represent. With the large gap in evolutionary development separating him from these primitive black Africans he feels it is his duty to lord over, Roosevelt sees himself and his advanced white brethren facing the risk of “over-civilization.” Thus, in Roosevelt’s contradictory self-perception, the racially superior white man moves civilization and progress further forward by traveling into the past and reconnecting with (by lording over) his dark, primal roots. Typical of the social Darwinism of Roosevelt’s day, the former president envisioned the “ape-like” “dark skinned” human races of Africa only one remove from the savage animals with whom they coexisted. By contrast, he saw himself as a light-skinned, more advanced member of the human race returning to his origins in order to violently subdue, preserve, and establish mastery over this dark, savage past.²⁷

It is the marvel of the locomotive—“a Baldwin, brought to Africa across the great ocean from our own country” as Roosevelt proudly informs his American readership—that enables this miraculous, contradictory, and inherently violent, backward/forward progression into the past (fig. 27). Roosevelt explains that during “the most interesting railway journey in the world...through a naturalist’s wonderland...I spent most of the hours of daylight” sitting up above the engine on “a comfortable seat [fitted] across the cowcatcher” (16). Transforming himself into a literal figurehead of the locomotive, and thus of technological progress, Roosevelt sits shoulder-to-shoulder alongside the aging “Hunter-Wanderer” Selous, the acting colonial governor of British East Africa, and one

²⁷ For a more detailed discussion of Roosevelt’s influential contribution to the late nineteenth and early twentieth-century American discourse on “manliness and civilization,” see Gail Bederman’s Manliness and Civilization: A Cultural History of Gender and Race in the United States, pp 170-215.

...der, the tiller of the soil, the man whose well-being
 ...ould be the prime object to be kept in mind by every
 ...atesman. Game butchery is as objectionable as any



Mr. Roosevelt, Governor Jackson, Mr. Selous, and Dr. Mearns, riding
 in front of the engine on the way to Kapiti

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt

other form of wanton cruelty or barbarity; but to protest
 against all hunting of game is a sign of softness of head, not
 of soundness of heart.

Fig. 27. "Riding on the engine on the way to Kajati." African Game Trails by Theodore
 Roosevelt. New York: Scribner's, 1910: 15.

of three American naturalists invited to join TR's expedition. Respectively representing Africa's white past, present, and future, each of these men also correspond with one piece of Roosevelt's multiple personae as hunter, political leader, and American naturalist (this trio replicates TR's moniker in the book's subtitle declaring him an "American Hunter-Naturalist"). Encompassing the subjectivity of all three men, and perched in a symbolic command position out over the engine, Roosevelt is propelled ever forward by both the literal and figurative engine of Anglo-American advancement. Exhilarated by the experience of "passing through a vast zoological garden" coming so close to an array of animals that he can almost touch, Roosevelt remains undisturbed by the bloodshed of the "sudden, violent, and intimate contact" that this machine's penetration into such a zoological garden precipitates. Of the train's carnage, Roosevelt cheerfully reports:

In the dusk we nearly ran over a hyena; a year or two previously the train actually did run over a lioness one night, and the conductor brought in her head in triumph. In fact, there have been continually mishaps such as could only happen to a railroad in the Pleistocene! The very night we went up there was an interruption in the telegraph service due to giraffes having knocked down some of the wires, and a pole, in crossing the track; and elephants have more than once performed the same feat. Two or three times, at night, giraffes have been run into and killed; once a rhinoceros was killed, the engine being damaged in the encounter; and on other occasions the rhino has only just left the track in time, once the beast being struck and good deal hurt, the engine again being somewhat crippled. (16-18)

In his position atop a cowcatcher-turned-rhino-catcher, Roosevelt seems more concerned with possible damage to the American steam engine than with the creatures it strikes down. Seemingly even further from his consciousness (and conscience) is the human toll that came with the building of African railroads. As Andrew Roberts has explained in The Colonial Moment in Africa:

The initial impact of white intrusion in tropical Africa was often

disastrous. Resistance in German territories provoked massive slaughter and destruction; less well known are the innumerable small-scale actions whereby white rule was extended. Working on mines, plantations and railways meant disease and high death-rates; in large part, this was due to neglect that had parallels in the industrial world, but the more men moved the faster they spread infection. (16)

What Roosevelt cheerfully envisioned as the technological achievement and advancement of white civilization came with the physical labor of numerous African natives; white “development” in Africa came at the cost of not only the lives of African game, but human lives as well.

Roosevelt’s description of the indiscriminate slaughter of animals that fall into the train’s path pales in comparison to the far greater and more deliberate bloodshed of his year-long shooting expedition. The tally card (or “List of Game Shot with the Rifle During the Trip”) (532-33) included in the narrative’s final pages gives a “Grand total” of 512 animals slain with Roosevelt out-killing his son by 80 carcasses; final score: 296 to 216, not including the “Egyptian geese, yellow-billed mallards, francolins, spurfowl and sand grouse for the pot, and certain other birds for specimens” all “killed, with the Fox shot-gun.” In a short paragraph added to this quantitative breakdown of “the bag,” Roosevelt explains rather defensively, “Kermit and I kept about a dozen trophies for ourselves; otherwise we shot nothing that was not used either as a museum specimen or for meat—usually for both purposes.” After justifying the body count under the double “purpose” of “meat” and/or “museum specimen,” Roosevelt then attempts to downplay the numbers explaining that he and his son “did not kill a tenth, nor a hundredth part of what we might have killed had we been willing.” This qualification enables Roosevelt to

play his trophy list both ways: as a sign of masculine prowess and manly restraint.²⁸ He further qualifies the meaning of the list, demurely claiming, “The mere size of the bag indicates little as to a man’s prowess as a hunter, and almost nothing as to the interest or value of his achievement.” With his inclusion of the words “little” and “almost,” Roosevelt’s mask slips, and the fact that he includes the list at all, delineating who shot what and how many, leaves little doubt that in his sense of his hunting expedition’s many possible meanings, the size of the bag certainly did matter. Neither too big nor too little, the final numbers make Roosevelt and his son neither too savage nor too civilized. Ultimately, it is the combination of killing and counting together that help Roosevelt strike the right balance between civilization and savagery.

As both his opening chapter and dead animal body count indicate, Roosevelt’s African Game Trails consists of a complexly constructed—and at times contradictory—message about the “interest,” “value,” and meaning of his safari experience. That meaning is interwoven with the production of his safari narrative so that the safari and subsequent text together represent cultural “achievements,” demonstrations of masculine “prowess,” and racialized superiority. In the construction of his authorial voice, the always centered “I” of Roosevelt’s book also relied heavily on the camera eye as an objective and technologically advanced tool of observation, preservation, and presentation—not only of the land, the game, and the natives, but also of one’s self. Numerous cameras manned by a variety of photographers provided an abundance of undisputable documentation of the safari’s progression and achievements, and Roosevelt’s son, Kermit, was given credit as the expedition’s principal photographer. As

²⁸ For a detailed discussion of the ideological distinction between masculinity and manliness see Bederman, pp 1-44.

such, Kermit serves not only as an extension of his father as progeny (and thus yet another sign of TR's prowess), but also someone linked to a further advancement of technology through use of the camera as a sophisticated shooting device. As such, the camera could augment, and in some ways surpass, his father's many rifles. As Kermit learned to master the technical art of expeditionary photo documentation, his father provided himself as an astute photographic subject skilled in the social and political art of self presentation.

Among the "more than two hundred illustrations from photographs" included in Game Trails (and in the Scribner's Magazine serialization), Roosevelt strikes a variety of poses, each of which contributes to at least one of his many safari personae. Images of him in conversation with pith-helmeted colonial officials confirm his status as a statesman and international representative of the U.S. Others evoke his status as a leader of a quasi-military expedition. He is shown "in his hunting costume" standing with rifle in hand "in front of members of his caravan" who stand in a line behind him as if assembled for a military inspection. The caption for one photograph makes this connection explicit: "The array of porters and tents looked as if some small military expedition was about to start" (Scribner's magazine version, 390). Most of the images of Roosevelt, however, consist of trophy portraits where he poses triumphantly with the biggest and most dangerous exemplars of his quarry, be it lion or lionesses, buffalo, rhino, hippo, wildebeest, antelope, or bull elephant. Typically, these images are carefully staged with the ex-president either alone with the animal or joined by "side partners" like his son or the white hunters who guide him as they stand in front of his tent (and below the American flag) or are highlighted against a barren plain or dense foliage.

The two images that serve respectively as frontispieces for the magazine serialization and later for the book serve as revealing examples (particularly when considered together as “before and after” poses) of the careful photographic self-presentation of Roosevelt as the book’s author and its primary subject. Both are typical of the many illustrations in the book and magazine in that both are composed with Roosevelt squarely centered. In Edmund Heller’s frontispiece image for the first installment of the magazine serialization, for example, there is no denying Roosevelt’s status as the focal point (fig. 28). The accompanying caption, “Mr. Roosevelt in Africa in his Hunting Costume,” is entirely redundant to what is portrayed: What else could this possibly be a picture of? The anonymous, impressionistically blurred line of dark human figures some 50 feet behind him, along with a large tree that reaches up and out of the frame even further back, deferentially signify Roosevelt’s milieu—a shadowy, “primitive,” and “natural” Africa. Providing the image with an aesthetically satisfying depth of field, the distance between Roosevelt and these men reinforces what he describes in his opening paragraph on the opposite page as the distance between “phases of the world’s life history...separated by untold centuries of slow development” (1). As vague, generic (underdeveloped) forms in the background, this line of men in no way challenges Roosevelt’s dominant subjectivity in the picture. Instead, they highlight his presence and stature in the foreground and evoke his status as a leader in charge of numerous subordinate personnel.

In the book version of Roosevelt’s narrative, this portrait is substituted with an even more singular frontispiece reduced to the bare essentials of hunter, gun, and slain prey (fig. 29). The “hunting costume” referred to in the caption of the earlier image (now



Mr. Roosevelt in Africa in his hunting costume
From a photograph by Edmund Helliö

Fig. 28. "Mr. Roosevelt in Africa in his hunting costume." African Game Trails by Theodore Roosevelt. New York: Scribner's, 1910: 35.



Mr. Roosevelt and one of his big lions
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt

Fig. 29. "Mr. Roosevelt and one of his big lions." African Game Trails by Theodore Roosevelt. New York: Scribner's, 1910: frontis.

inserted within the first chapter) no longer needs mentioning, for the lion at Roosevelt's feet demonstrates that he has realized his status as African hunter and become one with his vestment. The rifle he had cradled in the earlier image has since hit its mark, and he now grasps its barrel in a more virile, and suggestively phallic, stance. Unlike the magazine frontispiece it replaced, this image has no depth of field or background at all; Roosevelt's body and the massive maned head of one of "his big lions" have been carefully cut out and superimposed onto a solid white background. What had been a figurative "black" African background of the earlier image, is, in the latter, a literally and figuratively "whited" out background that reinforces Roosevelt's standing as an icon of a white masculine superiority. The switch to the latter image also provides a photographic, empirical counterpart to the book's romanticized cover illustration of a white man heroically shooting at a lion as it attacks a prone native (fig. 30). While making his lion trophy the pinnacle achievement of his safari, this frontispiece image also isolates Roosevelt in a seemingly timeless pose more akin to an icon or statue than an individual man on an individual hunting expedition. By whiting out the background, the lion as a specimen and Roosevelt as a hunter are transformed into something more timeless: trophy head and iconic figurehead. The photographer is also switched, with Kermit replacing Heller, thus reinforcing the standing of Roosevelt's off-spring as the safari's official photographer. The citation attributing the image to Kermit carries the meaning of the image as a signification of the elder Roosevelt's prowess and potency beyond what is captured in the frame and adds another layer of simultaneous self reference and self projection.

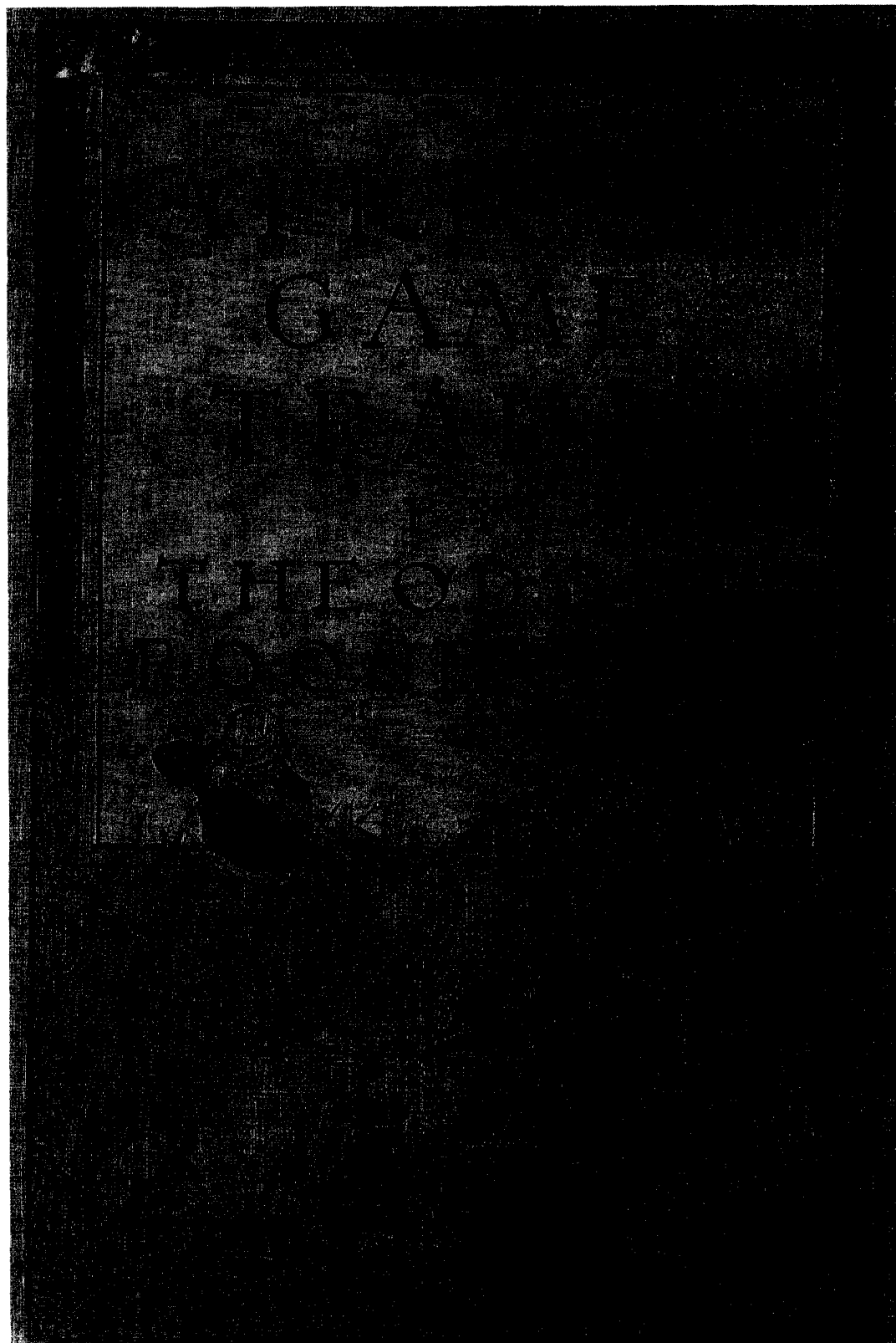


Fig. 30. Book Cover. African Game Trails by Theodore Roosevelt. New York: Scribner's, 1910.

This image introduces the author and the text he produces detailing the exploits of a yearlong shooting expedition. Like Park before him, authorship and travels in Africa conjoin as synergistic signs of white masculine accomplishment that is in turn linked to the progress of western civilization. Writing just over twenty years after the publication of Game Trails, Hemingway would return to this combination of African hunting and authorship, but with markedly different intentions, assumptions, and results.

From “B’wana M’kumba” to “B’wana Fisi”: Hemingway’s “Hyenic” Text

Comparing Green Hills and Game Trails reveals the extent to which Hemingway set out to undermine the conventions and assumptions of a safari text like Roosevelt’s just as he had done earlier with Park’s natural history writing. In formal terms, Green Hills foregoes the conventional textual apparatuses of most African travel and safari narratives. It has no frontispiece image of the hunter/explorer/author (nor any photographic illustrations, for that matter), no maps delineating the expedition’s route, and no opening account of the trip out, the laying in of supplies and arms, nor the securing of personnel. After a brief foreword pronouncing the author’s intention “to write an absolutely true book,” Green Hills opens in medias res. Written as a cross between a non-fiction safari narrative and a crafted novelistic rendering of select incidents and details, Green Hills narrowly focuses on only one part of Hemingway’s trip to Africa—a frustrating hunt for greater Kudu—and amounts to a critique of competitive trophy hunting as a tragically futile endeavor. That it is an endeavor he himself pursues becomes one of the many personal flaws Hemingway renders in the book. Furthermore, while presenting himself as flawed, Hemingway also proffers a more sensitive awareness and acceptance of African natives and culture as a superior means of achieving a

connection to and understanding of Africa. Ultimately, Green Hills communicates significantly different racial, aesthetic, and social ideologies and sensibilities than Roosevelt and other earlier white travelers to Africa.

In contrast to Roosevelt's opening chapter where the President/Hunter/Naturalist is confidently propelled forward as a literal figurehead of Machine Age progress, Hemingway's text begins with a contradictory account of a frustrating intrusion of modernity and the machine, on the one hand, and a supreme sense of individual well-being and self-satisfaction as someone who has achieved a harmonious connection with Africa in spite of such flawed machines. The book opens with the first person narrator sitting in a traditional hunting blind built by Wanderobo tribesmen "at close arrow shot" of a salt lick where he is waiting "for the greater kudu that should surely come at dusk" (5). This state of hunterly communion and the narrator's hopes of shooting a kudu are both foiled by the sound of a truck as "it moved slowly nearer, unmistakable now, louder and louder ... in a clank of loud irregular explosions" (2). "The truck had spoiled it" the narrator laments, explaining that "before we ever heard the truck the bull had heard it and run off into the trees and everything else that had been moving, in the bush on the flats, or coming down from the small hills through the trees, coming toward the salt, had halted at that exploding, clanking sound" (5). Despite this machine's confounding of the narrator's efforts, he describes himself as "altogether happy" as he and his African attendants make their way back to camp in their own, healthier vehicle. While being chauffeured "along the sandy track of the road," the narrator sits contentedly with his rifle in his lap and draws out his flask to make himself the first cocktail of the evening ("the finest one there is"). With an admiring old gun bearer to add water from the

canteen, the narrator sips his whisky in a state of post-laboring bliss, “feeling the cool wind of the night and smelling the good smell of Africa” (6).

Shortly after, the narrator encounters the source of the clanking, mechanical interruption of his hunt: an Austrian settler of German East Africa named Kandinsky, “a short, bandy-legged man with a Tyrolean hat, leather shorts, and an open shirt standing before an un-hooded engine in a crowd of natives” (6). When the narrator doubles back to lend a hand and offer the observation that “It sounded as though it might be a timing knock when you went past us”—he reveals that his know-how includes not only hunting and whisky drinking but auto mechanics as well. At this point, the narrator’s name is revealed, for Kandinsky confronts him with an obscure manifestation of his literary identity: he is, for the Austrian, “Hemingway the poet” of the avant-garde German magazine the Querschnitt, of which Kandinsky is a great enthusiast. This literary minded Austrian with his clanking, exploding engine (a machine “with that noise of death inside” as Kandinsky describes it in his awkward yet poetic broken English) serves Hemingway and his safari narrative as a simultaneously enabling and undermining literary device. TR’s locomotive time machine that had carried him confidently into his primal past has been replaced by a sick vehicle with an intrusive timing knock that seeks Hemingway out and reminds him of Jake Barnes’s earlier counsel: “You can’t get away from yourself by moving from one place to another.” Green Hills opens with Hemingway the escapist African hunter being forced to reckon with Hemingway the literary modernist.

Kandinsky’s intrusive truck, with its problematic “timing knock,” provides Hemingway with a metaphor that introduces a central theme of the book. “Time” is not just a problem for the Austrian’s broken engine; it is, as Ann Putnam has argued, behind

the central problem “of dividedness at the heart of the conflict of Green Hills of Africa” (100). According to Putnam, “[Green Hills] is a time-driven chronicle out of which emerges a pastoral, lyric evocation of memory and desire. But the two urges—one to enter into the very relentlessness of time itself and the other to merge into the timelessness of the pastoral compete in strange and unsettling ways” (100). In the text’s opening, this “relentlessness of time” is linked to the disruptive influence of the machine that seeks the narrator out and interrupts his communion with Africa. For Roosevelt, the machine’s relationship to time is exhilarating and enabling as a kind of time machine upon which he rides as a confident, capable figurehead of progress. As TR’s African Game Trails portrays it, the machine’s omnipotent relationship to time presents no problem for Africa’s pastoral status as “time everlasting.” By contrast, Hemingway’s safari text centers on this conflict, and he builds his narrative around the narrator’s inability to control time and his awareness of his own flawed presence in Africa. As he states early on, “[H]ere we were, now, caught by time, by the season, and by the running out of our money, so that what should have been as much fun to do each day whether you killed or not was being forced into that most exciting perversion of life; the necessity of accomplishing something in less time than should truly be allowed for its doing” (12). Hemingway’s desire for pastoral timelessness and communion with Africa is imbued with a sense of urgency, futility, and, ultimately, tragedy. That tragedy is tied to his own uncontrollable desires and failings.

The opening encounter and literary conversations with Kandinsky constitute part I of Green Hills, “Pursuit and Conversation.” It is the first in a four-part, non-linear narrative structure and is followed by “Pursuit Remembered,” “Pursuit and Failure,” and

finally “Pursuit as Happiness.” Beginning with the Kandinsky exchanges, the text’s account of pursuit for pursuit’s sake includes Hemingway depicting himself as a braggart writer in all of his fallible glory. As if Hemingway had taken Barnes’s advice to heart, Green Hills delivers, in elaborate and unflattering detail, the fallible self he has taken with him hunting in Africa. Throughout the book’s four sections presenting the largely frustrated pursuit of greater kudu, it reads like a detailed confession of how flawed a man Hemingway is. He tells things about himself that it is impossible to imagine someone like Roosevelt realizing, let alone admitting.

Throughout the text, Hemingway portrays himself in an unflattering light. In his vindictive competitiveness with his hunting companion Karl, he admits to being “deliberately selfish” by denying Karl a clear shot at the largest oryx (126). Karl, he explains, is not “a damned show-off like me.” Though a self-admitted show-off, Hemingway also repeatedly admits how he “did some bad shooting” and is frequently reduced to “wounding [his quarry] in a running shot after missing him three or four times” (127). When he accomplishes impressive shooting, it is portrayed as luck as much as skill: “I made a fancy shot on a reedbuck at about two hundred yards, offhand, breaking his neck at the base of the skull,” he explains, “‘Where did you shoot for really?’ [Pop asks] ‘In the neck,’ I lied. I had held full on the center of the shoulder” (80-81). He also admits to “starting rows” with both his wife and Karl, and one petty argument about his uncomfortable new boots leaves him feeling “ashamed at having been a four-letter man about boots, at being righteous” (95). At another point, he refers to himself as “the smug one” and “smug face” (131). He regularly drinks too much, and this, together with his gratuitous shooting at birds (and often missing), inspires his gun

bearer M'Cola to laugh at him in "his making-fun-of-me laugh, his bird-shooting laugh that dated from a streak of raging misses one time that delighted him" (36). Both his wife and his British white hunting guide also make fun of him and at different points mockingly address him as the "colonel" and "B'wana M'Kumba" sarcastically invoking the two titles TR insisted on during his safari.

Subjected to Hemingway's "absolutely truthful" writing, the "great white hunter" of the African safari narrative is transformed into a "lousy belly-aching bastard" (206) and "the clown of the piece" (37): a cantankerous braggart, an uneven shot, "a damned show-off," and a selfish drunk (who, in a farce of generosity, shares the backwash from his beers with one of his African attendants) (241). TR's self presentation as a heroic great master or "B'wana M'Kumba"—along with that of other proud white hunter's who had claimed the label "B'wana Simba" or lion master—get superseded and undercut by Hemingway who presents himself as "B'wana Hop-Toad, the inventor of hoptoads" and "B'wana Fisi, the hyena slaughterer" (162) who ignobly shoots these scavenging dog beasts as a "dirty" joke shared with his gun bearer:

But the great [sic] joke of all, the thing M'Cola waved his hands across his face about, and turned away and shook his head and laughed, ashamed even of the hyena; the pinnacle of hyenic humor, was the hyena, the classic hyena, that hit too far back while running, would circle madly, snapping and tearing at himself until he pulled his own intestines out, and then stood there, jerking them out and eating them with relish.

"Fisi," M'Cola would say and shake his head in delighted sorrow at there being such an awful beast. Fisi, the hyena, hermaphroditic, self-eating devourer of the dead, trailer of calving cows, ham-stringer, potential biter-off of your face at night while you slept, sad yowler, camp-follower, stinking foul with jaws that crack the bones the lion leaves, belly dragging, loping away on the brown plain, looking back, mongrel dog-smart in the face, whack from the little Mannlicher and then the horrid circle starting. "Fisi," M'Cola laughed, ashamed of him, shaking his bald black head. "Fisi. Eats himself. Fisi." (37-38)

Here, Hemingway travesties the traditional safari gesture of shooting a lion, “the king of the jungle,” as a means of appropriating his nobility and asserting one’s own mastery and prowess (“B’wana” shoots “simba” and thus becomes “B’wana Simba” or, in TR’s case, shoots simba and everything else in his kingdom and becomes “B’wana M’Kumba”). Through his irreverent, denunciatory prose, Hemingway aligns himself instead with the animal farthest from the nobility of the lion. The above description of the hyena comes just after Hemingway has explained that he too is a joke in the eyes of M’Cola:

Now when I killed it was a joke, it was a joke as when we shot a hyena; the funniest joke of all. He laughed always to see the birds tumble and when I missed he roared and shook his head again and again.

“Ask him what the hell he’s laughing about?” I asked Pop once.

“At B’wana,” M’Cola said, and shook his head, “at the little birds.”

“He thinks you’re funny,” Pop said.

“Goddam it. I am funny. But the hell with him.”

[...]

So bird shooting became this marvelous joke. If I killed, the joke was on the birds and M’Cola would shake his head and laugh and make his hands go round and round to show how the bird turned over in the air. And if I missed, I was the clown of the piece and he would look at me and shake with laughing. Only the hyenas were funnier. (36-37)

Here M’Cola teaches Hemingway to laugh at himself, and in casting himself as “B’wan Fisi, the great hyena slaughterer,” Hemingway renders the African safari and the white hunter in a darkly comic way altogether unimaginable in a text like TR’s Game Trails.

Furthermore, the rambling, vivid description of the hyena as an “awful beast” reads as a covert self-portrait with Hemingway casting himself as someone conscious of the implications of a Depression-era, post-colonial safari expedition. Reading Green Hills in this way sheds light on the means by which Hemingway produces a denunciatory, profane—and thus more “truthful”—text about the experience of safari hunting and writing. Writing an ignoble text, partly as a joke and partly as an effort to

outdo both his forebears and literary contemporaries, Hemingway renders himself as one who takes his safari as a decadent, self-indulgent, yet also gifted and original, author/hunter. Thus Hemingway's text takes what David Spurr describes as the "epistemic violence and colonizing order" of the language employed in the genre of safari writing and turns it inward on himself—a gesture akin to the shot hyena devouring his own entrails. Indeed, it was with Green Hills, and Death in the Afternoon just before it, that Hemingway began to sustain criticism that his writing had devolved into self-parody: a kind of authorial cannibalism inflicted on himself.

In both Green Hills and in his other fiction, Hemingway suggests that one of the ways he is able to empathize and understand the experience of hunted animals is because he has had, as a result of his participation in WWI, the personal experience of being wounded by artillery. In Green Hills, he describes this realization as coming to him in the midst of the delirium he experienced while recovering from an automobile accident (another example of his own wounding and antipathetic relationship to machines):

Alone with the pain in the night in the fifth week of not sleeping I thought suddenly how a bull elk must feel if you break a shoulder and he gets away and in that night I lay and felt it all, the whole thing as it would happen from the shock of the bullet to the end of the business and, being a little out of my head, thought perhaps what I was going through was a punishment for all hunters. Then, getting well, decided if it was a punishment I had paid it and at least I knew what I was doing. I did nothing that had not been done to me. I had been shot and I had been crippled and gotten away. (148)

In light of this move to align himself with the animals he shoots, it is worth returning for a closer read of his description of the hyena—the animal he shoots as a joke and jokingly appropriates to qualify his "B'wana" status. "Hemaphroditic" is a quality that much revisionist gender analysis of Hemingway's writing has revealed in his approach to

rendering gender as something to be crossed and confounded. Furthermore, the litany of inventively rendered adjectives for describing the hyena can, almost all, be suggestively linked to some distinctive profane subject matter or aspect of Hemingway's taboo-breaking approach to literary modernism: "Self-eating devourer of the dead" serves as an evocative, albeit extreme, description of the authorial agency he exercises in his dark parody of natural history writing and his move to self-parody. "[T]railer of calving cows" evokes Hemingway's proclivity for rendering childbirth as a bloody, traumatizing fiasco (e.g.s: "Indian Camp" and A Farewell to Arms). "[H]am-stringer, potential biter-off of your face at night while you slept" is an extreme yet apt characterization of Hemingway as someone who again and again turned on his literary friends and benefactors in vicious literary attacks. And Hemingway taking a safari and writing about it in the 1930s, after these practices had gone out of fashion as decadent endeavors, accurately albeit darkly characterizes the acts of a "sad yowler, camp-follower" whose safari text can be seen as working over a defunct genre of leftovers and "crack[ing] the bones the lion leaves." Hemingway's Green Hills renders him a scavenger of a decaying corpus of safari writings and practices. And thus, in his hyperbolically sinister description of the hyena, we can read Hemingway coyly pointing to himself, "a lousy belly-aching bastard" who, with "belly dragging, loping away on the brown plain," makes the gesture of "looking back" at the legacy of safari making with modernist literary sensibilities that may best be described as "mongrel-dog smart"—sensibilities that, as I will discuss further below, were formed out of a mongrel cross of Victorian imperialism, primitivist forms of denunciatory iconoclasm, and postcolonial nationalist resistance to European literary traditions.

And yet, if Hemingway's Green Hills can be read as an example of dark "hyenic humor" where the author himself is the joke, rendering himself so also proves to be the key to his literary novelty and the means by which he arrives at textual greener hills. Hemingway's willingness to travesty himself can be read as an authorial confidence and swagger: the same qualities he critiques in himself as a hunter. This contradictory self-mocking swagger was the aspect of the text literary critic Bernard DeVoto found most compelling in his otherwise damning 1935 review of the book for the Saturday Review of Literature, "Hemingway in the Valley." Though DeVoto dismissed Green Hills as "a pretty small book for a big man to write," he praised Hemingway as "a first-rate humorist" declaring that "the clowning is excellent." Considering this clowning to be the only source of vitality in an otherwise less than great book, DeVoto elaborates his point with the following litany:

When he gives us Hemingway in the sulks, Hemingway with the braggies, Hemingway amused or angered by the gun-bearers, Hemingway getting tight, Hemingway at the latrine, Hemingway being hard-boiled, or brutal, or swaggering, or ruthless, Hemingway kidding someone or getting sore at someone—the book comes to life. (5)

Here DeVoto pinpoints the principal means by which Green Hills unsettles the imperialist ideologies of Roosevelt's heroic persona as a "Bwana M'Kumba." As a product of his authorial rather than hunting greatness, Green Hills "gives us" a flawed Hemingway as the ultimate safari trophy. Hemingway debunks the Rooseveltian claim to a great white manhood achieved in the role of great white hunter by confronting the limitations of his own greatness. As DeVoto's critique suggests, replacing the self-aggrandizing great, white hunter with a not so great white persona, Green Hills achieves its most compelling quality. Thus the book's realness and vitality rely on Hemingway distinguishing himself

from the “fake” aggrandizing of previous safari narrators whose encounters with Africa had been unequivocally heroic. Green Hills, like virtually all of Hemingway’s writing, offers an anti-hero protagonist, and in doing so, allows Hemingway to lay claim to an alternative prowess as an ironically truthful great white—albeit “hyenic”—writer. In the end, Hemingway’s text arrives at its greener literary hills by serving up himself, not as a virile national figurehead as TR had done, but as a fallible man. The persona he portrays struggles futilely to escape the western imperatives that, through the influence of technology and the acceleration of time, undermine his efforts while also making him the man he is.

Though Green Hills portrays its hunter protagonist as a joke of a man caught in a losing battle with time and his own destructive impulses, Hemingway can also be seen rendering himself so as a means of troubling the linear narrative of progress that TR had invoked in his Game Trails. In doing so, he asserts himself as a serious and exceptionally authentic writer. Whereas TR had posited himself as contributing to “the great world movement which began with the voyages of Columbus and Vasco de Gama, and which has gone on with ever-increasing rapidity and complexity until our own time” (1), Hemingway imagines instead the continuation and rejuvenation of lands and nature outlasting both empires and nations—including his own. As part of a two-page stream of consciousness tangent describing the Gulf Stream current, Hemingway writes of having “serve[d] time for society, democracy, and the other things quite young.” Having “declined any further enlistment,” he declares his decision to make himself responsible only to himself.

As such, he suggests that he hunts in Africa not as a representative of a racial, national, or western superiority, but for his own individual satisfaction and amusement—and as an endeavor somehow linked to writing “well and truly.” He then turns to a single 400-word sentence describing the Gulf Stream. “The stream”—which he attempts to mimic in his rambling prose—represents a timeless flow of rejuvenation and truth that surpasses the chain of empires and nation states of which someone like TR writes on behalf. As one piece of the sentence puts it:

...this Gulf Stream you are living with, knowing, learning about, and loving, has moved, as it moves, since before man, and that it has gone by the shoreline of that long, beautiful, unhappy island since before Columbus sighted it and that the things you find out about it, and those that have always lived in it are permanent and of value because that stream will flow, as it has flowed, after the Indians, after the Spaniards, after the British, after Americans, and after all the Cubans and all the systems of governments, the richness, the poverty, the martyrdom, the sacrifice and the venality and the cruelty are all gone...(149)

Like a hyenic literary scavenger, Hemingway picks over the flotsam dumped into the stream from garbage scows: “...palm fronds, corks, bottles, and used electric light globes, seasoned with an occasional condom or a deep floating corset, the torn leaves of a student’s exercise book, a well inflated dog, the occasional rat, the no-longer distinguished cat...” His litany reads like a companion piece to his “Natural History of the Dead” as it turns an unflinching eye toward the abject. This time it is a natural history of modern waste dumped into the ocean. His point is the ultimate insignificance of it all: “...the palm fronds of our victories, the worn light bulbs of our discoveries and the empty condoms of our great loves float with no significance against one single, lasting thing—the stream” (150).

In his African Game Trails, TR had offered contradictory notions about, on one

hand, his contribution to the penetrative mastery of territories stretching back to figures like Columbus and Vasco de Gama, and on the other hand, Africa's inviolable status as "time everlasting" that allowed him to be cast into his own primitive past. Though Hemingway's Gulf Stream passage shows him attempting to write out past TR's imperialistic vision of what going on safari in Africa and writing about it means, his text proves equally contradictory on the question of the earth's inviolable timelessness (as represented in the ever flowing, rejuvenating Gulf Stream described above) and an alternative sense of what happens to continents when "we" arrive and corrupt them. As Hemingway states toward the end of Green Hills:

A continent ages quickly once we come. The natives live in harmony with it. But the foreigner destroys, cuts down the trees, drains the water, so that the water supply is altered and in a short time the soil, once the sod is turned under, is cropped out and, next, it starts to blow away...The earth gets tired of being exploited. A country wears out quickly unless man puts back in it all his residue and that of all his beasts. When he quits using beasts and uses machines, the earth defeats him quickly. The machine can't reproduce, nor does it fertilize the soil, and it eats what he cannot raise. A country was made to be as we found it. We are the intruders and after we are dead we may have ruined it but it will still be there and we don't know what the next changes are. (285)

Once again, we can discern in Hemingway's Green Hills both a denunciatory engagement with the confident presumptions driving TR on his African safari as well as a replication of the safari text's contradictory notions about a march of time driven by machines (seen as heroic by TR and destructive by EH) and an alternative "time everlasting" in terms of "natural" land like Africa or the natural flow of the Gulf Stream.

Trophy Jokes: Pictures of a Modern Author

The context of DeVoto's contemporary assessment of Green Hills also illustrates the contradictory position Hemingway had come to hold vis-a-vis American literature

and American celebrity by the time the text was published in 1935. For while DeVoto pans Hemingway's novel in the pages within, the cover of The Saturday Review of Literature promotes the author's personality with what was the first of many magazine covers to feature a photographic portrait or action shot of Hemingway (fig. 31).²⁹ In this image—that marked a new stage in Hemingway's celebrity standing—the adventurous author crouches next to a dead buffalo, his broad brimmed hat cocked back, a contented, proud smile and downward gaze looking at his accomplishment. The review and the cover image, however, move in opposite directions: one denigrates the writer's work, the other celebrates (for the purpose of selling copies of the magazine) his image, personality, and exotic exploits. In what was originally a larger trophy image that included the full body of the dead buffalo, the magazine cover's image is reversed and cropped to center on the hunter/author leaving out the bulk of his trophy. In the hands of the popular media, Hemingway the celebrity hunter becomes the object of scrutiny more than his quarry or, for that matter, the iconoclastic safari text he produces recounting the acquisition of that quarry.

Hemingway's celebrity status was also being promoted in the less literary Esquire magazine for which Hemingway was writing self-consciously trashy celebrity journalism pieces, one of which included the original buffalo trophy photo (fig. 32). In both versions of the photograph, Hemingway's pose reveals a complicity and self-awareness of this process: though his gaze is demure and focuses on the animal (as a "good" hunter's gaze should), his grin suggests his coy awareness of the camera and the self-presentation he makes for it. On the Saturday Review of Literature cover, below the photograph's simple

²⁹ John Raeburn, in his study of Hemingway's celebrity and portrayals in popular magazines of the 20s-50s, identifies the 1935 Saturday Review of Literature as the first magazine to picture Hemingway on its cover (54-55).

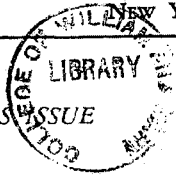
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ERNEST HEMINGWAY

"When he gives us Hemingway in the sulks, Hemingway with the braggies, Hemingway amused or angered by the gun-bearers, Hemingway getting tight, . . . Hemingway being hard-boiled, or brutal, or swaggering, or ruthless, Hemingway kidding someone or getting sore at someone—the book comes to life" . . . (See page 5)



Fig. 31. Magazine Cover. The Saturday Review of Literature. 12: 26. October 26, 1935.

The Third Tanganyika Letter

by **ERNEST HEMINGWAY**

IN THE ethics of shooting dangerous game is the premise that the trouble you shoot yourself into you must be prepared to shoot yourself out of. Since a man making his first African shoot will have a white hunter, as a non-native guide is called, to counsel him and aid him when he is after dangerous animals, and since the white hunter has the responsibility of protecting him no matter what trouble he gets into, the shooter should do exactly what the white hunter tells him to do.

If you make a fool of yourself all that you get is mauled but the white hunter who has a client wounded or killed loses, or seriously impairs, his livelihood. So when the white hunter begins to trust you and let you take chances, that is a mark of confidence and you should not abuse it. For any good man would rather take chances any day with his life than his livelihood and that is the main point about professionals that amateurs seem never to appreciate.

There are two white hunters in Africa who not only have never had a client mauled—there are many such, but these two have never been mauled themselves; and there are very few of these. It is true that Philip Percival had a buffalo die with his head in the now ample Percival lap, and that Baron von Blixen, if there were any justice for elephants, would have been trampled to death at least twice. But the point is that they do not get mauled and that their clients

get record heads, record tusks and super lions year after year. They simply happen to be super hunters and super shots. *(There are too many supers in these last two sentences. Re-write them yourselves lads and see how easy it is to do better than Papa. Thank you. Exhilarating feeling, isn't it?)*

Both mask their phenomenal skill under a pose of nervous incapacity which serves as an effective insulation and cover for their truly great pride in the reserve of deadliness that they live by. *(All right now, better that one. Getting harder, what? Not too hard you say? Good. Perhaps you're right.)* Blix, who can shoot partridges flying with a .450 No. 2 Express rifle will say, "I use the hair trigger because my hand is always shaking so, what?" Or, stopping a charging rhino at

ten yards, remarking apologetically to his client who happened to have his rifle already started back to camp by the gunbearer, "I could not let him come forever, what?"

(You see, this is where Papa scores. Just as you learn to better one of those awful sentences, with too many supers or too many verbs in it and you think he's gone wa-wa on you, you find that it is the thing he is writing about that is interesting. Not the way it's written. Any of you lads can go out there and write twice as good a piece, what?)

Philip, who swears by the .450 No. 2 as the only, or at least lightest, stopper for a man to use on animals that will "come," killed all his own lions with a .256 Mannlicher when he had only his own life to look after. I have seen him, careful, cautious, as

Continued on page 94



PHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHT BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY

Above: E. H. with a buffalo shot in the heavy bush in the vicinity of the M'bulu Hills, above Lake Manyara, Tanganyika.

At left: C. P. Thompson with a leopard of good size.



Fig. 32. "Notes on Dangerous Game: The Third Tanganyika Letter." Ernest Hemingway. Esquire. July 1934: 19.

caption “ERNEST HEMINGWAY,” is the excerpt from DeVoto’s review cataloging the various cantankerous versions of “Hemingway” that the text “gives us.” DeVoto may have panned Green Hills as “a pretty small book for a big man to write,” but on SRL’s cover that “big man’s” growing celebrity could still be invoked as a means of selling the magazine. The cover demonstrates how, in ways Hemingway could not control, he was being transformed into a celebrity and commodity trophy in terms that were increasingly independent from his writing—even as his writing set about a contradictory critique of what it meant to be a “big man” who goes on safari and then writes about it.

Among the many instances where Green Hills portrays its author in an unflattering light is a scene involving the taking of photographs, and this points to another means by which Hemingway manipulates the conventions of safari expeditions and writing. He describes “becoming a bastard about the camera” and insisting on a trophy photograph after killing a buffalo: “there was a bitter argument about the shutter while the light failed,” he explains, “and I was nervous now, irritable, righteous, pompous about the shutter” (120). Even as photographs were becoming an increasingly important part of Hemingway’s popular celebrity status (as the Saturday Review of Literature cover suggests), Hemingway’s safari text would notably not include a single photographic illustration. As the book itself reveals, however, trophy pictures were taken as part of the hunting expedition. As journalistic hackwork, Hemingway’s Esquire pieces represent the less literary, more commercial, and thus more conventional depictions of Hemingway as an iconic man: both an uncomplicated literary celebrity and a Rooseveltian hunter. While both the cover of the Saturday Review of Literature and Esquire include an adequately exposed trophy photograph of Hemingway with a buffalo, in Green Hills he describes the

“failure” to render such an image. This, together with the absence of photographs in Green Hills, indicates Hemingway’s ambivalence about the camera’s role in constructing “truth” as part of a literary text, as a means of documenting the safari experience, or as a reliable means of presenting the self.

That Green Hills was published without a single photographic illustration suggests another way Hemingway’s safari text departs from the conventions of a book like TR’s Game Trails. With Roosevelt’s safari, the photography of his son and a team of other cameramen who joined the expedition played a central role not only in its documentation but in contributing to its status as a rational and technologically advanced endeavor forwarding western civilization. The authenticity of both Roosevelt’s safari and his written text about it were both clearly augmented by the documentary evidence the numerous photographic illustrations provided. By the time Hemingway’s text was published, however, both the authenticity and commercial viability that photographs could lend a book had foundered on both the economic decline of the depression and the diminished social valence of photographs as components of textual authority.

With TR’s safari text, the photographs contributed to the appeal of the serialized installments dispatched back to the U.S. and printed in Scribner’s magazine while the expedition was still underway. They also added significantly to the market appeal of the later book edition. Published in 1910, Game Trails came in the midst of a publishing heyday when a house like Scribner’s could profitably produce a large tome authored by a former president and lard it with numerous photographic plates. As a book that middle-class families (like Hemingway’s) could afford to buy, it could turn a handsome profit. As such, Game Trails marked a pinnacle of the African safari and the big expensive

books produced out of such travel experiences. Its success spawned a publishing boomlet of similar texts that lasted through the twenties. By the time Hemingway took his safari in the early thirties, however, both the safari and safari text were among the many casualties of the depression; they had become moribund as decadent, expensive textual and travel practices. While Scribner's magazine and Scribner's Sons publishers mark a compelling link between the safari narratives of Roosevelt and Hemingway, the exchanges between Perkins and Hemingway on the question of whether Green Hills should include photographs or not, reveals how complicated and tenuous the status of the photographic illustration had become as a means of creating textual authority and marketability.

In bringing to publication Death in the Afternoon, Hemingway and Perkins had had contentious negotiations about the specific layout and costs of including photographic illustrations. Not only did the addition of photographs require Scribner's to raise the sale price in order to turn an adequate profit, they also proved to be a challenge to the book's status as "literature" as opposed to run of the mill non-fiction. Perkins seemed to have learned from the experience with Death in the Afternoon, which had failed to turn a significant profit or wow the critics, and wrote Hemingway his concerns about the contradictory ways photographs may either hurt or help his safari text. Questions of cost, aesthetics, and marketing all fed doubts about whether to include photographs or not. As Perkins wrote to Hemingway:

The thing that has troubled me is. . .that the book has the quality of an imaginative work,-is something utterly different from a mere narrative of an expedition. . . Just the same, it has also the value to hunters and people who care for adventure, of a record. It tells so much about animals and the way things are in Africa, and about shooting and hunting.- This value it has as a record is enhanced by photographs, but the other and greater

value, is injured by photographs. I therefore wondered if we could not put the photographs at the end of the book except for a frontispiece. (OTTC 222-23)

In the end, Green Hills would have no photographs at all: not even a frontispiece.

Instead, pen and ink “Decorations by Edward Shenton” that had been used as illustrations for the magazine serialization provided the text with its only supporting images. By the thirties, Scribner’s magazine had abandoned the use of photographic illustrations like those that had accompanied its serialization of TR’s safari narrative and instead created a uniform, and seemingly more refined and literary, aesthetic using only pen and ink illustrations. This switch was, no doubt, motivated by questions of both market appeal and profit margins: line drawings could both distinguish the magazine from other advertising-laden slicks, and, at the same time, cut production costs. Hemingway’s book would use the same approach.

Though not included in Green Hills, a trophy photograph taken during Hemingway’s African shooting expedition that has since become a standard image of the Hemingway literary/biographical record further illustrates his disruptive engagement with the Rooseveltian conventions of safari documentation. Having appeared in various Hemingway biographies (including Carlos Baker’s official Life Story) as one of the representative images of his 1934 hunting expedition (fig. 33), the appeal of the photograph for Hemingway biographers is likely tied to the fact that it shows the author in the company of his “white hunter” guide, Philip Percival—one of his most compelling links to Roosevelt. Furthermore, the trophies displayed include three sets of spiraling greater kudu horns: the pinnacle quarry of Hemingway’s safari and the focus of the Green



67. Kudu and oryx trophies held by Ben Fourie, Charles Thompson, Philip Percival, and Ernest, Kujungu Camp, Tanganyika, Feb., 1934.

Fig. 33. "Kudu and Oryx Trophies..." Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story by Carlos Baker. New York: Scribner's, 1969.

Hills narrative. What is curious about the image, and something that biographers have not commented on, is that in what should be a triumphant picture of his success “at the end of the kudu hunt” (as Michael Reynold’s caption for the photo notes, 248), Hemingway does not hold one of the kudu trophy-heads. Instead, he displays a pair of significantly smaller and less dramatic oryx horns—a game animal that, in Green Hills, represents an inferior quarry pursued for little more than the sake of meat (At one point “Pop” translates a Masai hunter’s assessment of oryx: “He would like some hides but he doesn’t care about oryx hide. It is almost worthless, he says”) (158).

With a wry smile on his face, Hemingway supports the “worthless” oryx horns with the tips of his fingers in an oddly delicate fashion. As a result, the pose and trophy contrast strikingly with those of the other three men who maintain sturdy grasps on the thick corkscrew horns of the much larger kudu heads. Immediately to Hemingway’s right, Percival balances an immense pair of the spiraling horns that spread out on either side of him; he also clutches his pipe in his left hand as an added sign of his traditional, paternalistic masculinity. Percival is squarely centered both in terms of the photograph’s composition and in his wizened visage and confident avuncular bearing. Next to Percival, Hemingway’s hunting companion Charles Thompson, fictionalized in Green Hills as the narrator’s competitor Karl, holds a set of horns comparable to those in Percival’s hands. Thompson’s face is obscured by the third pair of kudu horns held by a man to his right and crouching slightly in front of the other men. This man is Ben Fourie, the expedition’s auto mechanic. Reflecting on the composition of this kudu trophy image, one can’t help but wonder: why is the safari’s auto mechanic (tender of the machines that Hemingway sees as so antithetical to the pastoral Africa of “Green Hills”)

squeezed into a photograph of what could have been a far more compositionally balanced trio of Hemingway, Percival, and Thompson? Wouldn't a photograph of Thompson and Hemingway on either side of their white hunting guide with the expedition's three principal men each holding a pair of kudu horns make more sense? As it is, Fourie, Thompson, and Percival make up an overlapping trio in the image while Hemingway remains physically disconnected. It seems unlikely that Fourie would have insisted on being included in such a photograph holding the horns of an animal he did not shoot. What seems far more likely, particularly given the wry smile on Hemingway's face, is that "B'wana Fisi" has again decided to play the smart aleck thus effectively unbalancing the composition (and significations) of the traditional safari trophy pose. What this trophy photograph "shows" is Hemingway choosing to strike a mock pose that turns the whole practice of posing with animal horns into a wry joke. Thus while the other three men display kudu horns in earnest, Hemingway opts to display himself instead as Ernest the joking trophy picture debunker.

As he had done in the written text of Green Hills, Hemingway presents himself in this photograph in a way that simultaneously participates in and makes a mockery of acquiring and documenting hunting trophies. His gesture, while at first glance can be taken as a simple reinscription of conventional safari practices, seems to subtly call out "Look at me, I'm different" and "Isn't this silly?" Hemingway's willingness to have one of the safari's hired hands (an auto mechanic no less) display what is supposed to be the ultimate sign of the hunter's prowess was undoubtedly linked to his confidence that the "truth" implied in any safari photograph could be trumped by the literary truth he could tell about the safari in his writing. If he could write compellingly about how he killed a

kudu, it wouldn't matter much if the accomplishment were appropriately documented with a photograph or not. In the end, one of the points of Hemingway's Green Hills can be seen as an assertion of the superior prowess of producing a more "truthful" literary text about hunting in Africa—a prowess that trumps the exposition of any animal trophy heads held before a camera. Thus, both what this trophy photograph shows and what it or any photographs fail to show given their exclusion from Green Hills, together contribute to Hemingway's deforming engagement with the conventions of safari literature.

In a caption accompanying one of the photographic illustrations in Death in the Afternoon, Hemingway declares that "photographs are very tricky" and attempts to school his reader in their problematic status as sources of truth.³⁰ Discerning the truthfulness of photographs requires, Hemingway suggests, careful discerning observation. The subtle game he plays in the kudu/oryx horn trophy photograph provides further evidence of Hemingway's wary, thoughtful, and playful engagement with the camera. Posing for the camera as a means of perpetrating a deceptive joke is something we have evidence of Hemingway doing even during his Oak Park childhood, and the tendency figures into the strategies he pursues in Green Hills in relation to problematizing safari documentation. As one of the plates in Carlos Baker's biography reveals, Hemingway, as a ten-year-old boy, was photographed "feeding a stuffed squirrel" in an ironic and staged composition (see fig. 34). This image, surrounded in Baker's biography by other photographs from Hemingway's boyhood, provides, on one hand, compelling documentary evidence of his decidedly middle-class, middle-American

³⁰ The photograph of a picador on the bulls horns, Hemingway points out, makes it seem as if the matador is "late in starting" in to help the man, when in fact, he has only just fallen—something a keen observer like Hemingway can determine, because he notes that the picador's hat is still on his head.



10. Ernest feeding a stuffed squirrel, Feb., 1910.

Fig. 34. "Ernest feeding a stuffed squirrel, Feb. 1910." Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story by Carlos Baker. New York: Scribner's, 1969.

Victorian upbringing that would have promoted his adoration of figures like Teddy Roosevelt (among the pictures is one of Ernest at the age of five fishing in a rough rider's outfit). Yet what the stuffed squirrel photograph also illustrates is Hemingway's smart aleck's tendency to strike playful, self-aware poses that reveal an early understanding of the camera's tenuous relationship to showing things entirely truthfully.³¹

The squirrel photo marks only the beginning of a life filled with carefully, and often times playfully, constructed self-presentations before the camera. A frequently reprinted photograph of Hemingway lying wounded in his hospital bed in Italy (also in Baker's biography—fig. 35), has become such an iconic image of the author's famous war wound that the original joke implicit in the image has been overlooked by Hemingway biographers and critics. The kind of closer analysis of images Hemingway encouraged readers of *Death in the Afternoon* to pursue, however, suggests that he was, as he would later do in the kudu photograph, using himself to play a visual joke: this time a gruesome one that transforms his wounded body into a contradictory and ironic trophy probably designed to devil and scare his family and friends back home.³²

The photograph shows Hemingway lying in a hospital bed in Milan, and he has turned onto his side to face the camera. With a broad smile, he looks straight into the camera and his facial expression makes him the picture of youthful health, happiness, and

³¹ That Hemingway's joke turns on posing with a taxidermied squirrel provides a compelling metaphor for what I am arguing is *Green Hills*'s skeptical engagement with the imperialist sensibilities of TR that Donna Harraway links to the practice of taxidermy perfected by TR's friend and fellow African wanderer, Thomas Akeley.

³² Another practical joke Hemingway played on his parents about an impromptu marriage to Mae Marsh in New York City before being shipped out to Italy (an episode recounted and studied repeatedly by Hemingway scholars), suggests that it would not have been beyond Hemingway to intentionally set out to rile and scare his easily excitable parents. (see chapter I for a discussion of this prank).



18. The youngest patient in the Red Cross Hospital, Via Manzoni, Milan, late July, 1918.

Fig. 35. "The youngest patient in the Red Cross Hospital..." Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story by Carlos Baker. New York: Scribner's, 1969.

innocence. His lower half, however, tells a quite different story: His right leg lies flat and is encased in a bulky cast. Jutting out above that leg is what appears to be a bandaged stump thus giving the impression that Hemingway's other leg (which was, in fact, intact) has been partially amputated. Hemingway's first letter home after being wounded had explained in careful detail the nature of the wounds to his legs and made it clear that, although they were severely damaged, they both remained intact. The tone of the letter suggests an earnestness in communicating reason and stoic control in the face of having been wounded and an attempt to accurately describe the facts of his wounds and the Italian surgeon's intended procedures for the scrutiny of his surgeon father. In a second letter written some weeks later, however, Hemingway describes his wounding experience again, this time in terms that seem designed to trouble and shock given the combination of gruesome detail and blasé delivery:

The 227 wounds I got from the trench mortar didn't hurt a bit at the time, only my feet felt like I had rubber boots full of water on. Hot water. And my knee cap was acting queer. The machine gun bullet just felt like a sharp smack on my leg with an icy snow ball. However it spilled me. But I got up again and got my wounded in to the dugout. I kind of collapsed at the dug out. The Italian I had with me had bled all over my coat and my pants looked like somebody had made current [sic] jelly in them and then punched holes to let the pulp out...I wanted to see my legs, though I was afraid to look at them. So we took off my trousers and the old limbs were still there but gee they were a mess. (SL 14)

Hemingway's letters home read as if they are at cross purposes, simultaneously trying to shock and comfort his parents. The self-presentation in the famous Milan hospital bed photograph makes similarly contradictory gestures. His broad smile suggests good health and a reassuringly optimistic demeanor. The appearance of what seems to be a leg that has been amputated, however, would undoubtedly have given family and friends pause if not a moment of outright panic and despair. If viewed in the context of Hemingway's

letter, it could have led to speculation about the possibility that something had gone wrong with his surgery.

Here, as in other photographs and in the self-presentation made in Green Hills, Hemingway's manipulative pose amounts to a self-deprecating joke mixed with a seemingly genuine pride in having been physically wounded in the war. For Hemingway, an image of dismemberment and disfiguration function as badges of modern authenticity, as trophy, and as a visual joke. The contradictory trophy is the absent wound—a leg lost and a wound that isn't really there because it didn't really happen, accompanied by the anomaly of a cheerful smile: "Isn't this grand what I am showing you?" In light of Hemingway's savvy awareness of the camera, it seems all the more likely that this hospital bed image amounts to a wry practical joke about his war wound. As a fictionalized self-presentation that renders the self as a physically mutilated veteran who puts on a brave face, the photograph anticipates both Nick Adams lying wounded yet looking "straight ahead brilliantly" and the literary construction Hemingway would pursue in his first novel, The Sun Also Rises. It also anticipates the self-deprecating self-presentations of Green Hills.

"Is Man Improving?"

A three part series of articles that Scribner's magazine published concurrently with its serialization of Hemingway's Green Hills under the title "Is Man Improving?" provides telling evidence of the profound societal doubt and questioning that accompanied and informed Hemingway's approach to writing his revisionist safari narrative. "We live in an age of material marvels" the introduction for the three articles begins, "But is Man himself improving?" This question was "being discussed" in the

United States in 1935 in ways that are hard to imagine during Roosevelt's far more self-assured times. Roosevelt and his safari narrative, like the nineteenth century sensibilities that produced him, assume the inevitable progression and superiority of western civilization—assumptions that had dissipated in the wake of World War I and in the midst of the global economic crisis of the thirties. Ambivalence and an inability to definitively answer the question is the ultimate conclusion of the three articles written by “a churchman,” “a radical,” and an “English philosopher and writer.” Each has slightly different takes on the question, more optimistic or pessimistic, but the three together reveal unequivocally the uncertainty of the times.

In the first installment of the series, “churchman” Abbé Ernest Dimnet finds it “fortunate the question is being discussed,” for he feels that in this question, “the use of our life, our possibilities of happiness, as well as the right development of civilization, are at stake.” Dimnet's piece reveals a far more tentative sense of progress as compared with Roosevelt's progressive-era sensibilities. “Man is a progress,” he declares, “but is lost in wonderment at the progress he is” (321). “The progress of Science,” he continues, “is not absolutely synonymous with the progress of Man” (322). In a declaration that echoes with Hemingway's portrayal of the African natives he encounters (discussed further below), Dimnet states:

We admit that primitive Man was physically our superior; everybody seems also convinced that he was nearer nature, better aware of its mystery, of its mana, in short, that he was more gifted as a poet than we are. Can we be sure that, with infinitely less mental encumbrance, and with no inhibitions, his virgin brain did not work, within the limits of its data, in a more original way than ours, laden with a multiform heritage, can ever do? (323).

This declaration not only resonates with the primitivist sensibilities of modernist writers, anthropologists and others; it also serves as an apt description of the kind of simple, unencumbered primitive authenticity Hemingway sought in his “simple” brand of modernist writing. Dimnet concludes his contribution to the series “Is Man Improving?” with this bleak observation:

It is almost cruel to ask the worshippers [sic] of modern progress what they think of the financial, economic, or social plight of the world. The distribution of wealth is so evidently not only unjust but productive of danger that people who, only five years ago, were intoxicated by what to them was the acme of progress, do not say a word in protest when they see questioned, one after the other, all the principles on which they believed society to be based. (4)

The final article in the series, by “English philosopher and writer” C.E.M. Joad, opens with the conclusion that the question at hand “like those with which hecklers at meetings tease speakers—‘Have you stopped beating your wife yet?’—is strictly unanswerable” (110). Joad describes his modern times as ones of paradox: “Thus arises the great paradox of modern civilization, the paradox of want in the midst of plenty... We are,” he continues, “so little able to control the results of our inventive skill, that our civilization is in danger of collapse because we produce so much of the very things we need.” Joad explains how unequivocally the experience of WWI (and the looming prospect of a second world war) has removed any preceding notions or unconditional confidence in progress:

Now the last war showed that modern man, when terror and pugnacity have stripped away the surface of his civilization, has “improved” so little that he can still on occasion behave like a paleolithic savage. The war showed him, no doubt, at his most glorious, capable of ennobling heroisms and supreme sacrifices. It showed him also vain, gullible, credulous, boastful, cruel, revengeful, malicious. Now modern science has taken this “unimproved” paleolithic savage posturing as civilized man, and endowed him with a terrifying destructiveness. He is, for example, so “improved” in

respect of his ability to devise contrivances for blowing people to pieces and choking them with poison gas by bombs dropped from the skies, yet so little in his ability to control his contrivances, that the next war will probably see the destruction from the air of most of his capital cities. (112)

Joad's assessment of his times, besides presciently imagining the horrors of the Second World War, echoes Hemingway's "Natural History of the Dead" and describes to a tee the kind of fallible modern man Hemingway was making himself out to be ("boastful, cruel, revengeful, malicious") in the debunking safari text Scribner's serialized concurrently.

Scribner's magazine's three-part exploration of the question, "Is Man Improving," while adding telling context for the serialization of Hemingway's Green Hills, can itself be fruitfully contextualized in comparison with Esquire, one of the other magazines Hemingway became involved with in the thirties. While a self-consciously high-brow magazine like Scribner's was questioning "man's" improvement, Esquire was approaching the question in a far more upbeat, commercial way: commodifying and promoting an improved modern man by making a slick magazine for him. What Scribner's had been able to provide in one more unified package in 1909-10 for Roosevelt—a popular and serious literary forum complete with numerous photographs—had become, for Hemingway, bifurcated in ways that parallel a writing career that fluctuated between low-brow marketable writing and high-brow writing for art's sake and posterity. The two blend and overlap in problematic ways at the same time they stand antagonistic to one another: Hemingway's ties to both Scribner's and Esquire illustrate this and the continued ambiguity about "the improvement of man": Does Esquire's new man's magazine format—akin to preexisting magazines for women—reflect an improvement or further degradation of man? And where does Hemingway stand on this

question? “Hemingway” of Scribner’s magazine, of Esquire Magazine, of The Saturday Review of Literature, and of Green Hills of Africa each offer overlapping yet distinct and contradictory answers.

**“seeing the white man as the black man sees him”:
Hemingway and Negritude**

One of the unconventional aspects of Green Hills is its narrative trajectory starting in mid-process with the kudu hunt and then, in the book’s middle section, moving backward in time before later picking up where the opening narrative left off for the book’s conclusion. Furthermore, unlike virtually all other safari books, Green Hills does not attempt any comprehensive narration from start to finish. Hemingway forgoes the all-inclusiveness implied by a linear narrative and opts instead for a narrow focus and fragmentation of time. This lack of linearity reflects, among other things, Hemingway’s rejection of the progressive logic of Roosevelt’s confidence and social Darwinian sense of white, civilized racial superiority. The book’s challenge to notions of white racial superiority is also tied to the fact that the atypical narrative structure is motivated by Hemingway’s desire to narrate the development of his relationship with his gun bearer M’Cola. As the closing passage of part I explains, “M’Cola did not trust me for a long time...But something had happened between us.” “What happened” (the bonding experience of a shooting expedition where M’Cola teaches Hemingway not only how to hunt and speak Swahili but also to laugh at himself) is—more than the hunt for trophies—the central subject of the narrative that follows. Hemingway explains further in the opening of Chapter 10 and Section III—which returns to the time of Section I:

That all seemed a year ago. Now, this afternoon in the car, on the way out to the twenty-eight-mile salt-lick, the sun on our faces, just having shot the guinea fowl, having, in the last five days, failed on the lick where Karl

shot his bull, having failed in the hills, the big hills and the small hills, having failed on the flats, losing a shot the night before on this lick because of the Austrian's truck, I knew there were only two days more to hunt before we must leave. M'Cola knew it too, and we were hunting now, with no feeling of superiority on either side any more, only a shortness of time and our disgust that we did not know the country and were saddled with these farcical bastards as guides. (176)

This passage's litany of "failures" resonates with the book's central theme of fallibility that stands in contrast to the triumphalist ideologies and perspectives of earlier safari narratives, and here results in a leveling bond between Hemingway and M'Cola. The sense of "superiority" that had been central to Roosevelt's engagement with Africa is gone for Hemingway, and he and his African companion hunt together as partners both feeling the pressure of time. Furthermore, the narrative has been one punctuated by failure and frustration as opposed to prowess. In many ways this account of the frustrations and failings of both the hunt and the white hunter is all a set up for section four: the discovery of the good country, the green hills, the happy hunting grounds, and an idyllic Masai village. Even then, Hemingway's pastoralized moment of satisfying communion with Africa when he finally gets his kudu, is ultimately outdone by his "lucky" safari companion Karl who, once again, bags a larger trophy. What Hemingway's narrative tries to convince its reader of (and its own author) is that, ultimately, this doesn't matter; the book and the production of the narrative is the ultimate trophy.

As much as Green Hills reveals Hemingway's preoccupation with gaining the respect and good graces of the paternalistic "Pop" (aka Jackson Philips, aka Philip Percival)—a man who represents everything Hemingway finds good and noble about British colonialist traditions in Africa—so to is he equally preoccupied with gaining the

respect of his gunbearer M'Cola, in particular, and the Masai tribesmen he encounters, more generally. Pop and M'Cola represent for Hemingway two paternalistic "old men" of Africa from whom he hopes to gain acceptance, approval, and an insider's understanding of the place (in fact, the two can be seen as a black/white pair of mentors paralleling Bugs and Ad Francis in *In Our Time's* "The Battler"—see chapter I). The kind of relationship Hemingway desires and ultimately establishes with his African attendants couldn't be more different from that of TR who always assumed superiority and fundamental distance: cultural, racial and otherwise. One sign of Hemingway's interest in learning from Africa through the culture of the natives is his efforts to learn Swahili. Hemingway describes gaining a familiarity with the words that he links to an acceptance of what men like TR had found to be the body scarification practices of flawed savages:

"Piga" was a fine word. It sounded exactly as the command to fire should sound or the announcement of a hit. "M'uzuri," meaning good, well, better, had sounded too much like the name of a state for a long time and walking I used to make up sentences in Swahili with Arkansas and M'uzuri in them, but now it seemed natural, no longer to be italicized, just as all the words came to seem the proper and natural words and there was nothing odd or unseemly in the stretching of the ears, in the tribal scars, or in a man carrying a spear. The tribal marks and the tattooed places seemed natural and handsome adornments and I regretted not having any of my own. My own scars were all informal, some irregular and sprawling, others simply puffy welts. I had one on my forehead that people still commented on, asking if I had bumped my head; but Droop had handsome ones beside his cheekbones and others, symmetrical and decorative, on his chest and belly. (52-53)

Inspired by what initially strike him as the inappropriate or "italicized" sounding words of Swahili, Hemingway eventually embraces them as "the proper and natural words" and links this to what he characterizes as a superior method of body scarification in comparison to his own modern battle scars. The Masai culture, language, and body

markings all lead Hemingway to an enlightened sense of himself as “informal... irregular” and, in many ways, flawed. In recounting the development of his relationship with M’Cola, Hemingway describes an evolution that moves from a competition in which each man assumes his own superiority to a new stage of “hunting together...with no feeling of superiority on either side any more” (176) to finally acknowledging a kind of defeat in their competitive posturing where Hemingway admits “I knew M’Cola was immeasurably the better man” (269).

Hemingway’s perception of himself vis-a-vis the Masai natives he encounters suggests, on one hand, a perpetuation of white paternalism and racial stereotypes, and on the other, a distinct sense of a trans-racial, trans-national brotherhood. Among other things, Hemingway suggests he has more of a connection with this group of Masai than his “farcical bastard guide,” whom he ironically refers to as David Garrick due to what Hemingway sees as histrionics and false airs:

Seeing them running and so damned handsome and so happy made us all happy. I had never seen such quick disinterested friendliness, nor such fine looking people.

“Good Masai,” M’cola repeated, nodding his head emphatically. “Good, good Masai.” Only Garrick seemed impressed in a different way. For all his khaki clothes and his letter from B’wana Simba, I believe these Masai frightened him in a very old place. They were our friends, not his. They certainly were our friends though. They had that attitude that makes brothers, that unexpressed but instant and complete acceptance that you must be Masai wherever it is you come from. That attitude you only get from the best of the English, the best of the Hungarians and the very best Spaniards; the thing that used to be the most clear distinction of nobility when there was no nobility. It is an ignorant attitude and the people who have it do not survive, but very few pleasanter things ever happen to you than the encountering of it. (original emphasis 221)

This passage encompasses the contradictions of Hemingway’s text: His sense of a transcendent brotherhood that goes beyond race or nationality and his sense of nostalgia

and tragic demise of such noble connections. Hemingway embraces and glorifies a noble ignorance. The very next passage, though, further contradicts and problematizes his own “modern” relationship to such idealized, and doomed, noble primitives. It is a description of Hemingway’s departure in his truck from the idyllic Masai village and his farewell to the villagers he had encountered and with whom he had bonded. A group of the youngest ablest men of the village run alongside the truck as it pulls away:

So now there were only two of them left again, running, and it was hard going and the machine was beating them. They were still running well and still loose and long but the machine was a cruel pacemaker. So I told Kamau to speed it up and get it over with because a sudden burst of speed was not the humiliation of a steady using. They sprinted, were beaten, laughed, and then we were leaning out waving, and they stood leaning on their spears and waved. We were still great friends but now we were alone again and there was no track, only the general direction to follow around clumps of trees and along the run of this green valley. (221-22)

Here is Hemingway, successfully off the beaten game trail where “there was no track.” And yet, having bagged his kudu and encountered and left behind Masai brothers and friends, he is propelled by a machine akin to the Austrian’s of the novel’s opening: “a cruel pacemaker” that outdoes and leaves his brothers behind.

Compared with the racist paternalism of his Anglo and American safari forebears (at one point Hemingway has Pop ironically declare “Come on, let’s pull ourselves together and try to act like white people with him”) (85), Green Hills reveals Hemingway’s far greater interest in learning from the African natives he interacts with on his safari. As such, Green Hills communicates an envious desire to emulate African customs, to learn the native Swahili language, and to live as African villagers do in a more direct and simple relationship with the land. As a modern participant observer, Hemingway’s perspective on Africa reflects the anthropological cultural relativity of his

times and stands in contrast to the hierarchical racial sensibilities of Victorian social Darwinism. Unlike TR and Park who, when looking at native Africans, saw themselves as racially and socially superior beings, Hemingway looks at Africans, and also tries to imagine looking out from their eyes, and sees himself as a member of a deeply flawed, decadent, too sophisticated, and too complicated modern society. Ultimately, Hemingway sees his exotic travels and, even more importantly, his literary rendering of the experience as keys to transcending both his flawed modern condition as well as the legacies of its Victorian past.

Hemingway wrote Green Hills as someone influenced by the modernist primitivism that shaped the literary and cultural sensibilities of his times. He exhibited, at times, a seemingly racist and, at other times, seemingly enlightened skepticism of the primitivist impulses of his fellow modernists. This included a lack of interest in the works of the Harlem Renaissance and a seemingly hostile contempt for the popularity of African American jazz as a sign of decadent, deviant urban modernity (see Chapter II). At the same time, Hemingway's admiration for a range of alternative racial and ethnic others—including Ojibway Indians, black boxers, Spanish gypsies and matadors, and the Masai he encountered while on safari—all reveal Hemingway's efforts to pursue a connection with versions of "the primitive" distinct from those shaping popular and avant-garde cultures in Europe and the U.S.

In 1922, while Hemingway was still a Paris-based correspondent for the Toronto Star, he wrote a review of a "Black Novel": Rene Maran's award winning Batouala. After receiving France's prestigious Prix Goncourt, the book was at the center of a cultural and political controversy (as the title of Hemingway's review, "Black Novel at

Storm Center” suggests). Maran’s novel went on to greater literary fame as a founding text of the Paris-based Negritude movement—the influential aesthetic expression of post-colonial African nationalism of the 1940s and 50s. When Hemingway states in Green Hills, and in letters to his editor, that he never read anything that could make him feel or see Africa (what he declares he set out to accomplish in his own book), he seems to have forgotten Maran’s book and the review of it he wrote. His enthusiasm for Batouala focuses on exactly this quality of making one feel they have been to Africa. Furthermore, Maran’s anti-colonialist rendering of Africa suggests an alternative to the “sinister” “romantic” travel books written by Hemingway’s white Anglo and American forebears.

As Hemingway’s review states:

Launched into the novel itself, the reader gets a picture of a native village seen by the big-whited eyes, felt by the pink palms, and the broad, flat, naked feet of the African native himself. You smell the smells of the village, you eat its food, you see the white man as the black man sees him, and after you have lived in the village you die there. That is all there is to the story, but when you have read it, you have seen Batouala, and that makes it a great novel. [...]

There will probably be an English translation shortly. To be translated properly, however, there should be another Negro who has lived a life in the country two days’ march from Lake Tchad and who knows English as René Maran knows French. (DL 112-13)

By highlighting stereotypical characterizations of black physiognomy, Hemingway reveals the racist sensibilities that reflect his times. Yet in those same stereotypes, Hemingway pinpoints what, for him, makes the novel great. Though he insists on the simple immediacy and verisimilitude of the “novel itself” as the source of its greatness, Hemingway was no doubt attracted to the book in part because of the controversy it had stirred up—what undoubtedly made it newsworthy and thus something of interest to the Toronto Star in the first place. Challenging a literary establishment, garnering praise and

critical recognition in spite of one's flouting of convention were preoccupations of Hemingway's at the outset of his literary career while living in bohemian Paris of the 1920s. Just as Maran gained official recognition expressing a black African subjectivity that pushed forward French-language literary traditions, Hemingway hoped to make similar accomplishments as a kind of white American primitive writing out of and challenging Anglo-American literary traditions and conventions. From the perspective of someone like Hemingway, Maran's success in achieving controversy and official praise simultaneously would have been noteworthy accomplishments in addition to the "novel itself."

The identity politics of Maran's "African" subjectivity (a privileged black Frenchman originally from Martinique) are complicated, and though black himself, Maran maintained a paternalistic sensibility vis-a-vis the native Africans he took as the subject of his novel. Hemingway speaks to Maran's standing as an exceptional black, "born in Martinique and educated in France." Thus Maran speaking on behalf of African natives shares problems of appropriation and projection akin to those of white American Moderns in search of darker, ethnic, exotic, exceptionally "American" folk roots. Gertrude Stein and Sherwood Anderson, among many other modernists, embraced African American subjectivity and culture as a means of making genuinely American, modernist literature considered iconoclastic vis-a-vis an Anglo-dominated English-language literary tradition. In his review of Maran's novel, Hemingway is unequivocal in his belief that both experience and racial identity together enable one's literary capabilities. Hemingway was clearly attuned to Maran's racial identity, and it figures prominently both in the review and its title. At one point, Hemingway describes him as

being as “black as Sam Langford.” At the same time Hemingway reveals his strong sense of a racial identity being linked to one’s literary endeavors, he also longs to transcend or break what he sees as the rules of both racial identity and literary expression. As much as Hemingway wanted to throw iodine in the imperial eyes of his white European forebears, from Park to Roosevelt, he also longed to see out of “big-whited eyes” and feel through the “pink palms” and “broad, flat, naked feet of the African native himself.”

In his review, Hemingway also talks about Batouala’s preface, which was the main source of the controversy surrounding the book when it was first published and awarded the Goncourt prize. In it, Maran speaks out pointedly against French colonialism, and although Hemingway dismisses it as “the only bit of propaganda in the book,” he also characterizes it as “not pleasant and it gives the facts by a man who has seen them, in plain, unimpassioned statement.” This description reads like a version of Hemingway’s journalistic and literary credo, and Hemingway no doubt envisioned Maran as a modern truth-telling kindred spirit.

If Maran can be seen as an overlooked literary hero of Hemingway’s, he can also be fruitfully compared to one of his more familiar literary heroes, Ivan Turgenev, and the appeal of Maran’s Batouala can be compared to the appeal of Turgenev’s A Sportsman’s Sketches—one of Hemingway’s favorite books. Hemingway’s praise for Turgenev’s book is similar to his praise for Batouala, as both seem to have functioned as models for the kind of book Hemingway hoped to write with Green Hills of Africa. What Hemingway insisted on as the source of those books’ literary power was how they make the reader feel and see what is being described. Hemingway discusses this quality in

Turgenev's book in the pages of Green Hills, for it is one of the books he reads while on his safari. You smell the smells, you eat the food, you see and feel the land as something more than setting: "That's all there is to the story" but, for Hemingway, that is all that there needs to be. Though both Batouala and Sketches are "simply" stories that take the reader to the place and time, they both, in fact, also functioned as powerful agents of social change, and, though Hemingway may never have admitted it, this was no doubt an important part of their appeal to him. Batouala is significant because it helped launch an intellectual and literary movement that worked in conjunction with African post-colonial nationalism. Turgenev's seemingly benign tales of a hunter's wives in rural Russia, meanwhile, have been credited with bringing about the demise of Russian serfdom. On the one hand, Batouala and Sketches are books above reproach in political terms since their status as "merely descriptive" makes it difficult to label them as political or propagandistic: they just speak simple truths. And yet, they managed to help bring down oppressive power regimes in the process of their truth telling. As such, Turgenev and Maran serve as role models for Hemingway and suggest the way in which he hoped his literary works would become timeless literary truth but that, perhaps, could also lead to social and political change.

In light of Hemingway's praise for Batouala, Green Hills can be read as a contradictory text drawing upon disparate role models and mixing influences from Anglo and American Victorian travel writing, literary modernism under the influence of primitivism, and the Francophone counter-modernism of Negritude. In short, Hemingway's Green Hills bears the marks of Victorian racism, modernist "Negrophilia," and Francophone Negritude. On one hand, Green Hills is a modernist's revision of an

Anglo-American imperialistic genre of African travel writing; on the other hand, it is a text with ties to the countermodernist “denunciatory tradition” of Francophone literary culture—which began, according to Keith Walker and other Francophone literary scholars, with the publication of Maran’s Batouala. As Walker explains, Maran’s book represents a precursor to the Negritude project forged by Aime Cesaire, “a humanistic critic of European imperialist practices, a critic of European imperial will to power, and a critic of its corollary will to describe, define, represent, interpret, translate, and textualize colonized peoples and places through the Western gaze. He would thrust an alternative all-inclusive universal humanism back at Europe” (10). In turn, Hemingway’s Green Hills can be read both as a continuation of an imperialistic “will to describe, define, represent, interpret, translate, and textualize” Africa and its colonized peoples, while also representing an attempt to critique and alter these very practices in light of a self-consciousness about the limitations of the “Western gaze.” Thus Walker’s characterization of Cesaire’s literary project can also be taken as describing Hemingway’s authorial project as that of a “critic of European imperialist practices” who positioned himself oppositionally to his African travel-writing forebears.

Hemingway’s link to Maran and Cesaire’s Negritude turns on the contradictory status of modern American literature after WWI functioning as a form of nationalist literature that managed to be simultaneously post-colonial (attempting an interventionist denunciation of a European imperial past—responsible for historical catastrophes like WWI—and a positing of an authentic post-colonial nationalist alternative through an appropriative (ab)use of the English language and its literary traditions) and neo-imperialist (serving to promote the U.S. as a new kind of empire—cultural, economic and

otherwise). As the United States's "great white writer," Hemingway attempted to lay claim to new and different African "green hills" while also attempting to "thrust an alternative all-inclusive universal humanism back at Europe."

Conclusion

Juxtaposing the African safari narrative of TR and Hemingway, we can discern a form of engaged resistance to the "Teddy Bear Patriarchy" that Donna Haraway has so insightfully deconstructed in TR-fellow-traveler Carl Akeley's taxidermic encounters with the wildlife of Africa. We can also gain perspective on how the turn of the century discourses of manliness and civilization that Gail Bederman has so fruitfully analyzed evolve (or devolve) with the changes and further developments of the twentieth century and the modernist era. In his study of the "the rhetoric of empire" operating through the colonial discourse in journalism and travel writing, David Spurr poses the central question motivating his study: "How does the Western writer construct a coherent representation out of the strange and (to the writer) often incomprehensible realities confronted in the non-Western world?" A comparison of Hemingway and TR illustrates the problem of any monolithic answer to this question, even as both men contribute to what Spurr describes as "the repetitions and variations of [a series of basic tropes which emerge from the Western colonial experience] [and] are seen to operate across a range of nineteenth and twentieth-century contexts" (3). Spurr's description of the nature of writing as "an epistemic violence and colonizing order" fits more comfortably with TR's safari narrative while Hemingway's Green Hills seems to set out to achieve what Spurr describes as writing's potential for "subversion of its own order" (3). In his brief analysis of Hemingway's text's contribution to the colonial discourse Spurr characterizes the

change as a move “from robust nineteenth-century ideals of progress and civilization to a modernist sensibility that defines itself in terms of impotence, anxiety, and loss” (23).

Here, Spurr effectively delineates some of Hemingway’s central authorial thematics.

Impotence, anxiety, and loss had been motivating topics for his writing from the outset of his career as a short story writer and novelist. At the same time Hemingway focused in on these topics as a way of complicating a historical narrative of the great white men of the west, however, he also reinscribed claims to such greatness in his own assertive literary terms that possessed such compromise (impotence, anxiety, and loss) as the ingredients of his great white writing.

CODA

INTENT ON HOW HE WILL LOOK: THE STRANGE MAN IN THE CROWD



Fig. 36. Hemingway at the Pamplona bullring. ca 1927. Rodero. Hemingway Archive. JFK Library.

Among the many photographs contributing to the biographical record of Hemingway's life is one showing him in the crowd at a bullfight in Pamplona sometime in the late 20s or early 30s (fig. 36). Taken during his spectatorial "research" for Death in the Afternoon and after the publication of The Sun Also Rises, the image shows Hemingway rather precariously positioned as someone who is both of the crowd but also attempting to distinguish himself as apart from it. While working hard to look intense(ly), he also seems to be self-consciously aware of the camera's gaze. Is Hemingway leaning forward here because he is intent on carefully observing the bullfight ritual unfolding in the ring before him? Or is he not really thinking about the matador and bull in the ring at all (if there even is a matador and bull in the ring at that moment), but instead about how he will look in the photograph? Such questions are the kinds Hemingway himself would likely ask when considering such an image. In the captions that he would later write for Death's illustrations, he pointed out the self-conscious posing of men gathered around the dead body of a matador (fig. 16 in chapter III, p. 274). In that image from the "AND OF THIS" series depicting what Hemingway declares decadent modern bullfighters like Cagancho are "afraid of," Hemingway departs from the bull ring to show and comment on the ritual's toll in human carnage and death. Hemingway's caption for the image, however, suggests that it is not the corpse in the photo's foreground that disturbs him most (that, he curtly explains, is "Granero dead in the infirmary") but instead the faces of the men squeezed in around the body. As Hemingway observes, "Only two in the crowd are thinking about Granero. The others are all intent on how they will look in the photograph."

Hemingway's caption implies not only the inappropriateness of the crowd's vanity, but also the more profound inappropriateness of the camera's distracting intrusion. The implicit message of Hemingway's commentary on this photograph is that these men should not be vainly staring at the camera. They should be engrossed and deeply disturbed by the unintended tragic death of the matador (as opposed to the planned and carefully ritualized tragic death of the bull). In an echo of Hemingway's very first vignette about bullfighting, this photograph and its caption depict a situation where things have gone gravely wrong. And, as Hemingway sees it, what is most fundamentally wrong is that these Spanish men are inappropriately preoccupied with how they will look. Most obviously, Hemingway's commentary on the photograph amounts to a damning critique of these men's vanity. At the same time, however, it also calls uncomfortable attention to the negative influence of the camera as a seemingly foreign, inappropriate, and decidedly modern presence responsible for inciting that vanity. In the midst of dynamizing what the photograph "reveals," Hemingway's caption makes the viewer of the image self-consciously aware of the gaze of these men staring straight into his or her eyes. In the end, Hemingway suggests that the poignant aspect of the tragedy is not Granero's death on its own, but the fact that the men have been distracted from and desensitized to the gravity of death as a result of the invasive modern technology of the camera's vision. In turn, Hemingway offers his own literary voice and its modern technology of observation as a more benign, truthful, and artistic means of engaging Spain's bullfighting ritual.

Compared to the group of men gathered around Granero, Hemingway's pose as an intent looker both in and somewhat apart from the bullfight crowd at Pamplona

communicates a far more sophisticated and carefully constructed ambiguity. Here we see Hemingway wavering precariously between actor and spectator; foreign poser and intensely focused aficionado; decidedly modern and American in costume and features (and in being accompanied by his boyishly androgynous-looking second wife Pauline) though not in an American milieu. As both actor and photographic subject as well as producer and consumer of cultural meaning, here in this photo and even more so in his writing, Hemingway engaged Spanish bullfighting, in particular, and the foreignness of others, more generally, as he attempted to go “far out past” where he could go as an author and an American man. In the process, Hemingway achieved a formidable degree of cultural influence and did so by operating in the context of transnationalism and transgressive manhood. Hemingway, in fact, occupies what Julia Kristeva has described as “a transnational or international position situated at the crossing of boundaries” and where, Paul Giles adds, “the coercive aspects of imagined communities are turned back on themselves, reversed, or mirrored, so that their covert presuppositions and ideological inflections become apparent” (Giles 17).

The modern Spanish bullfight Hemingway observed, experienced, and wrote about was a national and traditional cultural ritual with ties to ancient forms of manhood and spectacle, which is what most Hemingway scholars have insisted on in their study of the author’s interest in and relationship to it. Yet at the same time, bullfighting was also a modern commercial spectacle, a regulated and rationalized industry, and an increasingly international cultural phenomenon that made it possible for an outsider like Hemingway to become an insider: an anachronistic “American aficionado.” That anachronism coincided with the larger anachronism of his cultural authority as a manly

American writer who crafted his identity as such outside of the U.S. and in contact with foreign and unconventional forms of masculinity. The appeal of bullfighting as literary material for an American modernist like Hemingway was both the problem and promise of how it could be and did become a personal matter for the foreigner: something that he could be part of through observation alone. In the role of the transgressive participant-observer, however, Hemingway also came to understand that he also exercised an agency (as an individual writer and as a member of an international spectatorial crowd) capable of altering—for better or fore worse—that which was observed.

Hemingway's authorial relationship to bullfighting turned on his interest in (and anxieties about) its status as a dynamic, modern, and increasingly international cultural phenomenon that was both capable of and prone to mutability and adaptation to contemporary conditions and external influences—including his own agency as a foreign spectator-turned-aficionado, an American writer, and a cultural consumer and producer. What both appealed to and worried Hemingway about bullfighting was its status as a potentially transgressive meeting point of various binaries including the past and the present, the ancient and the modern, the tragic and the comic, the commercial and the artistic, the masculine and the feminine, and the volatile relations between foreign and familiar, national and the international, and spectatorship and performance. As such, Hemingway may be best understood in light of recent efforts among Americanists like Giles who have called for a new approach to American literary history that is “more concerned with a dialectic of familiarity and alterity, domesticity and estrangement” and that “[acknowledges] external points of reference that serve to relativize the whole conceptual field, pulling the circumference of national identity itself into strange,

‘elliptical’ shapes”(6). In his American literary engagement with Spanish bullfighting, and in his construction of a uniquely masculine modern authorship, Hemingway can be seen pursuing just such a project himself, writing about and within foreign contexts, including the realm of bullfighting, as a means of contributing to an American, nationalist literature yet doing so with a high degree of destabilizing self-consciousness concerning the role of the audience in general, and his own status as a foreigner, spectator, and man in particular.

* * *

The narrative trajectory of The Sun Also Rises peaks in the midst of the San Fermin festival in Pamplona, Spain—a non-stop seven-day carnival revolving around daily bullfights that brings to a head the tensions among the novel’s group of Anglo and American tourists. In the description of the festival’s opening moments, Hemingway includes a peculiar detail describing a gathering of local Spanish workmen who join in the festivities by dancing around “a great banner on two poles” with “Hurray for Wine! Hurray for the Foreigners!” painted on it. The sign motivates a brief exchange between Cohn as the novel’s Jewish American antagonist and Bill Gorton, its wise-cracking, fiesta-loving clown:

“Where are the foreigners?” Robert Cohn asked.
 “We’re the foreigners,” Bill said. (154)

After these two short lines, the banner and its message are never mentioned again, and Barnes quickly moves on to describe the fiesta’s mounting chaos: “Everything became quite unreal finally and it seemed as though nothing could have any consequences. It seemed out of place to think of consequences during the fiesta” (154). Making only the briefest of entries in the novel, this strange sign seems to do little more than contribute to



¡VIVAN LOS FORASTEROS Y TODOS LOS PAMPLONICOS! (Hurray for the foreigners and all the Pamplonese!) *Zig Zag*, 19 July 1923 (courtesy of the Hemingway Collection, J. F. Kennedy Library)

Fig. 37. "Forasteros y Pamplonicos." From *ZigZag* Magazine. In Miriam Mandel's *Reading Hemingway: the Facts in the Fiction*. Metuchen, N.J. : Scarecrow Press, 1995: 72.

the portrayal of Cohn as someone who lacks self-awareness and fails to understand or appreciate the festive events unfolding around him. As such, Cohn's reaction to the sign highlights his difference from both Barnes and Gorton who seem to intuitively know how to give themselves over to the fiesta experience even as they accept their status as "foreigners." A photograph discovered by Miriam Mandel in a Spanish magazine at Hemingway's archive at the JFK library (fig. 37) suggests that the mention of the banner was at least in part the result of Hemingway's tendency toward reportorial verisimilitude: as the photograph suggests, such signs were actually a part of the San Fermin festivities in the 1920s. In this light, the sign can perhaps best be read as revealing the local merry-makers' willingness to welcome the mixing of foreigners and locals ("Forasteros" and "Pamplonicos") and to celebrate the outsider's participation in the folkloric festival since their touristic foreignness contributes to what is any carnival's intended environment: that of celebratory social transgression. Just as drinking much wine in the midst of a festival can help pleasantly alter one's sense of reality and make things exhilaratingly different, foreign or "strange" (or in Spanish "extraño"), so too could the presence of "foreigners" or "strangers" (in Spanish "forasteros" or "extranjeros").

And yet, despite the local workmen's willingness to herald the presence of foreigners, in the context of Hemingway's novel and the events that unfold as a result of that foreign presence at the festival, their celebratory sign can be read as delivering a far more ironically foreboding message. For contrary to the fiesta's tendency to make it seem "out of place to think of consequences," (as Jake Barnes puts it), Hemingway's novel in fact turns on the problematic consequences of foreign participation in the San

Fermin festival, in general, and its bullfights in particular. The awareness of the consequences of one's own foreignness proves to be a central concern of Hemingway's novel (and no doubt informs the self-conscious pose in the Rodero photograph).

In the summer of 1925, when Hemingway first began work on the manuscript that would become The Sun Also Rises, it did not begin as "a novel about a lady" (the subject of two opening chapters he eventually cut) or with a discussion of Robert Cohn as a "middleweight boxing champion of Princeton" (the final published opening). Instead, it opened as a novel about a bullfighter under the working title "Cayetano Ordonez, 'Nino de la Palma,' Fiesta, A Novel." Started in either Madrid or Valencia and completed as a first draft back in Paris that fall, Hemingway's first novel had its genesis in Spain and was inspired by the festival experience of San Fermin and its bullfights. From the outset, the dynamic tension that motivated Hemingway's first successful attempt at writing a shockingly new kind of novel turned on the problematic presence of English and American tourists at the Spanish festival and how the first person narrator, a foreign "aficionado" winds up facilitating the corruption of a promising young matador by drawing him into the decadent world of a group of dissipated and promiscuous expatriates.

In these original opening manuscript pages, this narrator (identified in this early version as "Hem" and later changed to Jake Barnes) describes the U.S. ambassador's arrival in Pamplona for the final days of the festival and includes Hem's conversation with a woman he knows who travels with the ambassador. She is, Hem explains, someone who "collects matadors" and has already had a liaison with and thus ruined the bullfighter Marcial Lalanda. When Hem's Spanish aficionado friend and hotel owner

Quintana asks for his counsel on what to do with a message inviting Cayetano for cocktails with the ambassador's entourage (including the threatening American vamp), Hem advises him not to deliver the message in order to protect the talented boy matador from compromising exposure to a ruinous modern woman and a decadent crowd of over-privileged American holiday makers. Only shortly after this, however, Hem arranges Cayetano's disastrous liaison with Duff, another promiscuous modern woman who travels as part of Hem's own foreign entourage. As a result, Hem betrays the trust and confidence Quintana has bestowed on him as both a foreigner knowing how to handle situations with fast women and as a responsible connoisseur of Spain's atavistic masculine ritual. In the end, Hem-cum-Jake Barnes fails on both counts.

The central dilemma of this sequence from Hemingway's original manuscript remained largely intact and was used as the premise for the novel's climactic narrative turning point. In the final version of the novel, however, neither the corruptive modern women nor the corruptible boy matador turn out to be the central concern of what gets narrated. Instead, it is the narrator's own betrayal of that which he holds sacred and his ultimate failure to manage the volatile intermingling of the different worlds he attempts to straddle as a wounded postwar man. The tension of The Sun Also Rises's narrative (in ways that echo Hemingway's earlier vignette and inform Death in the Afternoon) rests on the narrator's dilemma as, on the one hand, an aficionado deeply invested in the foreign sanctity of bullfighting, and, on the other hand, a complicit member of a group of decadent tourists who wind up contributing to the decay of Spain's traditional ritual. As such, the Sun Also Rises originally grew out of the premise of an American bullfight

aficionado betraying what he holds most cherished as a healing antidote for his own degraded modern condition as a compromised man.

* * *

Sometime shortly after the critical and popular success of that story in its published form, Rodero took his picture of Hemingway in the crowd at a Pamplona bullfight. Thus Rodero's photograph depicts a moment in time when Hemingway had recently become a conspicuous celebrity member of a bullfighting audience peopled by an increasing number of English-speaking tourists whose interest in the ritual would have been piqued by reading or hearing about his popular novel. The extent to which members of the crowd surrounding Hemingway are not thinking about what is happening in the bull ring and, instead, are distracted and aware that a camera has been turned on them, is something Hemingway would have been responsible for (and inevitably aware of), even as he pretends to be lost in the concentration of his own aficionado's watching.

This photographic image of Hemingway in the crowd, like the prose that he imbued with a uniquely influential brand of modern American manhood in texts like In Our Time, The Sun Also Rises, Death in the Afternoon, and Green Hills of Africa, shows a man performing a complicated kind of participant-observation enacted by one whose looks (and looking) were as self-conscious and complicated as his writing. In the self-presentations that these texts constitute, to what degree is Hemingway joking or serious, playfully manipulative or sincerely believing in himself, his pose, and his prose as purely, "truly," and authentically masculine? Are we to take him as earnest Ernest, the atavistic masculine hispanophile and primitive modernist visionary? Or as Ernie the sophisticated, self-conscious, self-deprecating practical joker/poser who looks for fun? Is he showing

us something and someone deliberately queer and transgressive or emphatically straight and traditional? Are these texts' signs imbued with "natural" masculinity or coy, self-conscious performance that destabilizes any claims to an essentialized gender identity?

As an example of just how "tricky" photographs can be, Rodero's image of Hemingway—like the ones provided by his fiction—warrants the kind of close reading and interpretation the author himself would have advised and desired. The spectators around Hemingway seem to constitute a decidedly heterogeneous array of individuals with distinct national, ethnic, class, and gender identities. This is not the classical bullfight audience of one of the ritual's bright pastel promotional posters depicting women with fans, veils, and elaborate headdresses accompanied by men in traditional Andalusian costumes. This audience constitutes an international crowd of modern spectators. As a photograph taken by a Spanish bullfighting photographer, this audience becomes the object of a reversed Spanish gaze which effectively turns the tables by pointing its camera eye back at the gazing crowd. Though Hemingway appears to be self-consciously in control of his pose—one that, ironically, tries to present itself with an air of unstudied observational focus, the photographer's techniques and the image's formal composition also create and contextualize that seemingly self-possessed presentation. The result is a kind of collaboration between the Spanish photographer and his American subject, on one hand, and a felicitous convergence of other elements that neither Rodero nor Hemingway can control.

The image produced is a rectangle that, in focal terms, is subtly divided into two triangular planes by a diagonal line running from the upper left down to the lower right. This dividing line is created by, first, the camera's aperture setting which limits the depth

of field and, second, the fact that it is a low and right angle shot that shoots the crowd from the callejon (where the bullfighters wait their turn). Only the lower triangular plain of the image is in focus while the spectators farther back, and in the upper inverted triangular plane, remain blurred (as do men in the lower left foreground). Though not centered, Hemingway asserts himself as the subject of the image by breaking this focal dividing line as he thrusts himself forward and up to the right, into the more blurred portion of the picture. The parallel lines in the foreground, the twin cables of the barrera (that go from blurred to focused and thus left to right) also help move the viewer's eye from left to right and thus to Hemingway. In his relation to these lines, he seems to almost succeed in crossing the barrier between ring and stands, if not with his body certainly with his intent gaze. The perpendicular lines of the two pillars above either side of his shoulders, together with the phallic post of the cable support, further point to and frame him as the singular, and singularly masculine, subject of this crowd shot.

Even as the camera seems to be intently focused on him, Hemingway's pose is one of an intense focus of his own as he looks away from the camera and into the bullring. This gaze also sets him apart from the portion of the crowd in focus who mistakenly assume they will be the primary subject of the photograph. The half of the crowd that is within the camera's focal range are, almost all, not paying attention to what is happening in the ring. Most are clearly aware of and posing for the camera. They are, like the men gathered around Granero's dead body, "intent on how they will look in the photograph." The blurred remainder of the crowd is collectively focused as it should be, looking as a mass out onto the bullring, just as Hemingway looks (and/or is "intent" on looking). In their blurred collectivity that contrasts his individual focus, this portion of

the crowd manages to both offset and echo his intensive looking. Other counterpoints and echoes further complicate the image and compliment Hemingway's subject position as someone who wavers in between and thus apart. With the blurred portion of the crowd looking into the ring while the other's distracted self absorption is both caused by the camera and captured within its depth of field, Hemingway manages to straddle the two realms of spectatorship, within and just beyond the camera's range. He would craft his authorial voice in a similar space: "situated at the crossing of boundaries" and in a contradictory aesthetic dialogue with the mechanical vision of the camera.

In the image, others besides Hemingway break the separation of its two triangular planes, yet do so in ways that wind up complimenting his unique subject position. The blurred child at the base of the barrera post shares Hemingway's gaze as one who looks intently in the same direction (implying Hemingway's kinship with the child's uncorrupted perspective of seeing innocence—that stands in contrast to the severe jaded stare of the woman—presumably the mother—who glares at the camera). Over Hemingway's right shoulder a dark-skinned man with a peasant's black beret (a seeming kindred spirit to the Basques who ride on the bus with Barnes and Gorton in The Sun Also Rises and the other peasant pamplonicos who drink with the forasteros during the San Fermin festival) moves from the realm of the blurred mass to lean in the opposite direction as Hemingway and toward the focused, distracted half of the crowd, suggesting he wants to get into the camera's field of vision as he returns its gaze. Meanwhile, just beneath Hemingway, the British-looking man with the white handle-bar moustache lends the most to the photo's air of international non-Spanishness (like the beret-wearing Spaniard over Hemingway's shoulder, he seems like another prototype from The Sun

Also Rises—a version of the Englishmen Harris who Barnes and Gorton encounter while fishing in the Pyrenees). Seeming to be the kind of patriarchal sage Hemingway often included in his texts, this man's rumpled fedora echoes Hemingway's. With an image of a dark skinned Spanish peasant above him in the photo's dividing line and an older version of a suited Anglo with moustache below, Hemingway's masculine pose falls, both literally and metaphorically, in between.

The mix of hats in the image include both conservative modern fedoras and black Spanish berets (donned by both men and women) that collectively illustrate the contrasting modern-international-business-class/traditional-local-working-class impulses and constituents of the crowd. Though other photographs of Hemingway in Spain show him sporting the black beret, here his slightly oversized and rumpled cream-colored felt hat seems to mock as much as it does represent straight conservative business dress. Collectively, what this crowd—and Hemingway as an individual who is simultaneously of and apart from it—bespeaks is the fact that despite its various dividing lines and stylistic oppositions, none of those divides prove impermeable. Anyone—man or woman, Spaniard or foreigner—can don either kind of hat and can fall within or beyond the camera's visual reach and influence. As such, the crowd in the image constitutes the kind of internationalized Spanish milieu and bullfight that inspired Hemingway's oddly American masculinity and authorship as something simultaneously authentic, essentialist, modern, traditional, corrupted, and transgressive.

Upon first glance at the Rodero image, the clown of the photograph may seem to be the man to Pauline's right, with the seemingly parodic rakish angle to his hat and his smart aleck's visage smirking directly at the camera. And yet, the real "clown of the

piece” (as Hemingway called himself in Green Hills of Africa) may in fact be the other man on her left whose clean-cut, professional man’s pose—complete with a traditional dark suit and crisp oxford shirt and collar bar pushing up the knot of his tie—rests at the other end of a spectrum as one who maintains an intense focus on the foreign spectacle before him. The costume and the pose may be a more thorough-going, dry witted joke about such intense, straight masculinity and looking. What do we make of this “strange” (extraño/extranjero) man’s relationship to what it means to be a man, a modern, and an American in a situation that shows him seeming to reach out beyond the boundaries of all of those categories? Ultimately, Hemingway’s authorship and the texts it produced, like the ambiguity of potential meanings of this photographic text, refuse to offer definitive answers to such questions. To understand that is to understand the contradictory productivity of Hemingway’s relationship to American manhood, modernism, and authorship.

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LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS FOR HEMINGWAY TEXTS:

- 88 Ernest Hemingway: 88 Poems
- BL By-Line: Ernest Hemingway
- DIA Death in the Afternoon.
- DT Dateline: Toronto
- FTA A Farwell to Arms.
- GHA Green Hills of Africa.
- iot in our time (Three Mountain Press edition).
- JFK John F. Kennedy Library, Hemingway Papers. Boston, Mass.
- MF A Moveable Feast
- NAS The Nick Adams Stories
- OTTC The Only Thing That Counts
- SAR The Sun Also Rises
- SL Selected Letters
- SS The Short Stories

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Cartoon. Vanity Fair. Mar. 1934: 29.

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