AMERICAN IMAGES OF SPAIN, 1905-1936: STEIN, DOS PASSOS, HEMINGWAY

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by
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DEDICATION

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David Murad
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CHAPTER 1

Introduction: España Es Diferente (Spain Is Different)

1.1 Rediscovering the Old World

Spain has often served ironic and contradictory roles for Americans. On the one hand, Spain represents an idyllic or romantic land where peasants, farmers, gypsies, and flamenco dancers live in peaceful and nature-abiding harmony. The sun seems more golden, the wine more savory, the olive trees more pleasant than anywhere else on earth. On the other hand is a darker, more unpleasant streak—a literal “black legend”—where a perceived vagrancy, lawlessness, and anarchy have rendered Spain and Spaniards uncivilized or non-Western. In spirit and geography, Spain occupies an ambiguous space between Africa and Europe, where a sense of savagery, violence, and wilderness are complexly aligned with beauty, mystery, and awe. For Americans over the past few centuries, this has led to a unique fascination, one that has affected not only American receptions of Spanish culture but American conceptions of itself in a growing international and global setting.

Hoping to capitalize on this fascination, the Spanish government took specific steps in the mid-twentieth century to promote Spain as essentially unique or “different,” even in relation to its European neighbors. As Afinoguénova and Martí-Olivella argue, in the 1960s the Spanish Ministry of Information and Tourism, within the Franco government and under the direction of Manuel Fraga Iribarne, issued the slogan “España es diferente” (“Spain is different”) “in order to promote a program aimed at economic
and ideological renovation of the country via tourism” (xi). Fraga and other technocrats of the era pressed for what Raymond Carr suggests was a Spanish “cultural opening” (732): they “saw that a ‘modern’ society could not be contained in the strait-jacket imposed” by the dictatorship of Francisco Franco following the end of the Spanish Civil War in 1939 and pushed for social reforms to modernize the Spanish economy and “cultural life” (731-2). The effect of this “cultural opening” led to the intended boom in tourism: 6 million tourists in 1960 became 34 million by 1972 (Shubert A Social History 209; Raymond Carr 746). In 1982, Adrian Shubert explains, “the number had risen to 42 million, more than one tourist for each Spaniard” (A Social History 209). At the turn of the twenty-first century, the importance of tourism to Spain (and, too, tourism in the world) could still not be overstated. Afinoguénova and Martí-Olivella note 55.6 million tourists in 2005, making Spain not only the “world’s second tourist destination after France” but tourism “the industry generating the most revenue not only in Spain but also worldwide” (xi). In the words of Guardian journalist Giles Tremlett, Spain is “a tourism superpower,” and he admits “some of the credit to that has to go to the old dictator [Franco]” (103).

While Franco and Fraga may have encouraged international interest in Spain, their use of the slogan “Spain is different” simply endorsed a conception of Spain and Spanish culture that had already been propagating abroad. Although Justin Crumbaugh suggests the slogan had an even greater effect inside Spain (on Spaniards rather than foreigners), he also notes the ramifications of selling Spanish “difference” to an audience Spaniards hoped to ultimately assimilate with:
“Spain Is Different” is now ubiquitous in memoirs and cultural histories of the 1960s and 1970s, and has even been a matter of concern for marketing strategists attempting to peddle Spanish products abroad… “Spain Is Different” was thus, among other things, the paradoxical expression of the regime’s attempts to demonstrate its similarities with respect to the industrialized West by skillfully refashioning difference as a commodity. (67-8, my ellipses)

In other words, difference was marketed to better draw together or align Western interests, a method that remains in tourism materials about Spain at the turn of the twenty-first century. In an edited series meant to introduce Americans to other cultures, the Spanish volume Spain is Different (1999) explains, “we focus on the culture and the people and pay special attention to the particular ways in which these differ from the culture and people of the United States.” Differences are explained and “points of potential conflict” are addressed to bring people together and “to help ensure mutual understanding and cooperation” (Renwick xi-xii).¹ Differences attract interest (and market or sell Spanish culture), which build connections and in so doing make the unfamiliar familiar; this new understanding, in turn, fosters a mutual belonging and

¹The term has also been reconsidered in critical studies about Spain and tourism such as Sasha D. Pack’s Tourism and Dictatorship: Europe’s Peaceful Invasion of Franco’s Spain (2006) and the essays found in Afinoguénova’s and Martí-Olivella’s Spain Is (Still) Different: Tourism and Discourse in Spanish Identity (2008).
shared values. As will be discussed more thoroughly below, Spain (or better, the idea of Spain) thus exemplifies a rather unique modern transnational space, where “sustained linkages and ongoing exchanges” (Vertovec 3) exist precisely because “Spain is different.”

The idea that “Spain is different” has not been a very difficult sell to Americans—not today or in the 1960s—primarily because American expatriate writers in the first few decades of the twentieth century had already made note of Spain’s unique culture and land. In numerous letters, stories, and essays, writers such as Gertrude Stein, John Dos Passos, and Ernest Hemingway depicted Spain as both familiar and distinctive; and although varied in method and style, such depictions are overwhelmingly positive and attractive. Their writing not only speaks to the cross-current of American-Spanish relations over the past several centuries but literally becomes embedded in a larger, more extensive transnational narrative. No doubt, when traveling to Spain, the writers carried with them the “Spain” of past artists: that of Cervantes, Washington Irving, or George Borrow. But they also believed they were discovering a “virgin Spain” with their own eyes and were eager to share their experiences with others.² In a sense, they often

² “Virgin Spain” was the title of Waldo Frank’s 1926 romance-like novel about Spain (the subtitle reads “Scenes from the Spiritual Drama of a Great People”), which had been published by Boni & Liveright, also Hemingway’s first publisher. Both Dos Passos and Hemingway were, respectively, skeptical and dismissive of the novel. The term was useful, though, on two counts: the allusion to a pure, untouched space and to the Virgin Mary and Spain’s Catholic heritage.
borrowed from the past to make familiar, or assimilate, a Spanish experience suitable to their American audience, but their unique narratives also helped redefine and shape a more modern relationship with Spain. Gertrude Stein’s depictions of Pablo Picasso and her travels through Spain before and during World War I in *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* (1933), John Dos Passos’s essays about Spanish culture and his travels through Spain after World War I in *Rosinante to the Road Again* (1922), and Ernest Hemingway’s depictions of bullfighting and the Spanish fiesta of San Fermín in the 1920s in *The Sun Also Rises* (1926) are just a few modern examples of how Spanish culture was characterized as simultaneously “different” and familiar, proverbial and modern, old and youthful, traditional and new. A twentieth-century American fascination with Spain is attributable to both the life these writers lived as well as the art they created.

For Stein, Dos Passos, and Hemingway, Spain was a process of discovery and rediscovery. Indeed, the term “discovery” seems intrinsic to American-Spanish relations, primarily because of the (mis)characterization of Christopher Columbus’s voyages across the Atlantic, which began in 1492. In the words of Felipe Fernández-Armesto, 1492 was “the year the world began;” it “did not just transform Christendom, but also refashioned

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3 A note on citations: For the sake of space and to avoid repetition, short titles and abbreviations will often be employed. In most cases, a work’s first citation will explain the intended abbreviation. However, for Hemingway works and criticism, I will rely on the “Abbreviations and Short Titles” list provided in *The Letters of Ernest Hemingway* (hereafter referred to as *Letters*) (xlvi–l).
the world” (2). Of course, legend tends to obscure historical details, and Columbus’s ‘Spanish discovery of America’ is a prime example. Born in Italy, Columbus lived for many years in Portugal, where many argue he learned much from and was inspired by the navigational feats of the Portuguese who had hitherto been the “discoverers” of the Atlantic. In fact, Columbus originally petitioned Portugal for (what he hoped would be) a cross-Atlantic trip to China and the East Indies. Only having failed to garner support

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4 Fernández-Armesto’s argument is that 1492 is significant beyond Columbus’s sailing. Two other major events include the conquering of Granada by the Spanish monarchy (controlled by Castile’s Isabella and Aragon’s Ferdinand), which claimed the last Muslim foothold on the Iberian peninsula; and the full implementation of the Inquisition, which culminated with an aggressive expulsion of Jews and non-Christians from Spanish regions. But these events are heavily related and, although Western-centric to some extent, they all point to the global significance of 1492 and the voyages themselves. For Janet Lippman Abu-Lughod, the Columbus voyages shifted the balance of power and focus away from the East (Middle East, India, Indonesia, and China), which had dominated European, Asian, and North African trade (and so, in a way, their cultures and kingdoms) for centuries: the Columbus voyages and discoveries “displaced the Mediterranean decisively from a core focus of trade, thus precipitating a long-term marginalization of the Middle East, reduced the relative indispensability of the Indian Ocean arena, and provided the nascent developing nations of western Europe with the gold and silver they needed” to balance and develop European power across the globe (193).

5 See, for instance, Rebecca Catz Christopher Columbus and the Portuguese, 1476-1498:

It is all too frequently forgotten that the Portuguese were the first to advance along the African coast beyond the Canaries when Gil Eanes, one of the retainers of Prince Henry the Navigator, passed Cape Bojador in 1434. They were also the first to occupy the Madeira Islands, in about 1418 to 1425; the first to discover the Azores, in about 1427;
there did he turn to Spain (and when initially rebuffed, he turned to other countries, such as France and England). When Spain, under the crown of Isabella and Ferdinand, finally agreed, Columbus made four subsequent trips across the Atlantic between 1492 and 1504, but never did land in the mainland of the United States. Despite these historical facts, a United States holiday (observed officially or not) commemorates his birth, and in elementary schools children learn that “in 1492, Columbus sailed the ocean blue” with the *Niña*, *Pinta*, and *Santa María*, the three ships that made the initial voyage. In other words, although disputed, the 1492 voyage stands out in the minds of many Americans not because of the fact of discovery but because of the idea of it.

Columbus’s “discovery” was also a “rediscovery” of sorts, and the two concepts successfully function in unison. As Laurence Bergreen observes,

> Historians have long argued that Columbus merely rediscovered the Americas, that the Vikings, the Celts, and American Indians arrived in the “New World” long before his cautious landfall. But Columbus’s voyages

the first to sail along the African coast to Guinea, in about 1446; the first to round the Cape of Good Hope, in 1488; and the first to reach India by sailing around Africa, in 1498.

We know that Columbus, who lived in Portugal from 1476 to 1485, learned most of what he knew of sailing from the Portuguese. (viii)

Columbus’s voyages spread across the Caribbean, first arriving in the Bahamas and into Cuba and later trips along Jamaica, Puerto Rico, the Lesser Antilles, southern Central America, and northern South America. For good trajectory maps, see Bergreen.
to the New World differed from all the earlier events in the scope of its human drama and ecological impact. Before him, the Old World and the New remained separate and distinct continents, ecosystems, and societies; ever since, their fates have been found together for better or worse. (7)

Even if not historically official, the discovery is both symbolic and real. While Columbus was not the first to discover the regions today called the Americas, his actions did bring together two “worlds” in a profoundly new exchange or manner. To the point, the very conception of Spain and United States as, respectively, the “Old World” and the “New World” are a result of Columbus’s voyages.

1.2 Nineteenth-Century Americans in Spain

In the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, Americans became increasingly interested in (re)discovering the “Old World.” “Every body was going to Europe—I, too, was going to Europe,” Mark Twain wrote in 1869: “If I met a dozen individuals, during that month, who were not going to Europe shortly, I have no distinct remembrance of it now” (Twain 24). The view was partially exaggerated, of course, but American tourism abroad had gained momentum especially after the Civil War. During the 1850s, American tourism to Europe was roughly 30,000 a year but by 1885 total tourism abroad had increased to 100,000 (up from 35,000 total in 1870) (Harper 7; Ninkovich 39). Like many Americans with means, Twain made the “grand tour,” visiting numerous locations throughout Europe, the Mediterranean, North Africa, and the Middle East. And while in the published text he does give more attention to non-Spanish locations, he regrets not having spent more time in Spain. Docking in Gibraltar during the homebound voyage, he
writes of spending “seven delightful days” in southern Spain: “The experiences of that cheery week were too varied and numerous” to quickly summarize, and having to finally board the vessel and leave, he sees the “the white city and the pleasant shores of Spain sank down behind the waves and passed out of sight. We had seen no land fade from view so regretfully” (509-10).

Other well-known nineteenth-century travelers / writers to Spain include Washington Irving and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Both traveled to Spain around the same time (Irving in 1826, Longfellow in 1827), and the two met in Madrid in August 1827.7 “Longfellow’s Spain,” Eugenio Suárez-Galbán observes, is “the gypsy one, with lecherous, arrogant nobles, picaresque-like students, [and] kind clergy” (52), a characterization visible in such works as “The Spanish Student,” a three-act play he published in 1843, more than a decade after visiting.8 Longfellow was in Spain for roughly eight months, and the trip was part of a lengthier itinerary of travels and studies throughout Europe between 1826 and 1829 (destinations included France, Italy, Austria,

8 “The Spanish Student,” a romantic tragedy of sorts, revolves around several “Gypsies,” one named Preciosa, an obvious reference to Cervantes’ La Gitanilla (1613). The general cast of characters speaks to the American images of Spanish culture that would carry into the nineteenth century and beyond. Apart from the Spanish “students” themselves, are three “Gypsies” (among many minor extras, including musicians and dancers); several representatives from the Catholic clergy and Spanish nobility (an archbishop, a “padre,” a “Count,” a “Don”); as well as those from Spain’s lowest classes, including many “servants” and “A poor Girl” (The Complete Poetical 29-66).
Czechoslovakia, and Germany). Two weeks after arriving in Madrid, he wrote to his father on 20 March 1827 that, rather than having witnessed “the troubled dangerous state of Spain which filled my ears at Paris… All is at present tranquil… With Madrid I am very much delighted. I have not seen a city in Europe which has pleased my fancy so much, as a place of residence” (Life of Henry 102, my ellipses). He immediately noted Spain’s beauty (the beautiful “Basque girls” for one) as well as its poverty (Life of Henry 102-10), themes that recurred in both his letters and published writings afterward.

Following almost literally in the footsteps of Irving, Longfellow envisioned a “sketch-book” of his European travels. Later published as Outre-Mer (1838), the book was, as Christoph Irmscher observes, “a scissors-and-paste job, fashioned out of previously written stories, diary entries, and three academic essays” Longfellow had

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9 From Göttingen, Germany on May 15, 1829, Longfellow wrote his father, “I am also writing a book, — a kind of Sketch-Book of scenes in France, Spain, and Italy” (Life of Henry 171). Editors and critics have noted the inspiration of Irving’s The Sketchbook of Geoffrey Crayon (1820) on Longfellow’s writing, especially Outre-Mer, which deals with the European travels (Irmscher 177; Gifra-Adroher 159). In the “Introductory Note” to Outre-Mer in the 1886 Houghton edition of Longfellow’s complete works, the editors noted that “Irving’s Sketch-Book was at that time by far the most successful of American reports of the Old World, and it became the model for other books of the kind” (The Writings of Henry 9). The Sketchbook, in part, chronicled Irving’s earlier trip abroad to England and its success made Irving famous on both sides of the Atlantic.
published elsewhere (176). His memories of Spain were particularly important to the book’s construction and later writing. In a letter to his mother in January 1828, shortly after leaving Spain and arriving in Italy, Longfellow admitted, “The fact is, I am homesick for Spain. I want to go back there again. The recollection of it completely ruins Italy for me. Next to going home, let me go to Spain!” (Life of Henry 142). While he never did return, in the years to come he spoke of Spain with similar nostalgia.

Reminiscing of Spain in Outre-Mer, Longfellow recalls “the clear sky, the pure, balmy air, — the delicious fruits and flowers, — the wild-fig and the aloe, and the olive by the wayside” (The Writings of Henry 139). Like many others before and after him, Longfellow ridiculed the sensational traveler’s experience or depiction of Spain; but it was hard not to remember it so fondly or romantically.

As Pere Gifra-Adroher explains, America’s more picaresque images of Spain emerged during the early nineteenth century, when “Spain and the Spaniards began to lose their invisibility, becoming more known and, to a certain extent, also commodified by the apparently innocent cultural channels that purported to represent them” (15). Furthermore, “American audiences discovered influential thematic conventions to represent Spain elsewhere. Topics like Roman Catholicism, Cervantes, and Columbus, 10

10 As will be discussed below, Dos Passos’ initial venture and writings about Spain followed an almost identical path and progression: roughly a year in Spain between 1916 and 1920 and then a book, which also was a “scissors-and-paste” pastiche of previously written stories, diary entries, letters, news features, and academic essays.
for example, which later appeared in the romantic travel books, were to be found not in the earlier American travel writings on Spain but rather in genres like history and the popular romance” (48). It was in the nineteenth century, Eugenio Suárez-Galbán observes, that “American authors’ interest in the figure of Columbus, as well as in the Spanish conquest… would also explode. The historical coincidence of conquest between the two nations (though separated by some three-and-a-half centuries) naturally led to an interest and an identification on the part of the younger” (34-35, my ellipses).

Irving became the name most associated with Spain partially due to the sheer body of writing he produced, starting with *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus* in 1828, which was quickly followed by *A Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada* (1829), another work about Columbus’s voyages in 1831, and, perhaps the most famous of his works about Spain, *Tales of the Alhambra* (1832). Other writing about Spain appeared over the next few decades, some posthumously, and in 1955 Stanley T. Williams observed that even if Irving was “still known as the traditional interpreter in American literature of old England, he devoted far more space and effort to his books on Spain… some three thousand pages and approximately one million words, amounting to about one third of his total writings” (2: 38, my ellipses). Partially, the reason for such output lies in Irving’s extended stay in Spain: “two sojourns, from February 1826 until August 1829 and from July 1842 until August 1846, amounted to nearly seven years” (Gifra-Adroher 122).

Shortly before arriving in Madrid, Irving had learned of newly discovered documents concerning Columbus’s voyages, so (partially on the advice of an
acquaintance) he set to work on a history in English. The project itself—sifting through “disconnected papers and official documents”—took up most of his time during his first year in Spain, but “the subject was of so interesting and national a kind, that I could not willingly abandon it,” he wrote in the eventual Preface (*The Works* 3: 9, my emphasis). In fact, Irving had discovered a *transnational* figure and history in Columbus: his life and voyage were not strictly American or Spanish but American-Spanish. Part of the reason lay in Columbus’s legend: “In Columbus were singularly combined the practical and the poetical,” qualities Irving admired in such an imaginative “visionary” for both worlds (*The Works* 3: 629-35).

Irving’s own initial discoveries of Spain were ambivalent, as a 15 March 1828 letter demonstrates. Traveling through Spain, one had to be pleased to “have escaped being robbed,” and the scenery, such as that through La Mancha (central Spain, south of Madrid), could be “cold and uninteresting.” “But Granada, *bellissima* Granada!” he exclaimed shortly afterward, “the scene of many a bloody encounter between Moor and Christian, and remarkable for having been the place where Columbus was overtaken by the messenger of Isabella… Granada, with its towers, its Alhambra, and its snowy mountains, burst upon our sight” (qtd. in Pierre M. Irving 2: 232-34). In Granada and the Alhambra, Irving had discovered the wonder and distinction of Spain, with its historical and cross-cultural ties to East and West. Spain was the Orient and its rich past, as well as the Occident and its discovery of the future. Where the Columbus books aimed toward some form of objective narrative, *The Alhambra* was not “a regular narrative,” and from
the outset Irving highlighted that “there is a romance about all the recollections of the Peninsula that is dear to the imagination” (*The Works* 6: 11-13).

In following the first “wave” of American travelers (the late eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century diplomats and representatives who wrote of Spain often in the context of politics or national interest), writers like Longfellow and Irving were part of a second “wave” who represented Spain as a mysterious, romantic retreat. Although not a sudden or sharp shift, in the words of Gifra-Adroher, the 1820s and 30s were a transition from an enlightened to a romantic representation of Spain.

That is, a representational shift occurred whereby that foreign nation changed from being conceived as a political allegory of conspicuous political implications for general readerships at home to being portrayed as an hedonistic retreat for individual romantic travelers abroad. (18)

Similar to Stein’s and Dos Passos’ initial representations nearly a century later, Longfellow’s Spain was a “spiritual retreat where the aspiring romantic artist can find not only inspiration, but also an insight into his future life;” meanwhile, Irving’s *Alhambra* made Spain “once and for all a subject to a popular romantic vision in American travel writing” (Gifra-Adroher162, 123). For Rolena Adorno, “Irving tirelessly explored the contrast between history’s eternal absence and the abiding presence of the past” (51).

And along with Irving and Longfellow, writers like William H. Prescott and George Ticknor were, in the words of Jonathan Brown, “the creators of the [contemporary] American image of Spain [and] largely agreed that Spain had been frozen in time by its slow pace of modernization” (ix). Spain as an “abiding presence of the past” and being
“frozen in time” were, in a rough sense, the imaginative progenitors of the “continuous present tense” and timelessness that Stein, Dos Passos, and Hemingway espoused in the early twentieth century, even as their literary influences included more than just Americans of that era.¹¹

By the end of the century, Americans had new means and motivations for not only reading about Spain but discovering it for themselves, and in a sense, travel and writing (travel-writing) became a niche genre. As Frank Ninkovich notes, “the rapid growth of tourism created a demand for information about remote places and peoples that was satisfied by an explosion of travel literature. Before 1850, 323 travel books had been published; between 1850 and 1900, this figure had risen to more than 1,400” (40).

¹¹ While the purpose of this introduction is to situate earlier American travelers in and writings about Spain, it should not be forgotten that British, French, and other European writers were just as responsible for the “images of Spain” Americans consumed and knew of at the turn of the twentieth century. As Lou Charnon-Deutsch argues, the “obsession” of a Western audience with Spain was often grounded in the romantic notion of the “Spanish gypsy,” a fanciful and yet complicated image of Spanish culture that non-American writers like George Borrow, Richard Ford, and Prosper Mérimée (to name a few) were largely responsible for. In just the example of Hemingway, Reynolds writes, from Borrow alone “Hemingway got his first taste of Spanish life, a taste that he later developed to the full. [Sherwood] Anderson praised all of Borrow’s work; Lavengro and Romany Rye he claimed to have read twenty times. Both of these slightly bizarre collections of gypsy lore and folkways became part of Hemingway’s own library, eventually to make their contribution in For Whom the Bell Tolls” (Reynolds YH 184). The effect was widespread, as Henry Kamen argues: from Borrow to Victor Hugo, “Spanish culture was projected on to outsiders as essentially a gypsy one” (253).
Traveling, too, became more accessible, and specific interest in Spain, observes Williams, “lay in the increased wealth of the United States, in the complicated Spanish-American issues in the Western Hemisphere, such as Cuba, in the enthusiastic study of Spanish culture by scholars, and in the new passion of travelers for the remote and rare” (1: 59). In short, a more powerful image of Spain emerged in the nineteenth century, one predicated on the power of “contrasts” to attract. As an 1875 *Scribner’s Monthly* feature about Spain averred,

> Spain abounds in attractions to Americans. Perhaps this is chiefly because there are few countries which present such strong and sharp contrasts with our own. Instead of the restless activity and enterprise which are here constantly reaching for new fields of exertion, we find there a disregard of the present and a carelessness for the future which almost incomprehensible. (“Spanish Sketches” 213)

Although America was supposedly moving forward, it found an attractive counterpart in a country supposedly “frozen in time” or “careless for the future.” Americans were beginning to see the value of Spanish difference.

1.3 The War and Disaster of 1898

A significant crossroads between the United States and Spain in the late nineteenth century was the war of 1898, which was fought mainly in and around Cuba and the Philippines. Of territorial concerns, the U.S. was clearly the victor. Robert P. Saldin notes that the “United States received most of Spain’s colonies including the Philippines, Guam, Wake Island, and Puerto Rico. Cuba was declared independent. The
altered political climate caused by the war was also instrumental in the annexation of Hawaii” (31). But looking back, the war’s significance has less to do with territorial losses or acquisitions than with the symbolic directions each country was moving at the time. In other words, the loss and gain of territory for each nation was real, but of more importance was the sense of loss and gain. Where the United States was “thrust” “into a new role as a world power with imperial holdings” (Saldin 64), Spain entered the twentieth century in a state since described as “disaster.”12 Where Spain moved inward, America moved outward, which helps to explain why Spain served so appropriately as a passive land to be rediscovered by a proactive twentieth-century American imagination.

The war also reinforced growing stereotypes of Spain’s backwardness and barbarism. Speaking before a New York City cultural society in 1898 about the “Spanish Character,” the rationalist author and Princeton-educated M.M. Mangasarian told the audience,

Spain is situated between two continents, the most advanced and the most backward, the most illuminated and the darkest—Europe and Asia. The

12 The term is ubiquitous in Spanish history. As Louis A. Pérez, Jr. writes, “Spanish historiography has looked back on 1898 as el desastre (the disaster)—an ignominious denouement of a five-hundred-year-old New World empire, after which Spain plunged vertiginously into decades of disarray and disorder” (ix). Pérez’s book is just one of several published around the centennial of the war that keyed in on the term; see also the collection of essays, España en 1898: las claves del desastre (“Spain in 1898: The Keys of Disaster,” by editors Pedro Lain Entralgo and Carlos Seco Serrano) and the historical narrative, 1898: la estrategia del desastre (“1898: The Strategy of Disaster” by Jaime Pérez-Llorca).
institutions of Spain naturally enough respond to the influences of each…

There are, then, in the Spanish national character, dwelling side by side, and most of the time blended into one, these two forces—civilization and barbarism. (“The Spanish Character” 3)

In biology and geography, Spain is a “compromise between Saxon and Celt on one hand and Arab and Moor on the other… Spain, by her aspirations, is European; by her memories and habits she is still Oriental” (“The Spanish Character” 3). The connection with Spain to Africa was gaining momentum in the late nineteenth century and “Africa begins at the Pyrenees” was a well-known (French-derived, often derisive) expression espoused throughout Europe and America. As Reverend Samuel Manning of the British Religious Tract Society wrote in roughly 1870, the “epigram” (which also opened his “First Impressions” chapter) “contains a large measure of truth. It expresses with tolerable accuracy the first impressions of the traveller in Spain” (11).  

Later artists picked up on the term, as well. Hemingway incorporated the phrase into The Garden of Eden (Catherine remarks to David how impressed she was when she first heard the expression [46]) and Richard Wright, in the opening pages of Pagan Spain (driving towards the Pyrenees, observes that “some authorities claim” they “mark the termination of Europe and the beginning of Africa” (4). Alex Vernon also notes how Jay Allen, Chicago Tribune reporter during the Civil War, used the phrase when prefacing a book by Robert Capa (193). The expression continues to carry (again, problematic) significance today, despite Spain’s having further moved under the umbrella of European status in the latter part of the twentieth century (membership in the European Union and European Economic Community just two explicit examples). Noting these transitions in 2002, Edward F. Stanton wonders, “Maybe Spaniards will
For Mangasarian and others, Spain’s backwardness deserved a measure of sympathy, especially from an advancing American power. Thus, the war also helped transform both American foreign relations and domestic outlook. As Mark Barnes explains,

Hundreds of thousands of Americans left their jobs, put on uniforms and took up arms, and whether engaged in actual combat, occupation duty, or just training in state-side encampments, came away from the experience viewing the United States as a different place from the one where they had grown up in the late nineteenth century. Individuals like Sherwood now consider themselves to be a true member of the continent [Europe]; perhaps the French will no longer claim that Africa begins beyond the Pyrenees” (Culture and Customs 20).

It should also be noted that some Spaniards of the age bemoaned what they felt was Spain’s backwardness and “African” nature. Joaquín Costa, a politician and public intellectual at the turn of the century, was just one of the outspoken critics. In a speech given to union associations in Madrid in January of 1900, Costa complained that “More and more, Spain is becoming less European, because Europe progresses where Spain is at a standstill” (275, my translation). Elsewhere, he clarified his point, using the Africa-Europe dichotomy: “We want to breathe the air of Europe, so that Spain ceases to be African and become European....” (qtd. in Shubert Death and Money 2). Looking for ways to better Spain’s image in the eyes of the world, Costa called attention to the bullfight: “The bullfights are a great evil that harm us more than many believe… from the perversion of public feeling to lowering us in the eyes of foreigners, there is a dismal series of comparisons that degrade us” (qtd. in Shubert Death and Money 2). The distinction is important, especially in reference to Hemingway, who hoped to champion bullfighting as one of his great learning experiences.
Anderson and Carl Sandburg and thousands of other veterans would look back on their participation in the war with Spain as a defining moment that changed their life paths… (2)

Whereas nineteenth-century Americans focused their attention primarily on the homeland, the 1898 war helped refashion American interest abroad.\(^{14}\) The reason was not from the fighting, which lasted less than ten months. As Walter Bates Rideout argues, even Sherwood Anderson in later years “was mostly to belittle the small part he played” in the short conflict (75). Anderson would later write in *A Story-Teller’s Story* (1924), “The voices crying out for war with Spain, for the freeing of Cuba, I had heard not at all but there had been a voice within myself that was plain and clear enough and I did not believe there was danger of many battle being fought” (277). Reflecting in 1917, shortly after his first trip to Spain, Dos Passos also noted the major difference the war had made in the two countries: “The war of ’98, which to us was merely an occasion for a display of school historybook style of patriotism… was to the Spanish people a great spiritual crisis” (*The Major Nonfictional Prose* 44, my ellipses).\(^ {15}\) Rather than the “participation” in or the act of the war that changed American lives, it was a sense of “patriotism” (which

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\(^ {14}\) See also Daniela Rossini and the growing “American Internationalism” of the time: 1898 and the Spanish-American War “seems a historical divide between American nineteenth-century isolation and twentieth-century involvement in world affairs” (16).

\(^ {15}\) *The Major Nonfictional Prose* (edited by Donald Pizer and hereafter referred to as *MNP*) is a collection of Dos Passos’ news and magazine correspondences. Rather than cite individual articles, I will often refer to the specific article in the text and cite the collection.
perhaps also sparked a wave of “expatriatism” in the decades that followed) that changed America’s conception of itself and its relationship with and role in foreign cultures.

Both Dos Passos’ and Anderson’s characterizations of the war played on old stereotypes and foretold of new directions. “The glory of Spain, read about in the books, was dead,” Anderson admits, signifying the break with old myths. But any new image of Spain still fashioned itself against the old “gypsy,” guitar-playing generalizations carried down through those tales:

> We had old Spain at a disadvantage, poor old woman… America, the young and swaggering giant of the West had been fortunate. She had not been compelled to face, on the field of battle, the giant of the Old World in the days of her Old World strength. Now the young western giant was going to assert himself and it would be like taking pennies from a child, like robbing an old gypsy woman in a vacant lot at night after a fair. (*A Story Teller’s Story* 277)

Great writers, Anderson continues, would attempt to “work up the illusion of a great war about to be fought, but no one believed… To the soldiers the Spaniards were something like performers in a circus to which the American boys had been invited. It was said they had bells on their hats, wore swords and played guitars under the windows of ladies’ bedrooms at night” (*A Story Teller’s Story* 277-278). “It was said” speaks to the long history of American images of Spain that Anderson, Dos Passos, and others had been exposed to at the turn of the twentieth century. Earlier writers had already drawn Spain and all its “old glory.” But in identifying the changing of the guard, from the “Old
“World” to the “young,” Anderson also attests to how each country participates, mutually, in the same (transnational) dramatization (or “circus”).

For Spain, the historical memory of the war runs along similar lines, where old myths and new directions had come to complicated crossroads. In the words of Peter Pierson, reeling from the “disaster of 1898,” “Spain had entered what many called a second golden age. It began with the so-called Generation of ’98 that opened a public debate on the nature of Spain, its civilization, its people, and government in the wake of the defeat by the United States” (129). Yet, as Raymond Carr suggests, this was “no new birth, no new generation: the processes of criticism were merely accelerated and intensified,” regenerating or renewing an “urgency and justification… to traditional protests” (524, my ellipses).16

16 The generation of ’98 included such notable literary and intellectual figures as Antonio Machado, Pío Baroja, and Miguel de Unamuno but also, as Balfour correctly argues, “a range of writers to the debate about wherefore and whither Spain.” Balfour offers a good summary of the discontent and sentiment for “national introspection:”

The more reactionary accounts reiterated the familiar themes of Spanish conservatism: the prevailing decadence was due to the failure to uphold the ideals which had led to the creation of the Empire—unity, Catholicism, hierarchy. The source of the modern crisis was the erosion of traditional values such as the family and religion, and the rise of materialism and utilitarianism; the new industrial bourgeoisie were compared unfavourably with the landowning oligarchy, a case of grasping egoism versus benevolent paternalism. Other more progressive accounts nevertheless found fault with apparently innate characteristics of the Spanish race. In keeping with the drama of the
For both nations, 1898 signified change but one often spurred or intensified by tradition. This complicated dynamic is well demonstrated in the emergence of an American “Anglo-Saxon” identity, which had not been created in the war of 1898 but had certainly been regenerated or intensified. Anderson noted the contrast of “Anglo Saxon” and “Spaniard” as he sat one night in camp (quite far away from the action) imagining his role in the drama: “In his tent the Spanish commander was feasting—and here I, being a true Anglo-Saxon, must needs make out that the imaginary Spaniard was something of a monster” (A Story Teller’s Story 280). As before, Anderson both reflects on the imaginary (mythic) roles even as he reasserts them. Critics have likewise noted a heightened sense or belief in “Anglo-Saxon” heritage that followed on the heels of nineteenth century Darwinism and America’s newfound positioning as an imperial power, one in the same ranks as the British.17 In a way, American expansionism rested on the very premise of “the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon ‘race’ and of American civilization” (Rossini 17).18

occasion, these were painted in lurid terms: the Spaniards were verbose, apathetic, lazy, arrogant; in them, passion overrode reason, individualism was stronger than civic spirit, and self-delusion or fantasia dominated perception. (The End 67-68).

17 As will be discussed, at the turn of the century Dos Passos’ father (through theoretical tracts) also championed a “common citizenship” between Anglo Saxons and English speakers around the world.

18 See also María DeGuzmán Spain’s Long Shadow (specifically Chapter 3) and John Lamberton Harper American Visions of Europe. For Harper, “Well before 1898, social Darwinist doctrine had combined with the fear of Southern European and Asian immigration to produce a heightened feeling of identity among
From Spain’s point of view, as well, there was a “definitive split between Spain and Latin America” (DeGuzmán xxii), where Spain, having had ties severed from the Americas and the “New World,” retreated into itself and to its only secure possession, that of its “Old World” heritage. As Suárez-Galbán argues, the Spain of 1898 can be described as a mortally wounded, agonizing military empire that on the home front to its detriment ignored the premises of the modern world that the Renaissance began to develop and the Enlightenment consolidated. It was precisely this Spanish permanence within a basically Christian medieval mentality that to a great degree led Spain to turn its back on the rationalist, capitalist, individualist and bourgeois world that Europe was creating.

This “new [modern] world” was the one “the United States would not only inherit, but would also in many ways exemplify like no other nation” (22-23). The irony of the 1898 conflict, which drew out such stark distinctions between two countries (one Anglo, capitalist, rational, modern; the other Latin, agrarian, irrational, “old” or premodern), is the Anglo-Saxon nations. After 1898, America’s entry into the ranks of the imperial powers combined with the sense of Britain’s gradual decline to reinforce appeals for Anglo-American friendship” (24). Although Britain had remained neutral during the war, it did sympathize and provide some aid to the United States (Balfour “Spain” 14-15; Harper 24), moves that seem to have brought the two closer together while further ostracizing Spain as a non-Anglo (or non-American) culture and country. In Our America, Walter Benn Michaels discusses how such nativist forms of American identity further emerged in the wake of World War I and into the 1920s.
that the dissimilar transformations ultimately brought the two closer together than ever before. To Americans, Spanish “difference” seemed to rather encourage interest and, ultimately, familiarity. To Spaniards, having lost the last of its colonial empire in the war and having sought a regeneration of Spanish values, tourism emerged as a possible option for regenerating economic growth. According to Afniguénova and Martí-Olivella, in 1905, “King Alfonso XIII signed a decree creating a national commission in charge of attracting foreign visitors to Spain” (xiii), continuing efforts already underway.¹⁹

1.4 Early Twentieth Century and World War I

For her part, Stein recognized none—or acknowledged none—of this disastrous scene when she vacationed with her brother in southern Spain in 1901.²⁰ In _Q.E.D._, her first serious attempt at a novel (unpublished for years but written a year or two after the Spanish trip), she positions her protagonist “Sitting in the court of the Alhambra watching the swallows fly in and out of the crevices of the walls, bathing in the soft air filled with the fragrance of myrtle and oleander and letting the hot sun burn her face and the palms of her hands, losing herself thus in sensuous delight…” (Fernhurst 68). The scene rather echoes Irving’s romantic observations in the _The Alhambra_. Walking up towards Moorish

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¹⁹ See, for instance Carlos Larrinaga “A Century of Tourism in Northern Spain: The Development of High-quality Provision between 1815 and 1914.”

²⁰ After embarking on a medical degree in 1897, Stein first flourished then faltered at the university. By her senior year, she was receiving failing grades, which were largely a result of her growing lack of interest in academic life. See Mellow, _Charmed Circle_, Chapter 2.
ruins outside of Seville, Irving sees the Guadaira River, “whimpering among reeds, rushes, and pondlilies, and overhung with rhododendron, eglantine, yellow myrtle, and a profusion of wild flowers and aromatic shrubs; while along its banks are groves of oranges, citrons, and pomegranates, among which we heard the early note of the nightingale” (731). In and around Granada, there was “every thing to delight a southern voluptuary; fruits, flowers, fragrance, green arbors and myrtle hedges, delicate air and gushing waters” (873).

Stein’s images of Spain, however, would undergo dramatic transformations after meeting Pablo Picasso in 1905. It was only after meeting Picasso that Stein would argue (years later in an appraisal of sorts) that in the twentieth century

nothing is in agreement, neither the round with the cube, neither the landscape with the houses, neither the large quantity with the small quantity. America and Spain have this thing in common, that is why Spain discovered America and America Spain, in fact it is for this reason that both of them have found their moment in the twentieth century. (Gertrude Stein on Picasso 38)\(^\text{21}\)

\(^{21}\) *Gertrude Stein on Picasso* (edited by Edward Burns and hereafter referred to as *GSP*), is a collection of Stein’s writing on Picasso, including her Picasso “portrait” from roughly 1909, another “Completed Portrait” from 1923, her novella *Picasso* from 1938, and selections “From the Notebooks” housed at Yale University Library (photos of Picasso paintings accompany much of the prose, as well). Along with other works like *G.M.P.* (1933), *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* (published in 1933 and hereafter referred to as *AAT*), and *Everybody’s Autobiography* (1937) the four entries demonstrate the considerable span of
America and Spain—transnationally linked through art, architecture, outlook, and history—had found their moment in the twentieth century because Spain had produced Picasso, the modern master artist, and America had produced Stein, the counterpart for modern writing.

The initial Stein-Picasso meeting in 1905 might have seemed (when Stein looked back on it in the 1930s) as monumental, historic, and fated as the Columbus discovery some four centuries beforehand: in 1492, Columbus (Spain) had discovered the “new” world (the Americas); in 1905, Stein (America) had discovered Picasso (Spain) and “modern” art. Opening her explanation of Picasso’s importance, she finds that “Painting in the nineteenth century was only done in France and by Frenchman, apart from that, painting did not exist, in the twentieth century it was done in France but by Spaniards.” Emphasizing the important discoveries, she continues, “In the nineteenth century painters discovered the need of always having a model in front of them, in the twentieth century they discovered that they must never look at a model” (GSP 3). Although separate in implication and significance, the notion of “discovery” has connected America and Spain over the centuries, and for Americans like Stein, Dos Passos, and Hemingway, the connection was both symbolic (through their art) and real (through their personal experiences).

time (1909 to 1938) Stein devoted to characterizing, explaining, criticizing, and connecting herself with Picasso. Rather than cite individual works from this volume, I will often refer to the specific work in the text and cite the collection.
For Stein, Spain and America played a fundamental role in each other’s history and origins, and both seemed inherently connected; for Dos Passos and Hemingway, discovering Spain meant learning about and then protecting what made Spain so different. As María DeGuzmán explains, “Expatriate U.S. modernist interest in Spain from the early 1920s to the late 1950s did not latch onto Spain as a well-charted colony but as a last frontier, a land to be discovered, totemic ground after the sacrificial defeat of the last of the Spanish Empire in the Spanish-Cuban-American War” (xxix). She adds that “For all the rhetoric of understanding, sympathy, and absorption, each writer came, ‘discovered,’ and departed… each was caught up in a visionary colonialism” (236, my ellipses). In these instances, Spain is the docile virgin land to be plundered and taken, the result of the United States moving forward and outward, Spain backward and inward.

But as Stein, Dos Passos, and Hemingway would make clear, the process of discovery was not so indelibly tied to the past and to past artists. Having discovered “their moment in the twentieth century,” they were essentially discovering themselves, a process often conceptualized transnationally or reciprocally. In AAT, Stein writes, “So Harry Gibb told us about Cuenca and we went on a little railroad that turned around curves and ended in the middle of nowhere and there was Cuenca. We delighted in Cuenca and the population of Cuenca delighted in us” (118). Although Stein and Toklas find this sort of attention “uncomfortable,” “delight” is clearly felt by both parties as they discover their foreign counterparts. Dos Passos, as well, imagines discovery as a transnational or reciprocal undertaking. In a chapter about Blasco Ibáñez from Rosinante to the Road Again (1922), he notes how, like “Walt Whitman from fish-shaped
Paumonauk,” Ibáñez “had marched on the world in battle array,” “in constant progression,” “full of the revolutionary bravado of his race” (Travel Books 60). He also acknowledges that the United States had recently “discovered” Ibáñez, and asks: “What are we to expect from the combination of Blasco Ibáñez and Broadway?” Although Dos Passos’ response is pessimistic—“It is unfortunate too that Blasco Ibáñez and the United States should have discovered each other at this moment. They will do each other no good”—he is more bitter about the timing not the discovery.

For Pizer, Rosinante is not just about the “meaning of Spain but the implications of this meaning for America” (“John Dos Passos’ Rosinante” 147), thus Dos Passos’s discoveries also show how American and Spain are “bound” together in an importantly modernist sense. Instead of warning against the over-emphasized Ibáñez influence, Dos Passos rather encourages his American audience to accept the more lasting influence of Spanish writers like Baroja, Unamuno, or Machado, among others (Travel Books 63). The irony that these writers and their messages were born out of the 1898 war between the U.S. and Spain was not lost on Dos Passos who understood that Spanish history and

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22 Travel Books and Other Writings, 1916-1941 (edited by Townsend Ludington) is a collection of Dos Passos’ travel writing, letters, and diaries. The collection includes the full text of Rosinante to the Road Again (hereafter referred to as Rosinante) and A Pushcart at the Curb (hereafter referred to as Pushcart) both published in 1922. Rather than cite individual pieces or letters, I will often refer to the specific work in the text and cite the collection.
intellectualism, both for its similarities and differences, had much in common with and much to teach America.

Like Stein, Dos Passos’s initial trip to Spain occurred in the wake of university life and war. Graduating from Harvard in 1916, he was eager to get involved in the Great War, especially as he had called Europe home for much of his life. Brokering a deal with his father, who was against his son’s participation in the war, Dos Passos was sent to Spain in order to study architecture and learn Spanish language, history, art, and culture. In 1916, Spain was going through a brief industrial boom even as its agricultural sector essentially remained the “core of the economy” (Shubert A Social History 11).23

Remaining neutral in the war might have had a greater domestic impact than had it intervened. As Francisco Romero argues, “Paradoxically, a conflict in which the country

23 Shubert notes that in 1914 agriculture “produced almost 40 per cent of the national income and employed over 60 per cent of the labor force, compared to 18.5 per cent in manufacturing and mining.” Although the WWI created a large demand for Spain’s industrial sector, Spain remained heavily reliant on agriculture. “Even in 1930 it remained the dominant sector, employing almost half of all working Spaniards, while wines, fresh fruit and other agricultural products accounted for 35 per cent of total exports, down only 10 per cent from 1850” (A Social History 10-11). In the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, Spanish grain was constantly threatened by American and Russian exports, which led Spain to adopt protectionism measures, essentially making its economy less complex and more reliant on agriculture (Shubert A Social History 11-13). The problem—one that ultimately spilled over into the unrest and then war of the 1930s—was that the large tracts of farms and lands known as “Latifundias” were primarily owned by a new “agrarian elite,” a sort of leftover class of monarchical and Restoration nobility (see Shubert A Social History 57-83).
did not intervene was to alter decisively her contemporary history as this was the moment in which the process of modernization accelerated while the burden of the country’s past remained to be fought” (32). Taking “advantage of her neutral status,” Spain became a dependable exporter to those on both sides of the war, turning once “chronic deficit[s]” into “fabulous profits” (32-36). Joseph Harrison notes that “Between 1901 and 1914 imports exceeded exports by 1,031 million pesetas,” while between 1915 and 1919 “Spain built up a trading surplus of 2,131 million pesetas” (90).

However, Romero argues, this “period of unexpected economic growth” did not “consolidate the industrial infrastructure of the nation nor [did it benefit] society as a whole. The war provided a kind of artificial protection to the economy that vanished as soon as the conflict concluded.”

Those who amassed huge fortunes preferred to squander them on ostentation and luxury rather than use them for investment. Furthermore, the massive profits of a privileged few did not produce a state of general prosperity. On the contrary, they benefited only certain areas and certain social classes. External demand produced an astonishing expansion of Spanish industry concentrated in the north and east of the country. By contrast, the agrarian regions of the centre and south went through a stage of endemic depression. (Romero 32-36)\(^2\)

\(^2\) Harrison explains that “while the landowners reaped the benefits, exports of foodstuffs had an inflationary effect on the home market, sending up the cost of living of the already impoverished
For Dos Passos, the artificiality of the productive Spanish economy was a microcosm of the materialism and artificiality that came as a result of running too quickly towards modernization and industrialization. His essays and fiction about Spain during these years are laudatory when discussing the people and culture and yet critical when forecasting how Spain might enter into the modern world. Such criticism was a reflection of Dos Passos’s feelings about modernity not necessarily towards Spain’s version of it; that is, he was equally critical of Europe’s and America’s rush toward (and leadership in) industrialization. In fact, where he noted the fractious effects on Spanish life, he rather lauded Spanish rebelliousness and purity, for an ability to maintain a transcendent Spanish essence, or “gesture” as he termed it, in the face of outside pressure.

Dos Passos’s initial trip to Spain lasted only several months, as the passing of his father in late January 1917 led him back to America. But after serving for roughly a year during the war, he returned in early fall of 1919 for almost a full year (and from that moment began nearly two decades of off-and-on travel to Spain). In essays that would be eventually compiled into Rosinante, Dos Passos, echoing his earlier reflections of the ’98 war, wrote more specifically of the divide between Spain the United States:

agricultural labour force… Hence the war heightened social tensions in the countryside, leading to a wave of agricultural strikes and an increase in emigration” (89, my ellipses). Then, in the years immediately following the war (1920-1922), the trade deficit widened to its most severe to that point in the century: over 3,000 million pesetas in just three years (Harrison 90).
The Spanish-American war, to the United States merely an opportunity for a patriotic-capitalist demonstration of sanitary engineering, heroism and canned-meat scandals, was to Spain the first whispered word that many among the traditions were false. (*Travel Books* 30)

The traditions were “of Catholic Spain, the tradition of military grandeur, the tradition of fighting the Moors, of suspecting the foreigner, of hospitality, of truculence, of sobriety, of chivalry, of Don Quixote and Tenorio” (*Travel Books* 30). But where the war had made “military grandeur” ring false, *Rosinante*—even its very title—summoned the timelessness of certain literary and cultural traditions, such as “Don Quixote and Tenorio.”

In fact, Dos Passos seems to question what these figures might say about modern Spain. After spending time with a Spanish baker and family, he ends nostalgically by wondering, “to what purpose it would be, should Don Quixote again saddle Rosinante, and what the good baker of Almorox would say to his wife when he looked up from his kneading trough, holding out hands white with dough, to see the knight errant ride by on his lean steed upon a new quest” (*Travel Books* 33). Although somewhat ambivalent, Dos Passos looked to Spain for a “new quest” or new beginning, especially after the War. In essence, as Pizer observes, “the basis for his fascination with Spain” rested on “its difference from other Western societies,” and was reaffirmed “by his firsthand experience of the destructive chaos that was the principal ‘benefit’ of modern industrialism” (*Dos Passos’ U.S.A.* 6). In a way, the lessons he learned in Spain impressed upon his entire later œuvre; as Steven Biel observes, his writing “stands as one of the most compelling
statements of the socially responsible style of expatriation of the 1920s and 1930s” (104). Like Rosinante, “Journeys between Wars was the story of a search, not an escape; American civilization was Dos Passos’ constant frame of reference, the target of his criticism, and the intended beneficiary of his discoveries” (104). American culture was a frame of reference, but his “story of a search,” realized in stark terms in Spain, also entailed a far more transnational and cosmopolitan frame than just America’s.

1.5 The 1920s and 1930s

In the 1920s and 30s, Hemingway also looked to the past even as he rewrote a modern conception of Spain. Through his own transnational experiences (after high school), the process was built into a timeless sense of writing about what was “true,” whether that be in Spain, Paris, Key West, or Africa. Pausing for a moment in Green Hills of Africa (1935) to consider the permanence of subject matters, he draws the analogy to Columbus’s “discovery” of the Americas, which was only a moment in a much larger flow of time and nature:

when, on the sea, you are alone with it and know that 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 the 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… (GHOA 149)

On the one hand, Columbus’s discovery of the Gulf Stream and Caribbean islands point to discoveries that are “permanent and of value.” On the other hand, Columbus had merely “sighted”—in one moment in time—the timeless truths of nature (of the stream in this case) that outlast all human interaction and initiative. From a cosmopolitan perspective, acknowledging both the fact and futility of human interactions against such currents ultimately bound all humanity together in a way.

Hemingway had built this notion of timelessness into his first major novel, The Sun Also Rises (1926), a transnational novel in setting and theme, which exemplified his own discovery of Spain and its timeless truths. Having searched hard for possible titles in 1925 and 1926, he finally settled on a quotation in Ecclesiastes, which emphasized the power and permanence of the earth against man’s futility. One of the epigraphs to the novel reads:

“One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh; but the earth abideth forever . . . The sun also ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to the place where he arose . . . The wind goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north; it whirleth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to its circuits. . . . All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again.” (SAR 7)
Although much has been made over Hemingway’s other epigraph to the novel—“You are all a lost generation,” which Stein had provided from a previous conversation with a French mechanic about the post-World-War-I generation—according to Hemingway, the Ecclesiastes quotation better emphasized the main themes in the novels. In a letter to his editor Maxwell Perkins in 1926, shortly after the publication of the novel, he argued that the story was “a damn tragedy with the earth abiding forever as the hero” (*Only Thing* 51).\(^{25}\) The Spanish earth as “a hero” resurfaced about a decade later when Hemingway agreed to help in the production of a 1937 documentary about the Spanish Civil War entitled *The Spanish Earth*. Hemingway opens the narration with, “This Spanish earth is dry and hard and the faces of the men who work on that earth are hard and dry from the sun” (19).\(^{26}\) Threatened by destruction and ruin, the Spanish earth symbolizes the people of Spain who must weather this intense crisis in their lives. Thus, the documentary’s focus—in image and narration—is a dynamic mixture of people and land, where the people “plan to irrigate the dry fields” (19), bringing life and regeneration to both their lands and their lives.\(^{27}\)

\(^{25}\) *The Only Thing that Counts* (edited by Matthew Bruccoli with Robert Trogdon) hereafter referred to as *TOTTC*.

\(^{26}\) For a good explanation of Hemingway’s role in the production of *The Spanish Earth*, see Vernon’s *Hemingway’s Second War*, Chapter 3.

\(^{27}\) Only a year later, though, Hemingway seemed to have doubted how well the movie could “project” life as he had witnessed it in Spain. In “The Heat and the Cold,” a spring 1938 editorial about the production of the documentary, Hemingway opened by saying, “Afterwards, when it is all over, you have a picture. You
In both 1926 and 1937, Hemingway imagined Spain as a place of regeneration. Thus the Ecclesiastes quotation of *The Sun Also Rises* offers, in the words of Wagner-Martin, a “contrast to the idea of the lost generation. It is as if Hemingway is contradicting Stein, her friends, and the pervasive tenor of their comments about those people affected by the war” (Introduction. *New Essays* 6). Rather than merely paying homage to the past and to Stein—who had been partially responsible for his curiosity about Spain and had been an early influence of his writing—the epigraphs chart a new direction for what would ultimately be a new, modern novel. Instead of flatly or directly complimenting each other, the two epigraphs work in unison to balance between competing and yet simultaneously present and pervasive themes in the novel: old and new, pessimism and mirth, disinterest and love, comedy and tragedy. As Anderson, Stein, and Dos Passos had attempted to reconcile the old with the new in Spain, so too did Hemingway learn from the past even as he reinvented it, literally “making it new.”

Hemingway’s first glimpses of Spain were brief—two port layovers in 1919 and 1921. Having finished his duties shortly after the end of World War I, his passage stopped in Gibraltar in January 1919, where he used the time to cross-over into Spain.

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see it on the screen; you hear the noises and the music; and your own voice, that you’ve never heard before, comes back to you saying things you’d scribbled in the dark in the projection room or on pieces of paper in a hot hotel bedroom. But what you see in motion on the screen is not what you remember” (qtd. in Trogdon *Ernest Hemingway* 188). His article, in a sense, is a way of regenerating or reproducing the experiences for those who “weren’t there” (qtd. in Trogdon *Ernest Hemingway* 190).
Likewise in 1921, while he and his new wife Hadley were en route to France, his ship stopped in Vigo in December. His first extensive trip, though, occurred in the summer of 1923 when he and a few friends traveled through Spain watching bullfights. Shortly afterward, he and Hadley returned to Spain for the festival of San Fermín, which is held annually in the northern town of Pamplona. He returned to the festival nearly every year over the next decade, traveling through many parts of Spain and writing about both bullfights and Spanish culture quite extensively in his fiction and non-fiction.

The Spain of the 1920s and 1930s that Hemingway and Dos Passos visited and wrote of carried striking similarities and yet profoundly new developments compared to the post-1898 or WWI years. In a sense, Spain was working out old problems but in new and modern contexts. One important development was an increased presence in northern Africa. The history of Spanish and north African interaction, conflict, and reconciliation is long and, indeed, far too complex and detailed to get into here. But it should be noted that from the Muslim invasion of southern Spain in 711, which initiated centuries of hostilities as well as cross-cultural exchanges, to the twentieth-century Spanish colonization efforts along northern and northwestern Africa, the relationship between the regions is not peripheral. Certainly, (Western) characterizations have fallen in line with what Said termed “Orientalism”—a way of appropriating, designating, and speaking for the Other, in this case an imagined but dynamically constructed “Orient.” Richard Ford—a nineteenth-century British author whose travels to and writings about Spain influenced Hemingway, among others—constantly drew such characterizations in his travelogue *Gatherings from Spain* (1846): “Spaniards, like Orientals, have a dread of being supposed
to have money in their possession… The lower classes of Spaniards, like the Orientals, are generally avaricious” (97, my ellipses). Nearly a century later, the British intellectual and frequent traveler to Spain Gerald Brenan was still affirming that “The deeper layers of Spanish political thought and feeling are Oriental” (xxiii-xxiv), even if “The famous Orientalism of the Spaniards is not due to ‘Arab blood’ but to climate and geography” (105). However, when past artists, historians, and even general tourists visited or wrote of Spain, they did not simply appropriate an orientalized view—one that unscrupulously merges the Orient (African, Muslim, darker other) with the Spaniard (pseudo-Latin, Catholic, darkened other). Rather, they were also witnesses to the complex interaction and cross-cultural exchange that had taken place over roughly a dozen centuries.

Spain’s own influence and interests in northern Africa at the turn of the twentieth century were likewise a complex mixture of an imagined and politically constructed belief in a “sphere of influence”—of what Said terms “an exercise of cultural strength” (40)—but their motivations were also geographically and historically derived. As Balfour argues, a growing “sense of strategic insecurity following the Disaster of 1898 and the increasing competition between the European Powers” in Africa led Spain to take on a stronger, more assertive role in Morocco (Deadly Embrace 7). Playing their own games of geopolitics, Britain and France, in their inaugural “Entente Cordiale” of 1904, agreed to give Spain a sphere of influence down to and along the Rif mountain region in
Morocco. The mountainous sphere formed “a natural barrier between Europe and Africa” (Balfour Deadly Embrace 6), but such physical conditions—apart from the

28 For good essays on the geopolitical maneuverings of France, England, and Spain during this time see Spain and the Great Powers in the Twentieth Century (Balfour and Preston, eds). In short, “in the unstable system of international relations at the end of the nineteenth century Spain’s very weakness was seen by the European powers as potentially destabilizing. Her geographical position made Spain a strategically vital piece in the complex power game between European powers in the Mediterranean and North Africa.” Thus, all were content to keep Spain weak, so long as she was never weak enough to be overtaken by or align fully to any one European power (Balfour and Preston 16-17).

On the specific role of the “Entente Cordiale” in British-Franco relations during this time, see Cross-Channel Currents: 100 Yearsof the Entente Cordiale (Mayne, Johnson, and Tombs, eds.). As John Kieger explains of the agreement that metamorphosed so remarkably from “enmity to amity,” it was certainly not an alliance, nor even a treaty, both of which would have been forward-looking. Instead it was a hotch-potch of a convention and two declarations signed in London on 8 April 1904 whereby Britain and France settled a number of outstanding colonial differences over far-flung parts of their respective empires… Rather than drawing the two empires together, it physically pushed them apart by establishing respective spheres of influence in Siam and West Africa. The agreements did not even contain a statement of general policy on friendlier relations. Only with hindsight was it clear that this was the starting point of an ever closer union between erstwhile rivals that would lead to alliance at the outbreak of World War I. (3, my ellipses)

Moreover, Jean-Marie Le Breton affirms that the “crisis in Morocco” was one of the first of “international tension[s]” to test the new Entente Cordiale (33). Given its geopolitical presence in the region, Spain was quite naturally a necessary though sometimes unspoken or uninvited participant in the developing alliance,
more significant cultural and political differences between the Spanish colonizers and Berber inhabitants—also made control of the region extremely difficult. In the following years, in and through the First World War, Spain used both physical aggression and political and diplomatic maneuvering to gain control of northern Morocco. In 1921, the efforts came to another “disastrous” climax, with an event since described as the “Disaster of Annual.” As Balfour argues, “What happened on 22 July [1921] and over the following eighteen days became a national tragedy on a much greater scale than any other military defeat suffered by Spain, including the war of 1898 that led to the loss of the remnants of the Spanish American Empire” (*Deadly Embrace* 70). Nearly 12,000 Spaniards were killed and thousands more were wounded or captured as the Moroccan revolt recaptured large tracts of land in Eastern Morocco, which the Spanish had spent nearly two decades trying to control. The revolt was led primarily by Abdel Krim (other variations of the name appear as Abd el-Krim or Abdul Karim), whose family had played

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and it moved closer to France and Britain (instead of Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy) with the Cartagena Pact of 1907, which, among other things, settled disputes of Gibraltar and “provided mutual guarantee between Britain, France and Spain against German ambitions” (Balfour and Preston 17).

29 Designating the Spanish sphere as that between the Pyrenees Mountains (in the north, which separated Spain from Europe) and the Rif Mountains (in the south, which separated Spain from Africa) seemed to further emphasize Spanish “difference” between Europe and the West, but the direct connection of Spain with Africa also ironically confirmed (for some) the notion that “Africa begins at the Pyrenees.”
a vital role in maintaining Spanish hegemony in the region but who had become increasingly distrustful and frustrated with Spanish efforts and influence.\textsuperscript{30}

One important fallout, among many, of the revolt was the eventual military coup led by General Miguel Primo de Rivera in the fall of 1923. “Bringing to an end the political system of the Restoration,” (Balfour “Spain” 28), the coup also ushered in a somewhat unfamiliar political system, that of a dictatorship. As Shubert explains, although Spain had been ruled by monarchies throughout its modern history, there had been, starting in the nineteenth century, “always some form of representative government, generally with the very narrow property-based franchise typical of nineteenth-century liberalism” (A Social History 265n13). Primo de Rivera’s initial claim was “to open a brief parenthesis in the constitutional life of Spain and to re-establish it as soon as the country offers us men uncontaminated with the vices of political organization” (qtd. in Raymond Carr 564). And indeed, some historians have since characterized Primo de Rivera’s rule, which lasted until 1930, as a “benevolent dictatorship,” an ambivalent term that speaks to the ambivalence of Spanish politics and sentiment of the era.\textsuperscript{31}

\textsuperscript{30} In Balfour’s opinion, “Spain failed in its naive bid to control its Protectorate peacefully through the existing networks of rank and prestige. Following, as always, the model of French colonialism and under French pressure, Spain resorted to trying to impose its own power” (Deadly Embrace 79).

\textsuperscript{31} See the entry for “Spain” in the Worldmark Encyclopedia of the Nations: Europe (Vol. 5, 1988) for one example of “benevolent dictatorship.” Emphasizing further ambivalence, Shubert also recognizes that the
Ismael Saz suggests that, “Neither fascist nor democratic, Primo de Rivera’s regime was anchored in the powerful Liberal tradition of Spain, but in its aimless drift towards nowhere it also looked to Fascism for inspiration” (53). However, what ultimately “doomed the ‘régime to destruction’ in the late 1920s, Raymond Carr argues, was not necessarily the attacks of the liberal left but the “withdrawal of support from the right:”

The conservative classes chose to see themselves threatened by a corporative state run in the interests of the workers. The Church distrusted Primo de Rivera’s mild regalism, the landowners of the south his equally mild agrarian reform, the bankers his high-handed interference with the autonomy of the large banks, and the non-favoured industrialists his interventionism. (587)

The stock market crash of October 1929 and the plummeting of world markets and economies in following months also did not help. Alfonso XIII forced Primo de Rivera’s resignation in 1930 and calls were made for elections, which took place in 1931. Then, Alfonso himself was forced to abdicate and over the next five to six years attempts at setting up a “Second Republic,” which would offer better representation and resolve economic and political inequalities, had both successes and failures. Ultimately, Spain’s back-and-forth swings between political rule—from mild to extreme forms of liberalism

Primo de Rivera era “quickly came to be recalled as a kind of golden age of prosperity but there has been some disagreement among historians over its real economic achievements” (A Social History 23).
or conservatism depending on the government and situation—boiled over into the 1936 civil war.

In *Hemingway and Spain*, Edward Stanton observes that like “thousands” before him, Hemingway envisioned Spain as an exotic, romantic country with a soft, enervating climate; nubile, sensuous women; corruptible, fulsome men who contrasted with the honest Anglo-Saxon tourists; cruel, barbarous customs like bullfighting, redeemed only in part by occasional displays of solitary courage by simple men who lived in contact with the natural world, like toreros and the fisherman of Vigo. In short, almost the Spain of Mérimée’s *Carmen* and of American writers like Irving, Longfellow, and Lowell, which could be summed up [by Richard Ford’s capital phrase]: “bull-fights, bandits, and black eyes.” (13)

In this light, Stanton argues that “While he admired the unspoiled Spanish landscape, Hemingway seems to have been blissfully unaware of the political and economic conditions of the country” (*Hemingway and Spain* 15). The claim carries some resonance during Hemingway’s initial trips to Spain, especially as, Stanton aptly notes, Spain was the only major country Hemingway had not been assigned to while working as a European correspondent for the *Toronto Star* (*Hemingway and Spain* 10).

But both Hemingway and Dos Passos became familiar with and concerned by such intrepid changes in Spanish social and political life in the 1920s and 1930s. In December 1925, Dos Passos traveled to Morocco to witness the uprisings and unrest. As
Virginia Spencer Carr explains, “he had arranged for letters of introduction to officials in northern Morocco so that he might cover the Riffian revolt for Harper’s Magazine” (212). When that year’s revolt did not fully materialize, leaving him without “a subject for his reportage,” he stayed through February and then joined Hemingway and others in Europe (Ludington A Twentieth-Century Odyssey 242). Hemingway, meanwhile, had been aware of Dos Passos’ trip all along and had considered going, but his need to finish revising The Sun Also Rises was ample enough reason not to (Virginia Spencer Carr 212). Nonetheless he included references to the war and Primo de Rivera in the novel itself. Sitting in an inn in Burguete (northern Spain), Bill Gorton asks Jake Barnes to “say something ironical” to the Spanish waitress: “Make some crack about Primo de Rivera,” to which Jake responds, “I could ask her what kind of a jam they think they’ve gotten into in the Riff” (SAR 119). Then in Death in the Afternoon, he observed that the Primo de Rivera regime had brought about rather significant changes to the bullfight. The “visceral accidents” where horses had often been disemboweled or destroyed “are no longer a part of the Spanish bullfight, as under the government of Primo de Rivera it was decided to protect the abdomens” (7). Although Hemingway’s writing remained less political than

32 A Twentieth-Century Odyssey, a Dos Passos biography by Townsend Ludington, hereafter referred to as TCO.

33 Hemingway also seemed to think enough of Dos Passos’ trip to mention it in a letter to his mother in December 1925 (SL 175).
Dos Passos’ in the 1920s and early 30s, both writers were generally aware of and drawn to social and political issues in the country.

1.6 A Transnational and Cosmopolitan Approach

During different but important stages of their lives, Stein, Dos Passos, and Hemingway were invested, both emotionally and creatively, in Spain. Thus, the argument that follows will emphasize the importance of Spain as a physical but also symbolic space of discovery, rediscovery, and regeneration. All three developed a favorable relationship during the 1910s, 20s and 30s, and although varied in method and style, they all were in search of a modern exhibition of a “continuous present tense” (an undoubtedly vague if not problematic term, but one referred to, in some way, in much of their writing). In finding this timeless, rich, and unique experience in Spain, they also wished to keep Spain pure and unspoiled from foreigners, a problematic proposition given the very laudatory nature of their narratives about the land, people, and culture. Their “images of Spain” publicized and endorsed the value of Spanish culture even as the narratives, and their authors, professed privileged, insider information. What emerged was a distinctly modern transnational approach to and narrative regarding Spain, one that greatly influenced the sympathy and interest of future generations. Ultimately, this unique fascination affected not only American receptions of Spanish culture but American conceptions of itself in a growing international and global setting.

On these fronts, my project both extends and departs from other major studies of Spain and the respective authors. On just one level, while many critical works do explore America’s (literary) relationship with Spain, none have given manuscript-length attention
to America’s conception and experience of Spain during the first decades of the twentieth century. For example, Pere Gifra-Adroher’s *Between History and Romance* (2000) explores nineteenth-century American writers and travelers to Spain. And the majority of attention has typically been given to the civil war years, from 1936-39, for which there are already numerous accounts. In this vein, some discussions of (modern) American conceptions of Spain have been premised through politics, specifically Marxist, socialist, or communist lenses. During the 1920s and 30s, many writers and critics examined America’s relationship to socialism and communism, and so gave notice to Spain mainly in the relationships therein. Post-World War II examples, like Daniel Aaron’s *Writers

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34 Preston notes that the war “has generated more than twenty thousand books, a literary epitaph which puts it on par with the Second World War” (*The Spanish Civil War* 2). Examples of literary compilations and critical editions over the past few decades include John M. Muste’s *Say That We Saw Spain Die: Literary Consequences of the Spanish Civil War* (1966); Frederick R. Benson’s *Writers in Arms: The Literary Impact of the Spanish Civil War* (1967); Murray A. Sperber’s *And I Remember Spain: A Spanish Civil War Anthology*; Valentine Cunningham’s *The Penguin Book of Spanish Civil War Verse* (1980); Freda S. Brown’s (et al) *Rewriting the Good Fight: Critical Essays on the Literature of the Spanish Civil War*; Danny Duncan Collum’s and Victor A. Berch’s *African Americans in the Spanish Civil War: “This Ain’t Ethiopia, but It’ll Do”* (1992); and Peter Monteath’s *Writing the Good Fight: Political Commitment in the International Literature of the Spanish Civil War* (1994). As important as these works are to understanding American literature about the Spanish Civil War, they have not provided a substantial overview of American literature about Spain in the years leading up to the war, specifically 1905-1936. 35 Left-leaning, socialist, and communist magazines (spanning from *The New Republic to Partisan Review to The New Masses*) also gave rising importance to Spain as the Civil War approached.
on the Left (1961), or more contemporary examples, such as Robert Shulman’s The Power of Political Art (2000) or Alan Wald’s Trinity of Passion (2007), have focused on Spain (and the Spanish Civil War) as a contributing example to a much larger examination of the “literary left.”

Of the full-length critical works that include larger discussions of Stein, Dos Passos, and Hemingway regarding Spain, there are few. In the 1950s, Stanley Williams’ The Spanish Background of American Literature (1955, 2 Vols.) explored Spain’s influence on American letters—with “Spain” being anything from Spain to Mexico to Hispanic influences throughout the Americas. In the words of María DeGuzmán, Williams’ work is “not exhaustive, but it is impressively extensive” and DeGuzmán suggests it is the “one book” that identifies “the importance of Spain for ‘American literature’” (xiv).36 Thus, DeGuzmán’s own Spain’s Long Shadow (2005) attempts to resituate Spain’s importance from a contemporary perspective, and her work is one of the few contemporary precursors to my own project. But several important distinctions exist:

36 Preceding Williams, in 1937, John T. Reid published “Spain as Seen by Some Contemporary American Writers,” an article that critically linked both Dos Passos and Hemingway as then contemporary writers whose writing was especially concerned with images of Spain. Reid suggests that in 1922, “Dos Passos had two principal ideas Spain: (1) The Spanish way of life is a delightful oasis in a desert of sordid industrialism; (2) there is justified revolutionary feeling among the lower classes of the Peninsula. Adding these two ideas together, the result was a hopeful prophecy for Spain: If Spaniards can evolve naturally, that is, without an unjust and crushing centralization, they may develop a new and desirable social pattern, which will escape” the death, tyranny, and “tumult” of Europe (147).
first, DeGuzmán’s focus is much broader (spanning over two centuries of American letters, from late eighteenth century to the present day) and only one chapter focuses on “modernism” (primary criticism given to Hemingway, Stein, and Richard Wright); second, her theoretical approach is far more seated in post-structuralism and psychoanalytic theory (Roland Barthes, Michel Foucault, Jacques Lacan) and Chicano / Latino criticism (Gloria Anzaldúa) than will be mine. For DeGuzmán, Spain and “Spanishness” are used to investigate “whiteness,” “and the construction of ‘the right kind’ of whiteness in contradistinction to figures of alien whiteness, or if you will, off-whiteness, to be abjected from the body politic” (xxvii). In other words, DeGuzmán’s focus is on the representations of Spaniards in creating what she terms an “Anglo-American” culture or identity. My thesis is far more transnational (Spanish-American) in nature; and by specifically focusing on three authors in the first few decades of the twentieth century, I aim to provide a more detailed discussion therein.

Similar to DeGuzmán, Eugenio Suárez-Galbán’s The Last Good Land (2011) is an exploration of Americans in Spain over several centuries. Although the book does include three critical chapters about Stein, Dos Passos, and Hemingway, Suárez-Galbán even admits that, “To take on here all of Hemingway’s works dealing with Spain would require a whole book” (199). In short, in addition to emphasizing the transnational or cosmopolitan approach, my project further extends or accentuates numerous points not fully discussed in that work, including Stein’s relationship with and appropriation of Picasso and his influence and connection to Spain, Dos Passos’s transformative views of
Spain before and after World War I, and a more detailed and comprehensive overview of Hemingway’s life and writing during the 1920s and 30s.

In what follows, each author will be discussed in separate chapters, though connections and comparisons will be made along the way. Stein, Dos Passos, and Hemingway are intrinsically linked to twentieth-century literature, modernism, and American representations of Spain, yet their respective relationships with and images of the country are just as unique. The time frame stretches to 1936, as the start of the Spanish Civil War brought upon very significant changes, especially for Dos Passos and Hemingway, in regards to Spain. For her part, Stein never visited the country and rarely wrote of it afterward (her last sustained trip was during World War I). The main chapters should provide a selective “prequel” to American or transnational experiences during the Spanish Civil War, which should better situate or possibly even reframe discussions about the conflict, its participants, and its aftermath.

The most prevalent, unifying theme throughout will be Spain, as both physical and symbolic place for Americans. Similar to Gerald Kennedy’s study of American experiences in Paris (Imagining Paris [1993]), this study of Spain understands that the “uniqueness or difference assumed by” any reference to a specific “place” “resides not in the material configuration of streets, buildings, trees, or rivers but in an idea of place already embedded in consciousness and shaped by cultural forces (art, literature, advertising, journalism), as well as personal fantasy” (6, emphasis in original). Following from Gabriel Marcel’s observation that “an individual is not distinct from place; he is that place,” Kennedy correctly surmises that it “is not that geography determines personality
(otherwise all natives of a region would be indistinguishable) but that we find or know ourselves principally through the attachments we form to a place” (8).

Moreover, as place is less a structure or physical area than an idea or spatial figuring, we must also realize these early twentieth-century “American-Spanish” experiences are not fixed to particular national boundaries. Rather, the experiences are more fluid and transformative, and I will often refer to them as cosmopolitan or transnational experiences. The terms are certainly related even as they conceptualize cross-cultural exchanges (or the very nature of cultural exchange) in particularly different ways. Where transnationalism challenges the notion that communities or nations are inherently separate and distinct (as if national or territorial borders absolutely split peoples, customs, languages, and even geographies), cosmopolitanism challenges the primacy and local context of particular communities in place of a more global community. To state the subtle but important difference another way, transnationalism challenges that place (a community’s actual, cultural, and sovereign space) cannot be so cleanly broken into parts, while cosmopolitanism challenges the inherent sovereignty in the parts over the whole.

More specifically, cosmopolitanism draws on the notion that the world is a community to which we are all citizens or members. Martha Nussbaum, who helped reestablish the concept in the 1990s, argues that a cosmopolitan is “the person whose primary allegiance is to the community of human beings in the entire world” (4). It is a world, Kwame Appiah argues, “in which each local form of human life is the result of
long-term and persistent processes of cultural hybridization” (“Cosmopolitan Patriots” 92). Later, he extends cosmopolitanism as two “intertwin[ing]” strands:

One is the idea that we have obligations to others, obligations that stretch beyond those to whom we are related by the ties and kith and kind, or even the more formal ties of a shared citizenship. The other is that we take seriously the value not just of human life but of particular human lives, which means taking an interest in the practices and beliefs that lend them significance. People are different, the cosmopolitan knows, and there is much to learn from our differences. Because there are so many human possibilities worth exploring, we neither expect nor desire that every person or every society should converge on a single mode of life.

(Cosmopolitanism xv)

With so many possibilities, one can understand that a more contemporary definition, as Bruce Robbins points out, is that “Like nations, cosmopolitans are now plural and particular” (2).

The plurality of modern nationhood and nationality may help to conceptualize both cosmopolitanism and transnationalism; for, in fact, many nations comprise ethnically and culturally diverse groups, languages, and beliefs, and these entities in turn represent, fashion, or speak to each nation’s particular national identity. Yet these diverse entities draw on a certain collective (even if not entirely universal) imagination to comprise a “nation,” which ultimately distinguishes them (and their nation) from, say,
other nations or peoples. As Benedict Anderson argues, the “nation” is thus “an imagined political community – and imagined as both inherently limited and sovereign. It is *imagined* because the member of even the smallest nation will never know most of their fellow-members, meet them, or even hear of them, yet in the minds of each lives the image of their communion” (6). Such communities distinguish themselves through the “style” of their imagination (Benedict Anderson 6), which is to say they conceptualize their nationality not necessarily through any particular issue or creed but by their very (collective) engagement with or approach to particular issues or creeds.

Nationalism thus has some bearing on the concepts cosmopolitanism and transnationalism. While defining nationalism outside of specific instances has its challenges, one straightforward definition, in the words of Richard Robyn, is that

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37 Or, as is often the case, leaders themselves draw on viable imaginative constructs or principles to create, build, or solidify “nations” and nationality. As Sanjeev Khagram and Peggy Levitt observe, “To create nations, leaders must make clear distinctions between themselves and others through rivalry and ‘othering’” (176).

38 In other words, it is difficult to define nationalism without identifying specifically what “ism” or “isms” a particular nation has collectively imagined. The role or suggestion of “autonomous communities” within Spain is an important question concerning Spanish nationalism (inasmuch as this role is highly contested among many nationalist and non-nationalist actors); but such conceptions of autonomy are unique, particular to, and constitute Spanish nationalism and not, say, Japanese, German, or Kenyan nationalism. As Margaret Moore explains, nationalism “is not an ‘ism’ like other ‘isms’. We should not assume that there is a core idea to ‘nationalism’ in the way that there may be to ‘liberalism’ or ‘socialism’” (3). Each
“Nationalism supposes a strong link of the individual to the nation-state” (2). In this light, while all concepts derive from the sense of an “imagined community”—or the individually imagined or evoked perception of participating in a greater community of individuals—the links or connections of nationalism are enclosed within the boundaries or borders of the given nation-state (however precarious these borders often are). As Anderson argues, nations are strictly “limited:” “No nation imagines itself coterminous with mankind” (Benedict Anderson 7). Cosmopolitanism and transnationalism, to the contrary, are theoretical constructs that defy or breakdown such limitations, often discovering and encouraging linkages and connections that move beyond individual

even this straightforward definition should not undermine the fact that such a link remains “one of the most powerful forces in contemporary political life” (Robyn 2). As David Brown argues, nationalism is “a particularly powerful and pervasive ideology which convinces large numbers of people, and structures their political behaviour.” Although competing interests may struggle for national power, the ideology espouses “a belief in the grievances and destiny of nations which means that negotiable differences of interest become translated into non-negotiable confrontations between opposing national rights” (1). In other words, as a community engages in political discourse its very discussions (or confrontations) suggest a collective destiny. Even if such destinies are contested or disavowed by particular individuals or groups, all participants share, in some complex, often conflicted or messy way, the impression of membership within that greater discourse, politic, or nation. Nationalism thus constitutes a powerful political voice that shapes the direction of one nation even as it draws distinctions from other national discourses, voices, politics, or destinies.
nations (even if, in the case of transnationalism especially, the space of each individual
nation remains particularly significant and constructive).

Moreover, these terms are not necessarily “post-national.” Cosmopolitanism did
not spawn from nationalism (Pheng Cheah traces the concept back to the Greek “kosmo-
polites,” “a composite of the Greek words for ‘world’ and ‘citizen,’ by way of esprit
cosmopolite of Renaissance humanism [22]). And despite its root word (nation or
nationalism), transnationalism does not simply derive from national consciousness;
rather, it simultaneously challenges the very structures and borders of nations and
nationalities, in a way presupposing that those spaces are actually more cosmopolitan
(thus pre-national) in nature. Just the same, transnationalism is not new jargon for
cosmopolitanism. In fact, of the two terms, transnationalism puts more emphasis on place
or region, as well as the linkages between places and communities. For as a recent
volume on “transnational spaces” argues, “the kinds of arguments made about
transnational migration in the context of the US-Mexican border are very different from
those made in the context of the Asia-Pacific rim.” Thus, “transnationality varies over
time and space” (Jackson, Crang, and Dwyer 1). Steven Vertovec explains that
transnationalism involves the “sustained cross-border relationships, patterns of exchange,
affiliations and social formations spanning nation-states” (2). In these instances, there
must be some sense of an established border where invariably distinct nation-states link
or interact (even if it also “deploy and echo already well-known processes that
transcend national borders,” as Raymond Rocco argues [13]). Cosmopolitanism
recognizes such borders and nation-states, but where transnationalism analyzes the
borders (those both symbolic and real) to better understand how nations and individuals within them interact and overlap, cosmopolitanism de-emphasizes the borders by uplifting the global-state (or, rather analyzes the borders, those symbolic and real, to better understand a more borderless, global community).

In this way, these terms also differ from *globalization*. As Michael C. Howard explains, “Whereas globalization emphasizes deterritorialization, transnationalism is grounded in the existence of ethno-national groups and states,” those that specifically create “boundaries and then [cross] them” (14, 5). Moreover, globalization is often used to describe, as Ulf Hannerz explains,

*just about any process or relationship that somehow crosses state boundaries. In themselves, many such processes and relationships obviously do not at all extend across the world. The term “transnational” is in a way more humble, and often a more adequate label for phenomena which can be of quite variable scale and distribution, even when they do share the characteristic of not being contained within a state. It also makes the point that many of the linkages in question are not “international,” in the strict sense of involving nations—actually, states—as corporate actors. In the transnational arena, the actors may now be individuals, groups, movements, business enterprises… (239, my ellipses)*

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40 The difference between *international* and *transnational*, Vertovec explains, is that the former refers to the “interactions between national governments (such as formal agreements, conflicts, diplomatic
For Stein, Dos Passos, and Hemingway, their experiences were far less globalized than transnational, which means that their relative experiences obviously did not “extend across the world” but were stretched across particular nations and cultures. Their cosmopolitan leanings were thus fashioned against the cultures and peoples they met and knew, and so generally their transnational and cosmopolitan experiences were more Western or American-European even if they often espoused a more universal approach.

Nevertheless, both concepts are instructive when understanding images of Spain in the opening decades of the twentieth century. All three authors discussed in this project sensed a greater communion with humanity (a global citizenship if you will) through Spanish culture, even as they all voiced their appreciation of Spain and their allegiance to the U.S. (and so, to a sense of the nation). After decades of living in Paris, Stein still

(3). To differentiate transnationalism with all other terms related to literary, cultural, or political studies would be exhausting, but at least one other term, diaspora, should be parsed out and should better clarify the term. In the view of Thomas Faist, “diaspora has been often used to denote religious or national groups living outside an (imagined) homeland, whereas transnationalism is often used both more narrowly—to refer to migrants’ durable ties across countries—and, more widely, to capture not only communities, but all sorts of social formations, such as transnationally active networks, groups and organizations” (9). To be sure, these definitions are not devoid of conflict, and the purpose is less to define them absolutely than provide a general overview.
professed “America is my country” (*Masterpieces* 70) and was “delighted” to have been born in Alleghany, Pennsylvania, a point repeated with particular pride in *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* (69-70). Dos Passos’ *U.S.A.* trilogy is only one in a series of exhibitions pointing to his interest in America and an American readership. He also viewed himself from or within that American perspective: “Our books are like our cities; they are all the same. *Any other nation’s* literature would take a lifetime to exhaust. What then is lacking in *ours*?” he questioned in “Against American Literature,” a critique of American writing he published soon after graduating from Harvard in 1916 (*MNP* 36, my emphases). And while Hemingway admitted he loved Spain, it was “more than any other except my own” (*DS* 43, my emphasis). In a deleted section from *Death in the Afternoon*, he also claimed that when he was in Spain his feeling for America “was the sort that makes you know your life is going and that you are not where you want to be… [so we] came back to America being too physically lonesome for it to live out of it although liking Spain as much as ever” (qtd. in Capellán 11, my ellipses). Such passages only further illustrate the specifically transnational nature and approach by the authors studied in this project. In what follows, I will argue that while all considered themselves Americans, their journeys across borders reshaped their American identities and in the specific case of Spain an important American-Spanish transnational narrative emerged.
CHAPTER 2

Stein and the Making of a Spaniard

2.1 1874-1904: Wanderlust in the Pre-Picasso Years

“Americans, so Gertrude Stein says, are like spaniards [sic]… She always says that americans can understand spaniards… Gertrude Stein and spaniards are natural friends…” (AAT 91, 125). So says Gertrude Stein through the persona of her lover Alice B. Toklas in The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas, written over the course of six weeks in the summer of 1932 and published in 1933. By the book’s publication, Stein had lived well over half her life in Europe, though she had not been to Spain in well over a decade. However, her belief that America and Spain (or Americans and Spaniards) had much in common was as strong in 1932 as it had been in 1916, when she left Spain for the last time after spending over a year on the Balearic island of Mallorca during the First World War. In fact, as one of the twentieth-century’s earliest transnationalists, Stein imagined and fostered a close American-Spanish connection as early as 1905, soon after she had been introduced to the Spanish artist Pablo Picasso who, like herself, was then living in Paris. As she explained of the American-Spanish-French dynamic in Picasso, 

41 General background and biographical information on Gertrude Stein are mainly from James R. Mellow’s Charmed Circle, Linda Wagner-Martin’s “Favored Strangers”, letters from and to the Steins, and Gertrude’s own semi-autobiographical narratives.
many years after the fact, “Well [Picasso] was in Paris and all painting had an influence upon him and his literary friends were a great stimulation to him. I do not mean that by all this he was less Spanish. But certainly for a short time he was more French… After this first definite French influence, he became once more completely Spanish. Very soon the Spanish temperament was again very real inside in him” (GSP 11, my ellipses).

French-Spanish influences converge fluidly and almost inseparably to create the master artist Picasso. As narrator and storyteller, Stein emerged as the American counterpart of the equation. In doing so, she conceptualized her writing and experiences as particularly transnational, comprising what Vertovec describes as “sustained linkages and ongoing exchanges among non-state actors based across national borders—businesses, non-governmental-organizations, and individuals sharing the same interests (by way of criteria such as religious beliefs, common cultural and geographic origins)” (3).

Like Dos Passos, her childhood and younger years are exemplary of the transnational experience. Although Stein had been born in Alleghany, Pennsylvania—a fact she acknowledged with certain pride all her life—she spent the majority of her first four years in Europe, primarily in Austria then brief stints in Paris and London. In 1880 and 1881, when she was about six, the Stein family returned to America, living in Baltimore before settling more permanently on the West Coast: first Oakland and then, following the death of her mother and father (1888 and 1891 respectively), in San Francisco. Schooling and education took several of the Stein siblings back east in the 1890s, first to Cambridge then to Baltimore. Having lost their parents and having lived in several distinct areas in Europe and America throughout their lives, the Steins’ sense of
“home” was less fixed, which perhaps made traveling and living abroad seem more familiar and natural as they got older. One drawback, however, was a sense of displacement, uncertainty, and lack of purpose.

This ennui, however, eventually motivated her to move to Europe and become a writer. In 1897—at 23 years old and having spent the previous four years at Radcliffe, the Harvard Annex for women in Cambridge, Massachusetts—Stein enrolled in medical school at Johns Hopkins in Baltimore. Although her studies initially progressed with success, she was soon uninterested and discontented with the subject matter and the academic profession itself. In AAT, she explains that although she liked medical school “well enough” the first two years, the last two years “she was bored, frankly openly bored. There was a good deal of intrigue and struggle among the students, that she liked, but the practice and theory of medicine did not interest her at all” (81). Rather than subject or theme, her interests were in people, a trend duly emphasized with the later “intrigue” and “struggle” associated with her friendship with Picasso. Ultimately, she never graduated with the degree, the reasons for which are aligned with the whereabouts and movements of her older brother Leo Stein, who had a particularly strong influence on Stein’s life before their ultimate and utter separation in 1913-14.42

42 Critics have noted that Stein’s disinterest with her studies occurred at roughly the same time she was involved in a love triangle of sorts with two women: May Bookstaver, a recent Bryn Mawr graduate living in Baltimore, and Mabel Haynes, also a Bryn Mawr graduate and a fellow medical school student at Johns Hopkins. In Sister Brother, however, Brenda Wineapple asserts that the affair “did not bloom until the
Similar to Gertrude’s restlessness, though sprung from a different emotional impulse, Leo’s travels abroad were often in search of direction and meaning. Writing to Gertrude from Cairo in March 1896 (and during the last months of a year-long world tour), Leo lamented, “Never in my life I believe have I felt so completely dulled so intolerably stupid so inanely played out… I rather thought I was more completely bore-proof than I have proved to be” (Gallup 5, my ellipses). World-weary from the traveling, Leo was however looking forward to getting to Europe: “At all events we shall soon be in Italy and there at least I shall be able to defy the foul fiends of dullness.” Of the possibility of Gertrude joining him in Europe, he encouraged:

Now as I wrote to you last summer I know of no pleasanter way of spending a few months than in traveling the low countries with an incidental three or four weeks in Paris perhaps. If you came over on the Red Star… you would strike Europe at perhaps the most favorable port [Antwerp] for getting a really satisfactory impression as well as in the most delightful town that I have been in yet. (Gallup 5, ellipses in original)

winter of 1901-1902—after Stein failed her medical school examinations” (442, notes to pages 144-148, emphasis in original). Although not crucial to my overall argument either way, had the date of the affair occurred after Stein’s studies faltered, it further suggests that Leo Stein and the prospect of traveling abroad had a greater influence on Stein moving away from medical school and into writing. See also Mellow: “There is little doubt that Leo’s defection [to Europe] contributed to the failure of Gertrude’s medical career” (Charmed 44).
Listing, then, an itinerary of European sights and cities, he aimed to suggest a more attractive and potentially thought-provoking alternative to a usual summer in the States. Gertrude took him up on his offer, and the two traveled to Italy in the summer of 1896.

This began Gertrude’s return to Europe, a trend she continued over the next several years before settling for good in 1903 and 1904. In 1900, Leo and Gertrude, along with a Radcliffe friend Mabel Weeks, returned for another summer in Italy. When Gertrude returned to her medical studies in the fall, Leo stayed on in Europe, and in October he seemed to be finding his way and place: “I stayed in Paris a few days more than I originally intended… chiefly because I was comfortable and there was enough to occupy me” (Leo Stein 3, my ellipses). He settled in Florence and by December believed he could resolve his restlessness through art, philosophy, and reflection: “I have numerous and varied interests: scientific, philosophical, literary, artistic with, to fall back on an ancient plaint, no very decisive convictions or (what amounts to the same thing) interests,” though “among these varied interests some are stronger than others: art, poetry, aesthetics” (Leo Stein 5). Although Leo admitted there were advantages to living in a place like New York, his letters show the rewards of living abroad, and as Madeline observes, Gertrude’s “fascination with Leo, who wanted to be an art historian, then an artist, and who initiated her into painting, explains her move to Paris and, more importantly, her attraction to everything strange, nonconformist, alien” (Picasso and Stein xi). Such cultural centers contained what Gertrude had desired, namely “intrigue,” and Europe seemed a good place for a rootless American aesthete.
During the summer months while attending Johns Hopkins, Gertrude continued to join her brother in Europe, and soon after dropping out of her studies, she and Leo moved to London. This particular move only left Gertrude further disconcerted, and in the fall she returned to New York, living with several friends while she reassessed her previous unsuccessful love affair with Bookstaver. Part of her uncertainty was over the broken love affair, but there was more to Stein’s wanderlust than lust. In a reading of an early Stein novel, Jessica Berman observes “The very concept of nomadism or wandering, which appears frequently in Stein’s fiction, has often been linked to the theme of lesbianism and to sexual promiscuity in general.” But Berman agrees with Lisa Ruddick, who suggests “one might easily reverse the emphasis and say that sex itself stands in the story as a metaphor for a certain type of mental activity… sexual wanderings become ‘wanderings after wisdom,’ after ‘world knowledge,’ after ‘real experience’” (Berman 157-58, ellipses in text). Stein was ultimately never comfortable with one home and searching for “intrigue” and “world knowledge”, she held out for a richer, more cosmopolitan experience.

Thus, after there was nothing to be done about her relationships in the States, Gertrude moved back to Europe, first touring through Italy with friends and eventually joining her brother in Paris in the fall. Leo had already set up a residence at 27 rue de Fleurus in the spring of 1903. Although she had made it clear to her brother “she could stay there only on condition of a visit every year to America” (Leo Stein 320), she did not return to America for another three decades, essentially living in France (with brief stays
or tours in Italy, Spain, England, or America) for the rest of her life. In AAT, she remembers this unsettling period and how she had wandered about the London streets and found them infinitely depressing and dismal… and the drunken women and children and the gloom and the lonesomeness brought back all the melancholy of her adolescence and one day she said she was leaving for America and she left. She stayed in America the rest of the winter. In the meantime her brother also had left London and gone to Paris and there later she joined him. She immediately began to write. She wrote a short novel. (84, my ellipses)

Her wanderlust precipitated her transnational experiences, which in turn prompted and became the basis of her writing career. The “short novel,” entitled Q.E.D. (shortened from Quod Erat Demonstrandum to imply a sort of scientific [psychological] narration into human events and lives) was finished in October of 1903, though never published in her lifetime. Adele, the main character and Stein’s pseudo-persona, expresses much of the discontent and boredom Stein had experienced between 1900 and 1903. The “winter fogs of London” brought on a sense of “homesickness” for America, where her sympathies and allegiances clearly lay. For “the time comes when nothing in the world is so important as a breath of one’s own particular climate. If it were one’s last penny it would be used for that return passage” (Fernhurst 99). The “return passage” alludes to a life-long allegiance to America as her home country, despite the fact that she would ultimately live far less time there. Such was the transnational ethic to some extent: many homes, many allegiances.
Beyond *Q.E.D.*, Stein’s earliest writings include another short novel entitled *Fernhurst*, which with other sketches was later incorporated into a much larger work entitled *The Making of Americans* (written between 1903 and 1911 but not published until it was partially serialized in the *Transatlantic Review* in 1924 and fully published in book form the following year by Robert McAlmon’s Contact Editions). And that she had lived in London, New York, and Paris during the virtual start of this writing career perhaps provides further evidence to what DeGuzmán aptly calls “the much-vaunted triangulation between New York, Paris, and London” that so characterizes much of U.S. modernism and literary criticism of the early twentieth century (200).

Stein’s life and writing, particularly regarding Paris, “would seem to reinforce this map of relations,” DeGuzmán observes (200). In *What Are Masterpieces* (1940), Stein famously claims that “America is my country and Paris is my hometown” (70). In the same year, she published an homage to “Paris, France,” where she argued that “writers have to have two countries, the one where they belong and the one in which they live really. The second one is romantic, it is separate from themselves, it is not real but it is really there” (*Paris France* 2). Although she was less aware of the significance in 1903, her move to Paris grounded her as an individual and writer even as it likewise solidified her involvement in a more transformative, transnational community and livelihood. As Alejandro Portes observes,

43 Even here, though, Stein’s emphasis of Paris is hedged. Paris, she implies in the following sentence, was important not for “what France gave you but what it did not take away from you” (70).
Transnational communities are dense networks across political borders created by immigrants in their quest for economic advancement and social recognition. Through these networks, an increasing number of people are able lead dual lives. Participants are often bilingual, move easily between different cultures, frequently maintain homes in two countries, and pursue economic, political, and cultural interests that require their presence in both. (29)

Living dual lives, Stein lived really in Paris but she knew she also belonged as an American; in fact, she needed both to pursue her economic and cultural interests. As Berman explains,

When Stein criticizes Oakland, California because it had “no there there,” she is attacking its lack of community, yet… she describes this fault in spatial terms, forging the connection between place and social life that will be elaborated throughout her work. When she claims that “America is my country; Paris is my hometown” she insists that national identity and community feeling are distinct though paired terms, and that community may ultimately develop in conjunction with, rather than in opposition to, the cosmopolitan condition. (158, my ellipses)

In a sense, because Stein had no fixed home throughout her early life, she was better accommodated to transnational allegiances or the cosmopolitan condition.

Against this backdrop, Stein observes that “Paris was where the twentieth century was”—it “was where fashions were made. To be sure there were moments when they
seemed to dress better in Barcelona and in New York but not really” (Paris France 11). If Paris was where the twentieth century was it was ultimately only because of her (American) and Picasso’s (Spaniard) presence in the country. Only two years before Paris France, Stein had opened her homage to Picasso with the idea that “Painting in the nineteenth century was only done in France and by Frenchman, apart from that, painting did not exist, in the twentieth century it was done in France but by Spaniards” (GSP 3). “Paris was where the twentieth century was” because a Spaniard invented modern art there. Later (though it seemed to happen simultaneously when she looked back on it), Stein envisioned herself a part of that creative dynamic; this is why “America and Spain have this thing in common, that is why Spain discovered America and America Spain, in fact it is for this reason that both of them have found their moment in the twentieth century” (GSP 38). Much of Stein’s writing gives considerable emphasis to Spain (the much less-acknowledged fourth compass point of U.S. modernism), which has often been overshadowed by discussions of Paris or America in reference to her life and work.

2.2 1901-1905: A Brief Visit to Spain and a Shift from America to Europe

Coincidence or not, it is fitting that the first year of the twentieth century (1901) was also the first year Gertrude Stein visited Spain. Writing to friend Mabel Weeks, Gertrude connected herself to the culture and landscape of Spain almost immediately: “There is no doubt the South… is the land of me… I love the Moors so much it is almost a pain…. The Alhambra, and the sunshine and the brown legs and the smells are all mine
all mine” (qtd. in Wineapple 14, second ellipses mine).

When Stein incorporated the summer of 1901 into the setting and experiences of *Q.E.D.*, Spain was likewise pictured fondly and romantically. On returning to Baltimore from Europe and Spain, Adele laments the American / Baltimore life: “what’s the use of anything as long as it isn’t Spain?” Finally, as if foreshadowing her future endorsements of the country to writers like Ernest Hemingway and Richard Wright, she encourages her friends, “You must really go there some time” (*Fernhurst* 72).

44 Her initial love for the south of Spain—culturally rich with a Moorish past—had a later influence on connecting Spain with the “Orient.” In *Everybody’s Autobiography*, she surmises that Salvador Dali, a Spanish painter whose surrealist art was also impressively modern in her eyes, married a Russian because they “are oriental, and there is the same mixing. Scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar. Scratch a Spaniard and you find a Saracen” (21). But it was originally through Picasso that she had developed, or imagined, an Oriental influence specific to Spaniards. In *Picasso*, she affirms that “Spain in this sense is not at all southern, it is oriental” (*GSP* 11). The “South” of Spain, a place, now contrasts against the idea of an “orient,” making Spain’s presence less about geography and more about sense and sentiment: “women there wear black more often than colors, the earth is dry and gold in color, the sky is blue almost black, the star-light nights are black too or a very dark blue and the air is very light” (*GSP* 11).

45 Stein’s influence on other writers to explore Spain for themselves has been noted and includes her encouraging of Hemingway to go in the early 1920s and Wright in the 1950s. As Hemingway biographer Michael Reynolds states, Stein and Toklas “whetted his appetite with talk of a primitive fiesta in Pamplona at the Spanish foot of the Pyrenees” (*PY* 128). Decades later, in *Pagan Spain*, Richard Wright acknowledged that his trip to Spain was encouraged by Stein (4).
Although limited, the images of Spain in *Q.E.D.* are quite similar to early nineteenth-century romantic depictions, with Adele “Sitting in the court of the Alhambra watching the swallows fly in and out of the crevices of the walls, bathing in the soft air filled with the fragrance of myrtle and oleander and letting the hot sun burn her face.” Less about Spain or Spanish culture, Adele ponders her developing relationship with two new friends, her kinship with her brother, and her own presence of mind (*Fernhurst* 68). Part of a greater romantic, even mystical or oriental, mind, Spain coincides with other European or Mediterranean venues. Lying with her brother on a hillside in Tangiers, Adele feels “entirely at home with the Moors who in their white garments were rising up and down in the grass like so many ghostly rabbits” (*Fernhurst* 67). Landscapes coincide with Adele’s moods: where she is quiet, melancholic or guarded, the settings reflect tranquility, barrenness, or rough edges. After a tense and turbulent few months balancing a triangular relationship (modeled after Stein’s own triangular love affair), Adele spends a week wandering alone about Rome, in spite of the insistent pain of the recent separation… She abandoned herself now completely to the ugly, barren sun-burned desolation of mid-summer Rome. Her mood of loneliness and bitter sorrow mingled with a sense of recovered dignity and strength found deep contentment in the big desert spaces, in the huge ugly dignified buildings and in the great friendly church halls.

She realizes “the exaltation of her Roman mood had worn itself out and Adele found herself restless and unhappy. She had endeavored to lose her melancholy and perplexity
by endless tramping over Luccan hills but had succeeded only in becoming more lonely sick and feverish (Fernhurst 124-5). Rather than simply being affected by Spanish or Italian settings, Adele’s wanderlust and lovesickness affect her viewing of European landscapes, which in turn reinforces “her mood of loneliness and bitter sorrow.” Stein’s lifelong interest in landscapes are present in such passages even if her theories on their significance to modern art changed considerably after witnessing Picasso’s Spanish landscapes in the last half of the decade.

Of the few observations of Spain or Spanish life in Q.E.D., another is remarkable in its foreshadowing of Stein’s later claim that Spain and America “have so much in common.” During a chance meeting with a young Spanish child on “a hill-side looking down at Granada desolate in the noon-day sun,” the girl nears Adele: “they smiled at each other and exchanged greetings.”

They sat there side by side with a feeling of complete companionship, looking at each other with perfect comprehension, their intercourse saved from the interchange of common-places by their ignorance of each other’s language. For some time they sat there, finally they arose and walked on together. They parted as quiet friends part, and as long as they remained in sight of each other they turned again and again and signed a gentle farewell. (Fernhurst 68)

Adele’s tranquil and inquisitive mood sets the stage for open interactions and new experiences. As she reflects on her love affair, exploring boundaries of gender and sexuality at the turn of the twentieth century, she also reflects on the unspoken yet
powerful mutual exchange between herself and another girl. In a sense, the child’s youthfulness, curiosity, innocence, and even naivety, which correspond to Adele’s own moods, allow for “complete companionship.”

Although there is little discussion of Spain in this sequence, the seemingly inherent yet spontaneous relationship between American and Spaniard is similar to the sibling-like kinship that developed (and continued in fits and starts) between Stein and Picasso only a few years later. Americans and Spaniards understand each other: they have a “perfect comprehension.” About the years prior to Picasso’s fame (roughly through World War I), Stein argues in *Picasso* that “I was alone at this time in understanding him, perhaps because I was expressing the same thing in literature, perhaps because I was an American and, as I say, Spaniards and Americans have a kind of understanding of things which is the same” (*GSP* 23). However, the later Stein-Picasso / America-Spain connection is much different than this initial narrative. In one respect, during the pre-Picasso years, Stein’s writing was part of a searching process but one centered inward and sprung from within; after Picasso, the search was outward, her writing a process of discovery and observation about those around her. Spain had also not been conceptualized so fully and absolutely as a complement and counterpart to America.

There are moments, too, in the early writings when Europe is disdained while America appears as a literal breath of fresh air. As her cross-Atlantic steamer moves into New York harbor, Adele finds herself standing next to another little girl. “There is the American flag, it looks good,” the child says, to which Adele “echo[s]:” “there was all America and it looked good; the clean sky and the white snow and the straight plain
ungainly buildings all in a cold and brilliant air without spot or stain” (*Fernhurst* 100). The “straight plain ungainly buildings” contrast with the later “huge ugly dignified buildings” of Rome, and longing “for obvious, superficial, clean simplicity” Adele goes to Boston. “She steeped herself in the very essence of clear eyed Americanism. For days she wandered about the Boston streets rejoicing in the passionless intelligence of the faces” (*Fernhurst* 101). When her depression or anxieties overwhelm, America reinvigorates and reassures Adele, explaining that dynamic of “belonging” to one country even when one is living or residing elsewhere.

Ultimately, Adele overcomes her lovesickness in Europe by noticing the cultural homogeneity of America (a criticism Dos Passos had made amidst his initial trips to Spain, as well). Seeing Mabel and Helen on the street in Italy, the narrator (a sort of omniscient Adele persona) notices, “There was nothing to distinguish Mabel Neathe and Helen Thomas from the average American woman tourist as they walked down the Via Nazionale.” Their typical American dress and disposition are then described, “which shows a more uncompromising family likeness than a continental group of sisters with all their dresses made exactly alike.” The key is that “American sisterhood has a deeper conformity than the specific European, because in the American it is a conformity from within out. They all look alike not because they want to or because they are forced to do it, but simply because they lack individual imagination” (*Fernhurst* 117). “These two Americans then were like all the others,” the narrator affirms (*Fernhurst* 118). Adele’s position, however, is clearly moving in a different (Western if not quite worldly) direction:
Behind them [Mabel and Helen] out of a side street came a young woman, the cut of whose shirt-waist alone betrayed her American origin. Large, abundant, full-busted and joyous, she seemed a part of the rich Roman life. She moved happily along, her white Panama hat well back on her head and an answering smile on her face as she caught the amused glances that fell upon her. (Fernhurst 118)

Running to meet them, Adele is greeted by Helen, who notices Adele’s distinctive appeal: “Why Adele… where did you come from? You look as brown and white and clean as if you had just sprung out of the sea” (Fernhurst 118). Needing to affirm her own “individual imagination” as she breaks free from the love affair, Adele emerges (sprung from the sea, which connects so many parts of the world) as a noticeable contrast: an almost European other, having forsaken her American sisterhood for a “Roman” or Mediterranean life.

One of Adele’s allegiances will always be to America, as she can only “seem a part” of Roman life and no matter her dress or (tanned) skin color, her “American origin” is literally visible (on the page) even if she attempts to “betray” it. But Europe is significant for its cultural openness. As Jaime Hovey highlights, European countries like Italy and Spain were “ironically more democratic and tolerant than the rigid hierarchies of the American society she [Adele] leaves behind” (556). Where Stein felt she belonged (America) was often different from where she was accepted (Europe). In this way, too, many of the passages in Q.E.D., Fernhurst, and the early sketches for The Making of Americans were written during her drifting back-and-forth between the United States and
Europe and her ultimate settling at 27 rue de Fleurus.\textsuperscript{46} Thus, connections between America and Europe are more or less pronounced depending on the circumstance. In the early sketches to \textit{The Making of Americans}, the narrator states, “It has always seemed to me a rare privilege this of being an American, a real American and yet one whose tradition it has taken scarcely sixty years to create” (\textit{Fernhurst} 137). Praiseful of Americans, one must also understand the connections between the old world and the new world, connections which “complete” the story: “We need only realise our parents, remember our grandparents and know ourselves and our history is complete. The old people in a new world, the new people made out of the old that is the story I mean to tell for that is what really is and what I really know” (\textit{Fernhurst} 137). Like many Americans, Stein had immediate ancestral roots to Europe, but her connection was also formed by many actual experiences in Europe. Thus, “it is not for need of strongly-featured out of doors that we use the old world, it is for an accomplished harmony between a people and their land, for what understanding have we of the thing we tread, we the children of one generation” (\textit{Fernhurst} 138). Europe and the old world figure more prominently in having formed an American perspective: the harmony of people to land is the

\textsuperscript{46} For the suggested composition timelines, see Donald Gallup’s and Leon’s Katz’s respective Notes and Introduction to \textit{Fernhurst, Q.E.D. and Other Early Writings}; Steven Meyer’s Introduction to \textit{The Making of Americans}; Chapter 3 of Mellow’s \textit{Charmed Circle}; and Chapters 4 and 5 from Wagner-Martin’s “\textit{Favored Strangers}.”
transnational understanding of old world traces in the new. Her narrative becomes the transnational narrative of the new world on to the old.

Such passages foreshadow later philosophies where America as the new world and Spain as the old world have so much “in common” and how “Spain discovered America and America Spain.” But it was not until Stein’s settling in Paris and her witnessing of the burgeoning art movement that she identified anything in the “old” world as particularly “new” or “modern.” Almost as soon as the Stein family (now comprised of older brother Michael Stein and his wife Sarah, along with Leo and Gertrude) had fully settled in Paris, they were slowly acquiring a formidable art collection, one spearheaded by Leo’s adroit prescience about modern art. Matisse biographer and former Director of the Museum of Modern Art Alfred H. Barr has argued that “For the two brief years between 1905 and 1907 [Leo] was possibly the most discerning connoisseur and collector of 20th-century painting in the world” (57). Furthermore, the Steins, as a family, “may have changed the direction of twentieth century painting” (Wagner-Martin “Favored” 2) by taking such a direct and monetary interest in several not-as-yet-famous artists such as Paul Cézanne, Henri Matisse, Pablo

47 The opinion is shared by many others, including Picasso biographer John Richardson: “Between 1905 and 1907, Leo was unquestionably the most adventurous and discerning collector of twentieth-century painting in the world” (A Life 1: 396). Wagner-Martin concurs that in “1904 few people knew more about contemporary Italian, French, and Spanish painting than did Leo” (“Favored” 60). Arthur Lubow in a recent issue of the Smithsonian continues to acknowledge how the Stein family had “an eye for genius” and were “the most important incubator for the Parisian avant-garde. Leo led the way” (1).
Picasso, Pierre-Auguste Renoir, Félix Vallotton, and Henri Manguin. Between 1904 and 1908, they collected many of their works and were “gracious about showing their collections; by 1905, they had instituted the Saturday evening salons that were to immortalize them in the history of modernism” (Wagner-Martin “Favored” 60). One salon was Mike and Sally’s 58 rue Madame apartment; the other was Leo’s and Gertrude’s 27 rue de Fleurus apartment. Until 1913-14, when Leo and Gertrude split for good from the latter address, “the Steins’ group of Picassos was the largest in private hands” (outside of dealers), according to Gary Tinterow (3). The salons gave the Steins the opportunity to host cocktail and evening gatherings, where anyone interested in art or the “modern” could come, look, and converse. It was a vibrant cultural setting, prime for transnational crossings and interactions. In this, it gave the patrons a way to meet the artists and soon enough Picasso was introduced.

2.3 1905-1906: Meeting Pablo Picasso and Gertrude’s Portrait

In the words of James Mellow “Like a good many events in the life of Gertrude Stein, the circumstances of her first encounter with Picasso are buried under the slag of conflicting accounts and faulty recollections” (Charmed 85). Most, including Gertrude, agree Leo took the initial lead. Evidence from letters suggests Leo, after admiring the artist’s work, could have been provided an introduction through Henri-Pierre Roché, a mutual acquaintance, as early as spring 1905. However, Leo himself disputes this dating in Appreciation, his critical study of art written decades later, recalling how he first saw Picasso’s work through the French art dealer Clovis Sagot later in the fall. Only then did he get an introduction through Roché. It is also not certain if Gertrude had been present at
the initial introduction or, if not, how soon afterward they had been introduced. Whatever the precise circumstances, shortly after meeting the Steins, Picasso asked to do a portrait of Gertrude, which he began sometime in the winter of 1905-06 and finished later in the fall of 1906.48

“From the time of her first sitting in Picasso’s old, cluttered studio,” Wagner-Martin remarks, “Gertrude’s life changed” (“Favored” 72). Of the several reasons for Picasso’s decision to paint Stein (in fact, he painted Gertrude, Leo, and another Stein

48 All the characters involved have their own versions of how they met. The spring meeting comes from a suggestion in a letter by Roché to Picasso about “bring[ing] you that American I spoke of” (Picasso and Stein xi). It is plausible Leo is the “American,” but for many historians and critics the reference is too vague for any certain conclusion, especially with Leo’s conflicting story. See the many references in Getrude’s AAT; Leo’s Appreciation Chapter 7; Wagner-Martin’s “Favored Strangers” Chapter 5 “The Steins in Paris;” Mellow’s Chapter 4 “A Good-looking Bootblack;” Madeline’s notes in the Picasso and Stein Correspondence (xi); and Vincent Giroud’s “Picasso and Gertrude Stein” concerning the Steins’ art collecting and their introduction with Picasso. Concerning Picasso’s art, Gertrude admitted it was Leo who was initially attracted. In AAT, she recalls “that Gertrude Stein’s brother happen[ed] one day to find the picture gallery of Sagot, an excircus clown who had a picture shop further up the rue Laffitte. Here he, Gertrude Stein’s brother, found the paintings of two young spaniards, one, whose name everybody has forgotten, the other one, Picasso” (42). She added that she and her brother were “very divided” about buying a Picasso, and concerning one particular piece, “she found something rather appalling in the drawing of the legs and feet, something that repelled and shocked her. She and her brother almost quarrelled about this picture. He wanted it and she did not want it in the house.” Finally, because he was so adamant, she acquiesced “and in this way the first Picasso was brought into the rue de Fleurus” (43).
relative around the same time period), one was the prospect of satisfying potential financial supporters during what Mellow describes as “a difficult period in his career,” for Picasso had originally found it difficult to find buyers upon his moving to Paris. In time, the Steins began buying “heavily,” often “displaying an extraordinary catholicity and discrimination as patrons. Not only did they offer him the hospitality of their home and their table, they displayed his works proudly, argued in his defense, and encouraged others to buy” (Mellow Charmed 89). According to Wineapple, along with buying, lending, and advancing him money, in 1907 they had also helped finance his working space, renting “him another studio in the Bateau-Lavoir so he could work in a large space without distractions (272). Wagner-Martin suggests it may have been Picasso who was the prime mover and player: “His conquest of the Steins was his first move into quasi-fashionable currents of Paris collecting. Although he later ridiculed her egotism, Picasso did not know enough buyers in Paris to be other than gracious to Gertrude” (“Favored” 72). For Richardson, the Saturday salons “were a nightmare for Picasso, whose French

49 The Steins were particularly crucial for several artists, including Matisse, for whom “The friendship with the four Steins was of the greatest value,” from financial to artistic (Barr 5).

50 The journal of Fernande Olivier, Picasso’s lover at the time, shows that 1904 and 1905 were especially difficult for Picasso. In one entry from late 1904, Olivier admits that “It’s not because he’s so poor that I won’t agree to love him” (154). An entry from 1905 shows they are “managing to survive on fifty francs a month” but that was only after putting many of the expenses on local accounts (debts) (166-169). In the early spring of 1906, she was still complaining of the dire circumstances: “We have no coal, no fire, no money” (170).
was still far from fluent; but he could not afford to miss them. Their walls were the best possible advertisement for his work, which Gertrude was tireless in persuading affluent friends to buy” (*A Life* 2: 8).

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51 Other theories about Picasso’s wanting to paint Gertrude are that Picasso was attracted to her unconventional size and features; or to her physical as well as intellectual presence; or, in Richardson’s and Giroud’s opinion, that he aimed to use Gertrude’s portrait as a sort of challenge to Henri Matisse, whom he had just met and who had recently painted the very vibrant, colorful and evocative *Woman with the Hat* (Giroud 17-19; Richardson *A Life* 1: 403). The dates and number of sittings have also been disputed (Giroud 17-19). While it has been long believed—from Gertrude’s own recollection—that she sat for “some eighty or ninety sittings” (*AAT* 47) in the early winter and into the spring of 1905-06, too many factors seem at odds with such circumstances, including: Picasso’s working habits and his production, especially that winter, would not have allowed for such lengthy spells on just one work; it seems improbable he would have spent so much time working on something he was doing for free, even if as a gift and despite whatever other motivations he had; although Gertrude did not work, it seems improbable she trekked daily (or even every other day) three miles back and forth to Picasso’s studio over the course of a Paris winter; also, virtually no references to the sittings occur anywhere else, not in Fernande Olivier’s journals and there is only a passing reference in Stein’s and Picasso’s correspondence (in fact, Olivier first meets the Steins in what appears to be a mid-spring 1906 entry, which does not suggest extensive sittings with Picasso before then) (see Olivier’s *Loving Picasso*, especially 178; Giroud 20-23; Picasso and Stein 9). The precise number of sittings is actually not as important in this study as the effect it had on Gertrude, which was profound. In the words of Giroud, *AAT*, “where her inflated figure first appears, is nothing if not self-mythologizing, and the Picasso portrait had by then [1932-33] become an essential element in this mythology” (20-21). In many photographs of Gertrude in her 27 rue de Fleurus studio (or simply of the
Whatever the motivation, the experience had an immediate effect on both: Picasso gained an ardent admirer and patron of his work; Gertrude gained a needed muse and the motivation and justification for experimenting with new forms of writing. It is not so much or simply that her actual writing changed—it did to some extent, as the “portraits” she began writing soon afterward would demonstrate—but that her confidence and perception of herself as a writer changed. This confident perception, while perhaps faintly or intermittently visible before meeting Picasso, blossomed into the coming “egotism” critics and even Picasso would later ridicule, where she claimed herself a modern, avant-garde writer, one of true “genius” (as the persona Toklas intones throughout AAT).

Much of what is known about 1905 and 1906 comes from Stein’s AAT, which, in the words of Donald Pizer, is a “retrospective work” about Stein’s transformation as an artist.

Stein underscores not only what she has done as a promoter of modernism in painting but also how she has appropriated its underlying principles for her prose. She likens her push toward a cubist form in Three Lives to the work of Cézanne (33-34), she sets Picasso’s breakthrough to a cubist technique while he is completing her portrait alongside her own experiments in The Making of Americans (56-7), and she perceives herself studio itself), the portrait is visible in the background, further emphasizing its place and importance in her world and memory—and thus, naturally, in that of later viewers, as well.
as united with Picasso in a joint effort to create an art based on “element abstraction” (64). (*American Expatriate* 32, 35)

Subtly, too, there was a growing influence of and connection to Spain, through Picasso, retrospectively incorporated as a sort of origins story. Around the time she was finishing *Three Lives* in the winter and spring of 1906, Picasso had ended the portrait sittings, apparently having difficulty in finishing Stein’s head and face. Stein recalls in *AAT* how “All of a sudden one day Picasso painted out the whole head. I can’t see you any longer when I look, he said irritably. And so the picture was left like that. Nobody remembers being particularly disappointed,” Stein affirms: the Steins were going to Italy and Picasso and Fernande, his lover, to Spain (53).

In *Picasso*, Stein considers the portrait more than just a piece of art; she literally sees herself in it: “for me, it is I, and it is the only reproduction of me which is always I,

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52 Using X-ray and scanning, like X-radiographs or autoradiographs, contemporary art critics have been better able to map out Picasso’s laboring of the portrait. Although Picasso, like many artists, was prone to make noticeable if not significant changes and adjustments to a single canvas/work, there seems to be an added element of uncertainty or dissatisfaction with the initial attempts at Gertrude’s head. Originally, he had positioned the head and face in profile, but then swung it gradually pointing forward; ultimately, he gave up on the head, only returning to it after an immensely productive trip to Spain in the summer of 1906. See Giroud and Lucy Belloli.
for me” (GSP 14). That which was “always I” carried significant signs of and influences from Spain and Spanish culture. In AAT, the Toklas persona recalls their joint trips to Spain about half a decade later, with Gertrude wearing “a brown corduroy suit, jacket and skirt,” which was part of a “costume… ideal for Spain, they all thought of her

53 Throughout her life, guests to her studio noted the portrait’s presence (and Gertrude’s presence in the midst of it). One recollection by James Lord, who knew both Picasso and Stein, from his own memoir is worth quoting in full:

Miss Stein’s personality dominated her collection. And likewise, her portrait dominated all the pictures surrounding it. That one painting seemed to unite forever in a single work of art not only the artist and his model in their joint quest for immortality but also in an intimately independent way two beings of genius and both of their separate, incommunicable personalities. Its presence in that room was insistent and unforgettable, because in its own way it seemed to be Gertrude, while she in her own seemed to be it. One could never ignore her portrait, because one could never ignore her. It was there, as she was, with overpowering and indomitable immediacy. Hanging as it did above the fireplace, it hung higher than any of the other pictures, as if to remind them that they were, as they were, lesser works of art. And it appeared to remind us, too, that we were mere humans, living things that would die, while it, being a great work of art, would endure and survive us all, supreme in the mastery and self-possession of it abiding presence… She often stood in front of it while talking, as if to demonstrate by the juxtaposition that in the end the real and the ideal might be made one, after all. Her portrait by Picasso was a vivid, tangible demonstration and embodiment of her own genius and her own immortality. (9, my ellipses)
as belonging to some religious order and we were always treated with the most absolute respect” (116). This dark corduroy costume is strikingly similar to the one Stein wore in the portrait, and in *Picasso* Stein affirms that “one must never forget that Spain is not like other southern countries, it is not colorful, all the colors in Spain are white black silver or gold; there is not red or green, not at all” (*GSP* 11). Toklas had also taken up a similar “disguise” in Spain: “I used in those days of spanish travelling to wear what I was wont to call my spanish disguise. I always wore a black silk coat, black gloves and a black hat, the only pleasure I allowed myself were lovely artificial flowers on my hat” (*AAT* 116).

Although Stein’s portrait has a reddish, textured background, like Stein’s dark brown suit, it is “not colorful,” emitting an overall darkened mood that centers on an

54 The dark, black imagery of Spain had been incorporated into Stein’s dramatic play/opera *Four Saints in Three Acts*, which was set in Spain and which Stein had published in 1927 and was subsequently performed in 1934. Virgil Thomson, who orchestrated the music, wrote to Stein about the rehearsals: the all-black cast was part “of a beauty incredible, with trees made out of feathers and a sea-wall made out of shells and for the procession of a baldacchino of black chiffon and branches of black ostrich plumes, just like a Spanish funeral” (qtd. in Latimer 574).

55 Toklas’s disguised semblance to a Spanish woman is further emphasized by Picasso’s opinion that the “Miss Toklas” had “small feet like a spanish woman and earrings like a gypsy and a father who is king of Poland like the Poniatowskis” (*AAT* 23). In fact, her “Spanish” look was noted by many, including Hadley Hemingway. Upon meeting Gertrude and Alice in February 1922, Hadley remembered Alice was like a “little piece of electric wire, small and fine and very Spanish looking, very dark, with piercing dark eyes” (qtd. in Sokoloff 50). From the narratives alone, both Stein and Toklas seemed to have taken a certain amount of pleasure (if not also pride) in the Spanish attire and allusions.
unsmiling, almost brooding Stein. The “darkness” of Spain is not necessarily symbolic, for like Gertrude’s own writing, symbolism is not as important as surface and stark appearances (or in the case of language, sounds). In a sense, Gertrude’s black attire gives the portrait its dark stature, which, in her mind, was naturally drawn from a Spanish painter whose influences had derived from such a black, dark country. Of perhaps more importance than the attire was the face, which demonstrated numerous influences from Picasso’s trip to Spain: in the words of Giroud, “Picasso gave Gertrude, in short, a Spanish face” (30). The portrait thus not only exhibits Gertrude as a physical belonging to modernism—where she literally becomes the centerpiece of modern art—but simultaneously fuses America and Spain as inherent elements in the process.56

Soon after Stein’s death in 1946, Toklas recalled that “there had been a strange exchange in this early creative effort that she and Picasso felt had been expressed in the portrait.” Like Stein, Toklas believed “It was a mutual influence… [and] the painter and

56 One strange note to her opinion of the portrait and what it signifies is her insistence of leaving it, upon her death, with The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York rather than the Museum of Modern Art. Supposedly, in a letter to then MoMA Director Alfred H. Barr Jr., Stein opined “You can be a museum, or you can be modern, but you can’t be both” (qtd. in Tinterow 3). Gertrude’s antipathy seems to have derived from the museum and the director. Barr had consistently pleaded with Stein to loan the painting to the gallery, especially during Stein’s lecture tours in American in the 30s, and Stein had consistently denied such requests. Following Stein’s passing, in 1947, Alice reaffirmed that Gertrude “loathed and despised The Museum of Modern Art and all its little ways” (qtd. in Tinterow 3).
his model saw things differently after that winter” (Tinterow and Stein 108).\footnote{For Picasso, the claim is at best overstated and at worst misleading. As Tinterow argues, “What was for Stein an exceptional event—sitting for the first of what would be many portraits of her by young artists—was for Picasso unremarkable” (Tinterow and Stein 108). It was just one in a series of important transformations for him between 1905 and 1907, when he ultimately produced \textit{Les Demoiselles d’Avignon}.} The portrait represented something foundational and transformational, both then and in the coming decades. Sitting (on several occasions if not “eighty or ninety” times) in Picasso’s studio, watching him work, watching his work, listening to his (however brief) musings and philosophies, Stein began to imagine herself as a creative part of the modern movement, and the portrait gave her opportunities to imagine new ways of writing, narrating, and describing. Most likely early in 1905, she put away the sketches for \textit{The Making of Americans} and began writing a story first entitled “Three Histories,” later \textit{Three Lives}, which she worked on throughout 1905 and into the winter (spring at the latest) of 1906. Although actual dates of composition are unclear and sometimes disputed, it is most probable, as Mellow explains, that as Stein sat for Picasso “she pondered over” how she might do “portraits” of her own: one was that of Melanctha, the second “history” or life in \textit{Three Lives} (\textit{Charmed} 91). In \textit{AAT}, Stein argues that \textit{Three Lives} was “the first definite step away from the nineteenth century and into the twentieth century in literature” (54).\footnote{Strangely, some of the earlier writing had been originally forgotten for almost three decades, further implying Gertrude’s ambivalence towards it. Ulla E. Dydo writes that Stein rediscovered the \textit{Q.E.D.}}
As Picasso painted, Stein entertained the notion of how portraiture might be written, and the idea was doubly intensified: sitting for her portrait during the days, she went home in the evenings to view Cézanne’s *Portrait of Mme Cézanne*, a recent purchase Leo and she had made during the same spring. “It was an important purchase because in looking and looking at this picture Gertrude Stein wrote Three Lives” (*AAT* 34). In a contemporary edition of *Three Lives* meant to facilitate teaching, Wagner-Martin concurs that “Cézanne’s large portrait of his wife (*Portrait of Mme Cézanne*) speaks to the prominence of the painter in the Steins’ lives and imaginations” (370).

Specifically, Stein was under the influence of many persons and people at this time: “She had begun not long before as an exercise in literature to translate Flaubert’s *Trois Contes* and then she had this Cézanne and she looked at it and under its stimulus she wrote Three Lives” (*AAT* 34). Translating Flaubert’s *Trois Contes* into English “as an exercise in literature,” witnessing a great exhibit of modern art in Cézanne, and sitting for Picasso all influenced her confidence as a writer and so her process.

These influences also brought a greater sense of her presence in a cosmopolitan or transnational exchange of ideas and movements, and it was apropos that she returned to *The Making of Americans* the following summer, in 1906. In her eyes, it had “changed from being a history of a family to being a history of everybody the family knew and then it became the history of every kind and of every individual human being,” and “a piece of manuscript in April of 1934; in October she began *AAT*, making reference to the discovery (492; 642). However, she did not feel it worthy enough to be a part of her professedly “twentieth century” writing.
the monumental work which was the beginning, really the beginning of modern writing” (AAT 113, 215). After Picasso and the portrait, the work had transformed from the local (“history of a family”) to the transnational or cosmopolitan (history of “every individual human being”). About her writing that summer and fall of 1906, she recalls

She came back to a Paris fairly full of excitement. In the first place she came back to her finished portrait. The day he returned from Spain Picasso sat down and out of his head painted the head in without having seen Gertrude Stein again. And when she saw it he and she were content. It is very strange but neither can remember at all what the head looked like when he painted it out. (AAT 57)

Picasso was “drawing on techniques of Ingres, Cézanne, and African sculpture to give the face the unmatched eyes and surreal angle that distort its otherwise realistic effect. When Picasso invited the Steins to see the painting, Gertrude was pleased: it was of the new. It expressed the same kind of difference she aimed for in her writing” (Wagner-Martin “Favored” 73). Just as Picasso’s portrait developed into something much more meaningful after he had left it unfinished to go to Spain, The Making of Americans had developed (or was to be developed) into something much more “monumental” than its initial attempts. In retrospect, a new, twentieth-century art movement was born: it literally painted over, blotted out, the past and less modern works.

To emphasize the connection of Spain with this burgeoning modernism, Stein renamed the fictional town representing Oakland to Gossols, which referred to the northern Spanish town of Gósol, located around the Pyrenees Mountains, where Picasso
had spent the summer of 1906. Like so many words or phrases in *The Making of Americans*, “Gossols” appears constantly and often as a transformational place. David Hersland, originally from Bridgepoint (the fictional name for Baltimore) and father of the central family in the narrative, had moved the family to Gossols where he made “his important beginning” and “his great fortune” (*The Making* 120, 43). Where “his fortune was just beginning” in Bridgepoint only “In Gossols the Herslands could be freer inside them” (*The Making* 35, 57). Freedom and fortune were important American themes, but emphasis was certainly on the new “beginning.”

The novel became “more and more complicatedly a continuous present,” Stein explained years later: “I made almost a thousand pages of a continuous present” (*Masterpieces* 31). In both *Three Lives* and *The Making of Americans* “there was an elaboration of the complexities of using everything and of a continuous present and of beginning again and again and again” (*Masterpieces* 32). This continuous present tense was like a constant beginning or rebirth. The latter book partially emphasizes this new

59 In many ways, Stein was right to emphasize the town’s place in Picasso’s development. Olivier, who traveled with Picasso to Gósol, admitted in her journal, “The atmosphere of his own country seems to inspire him, and there is much stronger emotion and sensitivity in these drawings than anything he has done in Paris” (184).

60 One small reference to this word comes from an August 1906 letter Picasso had written to the Leo Stein: “we have been here [Paris, after returning from Spain] for three weeks and alas! with no fortune our little inheritance [a recent payment for his art] having been gaily spent on the mountains [Spain]” (Picasso and Stein 16). Stein almost certainly would have seen the letter (especially having been referenced in it).
beginning through Fanny Hissen (who is later married to David Hersland). Although Fanny is most often associated with Stein’s mother (Stein with Martha, Fanny’s daughter), there is some semblance in these passages to the Picasso-Stein relationship. “Mrs. Fanny Hersland had always had in her the beginning of an almost important feeling which she had from being like her mother in her nature…” This being had never in Fanny Hissen been very real inside her while she was living in Bridgepoint, for then the strongest thing in her was the family way of being and that always would have been just so strong in her and it never would have come to her to have any realler feeling of being important to herself inside her if she had not gone to Gossols and left the family way of being behind. It was only when she left the family way of living, when she went out to Gossols where she was to have none of the being always a part of the well to do living that it came to her to begin to have this almost important feeling. Marrying would never have changed her from her family way of being, it was going to Gossols and leaving the family being and having a for her unnatural way of living that awoke in her a sense inside her of the almost important feeling that was to come to be inside in her. (The Making 77)

Hissen (Fanny’s maiden name) emphasizes a masculine influence, potentially hinting the influence of the Stein brothers on Gertrude’s life before Paris and Picasso. After meeting and marrying David (not a direct but possible symbol of Stein’s having met Picasso), she becomes “Hersland,” with that “unnatural way of living that awoke in her” after having
moved to Gossols. Married to Picasso in the movement away from tradition, Stein also experienced a rebirth after Gósol / Gossols. Fanny’s “important feeling” was like Stein’s continuous present tense, or modern sensibility. Similar to Fanny, Stein had left the “family way of living behind” when she moved to Paris; she had left tradition and a traditional way of writing. David Hersland (again, most critics view as the model for Stein’s father) has similarities to Picasso: “Mr. Hersland came to the making of a large fortune out in Gossols as I was saying but as I was saying he was not in his family living living right rich american living” (The Making 613). Certainly, Gertrude’s father had acquired riches out West, but the passage also suggests how Picasso soon made his riches from his Gósol trips. He had to leave his more traditional styles (of the Blue or Rose periods) in order to make his large fortune. The whole process was similar to the discovery of Spain discovering America and Stein’s discovery of Picasso / Spain.

2.4 1907-1911: The Picasso of Modern Writing

In September 1907, about a year after Picasso finished the Stein portrait, Gertrude was introduced to Alice B. Toklas. After a short courtship, the two became nearly inseparable, with Toklas finally moving into the 27 rue de Fleurus apartment for good in 1910. In many ways, Toklas enlarged Gertrude’s life. In the words of Edward Burns, “In addition to being lover, housekeeper, cook, gardener, typist and editor, Toklas served as a one-woman chorus of affirmation” (5). For her part, Stein “surmised almost at once that Toklas wanted to make her into an idol,” remarking in her notebooks the power she had over her: “I impressed the first day I was made into an idol” (qtd. in Wineapple 270-71). Stein was at a point in her personal and professional life where she needed such
affirmation and adulation. In AAT, she recalls having finished *Three Lives* and she “asked her sister-in-law to come and read it. She did and was deeply moved. This pleased Gertrude Stein immensely, she did not believe that any one could read anything she wrote and be interested” (AAT 51-2). Apart from Sarah Stein and some close friends, few offered such unqualified positive reviews. Many professional readers were annoyed or indifferent. Her brother Leo, whom at that point she still deferred to on questions of art, was particularly critical and dismissive.

Although she had told friends, “It does not seem to matter much to me whether [the writing] gets published or not” (qtd. in Wineapple 250), she was constantly sending manuscripts and bits of her writing to anyone who would read it, especially those who might publish it or know someone who could. At the time of meeting Toklas, Stein, through friends, had sent *Three Lives* (then called “Three Histories”) to Macmillan and Bobbs-Merrill, though both publishers had rejected it (Wineapple 269). Although she did

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61 In just one example, Wineapple notes that Gertrude’s “first independent purchase” was Picasso’s *The Architect’s Table* in 1912. Similar to her own portrait, the work had personal value as Picasso had painted one of Gertrude’s calling cards into the painting (346-7). After 1914, she hardly purchased anything of Picasso’s, only acquiring a couple paintings as gifts (Richardson *A Life* 1: 513n21). When she and Leo split in 1913-14 (and thus their paintings were divided), she kept the majority of the Picasso’s less out of any artistic aesthetic than personal reverence. Leo took the Cézanne’s, she took the Picasso’s, and both were relatively happy. As Richardson writes, “it is indeed astonishing, given the siblings’ delusions of intellectual infallibility and delight in taking offense, that they managed to split up their magnificent collection without annihilating each other” (*A Life* 2: 294).
not want to work and deal with smaller publishing firms (Curnutt 6), when *Three Lives* found no takers by 1909, she resolved to publish it on her own with a vanity press. Still, the editors and publishers at Grafton Press had a difficult time accepting the manuscript. F.H. Hitchcock, the director of the press, admitted to her, “My proof-readers report that there are some pretty bad slips in grammar, probably caused in the type-writing” (qtd. in Mellow *Charmed* 127). He cautioned that “most people won’t take it very seriously” without some preface (Wineapple 298). When Stein did nothing about the comments, a Paris editor was instructed to contact her. “Mr. Sanborn informed her that the publisher had thought she might be a foreigner, unfamiliar with the English language.” Stein’s reply was that she was an American, and the stories were written as intended (Mellow *Charmed* 127). Admittedly a defensive moment for Stein (her reply is partially tautological: Americans do not produce foreign, non-American writing), perhaps the editor’s comment spoke to a certain transnational feel to the work, even if that was not his nor her intent.

*Three Lives* enjoyed some brief measure of critical success. Friends were encouraging and several newspapers carried favorable reviews (Wineapple 310). However, in the years to come, and as she became more and more affected by Picasso’s art and method, her writing became more abstract and less appreciated—and so ultimately less read. Even the initial, limited success of *Three Lives* did not translate to real publishing opportunities when Grafton Press “was folding” in 1911 (Wineapple 334). Then, through Harper & Company, she sent her writing to Henry James (who never responded) and then to Roché, the initial Picasso liaison, who was also unimpressed. The
repetitions “have perceivable meaning for nobody but you,” he replied, and “that sort of rhythm is intoxicating you—it is something like masturbation” (qtd. in Wineapple 334). In fact, until the early 1920s, Ulla Dydo explains, “fewer than twenty short pieces by Stein appeared in print. Most were published with the help of friends who knew the editors of magazines. One book, *Tender Buttons*, printed by Donald Evans in 1914 at the suggestion of Carl Van Vechten, was widely ridiculed. Meanwhile, her major works remained unpublished and known only to friends” (43). At certain stretches of her life, Stein received no reviews at all of her work (Dydo 43-4).

When reviews did come in they were ambivalent at best or harshly critical. As Kirk Curnutt and others attest, Stein’s personality and influence on writers was acknowledged as she got older, but her writing had a more complicated reception. In one example, a 1914 *New York Evening Sun* review for *Tender Buttons* balanced the line between praise and negative criticism by emphasizing the double-edged “novelty” of her work: “Not even the unkindest of Miss Gertrude Stein’s critics accuses her of plagiary. There may be differences of opinion on the value of her discoveries in prose composition, but apparently no one questions them on the score of novelty and originality” (qtd in Curnutt 16). In echoing many of the initial criticisms—which on the one hand could highlight the “novelty” but still challenge the “composition” of her work—the review offers a sort of snapshot into “the long history of ridicule and hostility she suffered from the press” (Curnutt 4-6). In his “study of imaginative literature” of 1931 (which included studies of W.B. Yeats, T.S. Eliot, and James Joyce), Edmund Wilson devotes one of his eight chapters specifically to Stein, noting “a style which appears to owe nothing to that
of any other novelist” (189) and lauding elements of Three Lives. However, he admits, “most of what Miss Stein publishes nowadays must apparently remain absolutely unintelligible even to a sympathetic reader” (194). Even the sections of The Making of Americans that are intelligible are “queer and very boring,” and Wilson doubts “whether it is possible to” read the “book all through” (191, 190).62 With the less-than-positive reception of her work, Stein grew guarded and defensive. She responded to Roché’s assessment that her rhythms were masturbatory by telling him:

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62 For other initial reactions and appraisals of her work, see The Critical Response to Gertrude Stein, edited by Kirk Curnutt. Looking over the career of her work—a massive output which consisted of writing almost daily for decades [possible only through first the privilege of her father’s and family’s management of wealth and then through her family’s purchasing of modern art]—and her readers, one complaint was that the wordy, repetitive utterances drowned out any purpose or meaning in a sea of text. For critics and readers, the complications and difficulty seemed to be wading through vast stretches of banal, gibberish prose. As Mellow suggests about one of her larger works,

There is a large element of crank philosophy, of behavioral theory gone awry, of the “half-baked” in the The Making of Americans. Overlong, maddeningly repetitive, tedious in its rhythms, the method of the book was little more than the accumulation of each day’s writing stint. It flows along aimlessly, catching up bits of psychological lore, sharp fictional portraits, too-generalized observations drawn from life, fragments of the author’s personal emotions. (Charmed 121)

“The author exults as the task progresses” (Charmed 121), Mellow concludes; however, the reader is less receptive of so tedious and tiring a work.
I am a genuinely creative artist and being such my personality determines my art just as Matisse’s or Picasso’s or Wagner’s or any one else. Now you if I were a man would not write me such a letter because you would respect the *inevitable* character of my art. (qtd. in Wineapple 335)

The comments echo her private musings from her notebooks around this time: “Pablo & Matisse have a maleness that belong to genius. Moi ausi [me, too] perhaps” (*GSoP* 97).

Stein’s guardedness ultimately turned into a prided rebuttal to anyone who would not read or take interest in her work: “In those days [Stein] never asked any one what they thought of her work, but were they interested enough to read it. Now she says if they can bring themselves to read it they will be interested” (*AAT* 52). As Stein saw it as she got older, the problem was not that people could not be interested in her style of writing but that they simply were not willing to read it in the first place. The defensive stance eased a hurt pride after witnessing authors and artists she knew receive critical and popular attention. Curnutt argues that “While contemporaries like Ezra Pound and James Joyce embraced such outlets in avant-garde protest against the conservatism of mainstream publishing, Stein longed for the credibility (and remuneration) that a major imprimatur would bring” (1).

In a way, she needed more than a superficial tautology (‘I am a genuinely creative artist because I am genuinely creative artist’) to explain her writing. The *inevitability* of her being an artist, a genius, needed to be analogized to other artists and geniuses. In turn, she equated her own circumstances with the “struggles” of other Parisian artists,
especially Picasso, who had to “struggle” to achieve notoriety and appreciation. Essential to her developing mythology, she spelled out the comparisons in AAT:

It had been a fruitful winter [of 1905-6]. In the long struggle with the portrait of Gertrude Stein, Picasso passed from the Harlequin, the charming early italian period to the intensive struggle which was to end in cubism. Gertrude Stein had written the story of Melanctha the negress, the second story of Three Lives which was the first definite step away from the nineteenth century and into the twentieth century in literature. Matisse had painted the Bonheur de Vivre and had created the new school of colour which was soon to leave its mark on everything. And everybody went away. (54)

Many of the players from the burgeoning modernism movement are here: Picasso, Matisse, Stein, the Bonheur de Vivre, the Portrait of Gertrude Stein, and Three Lives. All together they were meant to show a general move from old to new, from earlier “charming” and classical periods to later modern and “cubist” periods. The “fruitful winter” bloomed into the summer where “everybody went away”—not an interruption but a necessary step or progression “away” from the nineteenth century and into the twentieth.63 Her work, she argued, was simply misunderstood as theirs had been. If critics

63 One added irony (and support) of the Steins’ place in the movement was that it was most likely the Steins’ recent patronage of Picasso’s work that allowed him to travel to Spain in the summer of 1906, a summer which greatly influenced his art and so future prospects (Giroud 25).
and the general public could reevaluate those artists’ works (praise them, consider them geniuses after the fact), they could do the same with hers. The rationale lay in a theory she had heard Picasso discuss about the novelty or newness of certain art forms, which are first considered “ugly.” In AAT, Stein recalls how “Pablo once remarked, when you make a thing, it is so complicated making it that it is bound to be ugly, but those that do it after you they don’t have to worry about making it and they can make it pretty, and so everybody can like it when the others make it” (23). A “thing” is often “ugly” when it is complicated to produce; and it is complicated to produce because it is so very new and modern.

In 1911 or 1912, she wrote a prose poem of sorts she originally entitled “The New Book” but was later renamed in 1933 as G.M.P. in order to stress the similarities between herself (Gertrude) and Matisse and Picasso and how the three were fused together in a similar movement: each “an essential side of the triangle… altering the course of modern art” (Wineapple 367, my ellipses). The initials, furthermore, combine to form a seemingly first-initial demonstration of one name, one movement. Many prose passages, as Wineapple contends, “labor under a glut of nonmeaning; Stein’s rhythms reduce to slack monotony and her images to a commotion of woolly associations” (367). But her growing frustrations with not being recognized were clear when discussing “fortune:”

64 The original edition of 1933 read “Matisse Picasso and Gertrude Stein” and included “two shorter stories,” which were “A Long Gay Book” and “Many Many Women.” All three stories were written between 1909 and 1912 (see Haas and Gallup).
“Fortune and succeeding and coming again often is all of something and that thing is creating repeating, and creating something is gaining recognition, and gaining something is expecting some one, and expecting some one is pleasing one who is succeeding” (G.M.P. 203). What one is “creating” may not be initially “pleasing” and so offers no “recognition.” The prose then attempts to map out how what is “disturbing” may lead to what “will have meaning:”

If in beginning each one is disturbing and if in disturbing each one is arranging and if in arranging each one is attending and if in attending each one is admiring and if in admiring each one is advising and if in advising each one is urging and if in urging each one is helping and if in helping each one is progressing and if in progressing each one is intending and if in intending each one is desiring and if in desiring each one is expecting and if in expecting each one is discussing then all of them will be denying and all of them will be remembering what had been happening and all of them will have meaning in creating being existing. (G.M.P. 203)

In short, the disturbing objects artists create set in motion a flurry of cause-and-effect scenarios, which ultimately lead to a fuller discussion of the objects themselves, thus propelling into existence the very disturbing object as a creation of art. This could be no better explanation of Stein’s own rise to fame in the coming years.

In AAT and Picasso, Stein more explicitly describes the process of art as initially disturbing and ugly; she also more firmly signals the creator of such a process as an inherent genius who must struggle against epic-like odds. Describing the cubist
movement as a “Heroic Age,” where the heroes (cubist artists) “do things because they cannot do otherwise and neither they nor the others understand how and why these things happen,” Stein affirms,

One does not ever understand, before they are completely created, what is happening and one does not at all understand what one has done until the moment when it is all done. Picasso said once that he who created a thing is forced to make it ugly. In the effort to create the intensity and the struggle to create this intensity, the result always produces a certain ugliness, those who follow can make of this thing a beautiful thing because they know what they are doing, the thing having already been invented, but the inventor because he does not know what he is going to invent inevitably the thing he makes must have its ugliness. (GSP 14-17)

The artistry of a genius is inherent, even if no one fully understands this natural inclination or capability. Where Stein intimates this connection in AAT, in Picasso connections are absolute. Making a thing was “bound to be ugly” in AAT. In Picasso, it “always produces a certain ugliness,” it “inevitably… must have its ugliness.” “Bound” might imply a missed correlation (‘He was bound to be great, but misfortune got in his way’), whereas the second explanation (“always” and “inevitably”) exacts a more necessary and absolute connection between invention and ugliness. The second explanation also has a heightened sense of the “struggle” and “intensity” of the inventor, which alluded to her own struggles and misfortunes for public recognition. In sum, the theory of a genius was heavily grounded in the comparison (or metaphor) and
justification of Pablo Picasso and the Cubist art movement, a justification that allowed Stein to respond to critics who claimed her work was not “pretty.”

Using the example of Toklas’s first introduction to Picasso’s art in AAT, Stein demonstrates how what once seems ugly and strange can really be profound, important, and modern. Taking Toklas to Picasso’s studio, the Toklas narrator notices

Against the wall was an enormous picture, a strange picture of light and dark colors, that is all I can say, of a group, an enormous group and next to it another in a sort of a red brown, of three women, square and posturing, all of it rather frightening. Picasso and Gertrude Stein stood together talking. I stood back and looked. I cannot say I realized anything but I felt that there was something painful and beautiful there and oppressive but imprisoned. (AAT 22)

Toklas, in a state of horror and wonderment, cannot accept the enormity of the object at first glance, or at once, as if necessitating a more prolonged and ponderous consideration.

The picture incorporates a “strange” form, of contrasting light and dark, which evokes

65 Tirza True Latimer has argued that the mere collecting of Picasso’s art positions Stein as a genius: “If the status of genius is conferred by consensus within mutually ratifying communities of discernment, then recognizing (and collecting) geniuses positions the collector within this empowered and empowering system” (562). However, Stein’s refusal to accept Braque and his cubist paintings challenges the idea that Stein’s buying and praising of Picasso’s works were done as an art critic. There was a personal attachment as much as anything, one noted by Braque in his response to AAT after publication: “… she has entirely misunderstood Cubism which she sees simply in terms of personalities” (qtd. in Richardson A Life 2: 132).
contrasting or contradicting sentiments: “painful and beautiful,” “oppressive but imprisoned.” These strange, contradictory elements lead a first-time viewer to reject the work—whether out of custom, embarrassment, or distaste. However, after a more nuanced and essentially modern and critical appraisal, a modern esthete would and should come to appreciate the artistry at work.66

Noticeably, the utterance—“Picasso and Gertrude Stein stood together talking”—cuts into the middle of Toklas’s experience. In a single frame, Stein attempts to

66 According to Mellow and others, the picture Toklas first saw in Picasso’s studio was Les Demoiselles d’Avignon, “a sardonic commemoration of the ladies of a well-known house on Avignon Street in Barcelona” (Charmed 111). This painting does not exactly fit with Stein’s second painting description (second painting is Trois Femme or Three Women; see Madeleine’s note to letter 9, along with letters 18 and 20, on page 23) but could very well be the first “enormous picture, a strange picture of light and dark colors, that is all I can say, of a group, an enormous group.” If Les Demoiselles d’Avignon was the viewed object, the subject matter itself (the image shows five nudes in varying poses) may have contributed to the horror Toklas felt. But inasmuch as that painting is a definitive step towards (or representation of) cubism (as many critics would agree), the nude representations alone are not “real” enough to offer the sort of photographic likenesses that might affront a person in the early twentieth century. The point is that both the form and subject matter were prohibitive or jarring, and the two worked together to produce the varied emotions. Les Demoiselles d’Avignon was also important for Gertrude because inasmuch as it exhibited a break from tradition it also represented her own “modern” sensibilities. As Richardson explains, “Leo’s phenomenal eye for modern art never recovered from the shock of what he called ‘this horrible mess.’ Gertrude had less of an eye but was more of a modernist” (A Life 2: 6). The painting—and her acceptance, sharing, and instruction of it—epitomized her position as a modern master.
demonstrate a couple important points about art, modernity, and her role in it. First is the obvious point that the modern art movement includes both Pablo Picasso and Gertrude Stein. But the more significant emphasis is that the painting is not “strange” or “frightening” to those who are accustomed to it and understand it. Until such newcomers understand the artistry at work, they will not be able to relate in the same way that modern artists do. To show this dynamic—this learning—Stein admits to her own initial distaste of Picasso’s work. Recalling the argument with her brother about buying Picasso’s *Girl with a Basket of Flowers*, she had “found something rather appalling in the drawing of the legs and feet, something that repelled and shocked her (AAT 43). One minor difference is that in Stein’s situation, she offers no additional commentary on her initial reaction: the story is told simply as a way to explain how a first painting was purchased. In Toklas’s case, though, Stein takes the role of teacher after the incident, instructing Toklas on what she had seen and what it meant:

> What did you think of what you saw, asked Miss Stein. Well I did see something. Sure you did, she said, but did you see what it had to do with those two pictures you sat in front of so long at the vernissage [a private showing they had been to earlier]. Only that Picassos were rather awful and the others were not. (AAT 23)

The “two pictures [Toklas] sat in front of” at the previous showing are described earlier as a Braque and a Derain: “They were strange pictures of strangely formed rather wooden blocked figures, one if I remember rightly a sort of man and women, the other three women. Well, [Stein] said still laughing. We were puzzled, we had seen so much
strangeness we did not know why these two were any stranger” (AAT 18). “Strangeness” is emphasized repeatedly in this passage, the Braque and Derain artwork having a particularly puzzling effect on Toklas. But their strangeness is not repulsive or revolting. The two pictures did not provide a sense of awe and horror, as the Picasso painting would later do, a point which emphasizes the importance of Picasso’s work as truly strange, jarring, and new—and ultimately as the real modern, the real genius.67

Identifying herself and the initial (negative) appraisals of her own work with the initial “awful” or “frightening” reactions of first-time viewers to modern artwork, Stein regards herself a “genius,” which is doubly emphasized through the Toklas narrator in AAT. First, the appraisal seems less egotistical when out of Toklas’s mouth instead of Stein’s; it seems more an observation of fact rather than a self-conceited opinion. In the opening of AAT, the Toklas narrator draws together the connection between Picasso, Stein, and the essence of genius:

I may say that only three times in my life have I met a genius and each time a bell within me rang and I was not mistaken, and I may say in each

67 As Mellow notes, the Steins did not purchase any Braque paintings in the early years (or if they did, perhaps one or two as token offerings). Summing up Stein’s assessment, Mellow writes, “Gertrude thought Braque a competent, uninspiring painter, and hardly the inventive type” (Charmed 94). The characterization is odd when considering that both Braque and Picasso were progenitors of cubism and their cubist paintings—while different in some respects—have notable similarities. However, this only further emphasizes the uniqueness and power of Picasso, his Spanishness, his world, and his painting, in her life: “cubism is a purely spanish conception and only Spaniards can be cubists” (AAT 91).
case it was before there was any general recognition of the quality of
genius in them. The three geniuses of whom I wish to speak are Gertrude
Stein, Pablo Picasso and Alfred Whitehead. I have met many important
people, I have met several great people but I have only known three first
class geniuses and in each case on sight within me something rang. In no
one of the three cases have I been mistaken. In this way my new full life
began. (5)

As with Stein’s description of the initial Picasso-Toklas encounter, Stein purposefully
characterizes the recognition of a genius as something inherent, even if not completely or
consciously understood. Throughout such passages, Toklas is the “one-woman chorus of
affirmation” while Picasso and Stein are the dramatic actors in the play itself.

In a way, Stein emphasized her genius and role in modern art after-the-fact, when
in narratives and essays written in the 1930s she revisited her and Picasso’s early
experiences. However, she spent those early years experimenting with words while
exploring and discovering the world around her, especially Spain. Between 1907 and
1916, Stein and Toklas traveled to Italy, Spain, and London, among other stops in France,
spending at least four summers in Spain and an extended stay during World War I. From
these travels, two phases of her writing emerged, including a “portrait” period and a
“Spanish” period. Between 1908 and 1912, Stein wrote numerous “word portraits,”
pseudo-poems not explicitly descriptive and often viewed as abstract or, to some,
“incoherent.” Attempting to account for the style, Mabel Dodge, a friend and early
supporter, wrote an appraisal of Stein’s work in *Arts and Decoration* in 1913:
In a portrait that she has finished recently, she has produced a coherent totality through a series of impressions which, when taken sentence by sentence, strike most people as particularly incoherent. To illustrate this, the words in the following paragraph are strenuous words—words that weigh and qualify conditions; words that are without softness yet that are not hard words—perilous abstractions they seem, containing agony and movement and conveying a vicarious livingness. (174)

The portraits were inspired by Picasso and others and her growing relationship with Spain. Describing her intentions shortly after a trip to Spain, she exclaimed, “Well, Pablo is doing abstract portraits in painting. I am trying to do abstract portraits in my medium, words” (qtd. in Rönneback 270, emphasis in text). In a sense, Stein used the summer trips in Spain to encourage and influence a new style just as it seemed to have worked for Picasso. Contrasting this new writing to that of Q.E.D., Mellow confirms that, “In Spain, it seems, she had arrived at a means of describing an experience without the usual ‘interchange of common-places’—and without the necessary communicative terms of language. She had in a sense perfected a ‘foreign’ language of her own” (Charmed 164). The Grafton Press’ Parisian editor could not have agreed more.

Notable portraits during this period include those of Toklas (“Ada”), Isadora Duncan (“Orta or One Dancing”), and Matisse and Picasso (with their names as titles). In “Picasso,” Stein attempts the “abstract” with rhythmic repetition. The short piece opens by exclaiming:
One whom some were certainly following was one who was completely charming. One whom some were certainly following was one who was charming. One whom some were following was one who was completely charming. One whom some were following was certainly completely charming. (GSP 79)

Throughout the portrait, Stein reworks this central phrase: “One whom some were following was charming.” At times, “following” is followed by an additional repetition of “was one who;” other times, Stein juxtaposes and rearranges certain adverbs and adjectives, such as “completely” and “certainly,” as if to identify different ways of stressing a general sentiment of absoluteness. It was an abstract notion of Picasso as an indubitable, absolute genius (who now had followers). Carrying on this method for a dozen paragraphs, Stein implements only a few new terms into the discussion, such as: “working,” “meaning,” “coming out of,” and variances of the idea of “thing,” whether it be “something” or “a solid thing, a charming thing, a lovely thing, a perplexing thing, a disconcerting thing, a simple thing, a clear thing, a complicated thing, an interesting thing, a disturbing thing, a repellant thing, a very pretty thing” (GSP 80). Throughout, the main structural movement of the sentences appear as: “This one was one whom some were following,” which could then be followed by “This one was one who was working” or “This one always had something being coming out of this one” (GSP 80).

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68 “Picasso” was first published in Alfred Stieglitz’s Camera Work in August 1912 and reprinted in Portraits and Prayers in 1934 (see Madeline in Picasso and Stein 104).
On the less abstract level, the poem was again about the struggle geniuses go through to create modern art. The poem alludes to the many references to “work” that Picasso had iterated in his letters to the Steins over the years. In August 1906, Picasso reported, “I worked in Gosol and am working here [Paris].” In September 1907, he wrote to Gertrude, “I have started to work I’m doing a still life;” again in December to Leo: “I am working hard it’s going well” and then a couple weeks later to Gertrude: “I’ve been working hard” (Picasso and Stein 17, 26, 31, 33, emphasis in original). At times, the constant mention of “work” was a means of assuring his benefactors he was not ignoring them but doing what he was paid to do: “Every day I mean to write and don’t be angry if I don’t as I have been working so hard for some time” (Picasso and Stein 38).

Within his letters, and then ultimately in the art itself, Picasso had also provided several allusions or direct images of Spain. In August of 1909, Picasso had written to the Steins about a possible meeting in Spain, telling them he will also send them photographs of his pictures. Then he adds: “The countryside is admirable I like it very much and the road up to here is just like the Far West Overland” (Picasso and Stein 55). The “Far West Overland” was Picasso’s reference to the Western United States. Gertrude, too, had compared Spain to the Western U.S. in Fernhurst only years earlier:

> Structure, structure, the earth has been strongly handled in the making of our prospects whether they are the concentrated stony meadows of Northern New England, the delicate subtle contours of the Connecticut hills or the rich flowing uplands of the middle South that give us an English understanding or the Spanish desert spaces of the West or the bare
sun-burned foot-hills of California that make the Western sun-lover feel that to be in Tuscany is to be at home. (Fernhurst 138)

As Picasso was doing in his letter—and so Gertrude later argued in his work—the “Spanish desert spaces of the West” literally combines the old and new world in one breath, where the desert spaces are simultaneously both Spanish and Western. These shared sensibilities, drawn and created from the land, are then naturally represented in Picasso’s art.

The “structure” of Picasso’s art was not naturally photographic, however. In Picasso, Stein recalls

Once again Picasso in 1909 was in Spain and he brought back with him some landscapes which were, certainly were, the beginning of cubism. These three landscapes were extraordinarily realistic and all the same the beginning of cubism. Picasso had by chance taken some photographs of the village that he had painted and it always amused me when every one protested against the fantasy of the pictures to make them look at the photographs which made them see that the pictures were almost exactly like the photographs. Oscar Wilde used to say that nature did nothing by copy art and really there is some truth in this and certainly the Spanish villages were as cubistic as these paintings.
So Picasso was once more baptized Spanish. (GSP 14) 69

Rejecting photographic copies as artwork (rejecting a nineteenth century realism, say), Picasso captured something more realistic, more profoundly essential. Cubist art thus paradoxically both rejects and heralds a new (modern, twentieth-century) sense of realism. Stein interprets the landscapes as both “extraordinarily realistic” (a phrase rich in competing if not clashing sentiments) and as a “fantasy”: a picture “almost exactly like the photographs.” The circulatory interpretation flips artwork on its head, reversing the game, where, following the Wilde allusion, art does not copy nature but nature copies art. Spain thus becomes cubist (modern) because a Spanish painter affects cubism onto it.

Notice, too, that the model (the village) was not necessary. It was only “by chance” that Picasso had taken some photographs—but these were only necessary in challenging a viewer’s conception of “fantasy” and reality, for the essence of the village lay in the artwork and not in the photographic copy or even in the village life itself. 70

As Stein attempted to bring this essence into her own writing, she too was “baptized Spanish,” undertaking the belief that good writing should not copy nature but

69 Like the Spanish summer of 1906, the Spanish visit in 1909 was pivotal in Picasso’s development. There he had painted the landscape drawings of the town of Horta, which had pushed the bounds of cubism.

Gertrude, Leo, and Alice had originally planned to travel to Spain to meet Picasso and Olivier, though in the end they never went. However, Olivier (and Picasso) wrote numerous letters to the Stein informing them of the trip (see Olivier chapter “Letters from Spain”).

70 One only wonders how Gertrude might have responded to a note Fernande had included in one of the letters about the photographs: “Do the photos of the village make you long to see it” (Picasso and Stein 55).
invent it. Her desire to invent a new style of writing heavily inspired her own “portraits,” and in so doing, “meaning” became less important than “sound:” the music and rhythm of the words became paramount. As Mabel Dodge argued in her 1913 appraisal, “so listening to Gertrude Stein’s words and forgetting to try to understand what they mean, one submits to their gradual charm” (174). Dodge then affirms the charm comes from the repetition and the rearranging of certain words over and over, so that they became adjusted into a kind of incantation, and in listening one feels that from the combination of repeated sounds, varied ever so little, that there emerges gradually a perception of some meaning quite other than that of the contents of the phrases. Many people have experienced this magical evocation, but have been unable to explain in what way it came to pass, but though they did not know what meaning the words were bearing, nor how they were affected by them, yet they had begun to know what it all meant, because they were not indifferent. (174)

Dodge’s assessment prefigures, in almost verbatim-fashion, Stein’s developing assessment of herself and work, one that by the serialization of AAT in 1933 would rehash the notion that “many people have experienced the magical evocation” of Stein’s genius and work (such as Toklas’s bell sounding upon meeting her), “but [they] have been unable to explain” this sensation to others. Viewers knew they were “affected” but did not know or understand fully what that “meant.”

Like Stein, Dodge draws an imperative analogy to Pablo Picasso: “In a large studio in Paris, hung with paintings by Renoir, Matisse and Picasso, Gertrude Stein is
doing with words what Picasso is doing with paint. She is impelling language to induce new states of consciousness, and in doing so language becomes with her a creative art rather than a mirror of history” (172). To readers, she explains: “Just as one may stop, for once in a way, before a canvas of Picasso, and, letting one’s reason sleep for an instant, may exclaim: ‘It is a fine pattern!’—so listening to Gertrude Stein’s words and forgetting to try to understand what they mean, one submits to their gradual charm” (174). And addressing the “ugliness” that Stein’s viewers felt, Dodge argues, “Again and again comes the refrain that is so familiar before the canvases of Picasso—‘But it is so ugly, so brutal!’” (174). Stein is Picasso: the only difference is that Stein uses “words” while Picasso uses “paint.”

2.5 1911-1923: Cubism, Word Portraits, and Stein’s Spanish Period

As Wineapple observes, “By the summer of 1911, writing portrait after portrait, Stein was moving more deliberately away from” storytelling with “‘a beginning and a middle and an ending,’ almost as the cubists were moving away from traditional constructions of space” (331). During this “portrait” period, Stein entered what she later called her “early Spanish and Geography and Plays period,” which “finally resulted in things like Susie Asado and Preciosilla etc. in an extraordinary melody of words and a melody of excitement in knowing that I had done this thing” (Look at Me Now 116). Stein continued writing portraits through and after the First World War—in the 20s she wrote homages and portraits of Cézanne, Hemingway, Eliot, Man Ray, Carl Van Vechten, and others—even as her relationship with Picasso had intermittent periods of lively correspondence or silence (from roughly fall of 1919 to the summer of 1922 there
were no letters between the two; see Madeline in Picasso and Stein 253). Regardless, this period could also be called her cubism period, even if she would not state it directly.

Seeing that Picasso had been inspired to cubism during his summer trips to Spain, Stein initiated her own summer trips between 1911 and 1916. She and Toklas only missed one summer, that of 1914, when they went to England to settle the publication of *Three Lives* with John Lane. When the First World War broke out in late July, they had difficulties returning immediately to Paris and when they finally did they found Paris during wartime less than comfortable. The German zeppelins had an ominous presence in the sky and city alarms seemed distracting. So, in April 1915, they traveled to Spain, visiting Barcelona before taking the ferry over to Palma de Mallorca, one the Balearic Islands. Their original plans were to stay the summer, maybe a few months. However, with the war on the mainland and with the warm sun and comfortable lodgings on the Mediterranean island, their stay turned into over a year. They were primarily in Mallorca but they also traveled through mainland Spain.

That trip was the last time Stein visited Spain. But through Picasso, her images of Spain became further pronounced in the years to come. When she offered a “completed portrait of Picasso” (with the heading “If I Told Him”) in 1923, she bestowed upon him the distinction of a “king” and of the “first” of his generation (*GSP* 83-5). Describing Picasso as “Napoleon,” she asks and then answers simultaneously, “Who came first Napoleon at first. Who came first Napoleon the first. Who came first, Napoleon first” (*GSP* 85). To emphasize this “first” quality even further, Stein employs the word
“exactly.” But she also comments on Picasso’s followers, when she implies that “they do” as he (does or has done):

Presently.
Exactly do they do.
First exactly.
Exactly do they do too.
First exactly.
And first exactly.
Exactly do they do.
And first exactly and exactly.
And do they do. (GSP 85)

“Presently” there are those that “do,” but what “do they do?” They do like the “first”—“exactly.” The “first”—this Napoleon or Picasso—sets the rules and playing field for others, so that “they do too,” seeing what the first has done. No matter what, the focus must ultimately and continuously come back to Picasso, a point spelled out when the text reverts to plain repetition of “he:”

He he he he and he and and he and he and he and and as and as he and as he and he. He is and as he is, and as he is and he is, he is and as he and he and as he is and he and he and he and he. (GSP 86)

“He” is never matched with someone else, suggesting his uniqueness and singularity.

Because of this, “he” returns again and again, and even when attempting to outdo or add to “he,” the result is always “he.” Moreover, in “doing exactly” as “he,” people may
“rob” or “quote:” “Can curls rob can curls quote, quotable” (GSP 86). But when they rob or quote, they demonstrate a certain “exactitude”: their efforts always revert back, precisely or exactly, to the first “he” or Picasso.

In AAT, the Toklas narrator recalls telling “Picasso that I liked his portrait of Gertrude Stein. Yes, he said, everybody says that she does not look like it but that does not make any difference, she will, he said (12). Thus, the use of the word “exactly” is also a way of explaining and accounting for a portrait that, for Gertrude, was “always I” and yet did not function necessarily like a mirror or photograph, like an “exact resemblance:”

Exact resemblance to exact resemblance the exact resemblance as exact as a resemblance, exactly as resembling, exactly resembling, exactly in resemblance exactly a resemblance, exactly and resemblance. For this is so. Because. (GSP 85)

Playing with the similar yet subtle and important differences between “exact” and “resemblance,” Stein merges the two words in a single phrase (“exact resemblance”), even mirroring the idea against itself as in a definition or mathematical equation (“exact resemblance to exact resemblance”). The message and meaning are then acting in unison: cubist methodology or theory is the passage’s subject, which is embedded in the text’s composition as proof and example.

“Cubism is spanish” Stein writes in AAT. The Toklas persona recalls, “We were very much struck, the first time Gertrude Stein and I went to Spain, which was a year or
so after the beginning of cubism, to see how naturally cubism was made in Spain” (91). Through Picasso, Spain becomes not just a symbol of cubism, but the very embodiment of it:

In the shops in Barcelona instead of post cards they had square little frames and inside it was placed a cigar, a real one, a pipe, a bit of handkerchief etcetera, all absolutely the arrangement of many a cubist picture and helped out by cut paper representing other objects. That is the modern note that in Spain had been done for centuries. (AAT 91-2)

Seeking do to her own cubist word portraits from this “early Spanish” influence, “In Spain Gertrude Stein began to write the things that led to Tender Buttons” (AAT 115). Working through a method in these years to “describe a thing without mentioning it” (Bee Time Vine 35), there is no significant mention of Spain in the book. Instead, the word portraits seem to refer to places, people, events, and thoughts going through Gertrude’s head at the time of writing. Writing an introductory preface for Geography

71 Toklas recalls in her own memoir just how “struck” she was with Spain, especially Ávila. Telling Gertrude she was staying, Gertrude asked, “What do you mean? I said, I am enraptured with Ávila and I propose staying. Gertrude said, Well, I will stay two weeks instead of two days, but I could not work here, you know that” (68). As with Picasso, Spain was a place for inspiration but his studio remained in Paris. Yet, despite her misgivings about working in Spain, Stein did write quite a bit there.

72 Stein’s quotation relayed through Virgil Thomson.

73 Tender Buttons contains “Portraits of Objects,” such as “A Box,” “A Piano,” “Cake,” or “Salad Dressing and an Artichoke.” Sometimes there are portraits of phrases, or just of words: “A Frightful Release,” “In
and Plays in 1922, Sherwood Anderson recalls reading the book with his brother: “It gives words an oddly new intimate flavor and at the same time makes familiar words seem almost like strangers” (“The Work” 5). At the time of publication—1914—reviews of the work were less than positive, however many did draw the connection between Stein and cubism. Writing in the Baltimore Sun, H.L. Mencken saw it as a “Cubist Treatise” (qtd. in Curnutt 14), and a brief mention in the Detroit News called Stein “the head of the Cubists and Futurists in Paris” (qtd. in Curnutt 14).74

Connecting herself with Picasso and cubism was of utmost concern to Stein, and allusions or connections could be drawn out overtly, subtly, or indirectly in her writing.

As Lorna J. Smedman points out in Bee Time Vine—a collection of poems and small prose pieces written in 1913 (many in and about Spain)—Stein was keen to make “sly

Between,” “A Leave,” or “End of Summer.” With this, there are possible indirect references to Spain, including objects such as oranges or long dresses, and any number of the instances may refer to a particular day or mood during Stein’s and Toklas’s stay in Spain. However, the so-called portraits are usually so lacking in any reference point to the object or word(s) in question they ring not as abstract or cubist but simply meaningless. In just two examples: the entry for “Eye Glasses” simply reads “A color in shaving, a saloon is well placed in the centre of an alley;” “A Cutlet” reads, “A blind agitation is manly and uttermost” (Look at Me Now 166). In Bee Time Vine, Stein worked with similar ideas and “portraits.”

74 And unsurprisingly, for a recent volume of Stein’s Geography and Plays and other stories, editors Laura Bonds and Shawn Conners chose for the title “Literary Cubism:” “The page was her canvas,” they write, “and as the Cubist painters of her time treated their subjects, Stein re-assembled words in an abstracted form to present them in a greater context, a context un-tethered by a singular viewpoint” (Stein Literary Cubism i).
association[s]” with Picasso and cubism (580). In “Miguel (Collusion). Guimpe. Candle.”, a play of words and sounds leads to “Cup up, Cube in, Cube in a sand curl,” an indirect but noticeable resemblance to the word “cubism” (Bee Time Vine 37). Although the poem makes no explicit comment about cubism (or Picasso, though there is a centered line that reads simply “Paul paul” [Paul the English form of Pablo]), it was the very text itself that attempted to recreate the effect in writing.

During her lecture tour in the 30s, Stein emphasized that what she was doing with her portraits in the 1910s was “what the cinema was doing, I was making a continuous succession of the statement of what that person was until I had not many things but one thing” (Look At Me Now 104-105). The analogy of the cinema is an indirect reference to cubism (for as she even admits, “I doubt whether at that time I had ever seen a cinema” [105]), where making many things (slides, pictures, strokes, lines, words) eventually forms but one thing. To Marjorie Perloff, this means that “One can describe a person by recording a sequence of actions, words, or gestures, but one cannot perceive another person in his or her totality,” and such “Cubist” deconstructions of form (69) can be analyzed in the poems and plays published in Geography and Plays (1922)—many of which had been written in Spain between 1913 and 1916.

Poems and prose poems like “Susie Asado,” “A Sweet Tail (Gypsies),” “The History of Belmonte,” “In the Grass (On Spain),” and “Mallorcan Stories” contain very few—if any—direct or photographic descriptions of their subject matter (or what the poem’s title pretends is the subject matter). “Susie Asado” or “The History of Belmonte” might contain the words “Susie Asado” or “Belmonte,” respectively—but the words in
the poem are not meant to define them. Rather, they aim to provide the present experience of them. From her lecture series in the 1930s, she states:

Each time that I said the somebody whose portrait I was writing was something that something was just that much different from what I had just said that somebody was and little by little in this way a whole portrait came into being, a portrait that was not description and that was made by each time, and I did a great many times, say it, that somebody was something, each time there was a difference just a difference enough so that it could go on and be a present something… You see that in order to do this there must be no remembering, remembering is repetition, remembering is also confusion. (Look At Me Now 105)

The portraits are, then, experiences in themselves, quite different from just being a representation (or remembrance) of the portrait’s (initially) perceived subject matter.

Defending Stein in a letter to The Transatlantic Review (parts of The Making of Americans were being published in the same issues), Mina Loy compared “Sweet Tail to “George Borrow’s gypsy classic,” arguing that “Cubistically she first sees the planes of the scene. Then she breaks them up into their detail. Gypsies of various ages using ladders for the construction of… something” (307, ellipses in text).

There are striking similarities to her theories about her portraits of the 1910s and to the theories about Picasso, Spain, and cubism she spells out in Picasso. One of the first differences Stein recognizes about Picasso and cubism is how, unlike painters and
methodology of the nineteenth century, he did not use a model; in cubism, one does not need it:

In the nineteenth century painters discovered the need of always having a model in front of them, in the twentieth century they discovered that they must never look at a model. I remember very well, it was between 1904-1908, when people were forced by us or by themselves to look at Picasso’s drawings that the first and most astonishing thing that all of them and that we had to say was that he had done it all so marvelously as if he had had a model but that he had done it without ever having had one. (GSP 3)

The claim that Picasso did not use a “model” prior to Gertrude’s portrait is, in the words Giroud, “misleading” (18). “She would have us believe that nobody else had posed for Picasso since he was sixteen, although she well knew that he had never ceased using models,” writes Richardson (A Life 1: 403). However, as is usually the case, the facts for Stein are less important than her perception of them. Theorizing that “His drawings were not of the things seen but of things expressed,” drawing was a language for Picasso, a language in and of itself, similar and yet different than what it might pretend to signify. The theory itself was most likely Picasso’s. Commenting about cubism years after the fact, Picasso explained, “We wanted to paint not what you see but what you know is there” (qtd. in Richardson Picasso: An American Tribute n.p., emphasis in text). Picasso was responding, in part, to critics who complained that cubist art was not real enough, and his theory attempted to not just explain the process but justify it. Stein hoped the same could work for her own portraits.
The turning point of cubism, Stein later argues, was, of course, her portrait, in which Picasso exemplifies his maturity and mastery: “After that [his Rose period] little by little his drawing hardened, his line became firmer, his color more vigorous, naturally he was no longer a boy he was a man, and then in 1905 he painted my portrait” (GSP 13).

“The rose period ended with my portrait, the quality of drawing had changed and his pictures had already commenced to be less light, less joyous. After all Spain is Spain and it is not France and the twentieth century in France needed a Spaniard to express its life and Picasso was destined for this. Really and truly” (GSP 29). The initial statement is appropriately ambiguous: was the Portrait of Gertrude Stein the last example of the rose period or was the rose period officially ended because the Portrait heralded something new? Most likely a little of both since her next statement acknowledges that “his pictures had already commenced” to go in new directions. Regardless, the entire sentiment leads Stein to conclude that “Spain is Spain,” a non-descriptive, self-definitive rationale that works in the same way her theories about cubism and portraits work: Picasso’s genius inherently lies in Spain because Spain naturally produces such artist-geniuses of cubism. So, too, Stein felt, as the American counterpart to this transnational movement, she was “destined for this” artist-genius lifestyle and appraisal.

Later critics, like Leon Katz and Edward Burns, however, have cautioned “appraising the relation between the art of Picasso and that of Gertrude Stein. In her understanding, they shared an identical orientation toward the most significant problems of art, but certainly none of manner or métier and certainly none based on the writer’s
imitation of the painter’s solutions” (“They Walk in the Light” 113). Stein’s philosophical approach, or “orientation,” to art and the problems of representation were emphasized over form, but many critics have drawn comparisons of style nonetheless. Only three years after Katz and Burns’ cautioning, L.T. Fitz argued there are “three things which Stein’s style shares with Picasso’s: (1) a cubist approach; (2) a style which concentrates on what is seen rather than what is remembered; and (3) a calligraphic or nonsymbolic concept of language” (230). “Like cubism,” Fitz continued, “Stein’s fiction lacks a focal point of action; it lacks a climax” (231). Stein, like Picasso, also had no use for symbols; the surface—the language in Stein’s case, the colors, shades, and strokes in Picasso’s—rather gave the art its importance (234-5). Fitz draws on Stein’s assessment that even when Picasso used calligraphy in his art, it had nothing to do with the meaning of the letters or words themselves. “In the Orient calligraphy and the art of painting and sculpture have always been very nearly related… But for Picasso, a Spaniard, the art of writing, that is to say calligraphy, is an art” (GSP 48, my ellipses).

Jamie Hilder has suggested that the best way to understand Stein’s sense of “cubism” would be to better understand Stein’s perception of it: “Her comparison of her

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75 See also Richardson, who argues that Tender Buttons—which contains “still lifes” of “objects”—exemplifies more differences than similarities. “They could not be more antithetical. Gertrude comes up with dissociative word patterns, hermetic jingles; Picasso, with a not-always-recognizable but nonetheless itemized configuration that provides us with clues as to the size, markings and texture of specific objects: clues to the nature of their formal and spatial relationships…” (A Life 1: 406).
work to Picasso’s relies not so much on form as it does on effect” (68), and in a careful reading of a selection from *Tender Buttons* (“THIS IS THIS DRESS, AIDER”), Hilder finds a multi-dimensional “visual rhyme,” whose “strangeness” encourage multiple readings. “She achieves the destabilisation of nouns in part through her parody of the dictionary format, where all words are treated as objects, as nouns, to be defined (or portrayed) by the words following them” (69-74). It was, as Stein suggests, like cubist artists—and particularly a Spanish painter like Picasso—who “concern themselves only with visible things” (*GSP* 22). For Wineapple, Stein’s “goal was not to reveal characters by means of dramatic situation or gesture but rather to create a life in the present (‘being living’) through an arrangement of participle, repetitions, and nonlinear semantic units, all intended to have, as she said of Picasso’s work, ‘completely real meaning’” (326)—“The simultaneity she saw in Picasso’s work, for instance, offered liberation and confirmation” (332). In this light, even if the cubist artist’s “solutions” were different when constructing prose, Stein still attempted a similar “manner of métier” in relation to Picasso and cubism.

Wanting to be the Pablo Picasso of writing, Stein attempted to adopt her own modified style—one of “simultaneity,” or a “continuous present tense”—as difficult as that transformation would be from painting to prose or poetry. Her portrait, “Picasso,” clearly shows that Stein witnessed and understood Picasso’s “following” in the early years. Professing in continual waves of “some were certainly following,” “one whom some were certainly following,” or “This one was being one whom some were following” (*GSP* 79-80), the text never does name specific people: were they fellow artists or
writers, critics, or the general public? Again, Mabel Dodge’s response—“We can but praise the high courage of the road breakers, admitting as we infallibly must, in Gertrude Stein’s own words, and with true Bergsonism faith—‘Something is certainly coming out of them!’” (174)—is exemplary in two ways. On the one hand, Stein is one of the “road breakers.” On the other hand, “Gertrude’s Stein’s own words” refer back to Picasso, intimating and demonstrating who was “certainly following” him: Gertrude Stein.

Replacing Stein’s “Something is certainly coming out of him” with “them,” Dodge articulates a post-impressionist style that pays homage to an artist that developed and created the style. “This one having something coming out of him” inspired, in a sense, “this one having something coming out of her.”

The second Stein imitation of Picasso’s art was her attempt to project language in a cubist form, attempting to use repetitive phrases and words in the same way that recurring lines across a canvas demonstrated many perspectives (or ways of viewing) the same object. As cubist art portrayed continuous and seemingly repetitive and meaningless shooting lines of perspectives and angles (which in a sense represented the many ways through which a Spanish village could be viewed, examined, or drawn—or better, the many ways a Spanish village could be), Stein’s prose attempted continuous and repetitive phrases whose meanings were not to be gleaned from their content but through their aural or even musical effects. It is perhaps less important to my study of Stein’s images of Spain whether or not she was successful but to argue that this was, indeed, her approach—an approach fashioned in light of Picasso and his Spanish background and influence.
Stein’s rationale for imitating Picasso fell back, again, to the notion that Americans and Spaniards “have something in common.” In Dodge’s Arts and Decoration article, the editor had offered a brief introduction: “This article is about the only woman in the world who has put the spirit of post-impressionism into prose, and written by the only woman in America who fully understands it” (172). The editor affirms Stein’s later comments in Picasso about being “alone at this time in understanding him [Picasso].”

For Stein, as the years went on, it was important to not only emphasize her ability to understand modern art as a viewer but also as a contributor. Thus, her trips to Spain during the 1910s were motivated by the need to do as Picasso had done (see and learn as he had) as well as by the conviction that America and Spain were mutual spaces for modern creativity.

76 The full comment, quoted above, in Picasso reads: “I was alone at this time in understanding him, perhaps because I was expressing the same thing in literature, perhaps because I was an American and, as I say, Spaniards and Americans have a kind of understanding of things which is the same” (GSP 23).

However, not everyone, including Picasso, shared such feelings. In the words of Richardson, although “amused” by ATT, Picasso “claimed to have little understanding of her more hermetic writing. Even when it was translated or explained, he confessed that he seldom saw the point… The artist remained baffled to the end. In the fifties he would still ask friends whether Gertrude’s writing was any good” (A Life 1: 407, my ellipses). The irony is that Picasso’s skepticism to their mutual understanding meant little to her as the years moved forward.
2.6 The 1920s and 1930s: Revisiting Spain through Revisions

After World War I, Stein never returned to Spain. Rather than revisiting, she spent the next twenty years writing new material and, in reference to Spain, reworking and rewriting her previous experiences. This is not to say she revised earlier work; she rarely revised her work, at least not for comprehensive changes or with critical reevaluations. As the Toklas-persona explains in AAT, Stein often copied out her work, “but she never throws away any piece of paper upon which she has written” (51-52), suggesting that once something had been written it was good enough. Rather than revise previous material, Stein reviewed it, eventually (re)creating and reaffirming the genius-persona so evident in later texts such as The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas, Everybody’s Autobiography, and Picasso (all published between 1933 and 1938). Among other pieces, including her lecture tour in the 1930s, such texts clearly exemplify her reliance on memory and previous experiences to drive a narrative, as well as the importance of drawing on Picasso and Spanish influences to further convince her points.

77 When reviewing the manuscripts at Yale for that very work, Dydo observed that they “show straightforward, steady writing, with few revisions. Some crossed out sections are rewritten, but she neither edits nor polishes at length.” For Dydo, this means that “the work flows well once she is in it” (536), but that strategy only seemed to work for her on rare occasions. Many of her other works perhaps suffered from her inability to revise and hone the creative angles she was attempting to work out.
One new development, however, was a friendship with Juan Gris, another Spanish artist who developed a sustained approach to cubism in the 1910s and 20s. As Stein explained in *AAT*,

> cubism is a purely spanish conception and only spaniards can be cubists and that the only real cubism is that of Picasso and Juan Gris. Picasso created it and Juan Gris permeated it with his clarity and his exaltation. To understand this one has only to read the life and death of Juan Gris by Gertrude Stein, written upon the death of one of her two dearest friends, Picasso and Juan Gris, both Spaniards. (91)

In the same way some of her writing was a rehashing of earlier times, her friendship with Gris seemed to recall her relationship with Picasso, her old friend. She noted small differences along the way: Gris “had a mystical basis. As a mystic it was necessary for him to be exact. In Gertrude Stein the necessity was intellectual, a pure passion for exactitude.” Picasso, on the other hand, “had less clarity of intellectual purpose” (211). “It was this conception of exactitude that made the close understanding between Gertrude Stein and Juan Gris” (*AAT* 211). But the American-Spanish commonalities (for example, regarding a Spaniard’s “exactitude” in art) and the mutual understanding remained.

When Gris died in 1927, Stein wrote a short portrait for the artist, hoping to commemorate his life as well articulate and define it (Stein ended the 700-word piece
bluntly affirming “This is the history of Juan Gris” [A Stein Reader 537]). Although the piece explains that Gris often spoke of “Spanish ways which strangely enough he never liked” (A Stein Reader 536), Stein makes clear Spain was unalterably a positive aspect in him: “As a Spaniard he knew cubism and had stepped through into it. He had stepped through it. There was beside this perfection. To have it shown you” (A Stein Reader 537). Gris was further evidence that “cubism is Spanish,” and as with Picasso—a “first” who others follow, for “Something is certainly coming out of him”—Stein affirms with the work of Gris, “He made something that is to be measured. And that is something. Therein Juan Gris is not anything but more than anything. He made that thing. He made the thing. He made a thing to be measured” (A Stein Reader 537). In AAT, the Toklas persona proclaims that “The most moving thing Gertrude Stein has ever written is The Life and Death of Juan Gris” (212). The portrait was to be measured highly against an artist who experienced some of the same struggles for attention and compensation that Stein had.

During 1927, Stein was also working on an opera, Four Saints and Three Acts, in which she paid further homage to Gris and Spain. The opera was handled in collaboration with Virgil Thomson (who wrote the score separately) who had, previously as gifts to Stein, written musical scores for “Susie Asado” and “Preciosilla” (both written in light

78 Dydo also notes that the portrait was the only elegy Stein ever wrote. See A Stein Reader (536), which contains a significant collection of Stein’s writings (some in full, others in parts) edited by Ulla E. Dydo, whose notes in that text and in Gertrude Stein: The Language that Rises I have relied on for some of the general information in this section.
her Spanish trips in the 1910s). Dydo claims that in Stein’s approach to *Four Saints*, “Thomson’s settings may have taken her back to Spain” (Dydo 177), though Gris’ death had also set her off into writing several pieces that year (1927) about Spain.79 Ultimately, *Four Saints* was published in *transition* in 1929, first performed in Hartford in 1934, and then performed widely in places like New York and Chicago thereafter (see Dydo 160, 173). In the words of Latimer, “A modernist tour-de-force, composed, conducted, choreographed, produced, and promoted by a cadre of gay men who wore their reverence for Stein like a badge of distinction, the opera created a huge sensation” (573-74).

However, as Dydo affirms, this wide-spread appeal and “sensation” would have been nearly impossible without the later publication of *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*, which essentially created the larger interest in both Stein and her work (see Dydo 171-72).

In this way, many of Stein’s writings after 1933 aim to build on the success of *AAT*, adopting a more accessible style and approach into her other work. Her choice of writing and publishing *Everybody’s Autobiography* soon afterward seems to suggest this, even as it also suggests Stein’s desire to move from the singular experience to a more general experience. In the same way, years earlier, *The Making of Americans* had “changed from being a history of a family to being a history of everybody the family knew and then it became the history of every kind and of every individual human being,”

(AAT 113), so too did the autobiography of one family (Stein and Toklas) emerge into “everybody’s autobiography.”

But AAT, along with Picasso, were also more fully drawn out biographical portraits of Picasso, who Stein knew had achieved a large amount of success in the previous decades. Stein realized the power of Picasso’s art, which sold well and in turn helped finance some of Stein’s ambitions in the 1920s and early 1930s. As Loren Glass observes,

The enormous economic value of these [Picasso] paintings exacerbated Stein’s anxieties about the purely symbolic value of her writings, for which she couldn’t find a market. It is highly significant, in this regard that Stein and Toklas financed their brief independent publishing venture, Plain Edition, by selling Picasso’s Woman with Bangs. With this sale, they were literally leveraging Stein’s work into the marketplace with the economic value of Picasso’s painting.” (Glass 123).

Stein had also witnessed not just the financial but public and popular appeal of Picasso in the years and months leading up to her writing of AAT. In June and July of 1932, the Galerie Georges-Petit hosted a large Picasso retrospective, spanning the artist’s career. The exhibit reunited 236 of Picasso’s works, many of which were either borrowed from Stein or had once hung in 27 rue de fleurus (see Madeline in Picasso and Stein 346n1).

Stein wrote to Picasso twice of the exhibition, an initial 15 June 1932 telegram stating “It must be beautiful” and roughly two weeks later a postcard stating, “Everybody has
written to me with the beauty and success [sic] of the exhibition [sic]” (Picasso and Stein 346-47).

Stein discovered she could profit off of Picasso in a more lasting way: by writing about him. Yet the abstract poems would not work, and she needed a more gossipy revelation. With this, there is also evidence that Picasso’s overt presence in AAT (along with her eventual publication of *Picasso*) was the result of Fernande Olivier, who had her own intentions of a memoir about her time with Picasso. By the 20s and 30s, Olivier had long been separated from Picasso, but in 1927, Richardson explains, she “decided to embark on a challenging new project: a memoir of her life with Picasso… An excellent idea, Gertrude said,” in the spring of 1928 when she heard about the project (“The End of the Story” 281-82). Stein took Olivier’s manuscript, promising to help find a translator and publisher. In 1930, she helped get the story serialized in *Le Soir*. As Richardson reports, the serialization created a lot of controversy, especially from Picasso and his wife Olga, who succeeded in stopping serialization after six installments. However, the memoir continued to gain interest, and in 1931 Olivier contacted Stein about arranging for a book in English, to be sold in America. Stein agreed and contacted William Aspenwall Bradley, her agent, who wanted Gertrude to provide a preface. Gertrude refused for, what she said, were artistic reasons. Then, as Richardson reports,

Fernande heard nothing from Bradley or Gertrude for two years. The reason became abundantly clear when friends in America informed Fernande that Gertrude was coming with *her* memoirs. And instead of finding a publisher for *Nine Years with Picasso*, as Fernande wanted to
call her book, Bradley had arranged for Harcourt Brace to take Gertrude’s

*Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*. This turned out to cover much of the

same ground as Fernande’s book and to have once had a very similar title

*(My Twenty-Five Years with Gertrude Stein)*.

In a way, both the promise and hype generated by Olivier’s intended memoir and

Picasso’s public stature awarded Picasso more attention in *AAT*. But any good

autobiography (or biography) calls to attention how a life began and what shaped it. From

this, Picasso’s presence was necessary in these retrospective years as a sort of origins-

story, and in this Spain emerged as essential.

This Spanish origins-story explains why although Stein did not return to Spain in

her later years she continued to praise it, convincing others, especially young artists and

writers, to go in her wake. Decades afterward, and shortly before her death in 1946,

Richard Wright had gone to see her and she had urged him, “Dick, you ought to go to

Spain.” Recalling her reasons why in *Pagan Spain* (1957), his own memoir-journey

through Spain in the early 1950s, Wright remembers her saying, “You’ll see the past

there. You’ll see what the Western world is made of. Spain is primitive, but lovely. And

the people! There are no people such as the Spanish anywhere. I’ve spent days in Spain

that I’ll never forget. See those bullfights, see that wonderful landscape….” (4). It is no

surprise that Hemingway’s *Death in the Afternoon*, his own tour-de-force and partial

memoir (see Chapter 20) about not just bullfighting but Spain and Spanish culture, opens

by providing due credit to Stein’s influence on him to go to Spain. For Stein’s vision of

what the “Western world is made of” is a cue towards the origins-story, which is
conceptualized as specifically transnational in the sense that the entire Western world is visible in one place: Spain. Spanish landscapes might be what Arjun Appadurai refers to as “ethnoscapes,” “landscapes of group identity” that “make up the shifting world in which we live” (50). Spanning both time and space, Spain and Spanish culture were not strictly singular, national constructs but were part of a larger chronology or map and geography of human life. Although Stein had certainly witnessed these phenomena for herself in Spain, it was through Picasso that she had been initially motivated in and influenced by Spanish culture. Thus, her writing about Picasso and Spain is also an exhibition of her role in this modern transnational process or movement; this ultimately proved instructive when inspiring others toward Spain: as Picasso had done for her she would do for others.
CHAPTER 3

Dos Passos, Modern Transnationalist

3.1 Early Childhood: A Transnational Upbringing with Many Homes

John Dos Passos might be the strongest example of a transnational writer during the early and mid-twentieth century. In fact, transnationalism seemed to be a very part of his blood and early childhood. As he wrote to Steward Mitchell in October 1920 (from Lisbon, where he was on assignment for the London Daily Herald as a foreign correspondent in Spain), “I am beginning to be interested in settling down for a while somewhere. Do you realize that I’ve been on the move more or less constantly for the last three years?” (The Fourteenth Chronicle 264). He was 24 at the time of the letter and it was more like 24 years that he had been on the move, always searching for somewhere but rarely settling down anywhere. Even then he admitted, “And the fever is not yet out of my blood. I look with lustful eyes towards Abyssinia, Russia, Siam…” (FC 264).

Throughout his life, the fever for cross-cultural and transnational experiences propelled him across six continents and dozens of countries, from Mexico to Russia, from Spain to Iraq. His “lustful eyes” had been fostered by a transnational identity borne through his childhood and which ultimately distinguishes him from other expatriates of the day. Like Gertrude Stein, who ironically claimed her “hometown” was Paris even as she staunchly

80 The Fourteenth Chronicle from here on FC.
heralded herself an “American” and her writings emphasized American language and life, Dos Passos often felt more at home while outside the United States, even as his writing typified American lingo, settings, and experiences. But where Stein had spent her most formative years in America and had originally rejected any possibility of permanently residing in Europe, Dos Passos had spent large portions of his youth abroad—Brussels, London, Germany, France—and was eager to maintain his transnational outlook and experiences into his later life.

His early family situation, specifically his parent’s initial affair, spawned his transnational upbringing. Born in Chicago in 1896, he was the illegitimate son of John R. Dos Passos Sr. (son of a Portuguese immigrant from Madeira), a well-known and respected American lawyer and business man married to a woman who, coming from a strict Catholic family, would not divorce him. His mother, Lucy Addison Sprigg Madison, was herself in the process of leaving her own marriage at the time. A year or so after Dos Passos’ birth, Lucy took Dos Passos Jr. (then called John or “Jack” Madison for the sake of confidentiality) to Europe to keep the affair quiet and from damaging Dos Passos Sr.’s business and reputation. Residences in Europe included Belgium, Germany, France, England, and even Portugal (Madeira) for a brief stint. The family was made official (in the legal sense) when, after the death of John R. Dos Passos’ wife in 1910, Lucy and John were married in the summer of the same year. In 1911, Dos Passos Jr. graduated early from his American boarding school and set out for a tour of the Mediterranean with a tutor and friend of the family. The six-month voyage included extensive travels through England, France, Italy, Egypt, Greece, Turkey, and
Mediterranean islands such as Corfu. Thus, by the time Dos Passos, aged 16, entered Harvard in 1912 he had spent well over half his life outside the United States, a trend he sought to continue into the following decades.81

Spending so much of his childhood abroad, as a young man Dos Passos often felt out of place in America. Some of his first memories of home were from Brussels, where he essentially learned to speak (French); or from France, where in 1916 on his way into Spain, he wrote friends in America that “I always feel so at home in France” (qtd. in Ludington TCO 15), it being “so cosy and homelike” (Travel Books 644). When he had entered a Connecticut boarding school in 1907, American schoolmates had ridiculed his scrawny, thin stature, and thick eye-glasses, and as Ludington points out his school day experiences were made the worse since “his foreign accent and sense that he lacked roots

81 General biographical information culled from Townsend Ludington’s John Dos Passos: A Twentieth-Century Odyssey (1980), Virginia Spencer Carr’s Dos Passos: A Life (1984), and Dos Passos’ collected works in editions like The Fourteenth Chronicle (1973) and Travel Books and Other Writings, 1916-1941 (2003), for which I have primarily relied on Ludington’s introductory and editorial notes, especially the “Chronology” (803-820) and the “Note on the Texts” (821-826). Although Dos Passos’ own writings, or “chronicles” as he characterized his oeuvre later in life, are often fictional in plotline, their narratives and descriptions, especially those concerning Spain, have a journalist’s eye towards Dos Passos’ own experiences. In this way, works like Rosinante to the Road Again (1922), Chosen Country (1951), The Best Times (1966), and even more intrepid narratives like Manhattan Transfer (1925) or U.S.A. (1938) exemplify elements of Dos Passos’ personal and professional life, all of which are consulted when constructing the general pattern of his biography.
made him inept in social situations” (24). Virginia Spencer Carr observes that Dos Passos “became fluent in French before he knew a word of English” (16), making American culture and English seem, if anything, foreign or auxiliary. In the words of Ludington (quoting Dos Passos), “It was a lonely existence—‘a hotel childhood’ he called it in the novel Chosen Country” (FC 7).\(^82\) However, as Alfred Kazin remarks, “It was from growing up among foreign languages that Dos Passos became convinced that ordinary speech is the index to society; he was to say in his most famous book, ‘But mostly U.S.A. is the speech of the people’” (American Procession 376).\(^83\) The early immersion into many cultures and languages instilled in him how important language was and how it represented peoples and constituted nations. But this also made his own speech and language less the product or effect of one nation (U.S.A.) than many nations. Thus, while not necessarily wrong, marking Dos Passos simply an “American expatriate” is not entirely accurate. Having grown up within numerous Western cultures and languages, he was more a Western transnationalist who, given his parental heritage and certain cultural tendencies, accepted and appropriated “U.S.A.” as one primary point of reference.

Dos Passos’ life offers a comprehensive example of both cosmopolitan and transnational experience during the twentieth century and afterward. No single culture or nation is the “home” to which one resides, pledges allegiance, or exiles oneself; rather,

\(^{82}\) He had also called it a “horrible childhood” (Chosen Country 26), for all the reasons of being an outsider, for being different, for being seemingly alone in the world.

\(^{83}\) The quote is the final line of the preface to U.S.A. (vi).
the world is conceptualized as a more fluid, interactive space where many homes exist and the borders between them are often in flux, blurred, subtle, or unrecognizable. Even during one of his longer stays in America, when from 1912 to 1916 he attended Harvard (that pure symbol of American values and education), his perspective was multicultural and wide open. Although fairly typical of university educations at this time, his classes and reading lists demonstrate little American influence: “For his first year of study he chose courses in advanced Greek, Latin, French, introductory German, a survey of European civilization…” (Virginia Spencer Carr 55). One summer reading list appears as:

  More “Don Quixote”
  “War and Peace”
  Meredith’s “The Amazing Marriage”
  Hardy’s “The Woodlanders”
  “Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage”
  “Femmes d’Artiste” Daudet
  Paul Verlaine poems (qtd. in Ludington TCO 67)

During Harvard summers, Dos Passos had been in charge of tending his family’s farm in Virginia, his father too busy with work and mother too sick to do much on her own. Reflecting years later in The Best Times (1966), his informal memoir, he admitted that even when reading Edgar Allen Poe, he imagined himself the victim of one of his horror stories, “chained to a gridiron of tiny chores while from Baltimore [where his father worked] came the tantalizing rumble of the great world” (17). Although certainly more
Western and European than global in nature, his reading, coursework, and interests always set his sights outward to learn about diverse human experiences—that “great world.”

That America was not really “home” for Dos Passos during much of his life, at least not until the 1940s and 50s when he settled down at his farm in Virginia, is an ironic twist for a man who in his 20s and 30s penned two important modernist tributes to America: *Manhattan Transfer* (1925), a loosely-knit narrative of New York City, and *U.S.A.* (1936), a pastiche-like account of the United States as a growing industrial, commercial, and political power beginning in the late nineteenth century and carrying through to the Wall Street crash and its sudden aftereffects. Although these works have attracted more critical interest than most of his other writing, his diverse life and varied

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84 And even this novel points to Dos Passos’ cosmopolitanism. As John Carlos Rowe observes, “Dos Passos sets *Manhattan Transfer* in the new metropolitan city of the merging world-system, and he reminds us that everyday experience in New York mixes local and international news. New York City is obviously Dos Passos’s ‘world-city,’ the site of either a frustrated or utopian cosmopolitanism” (this even if “Dos Passos’s cosmopolitanism remains firmly rooted in the United States”) (14-15). For Richard Dennis, the novel exemplifies a “synoptic universalism,” where there are a “multiplicity of alternating perspectives, sometimes competing for attention” in a literary work. Rather than settling on one ‘correct’ viewpoint, a cosmopolitan work emphasizes the multidimensionality of any particular viewpoint, as well as the conflicts and challenges associated therein.

85 The trilogy contains three novels, *The 42nd Parallel, 1919,* and *The Big Money,* which were published in 1930, 1932, and 1936, respectively.
output, specifically in reference to Spain, deserve a broader look. As Ludington argues, “From the moment in October 1916 when he first arrived in Madrid until he departed Barcelona in early May 1937, he was a kind of student of the Spanish and their culture... Spain was the most important factor among many in shaping Dos Passos’s ideas and forming the way he saw the world” (“I Am” 313). Readings of Dos Passos’ life have, indeed, acknowledged his ties and concerns with Spain and Spanish culture, but most are directed towards his personal fallout with Hemingway during the Spanish Civil War (1936-39) over the disappearance of José Robles, Dos Passos’ Spanish friend. Less discussed are his earlier life and works, which precede Manhattan Transfer and that exemplify the concern, influence, and even direction of Dos Passos as an intrepid and transnational modern writer.

Like the writing of Stein and Hemingway, Dos Passos’ early work shows Spain as a place of discovery: a changing, industrializing, and modern post-World War I America and Europe are drawn out through Old Spain and a Modern approach. While his work does not emphasize quite in the same way as Stein had that Spain and America had “so much in common,” it does show what could be learned from Spanish culture. In a sense, by withstanding the negative outcomes of a mechanized, industrialized age, Spanish culture differentiates itself from the West even as it teaches the West how to hold onto an

86 The two had met during Dos Passos’ first trip to Spain in 1916. Like Picasso for Stein (though certainly not as influential), Robles was an important figure for Dos Passos’ conceptualization of art and politics, especially following Robles’ death during the Spanish Civil War.
essential, genuine, and vibrant cultural heritage. In *Rosinante*, Dos Passos refers to this Spanish cultural essence as a “gesture,” or in more complex but historically and culturally relevant Spanish terms *lo castizo* or *lo flamenco*. Such reflections and images of Spain are grounded in the conception of a traditional, almost primitive culture, yet one that paradoxically offers a wellspring of modernity to those who can appreciate an ever-present and ever-defiant Spanish vitality. Spanish culture is both “changeless” and yet always in flux, holding steady against the whims of other foreign cultures yet transient and changing given the vibrancy and diversity of the people and land. From these perspectives, America (and the world) has much to learn; thus his images of Spain represent a more cosmopolitan ideal of learning through difference rather than appreciating through likeness. Learning through difference emphasized the cosmopolitan, which in turn emphasized common ground, common concerns, viable connections, and ultimately the transnational underpinnings of both Americans and Spaniards.

3.2 1916-1917: “Many Spains,” a “Strata of Civilization”

Graduating from Harvard in the summer of 1916, Dos Passos had two goals: return to Europe and get involved in the Great War, which had begun in 1914. Although America would not enter the war until April 1917, Dos Passos recalled years later that it was still “the great national preoccupation” in 1916 (*The Best Times* 23). Many Americans his age were eager to participate, and there were plenty of volunteer opportunities, especially in relief efforts or through ambulance or medical services. Dos Passos’ father, on the other hand, was adamantly against his son’s entrance into the war on any front. So, the two brokered a sort of deal: Dos Passos would be allowed to go to
Spain to study architecture and learn Spanish language, history, art, and culture. Despite Dos Passos’ extensive travels throughout Europe and around the Mediterranean, he had never been to Spain, though Spanish language and culture had certainly whetted his interest. Before realizing the deal with his father, in May 1916 he wrote to his friend Rumsey Marvin, “I jabber Spanish a little & read it a little—have read ‘Don Quixote’ vol 1 & 2 in original and I intend to study it violently in the near future… I’ve always been mad to know a lot of languages—it’s so humanizing, don’t you think so?” (Travel Books 637, my ellipses).

A sense of humanism pervades Dos Passos’ life and work, one that Seth Moglen argues “evolve[d] over the decades” but one he never abandoned: “that a good and just society was one in which all individuals were as free (and as materially able) as possible to find means of creative self-expression and to perceive the beauty of their world and of the people around them” (97). Like Moglen, Jun Young Lee observes that his early philosophies espoused “a kind of romantic anti-capitalism, since he sees the main problem of his contemporary world in terms of the binary struggle between aesthetic humanism and mechanical industrialism” (99). On the other hand, the ethic was more specifically cosmopolitan (a point Moglen also notes [100]). As Appiah explains, unlike humanism, “cosmopolitanism is not just the feeling that everybody matters. The cosmopolitan celebrates the fact that there are different local human ways of being, whereas humanism is consistent with the desire for global homogeneity” (“Cosmopolitan Patriots” 94). In a sense, Dos Passos aimed to learn Spanish not to align himself better with Spaniards, per se, but to learn something new, different and to understand what
made Spanish culture unique (i.e. to better understand “[Spain as] the speech of the people”).

Having had to learn languages and adapt to varying cultures throughout his life, Dos Passos was also better prepared than most travelers and expatriates for transnational or cross-cultural experiences. But he suffered from the same malaise, directionless temper, and wanderlust that many youths, especially those born with certain privileges or advantages, experience.87 The truce between father and son afforded the latter a chance to see and experience another part of the world for himself, but Dos Passos also admitted, in a letter about the upcoming Spanish trip to Marvin in September, “the grinding study necessary will be good for my lazy & undisciplined soul” (Travel Books 642). Like Stein before Paris and Picasso, he was quite directionless before the War and Spain, yet his wanderlust drew from a different source. Whereas Stein initially searched for her place amongst friends and companions (in a way, the place initially mattered less than the people around her), Dos Passos was constantly in search of “old lady adventure—sort of

87 Above his intellect and skills as a writer, Dos Passos was privileged in the most basic sense of the word, through his father’s wealth. As a child and young man, this alone may have impressed upon him a sense of difference, but in essence there were a myriad of factors. As Kazin points out in an early critical overview, “Growing up with all the advantages of upper-middleclass education and travel that his own father could provide for him, Dos Passos nevertheless could not help growing up with the sense of difference which even the sensitive grandsons of immigrants can feel in America” (On Native Grounds 345). However, after his father’s death, his inheritance was not properly managed, and ironically (even despite his later fame as a writer) he only achieved a stronger financial security later in life.
a search for the Holy Grail” (*Travel Books* 640). Only months earlier, he had described his wanderlust as ironically both picaresque and real, both spiritual and earthly:

> And how I long to stretch my legs on a good piece of road and set off, like Gil Blas or Don Quixote and everyone amusing who’s ever lived—vivere mundum [live the world].

> I always envied Satan in ‘Job’ who was coming “from going up and down the earth”—

> Don’t you want to go up and down the earth? (*Travel Books* 638, my translation)

In fact, his letters from 1916 emphasize that while adventure could be found “abroad,” he was open to really anywhere, as long as it was “some place” he had never seen for himself. “Look here Rummy [Marvin]—you and I must take a trip together or something before long—We might go to Iceland or Montevideo or Clapham Junction” (*Travel Books* 643). Through much of his adult life, he was able to realize such various adventures and travels, and early considerations of Spain may have simply put it on a map of places he would have liked to travel. Like Hemingway, Dos Passos better understood the uniqueness and wonder of Spanish life after his arrival.

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88 He had a similar mentality with American destinations: “Now attention, my plan is thus: I have never been in the Catskills… Have you? Now supposing we go to some place there and say walk for two days…” (*Travel Books* 640, my ellipses). There are numerous examples of his anxious, wandering mind in the months leading up to Spain; see also letters in *The Fourteenth Chronicle*. 
His wanderlust for transnational or cosmopolitan experiences had been fueled by his upbringing and, in part, by his reading. To Marvin, he suggested they “ought to understudy Stevenson sometime—and go on a ramble with some volumes of verse & an indefinite object” (Travel Books 639). Particularly instructive was Robert Louis Stevenson’s Travels with a Donkey, a travelogue narrative of Stevenson’s near two-week journey across Cévennes, a remote but picturesque mountainous region in the south of France. Stevenson had made the journey primarily on foot with a (somewhat stubborn) donkey. Dos Passos’ choice of Rosinante to the Road Again for the title of his first travelogue narrative appears as not just homage to Stevenson and the genre but his own initial wanderlust (see Travel Books 636). Rosinante also speaks to a certain irony that pervades Dos Passos’ writing, both early and later, where romanticism and idealism merge sometimes awkwardly, sometimes seamlessly with social criticism and pragmatism.

While he was prone to respect the classics, reflect on traditional narratives, and espouse romantic gestures, he was aware, even as early as 1916, of the pitfalls of picaresque, romantic imagery and banal literature. Moreover, he was skeptical of writing that too pretentiously or predictably appealed to foreign literature. Shortly before leaving for Spain, he published an article (his first national publication outside of Harvard media) in The New Republic entitled “Against American Literature,” wherein he criticized the staleness of American writing for relying too heavily on “foreign-inspired writing.” Coincidentally, Washington Irving was typical of the genre, but more modern examples could be found in Edgar Lee Masters, Edith Wharton, and Katherine Fullerton Gerould.
Such writers had attempted to spice up foreign literature for American audiences—for an “American soul”—but the result was merely a “hybrid which, like the mule, is barren and must be produced afresh each time by the crossing of other strains.” Hybridity itself was not necessarily the problem. Rather, it was the barrenness of banal repetition: “Our books are like our cities, they are all the same,” and he challenged his reader “to confine himself for long to purely American books without feeling starved” (Travel Books 587). In a sense, the “hybrids” were homogenized, indistinct, specifically not different.

“American literature is a rootless product,” Dos Passos continued (note the contrast with Appiah’s “rooted cosmopolitanism”); it lacked an “earth-feeling,” a history and folklore to which other cultures and literatures were privy. “The absence of a deep-rooted cultural legacy,” Michael Soto observes, “readily gives way to a nationalism that need look only to the not-so-distant past…” (75). Dos Passos was strictly “against” banal nationalism (or American literature). In this way, American writers were challenged to learn from foreign literature without merely copying or adopting the styles: “Why should not our writers be as vivid as the Russian, express their life as dramatically as the Dutchman?” (Travel Books 590). “The only substitute for dependence on the past is dependence on the future,” he argued, with Walt Whitman a model example (Travel Books 587-590). In a sense, his was a typical modern call, one that mirrored Pound’s demand to “make it new”: to completely break new ground, or at the very least (re)shape the past for the modern, present, and future. Where Stein was influenced by Picasso’s redrawing of the old, her challenge was to create something completely new out of essentially typical words. For Hemingway and Dos Passos, the challenge was to find
new, distinct surroundings and experiences from which to essentially redraw or rewrite human experience. In each case, however, it was “something associated with discovery” (Pound 56), and for Dos Passos the modern was specifically rooted in transnational discoveries (not solely Russian, Dutch, or even American influences).

His criticism of American literature also mirrored his own “rootless” upbringing and aimless disposition. He, too, was in search of an “earth-feeling,” one not necessarily linked to one homeland but to the “great world.” In the fall of 1916 he got his chance once again to “vivere mundum.” Leaving from New York for Spain on 14 October, he passed through Bordeaux, and wrote to Marvin on the 24th, admitting he had the tendency to “relapse into a state of complete cabbagism, without thought of any sort, with merely sensual joy in the colors and scents of the world… Its so darn hard to get outside of oneself enough really to see clearly and to follow frankly your ideas to whatever rocky ground or shaky rope ladder they lead you” (Travel Books 641-645, my ellipses). He left for Madrid the next day, his first solitary trip to a country he had never visited, as previous trips had primarily been in the company of his parents or a friend.89 In the 1950s, fellow writer Robert Penn Warren remarked that he liked “to write in foreign countries, where the language is not your own, and you are forced into yourself in a special way” (qtd. in Cronin and Siegel xiv). In the same way, Dos Passos had to leave

89 Friends did show up in November, however, and Dos Passos acknowledged “the excitement of finding myself not all alone in the gloaming,” but he also noted the interruption to his reading and writing (Travel Books 645).
America in 1916 to find his voice not just as a writer but to see himself clearly, as an individual.

From Irún, a small border town, he traveled to Madrid, staying in a small pension around the Puerta del Sol in the center of the city. Through his father, who had provided letters, he was able to secure numerous contacts, many of them “couldn’t have been better chosen” Dos Passos remembered years later: “They were the journalists and literary people of what was then known as the generation of 1898.” He befriended José Giner, as well, the nephew of “Giner de los Rios, the great educator who was the apostle of the Spanish liberals” (The Best Times 30). Amidst classes at the Centro de Estúdios Históricos, he visited the Sierra de Guadarrama, which “delighted” him more than any mountains he’d seen. Later, he remembered the Spanish vistas through Spanish painters, such as Goya, Velasquéz, and Greco: “The Madrid we saw rising in silhouette against the evening sky was still the city Goya painted” (The Best Times 30-31).

In all, he visited several surrounding regions and towns, like Cercedilla, Aranjuez, and Toledo, ultimately venturing further across Spain, with trips to Cartegena, Tarragona, and Alicante later into December and January. A diary entry from November 13 suggests he was learning Spanish and merging languages as he had originally planned: “walked to the ‘Twenty Club’ where almuerzoed [lunched] pleasantly… when we got to the puerto [pass or entrance] we broke off to the left up the first peak of the mountain of the Siete Picos [Seven Peaks]… On the top we ate naranjas [oranges] and manzanas [apples] & chocolate and bananas…” (Travel Books 646, my ellipses and translation). In a way, he appreciated the “polyglot assembly” of languages, as he admitted later. At his
pension, while the owners served food to the various, international guests, “The Lady Atthoress and the Danish Gentlemen speak German. I speak bad Spanish to the Danish Gentlemen who answers in kind, English to the Americans, French to the Portuguese ladies who in turn speak Portuguese among themselves, French to me, Spanish to the Spaniards, who toss a variety of dialects back and forth” (The Best Times 32). He seemed more at home around and incorporating many languages at once, even if he primarily wrote in English. Along with French, Latin, and a smattering of other languages, he incorporated Spanish into many entries and letters throughout the year. Salutations to Marvin sometimes read “Pobrecito [Poor little thing]” and a letter in August reflected his wandering, questioning mind: “quien sabe? [who knows?]” (FC 45)—again, these even before he had arrived in Spain.

On 4 December, he was still in Madrid when he wrote to Marvin that “The wonderful thing about Spain… is that it is a sort of temple of anachronisms.” The phrase summed up Spain’s various yet also contradictory, illusory character, and seemed to best characterize not just a somewhat disjointed mixture of old and new (tradition and youth) but its cosmopolitan or transnational essence. “I’ve never been any where you so felt the strata of civilization—Celt-Iberians, Phoenicians, Greeks, Romans, Moors and French have each in turn passed through Spain and left something there—alive.” The pottery was “Greek… The music and dances are strangely Semitic & Phoenician Moorish—oriental—the sort of things odalesques with henna stained fingers eat in the Arabian Nights. Its the most wonderful jumble…” He found in Spain the earthy, rich, mystical folklore of both past and present, a strata of culture absent from American life partially
because it incorporated a “living” part of many cultures: “the sensuous dream of Moorish Spain” sat right next to “little yellow French trains and American automobiles and German locomotives—all in a tangle together!” (Travel Books 648, my ellipses).

He had plans to travel throughout Spain into the Spring, but in January he received news that his father had suddenly died of pneumonia. The death further emphasized his father’s importance to his sense place, sense of self, and relationship with Spain. As Reinitz argues, both 1922 books, Rosinante and Pushcart, “reflect, in different ways, his love for Spain” through a subtle but still conscious gesture to his father: “This consciousness is mythic—with no personal elaboration,” where in Rosinante the “questor is Telemachus, who ‘had wandered so far in search of his father he had quite forgotten what he was looking for’” (60).\(^90\) In a way, Dos Passos’ wanderlust (or his “fever” for transnational experiences) may have also derived, in part, from his father. The elder Dos Passos had believed in a “common citizenship,” yet not one quite like Appiah’s “obligations that stretch beyond… even the more formal ties of a shared citizenship.” As Dos Passos, Sr. saw it, obligations were rooted in specifically “Anglo-Saxon” or “English-speaking” identities. As he wrote in his theoretical tract The Anglo-Saxon Century and the Unification of the English-Speaking People (1903), “common citizenship” placed “the Anglo-Saxon race on a political equality; conferring upon them equal civic rights in the countries and colonies which they govern, making an Englishman a citizen of the United States and an American a citizen of England” (179-180). He

\(^90\) Reinitz quotes from the first page of Rosinante (Travel Books 3).
afforded Anglo-Saxons and English speakers primacy, even as he had “no objection to opening the doors to a class of immigrants” who might “embrace an English-American Nationality” (199). Dos Passos, Jr. may have appropriated a sense of this common citizenship but he did not readily accept the primacy of Anglo-Saxons and, as this chapter aims to demonstrate, spoke widely and critically that all nationalities and cultures, especially Americans and Anglo-Saxons, had much to learn from each other.

On a practical level, one also wonders if or when Dos Passos would have gone to Spain if not for the father-son truce. On a more profound level, the death left Dos Passos further questioning his sense of place and home (his mother had also passed away years before after battling years of ill health). To Marvin just days after hearing the news, he observed, “It gives you a queer catching of the breath to find yourself suddenly alone in the world.” His immediate plans were “vague:” “I think I shall stay here [in Spain] a few months longer—Though I suppose the conventional thing to do’ld be to go home—I don’t know exactly why—I have no one to console” (FC 66). Although his first inclination was to stay in Spain, on further thought, he returned to America in February 1917 to help settle his father’s estate and affairs. He admitted to Marvin in a letter from the boat that “Perhaps I’ll go back [to Spain]. But I really haven’t a plan in the world—” (Travel Books 657). A few months later (2 April), in a letter from his father’s estate to Roland Jackson, a Harvard classmate who Dos Passos had befriended in Spain, he

91 As if emphasizing the absence of his patriarchy, the father’s New York Times obituary failed to mention the son, Dos Passos Jr. (Reinitz 55).
lamented, “I should have stayed in Spain.” (qtd. in Reinitz 56). He was in a “squabble” with his family and lawyers over his father’s estate and “I’ve not done a stroke of work since I left thrice-loved Madrid” (qtd. in Reinitz 56). He had returned to the conventional sense of home, but there was no physical or psychological consolation and he preferred to be on the move, in more stimulating environments such as Spain.

With the lack of direction and now an even more pronounced sense of “homelessness,” he was willing to go anywhere, do anything. But the War had been especially on his mind for several years. From Madrid in December 1916, he admitted, “there is something frightfully paralysing to me in the war—Everything I do, everything I write seems so cheap and futile” (Travel Books 652); earlier that year he had applied for Herbert Hoover’s Belgian Relief (Reinitz 61), and in December he “still [had] the vague hope the Belgian Relief may produce something yet” (Travel Books 649). To Jackson in April, he noted, “The War: in which ogre-pie I want to stick my innocent white fingers – to the glory of God, Mr Morgan and the munition-dealers.” At the same time, he admitted, “And all the while I long for Spain…” Yet, the “Return to Spain recedes into the dim beyond,” (qtd. in Reinitz 57) as he would not have enough money (until his father’s estate was fully in order).

By May 1917, he had solidified plans to serve with the Norton-Harjes Ambulance Corps, ultimately sailing for France on 20 June (Reinitz 59). Between 1917 and 1919 he served Allied forces in varying positions and at varying levels of medical corps groups attached to French, Italian, or American command. He had always sought to participate in the war—in his own words in May 1917, “I have been for a long while very anxious to
see things first hand” (Travel Books 657)—but his intentions were to see and get a “taste” of the war (Travel Books 658). Like Hemingway, there was a difference being knowing and condoning the experience. He was less inclined to fight, and his displeasure with the fighting and killing, which he felt senseless, kept him an outspoken pacifist throughout (he was even threatened prison time at one point).92 As he recalled years later, he had disagreed on “ethical grounds,” but he also knew the war represented a space—however terrible—more attuned to world affairs. For all along he had wanted “to see the world. The world was the war” (The Best Times 25-26).

Dos Passos’ interest in seeing things “first-hand” partially reflects a later philosophy and methodology about writing in general: “The business of a novelist,” he wrote during a 1934 New Republic review of fiction by William Rollins, Jr., is “to create characters first and foremost, and then to set them in the snarl of the human currents of his time, so that there results an accurate permanent record of a phase of history… If a

92 In a journal entry from 8 February 1918, he writes, “Today we heard of the first case—in America—of a man sentenced to death by court martial for refusing to undertake military duty, when drafted and assigned. This is probably rather important. Won’t it be strange if it comes to that in my case? Might happen pretty soon too—It’ll just be luck if it doesn’t, as I see it. God! they’ll probably even do their best to take dignity out of death for a conscientious objector” (Travel Books 717). Coincidentally, the question of the dignity of “conscientious objector” was later briefly explored in Hemingway’s treatment of Rafael, “the gypsy,” in For Whom the Bell Tolls (see Murad). When the war ended, Dos Passos emerged as a sharp critic, ultimately publishing One Man’s Initiation—1917 and Three Soldiers (1921), the latter written largely from Spain during his second sustained trip.
novelist really creates characters that are alive, the rest follows by implication” (MNP 160). Both Hemingway and Dos Passos believed first-hand experiences gave a writer the historical backdrop to create characters that were more impressive and “alive.” Fiction, then—even set within the messy, entangled, “snarled” reality of “human currents”—was a means toward truth, toward that “accurate permanent record of a phase of history.” Both found that liveliness in Spain, but the challenge for Dos Passos was how to merge the reality or truthfulness of the eyewitness experience with his own fascination. “Then too I am so fascinated by Spain,” he wrote to Marvin, but he also sensed he was learning just the same: “I am just beginning to fathom a little, to understand a little. . .” (FC 66, ellipses in text). Like Hemingway, as well, Dos Passos was eager to learn, and his fascination with Spain was not just a result of his Spanish experiences. In a sense, such fascinating experiences also comprised his very “understanding” of Spanish culture, land, and people. The result is that his early images of Spain sometimes appear more charming than accurate, more arcane than alive because, especially as an early writer, he was still grappling with how to successfully differentiate between what he had learned or read from what he had witnessed for himself.

In a way, such was the complex nature of representation itself. As he reflected on his father’s death when returning to America in 1917, he was “dreading” the “sympatheticness of certain relatives” who might make “such a fuss about the most ordinary things like death and birth and marriage:”

There is enough incidental pain connected with them anyway, without cumbering them with conventions and trivialities—
If people would only look at life straight and sincerely without having to dim their sight—faulty enough, God knows—with colored glass of different sorts—with church windows and shop windows and the old grimy glass of outworn customs. (*Travel Books* 656)

Like his earlier warnings “against American literature,” and, notably too like Hemingway’s early writing, Dos Passos criticized the banality of tradition and romanticism. However, he also knew those conventions, trivialities and outworn customs comprised the whole of experience—or, at least, any clear, straight view of the whole was distorted, complicated, and messy: “But I suppose ones own individuality is so much of a distortion of clear reality (and one can’t see except with ones own eyes, can one?) that other little distortions don’t’ matter much. And the glittering wonderfulness of it all bursts through somehow” (*Travel Books* 656).

The difficulty of seeing anything “straight” coincided with a theory he had developed about Spain during his initial three months and which he eventually published in *Seven Arts* in August 1917. The article’s very title—“Young Spain”—pointed to the idea that Spain was “a sort of temple of anachronisms” and typified the complex, even contradictory nature of Spanish culture, often attributed as “Old” (the Old World) even as he had witnessed firsthand its youth and vitality. 93 Spain, he writes, was comprised of an “intense individualism,” which weathered revolutions, invasions, and myriads of cultures.

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93 “Young Spain” is cursory narrative, which provides general criticism about Spanish culture. It was later emended (slightly) and reprinted in *Rosinante* as “The Baker of Almorox.”
This “changeless Iberian mind” also comprised a strange mixture of new and old, or of life and death, and was chiefly expressed by the phrase “el hambre de inmortalidad, the hunger of immortality.”“94 “This is the core of the individualism that lurks in all Spanish ideas, the conviction that only the individual soul is real” (MNP 41-43). The conviction was in contrast to “the thought [that] La vida es sueño: ‘Life is a dream.’” Where external reality remains elusive, “Only the individual, or that part of life which is in the firm grasp of the individual, is real.” But understanding that “individual soul,” Dos Passos acknowledges, is difficult and distortions arise. “In the Spain of today these things are seen through a glass, darkly.” Since Ferdinand and Isabella, Spain’s history toward progress had been one of distortions, contradictions, and nullifications: “of an attempt to fit a square peg in a round hole” (MNP 41-43).

The distorted, incongruous pieces would ruin the whole impression of Spain, except if one realizes that Spanish culture is of such a distinct, varied, even cosmopolitan nature. “In trying to hammer some sort of unified impression out of the scattered pictures of Spain in my mind, one of the first things I realize is that there are many Spains” (MNP 41). “Many Spains” was not a new assessment. In the mid-nineteenth century, Richard Ford had observed that Spain was comprised of “many distinct provinces” and “The general comprehensive term ‘Spain’, which is convenient for geographers and politicians, is calculated to mislead the traveler, for it would be far from easy to predicate any single

94 The phrase is from Del Sentimiento Trágico de la Vida [The Tragic Sense of Life] (1913), by the Spanish intellectual Miguel de Unamuno.
thing of Spain or Spaniards which will be equally applicable to all its heterogeneous component parts” (1). “Indeed,” Dos Passos affirms:

every village hidden in the folds of the great barren hills, or shadowed by its massive church in the middle of one of the upland plains, every fertile huerta of the seacoast, is a Spain. Iberia exists, and the strong Iberian characteristics; but Spain as a modern centralized nation is an illusion, perhaps a delusion; for the present atrophy, the desolating resultlessness of a century of revolution, may very well be due in large measure to the artificial imposition of centralized government on a land essentially centrifugal. (MNP 41)

Rather than universally appropriating one identity, cosmopolitan Spain looked outward, was centrifugal, even if had a Spanish or Iberian core. Dos Passos also discovered such a culture mirrored his own varied life and identity: the many homes, disconnectedness, and distorted sense of self were naturally, if not quite elusively, projected in many Spains.95

95 Throughout, there is also a subtle echo to Whitman, whom Dos Passos greatly admired and set as the model for modern writing in “Against American Literature” and who in Song of Myself proclaims to contain “multitudes” even as he realizes the possible “contradiction” of the expression. For Whitman’s influence on Dos Passos, see Michael Clark: “man’s vibrant interior life naturally responds to his environment—but for Dos Passos the landscape most often is blighted and man’s natural self is thwarted. There is no doubt though that a respect for nature—in the tradition of Walt Whitman—inform the very texture of all of Dos Passos’s early fiction” (23).
Varying languages and topographies resulted in many Spains, and both shaped a Spanish mind that emphasized “the differences between things” (MNP 42). In Spanish art and writing, such as El Greco or Cervantes, the difference is “between the world of flesh and the world of spirit, between the body and the soul of man” (MNP 42). These differences are prominent but they are ultimately “complimentary,” and

The supreme expression of this lies in the two great figures that typify Spain for all time: Don Quixote and Sancho Panza; Don Quixote, the individualist who believed in the power of man’s soul over all things, whose desire included the whole world in himself. Sancho, the individualist to whom all the world was food for his belly. On the one hand we have the ecstatic figures for whom the power of the individual soul has no limits, in whose minds the universe is but one man standing before his reflection, God… On the other hand are the jovial materialists… Through all Spanish history and art the threads of these two complementary characters can be traced, changing, combining, branching out, but ever in substance the same. Of this warp and woof have all the strange patterns of Spanish life been woven. (MNP 41, my ellipses)

Two seemingly opposing characters rather complement one another because they both emerge (centrifugally) from the same core, or Spanish mentality, of individualism. Spain’s ability to be, hold, or instill two opposite ideas at the same time—emphasizing difference yet at once harmonizing difference—is what makes Spain unique, or “strange”
if you will; it also helped explain a cosmopolitan culture essentially “rooted” in Spanish or Iberian identity.

The traces and history of Spanish life have woven this “strange pattern,” but they ironically project a new, modern cultural space. Spain is certainly steeped in tradition, but precisely because of its “strange,” timeless character, it is perhaps the most modern and civilized of cultures. “All that is greatest in their art, indeed, lies on the borderland of the extravagant, where sublime things skim the thin ice of absurdity” (MNP 42). What is the difference or where is the line between greatness and extravagance? Or between the sublime and the absurd? Spain walks this delicate balance and in doing so projects itself out to the limits of the present day, which connects it to any self-proclaimed modern nation, America included. “Another characteristic that links the Spanish tradition to ours of the present day is the strangely impromptu character of much Spanish art production” (MNP 42). Don Quixote and Sancho Panza epitomize this “impromptu character” primarily because of their staunch individualism. Attempting, then, to explain how all these pieces fit together, Dos Passos observes: “Perhaps the strong sense of individual validity, which makes Spain the most democratic country in Europe, sanctions the constant improvisation, and accounts for the confident planlessness as common in Spanish architecture as in Spanish political thought” (MNP 43).

Ultimately, modern America had much to learn from Spanish individuality. Although Old Spain had been mired in tradition, the “constant improvisation” and “confident planlessness” of the current generation kept “Young Spain” also a prime space for revolution and new beginnings. The Spanish-American War of 1898 was a good
example, from which “sprung the present generation, a generation of men strangely sensitive and self-conscious, some despairing, some pressing on very boldly up the logical paths of Spanish thought—toward anarchism, toward a searing criticism of the modern world in general and Spain in particular” (MNP 44). America lacked such modern criticism, both in literature and generally in society. When Dos Passos revised “Young Spain” into “The Baker of Almorox” for Rosinante in 1922, he emphasized what should be learned from the “generation of ninety-eight:”

According to temperament they 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. (Travel Books 30)

In 1916, he had seen the revolutionary spirit for himself. According to Gerald H. Meaker, “on December 18, 1916, the first successful national general strike in the history of the country was carried out, with the total number of strikers exceeding the combined membership of the two participating labor confederations. The strike was especially complete in Madrid, the life of the city being virtually brought to a standstill” (42). Dos Passos wrote to Marvin on Christmas that “Nothing really happened, but there was a wonderfully tense antirevolutionary [sic] atmosphere—Cannon were placed outside of the barracks, patrols of cavalry clattered about through the town—and the big square—the Puerta del Sol—where revolutions always happen—was very crowded with all sorts of people and dozens of horse guards…” (FC 63).
What he had been preaching in “Against American Literature” he had found in Spain: not only a critique of tradition that emphasized Whitman-esque strides toward modernity but a revolutionary spirit to drive the present forward. He had also witnessed a great “strata” of civilizations, a cultural exchange that belied banal representations even against the historical backdrop of tradition and rooted civilization itself. As he wrote a few years later in a review of Spanish poetry, a poet like Rubén Darío collected all the different cultures into the thought of the new generation in Spain. Overflowing with beauty and banality, patched out with images and ornaments from Greece and Egypt and France and Japan and his own Central America, symbolist and romantic and Parnassian all at once, Rubén Darío’s verse is like those doorways of the Spanish Renaissance, where French and Moorish and Italian motives jostle in headlong arabesques, where the vulgarist routine stone-chipping is interlocked with designs and forms and rare beauty and significance. Here and there among the turgid muddle, out of the impact of unassimilated things, comes a spark of real poetry… Spanish poetry. (“Antonio Machado” 734, my ellipses).

Seemingly “unassimilated things” found voice and spark in Spain, especially Spanish culture, art, and poetry. Although at times “banal,” the overall effect was beautiful.

His main criticism of Spain, then, was whether or not such a varied, decentralized state could weather the political uncertainties (both inside Spain and out) of the day:
The problem of our day is whether Spaniards evolving locally, anarchically, without centralization in anything but repression, will work out new ways of life for themselves, or whether they will be drawn into the festering tumult of a Europe where the system that is dying is only strong enough to kill in its death-throes all new growth in which there was hope for the future. The Pyrenees are high. (*Travel Books* 30)

The Pyrenees stand as either the high, impenetrable walls of a prison where Spanish traditions and peoples will wallow and suffer away amidst the numerous conflicts and contradictions or as a sturdy and defensive fence guarding Spain against a war-torn, labor-sacrificing and industrializing Europe. In 1916, he viewed Spain as a varied, distinctive cross-cultural space whose modern outlook was still in question. In the coming years, the Spanish question turned into a “quest,” a journey he never fully finished but one he learned greatly from.

3.3 1918-1920: Post-War and a New Beginning in Spain

Dos Passos loathed the war. He was anxious and determined to see it but he hated it and as the months progressed, the weariness and senselessness bore down on him.\(^{96}\)

\(^{96}\) The war literally “bored” him to madness, and many journal entries show his utter “ennui” and confinement. Stuck at Camp Crane in October 1918, awaiting orders to go or not to go overseas, he laments, “oh what dullness What rot! O Bored, bored bored—lets go and read” (*Travel Books* 757). He was given provisional leave (first to the Sorbonne in Paris) in the Spring of 1919, and in March he wrote Marvin, “Libertad, libertad [freedom, freedom]! As Walt [Whitman] would have cried, tearing another
However, the war bears significant relevance to his connections with Spain: it was the country he had been driven to when he originally wanted to enlist or volunteer; it was one of the last countries he had resided in before volunteering; and it was one of the first countries he returned to when his service ended in 1919. All along the way, he remembered Spain fondly and contemplated that eventual return. In a March 1918 letter from the warfront to José Giner, who had similar pacifist or liberal tendencies, Dos Passos admitted,

I think often of you and the lovely plains of Castile. From a distance the war must seem a little theoretical, but here, or anywhere at the front, I assure you it is a wholly different matter. It is boredom, slavery to all the military stupidities, the most fascinating misery… I assure you there is nothing beautiful about modern war. I have lived in it for a year now, and many illusions have crossed the river Styx. It is nothing but an enormous, tragic digression in the lives of these people. (FC 152, my ellipses)\(^97\)

\(^{97}\) Many antiwar sentiments in the letter caught the notice of the Red Cross censors, and officials threatened a dishonorable discharge. Dos Passos wrote the letter in French (he was in Italy and feared that his Italian would “produc[e] a miserable mélange” of languages or Spanish [FC 152]). The translation is from Ludington.
His growing angst and distrust in a mechanized, industrialized Western modernity was confirmed in World War I. Ironically, though, the war did not necessarily shatter his transnational or cosmopolitan outlook. Even as he wrote in a diary entry in April of a future “full of wars—of brutalizing slavery for all the young men in the world—and brutalizing dominance for the rich and the cunning and the well-convicted,” he also understood that “At the bottom of all our nationalities—under the royal robes and the polished imperial helmets and the abstract talk of domination—are hidden the murky factory chimneys that are our world’s God” (Travel Books 722-23). The war—a very product of a growing global capitalism—tore peoples and nations apart, sometimes literally, but such destruction was universally felt, which thus convinced him of the need for a more democratic or cosmopolitan response.

In a sense, the war instilled him in a need for a more proactive stance, a new way out, a new beginning. His diary entries are full of such frustrations, including one the following day that April: “I can’t live passively—God—I must be either on the move externally or internally via literature—I’m like a dope-fiend about it” (Travel Books 724). After reading Jean-Jacques Rousseau’s Confessions, he wrote in a diary entry during October 1918:

Like him I long for an Island Avalon where I may go and sleep and dream and build my soul a garlanded altar; white, implacable, where I may place as sacrifices all my past and all my future O to get away from all troubling things from war and governments and the entrenched stupidity of people—to get away and breathe and find myself and then come back to
strive and love and hate and blow my little trumpets and unfurls my little flags until I can slip away on my last exile to Avalon or St. Helena or Ellis Island—who cares—so long as it is an island where one can be alone with the dawn and sunset. (Travel Books 752)

Certainly he looked for a personal escape (where “I” can go), and, on one level, it did not matter where he went. But Spain emerged as an apt refuge where the West could find peace, even salvation. In another journal entry, he considered the option of “Spain?—to find peace somewhere where one can write and read and draw and let the damn world go to ruin—” (qtd in Ludington John Dos Passos 154).

Earlier that January, he had written that “in America lies the future, the menace & the hope—At present more of menace than of hope” (Travel Books 696), but by the summer most all hope was waning. A 21 July diary entry reflected on “the parallel between modern industrial overorganization—crushing the soul and mind and ancient savage overorganization, crushing the savage clan and tribe—and getting away from any chance of progress. In these terms—might not civilization be the crowding of order by the critical intelligence of man” (Travel Books 740). During his first month in Spain, he had noted in his diary the difference in “civilization” between Spain and America: “Compare the civilized savagery of Spain with the savage civilization of America” (qtd. in Pizer Dos Passos’ U.S.A. 5). Thus, after the war, as Ludington observes, “By contrast the mellowness of Spain made the war and all its carnage seem more pointless than ever” (“I Am” 317). “It was all so mellow, so strangely aloof from the modern world of feverish change, this life of the peasants of Almorox,” he later wrote in Rosinante (Travel Books 752).
Books 24). In short, in Spain he saw transcendence, a point he emphasized to Giner: “It is for you people, you who inhabit those countries above the battle, to assume the struggle for progress on behalf of this wretched and tormented civilization of ours… you who can make revolutions either quietly or violently… it is up to you to safeguard all the finest human things, while the rest of us struggle on brutally with suicidal madness” (FC 152, my ellipses). He admitted he loved Spain, in part, so much because almost everywhere else there was “nothing, either for the rich or the poor, but slavery; to industry, to money, to the mammon of business, the great God of our times” (FC 152).

Donald Pizer notes how Dos Passos’ “Arcadian vision” of Spain “celebrate[s] the true gods of the past still potent” in the pre-industrialized European country. In this, Spain is a “refuge, as a place almost out of time,” against “a dysfunctional modern society,” one consumed by war, bloodshed, industrialization, and mechanization (“John Dos Passos’ Rosinante” 140-1). Spain was a refuge, but its “Arcadian” nature was not solely steeped in a romantic or wistful past ideal. As Pizer correctly admits, Spain was rather appreciated for a certain “out of time” quality. Although steeped in the past, much could be learned for the present; Spain was a “temple of anachronisms,” as he had written earlier. Thus, he needed an ironic response, one that merged fiction and nonfiction, reality and fancy, the pastoral and the urban, the past and the present, and the hope and cynicism about the prospects of modernity. In The Great War and Modern Memory (1975), Paul Fussell suggests that “Irony is the attendant of hope, and the fuel of hope is innocence” (18). Importing a quotation by Philip Larkin—“never such innocence again”—Fussell suggests that life before the war “was a different world. The certainties
were intact” (20-1). Life was more naïve or romantic before the war because it was less questioned and less variable.

“The Great War” Fussell continues, “was perhaps the last to be conceived as taking place within a seamless, purposeful ‘history’ involving a coherent stream of time running from past through present to future” (21). On his way into Spain in 1916, Dos Passos may have sensed that innocent, Arcadian notion of the world, one that saw the past, present, and future as intact and whole. But when he returned to Spain after the war in 1919, he had refashioned these Arcadian notions into a more questioning, skeptical glance at the problems plaguing all progressing, modern societies. Arcadian visions remain, and perhaps naturally so as Fussell suggests: “If the opposite of war is peace, the opposite of experiencing moments of war is proposing moments of pastoral” (unsurprisingly from Fussell’s “Arcadian Recourses” chapter, 231). Dos Passos proposes lessons from a pastoral past, but the critical, socially-conscious, and skeptical Dos Passos, the one recognized later for more mature work, is visible, and such critical images of Spain often belie such a strictly Arcadian reading.

It is important to note that his derisively anti-war novel *Three Soldiers* (1921) was written almost entirely in Spain in 1919 and 1920. Unlike *One Man’s Initiation*, which relied on his own personal experiences to drive the narrative, *Three Soldiers* was not “autobiography,” a point he emphasized whenever he could (see letter to Stanton, *FC* 350). No, the novel was rather a social critique, one that, as Ludington suggests, shows Dos Passos’ emerging “hatred for systems, laws, bureaucracies, bosses—anything and everything that stifled individual freedoms and self-expression” (*Three Soldiers*
Introduction vii). For Michael Clark, “The final chapter presents Andrews as a dreamer, an idealist who is fulfilling his only possible destiny. Andrews is a modern-day Don Quixote, and to emphasize this point, Dos Passos repeatedly mentions the scenic backdrop of windmills against which the final action of the book takes place” (96). The book was not a personal tale and the narrative was not set simply against Arcadian, pastoral, or ancient backdrops for color. The book was a social critique of the war and any reference to the past was supposed to better instruct the present. For Spain’s role, it was less about its traditionalism than its ability to stave off the modern, industrial age; Spain was not a step backwards but a place to learn going forward.

Throughout 1917 and 1918, Dos Passos looked to Spain for inspiration. A few months after leaving, he admitted to Jackson, “I’ve thought lots of our Madrid epics and lyrics and conversations… It makes me wild to think of all the wonders you’re probably undergoing and that I am missing. Carnival, Easter, Spring – Toledo – I am still drunk with Spain – even if I am not there” (qtd. in Reinitz 58, my ellipses). To Marvin in March 1918, he wrote “I dont think—except for Denia [a small Spanish coastal town south of Valencia] that I must have told you about—that I’ve ever been in a town so beautiful as Positano [Italy]” (Travel Books 720); he later praised Denia in two successive poems in A Pushcart at the Curb.98 During another journal entry in April, he lamented, “Oh God I

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98 A diary entry that week noted that “Positano is as beautiful as Denia” (FC 163). Denia inspired a poem of the same name, which was published in Vanity Fair in November 1922 (see “In Denia” in “Two Poems” [40]). In Pushcart, the poem appeared (with minor changes) as one of the numbered pieces in the “Winter
want to go to sea, or to Greece or to Spain, or to glory…” (Travel Books 724). After learning his friend Arthur McComb was going to Spain, he reminisced in a 1 October letter, “O for a beaker full of the warm South,” and implored McComb to:

write me a letter full of Spain. Go into some corner centuries deep in Spain—into a tavern on the edge of some small white town in Castile, at the door of which one can stand and look long at russet hills and ochre, and a white winding road going towards a mesa that stands up suddenly—purple in the distance against an olive green sunset. Drink the air and tingling wine from the earthen pot, exchange long courtesies in excellent Castilian with the inn keeper—order a dinner of huevos revueltos, con tomate and riz con carne—and while the black raftered room’s wine-scented air thickens with the drowsy weight of olive oil and garlic write—write. (Travel Books 758)

Drawing on Keats, Dos Passos wrote the letter as a nostalgic, romantic ode to Spain: “Russet hills and ochre,” “olive green sunsets,” and “tingling wine” were, indeed, the pastoral retreats from the harsh conditions (mud, grayness, coldness, as well as the

in Castile” section. “How fine to die in Denia,” the narrator affirms, “young in the ardent strength of sun.” The poem reveres the southern Spanish sun, “the omnipotent fire / of the young white god, the flamegod the sun,” ultimately proclaiming a rebirth and “resurrection” in its fruit and fire: “to flow for new generations of men / a wine full of earth / of sun” (Travel Books 512). A previous poem, written from Denia, paid homage to “The old strong towers the Moors built” (Travel Books 511).
brutality and destruction) of the war. “Go, a misty autumn day for me to Aranjuez and give my love to the Tajo and its rustling wiers” he tells McComb, hoping his turn would come soon (Travel Books 759). Ultimately, Spain was less a romantic getaway than an ideal space to “write—write—write”: he knew his artistic energies would find a productive creative space in a world that was literally and symbolically miles away from the war.

In this, the war had ironically further inspired his curious, wandering, cosmopolitan spirit. To Marvin in July, he petitioned that if he ever got out of the war alive, “let’s start out from anywhere in Europe and wander towards no where in particular, on foot, working at grape harvests, and wheat thrashings and pig killings and

99 This passage also acknowledges and offers a tribute to the genre of a romantic Spain, a genre which helped create and influence generations to visit the country. Yet, the fanciful descriptions merge with Dos Passos’ own real-life experiences. He had seen the hills, olives, winding roads, and wine (wine fields). He had ordered from menus “huevos revueltos, con tomate.” Such descriptions, emphasized by Spanish language, offer first-person details (you would not encounter the phrasing “scrambled eggs, with tomato [sauce],” though you might recognize that plate as such when served to you), and when brushed over with colorful or vivid descriptions such as “ochre” and “russet”—even to the point where “olives” merge into “olive green sunsets”—the details offer a delicate and complicated image of real and fanciful Spain.

Moreover, one has to account for one’s conception of that fancifully real world. The Spanish menu listing would most likely not offer “riz con carne” (as “riz” is the French word for rice, “arroz” the Spanish word). Dos Passos’ unconscious lapse back into a familiar (French and not American) way of conceptualizing or remembering his Spanish experiences underscores how one’s conception of a real, objectified Spain are impressed and affected by one’s own unique and personal experiences.
other rustic joys for our bread and bacon” (*Travel Books* 742). In December, he asked Marvin to meet him in Spain, but “who knows,” he wondered: “Spain, or Peru, Abyssinia or the Yalu River we must go somewhere together very soon” (*FC* 240). Certainly, though, Europe had fascinated him, and much like Hemingway, when Dos Passos returned to the U.S. (fall of 1918) he was bored, longing for his European adventures and learning. A diary entry on 1 October from Camp Crane (Allentown, PA) admitted, “I might have known it would be like this…. I just looked at my watch, expecting it to be say five o’clock—It is just ten past two…. It drives me mad to think of losing any of my precious hours—hovering this way in an agony of boredom” (*FC* 212).

There was no better retreat in Europe—perhaps the world—for grape harvests, wheat thrashings, pigs, and rustic joys than Spain, so almost as soon as his service duties were over in the summer of 1919 he set out to meet McComb and another friend Dudley Poore in Spain. He was looking forward to a more stimulating environment and had tirelessly tried to convince Marvin to join him, “vow[ing]” Marvin would learn as much there as anywhere (*Travel Books* 771). In March 1919, he impressed the idea of learning:

> I may be trying to collect material for a treatise on Spanish Folklore or something of the sort for a Doctorat or a Licenciat at the Sorbonne… Spain—Spain—garlic and roses and mountains tawny as panthers… Why cant you come and galivant about Spain? You could learn Spanish and increase your leg-muscles walking over stony mountain paths and if you want to be ‘practical’ study treatises on quadruple entry bookkeeping
under the shade of olivetrees while I sketch the antiquities. (Travel Books 773, my ellipses) 100

As a retreat and new beginning, Spain was the perfect place to learn and write (share one’s learning). In a previous letter to Marvin, he had included a sort of to-do list, with nearly all of the nine entries related to work and artistic output, whether that be writing (four entries), gathering material for writing (two entries), or painting (two entries) (Travel Books 770). On another occasion, Dos Passos asks Marvin, “Why can’t you come to Spain?... I vow that you need Spain and Spain needs you, and I need you, and you need me” (Travel Books 774, my ellipses). Spain provided Dos Passos a foundation for his early creativity, which he sought to share with others.

He first traveled to London in July to arrange for the publication of One Man’s Initiation—1917, his first full-length book and a critical overview of his time as an ambulance driver during the War. 101 He also confirmed a correspondent’s position in

100 Another spring 1919 letter to Marvin asks if there is any chance of Spain: “I am going to have such a galavant there, such a climbing of mountains, such an examining of churches such a hallelujah of Roman viaducts and prehistoric remains and modern harvest festivals that nothing like it will have been seen before or after” (FC 248).

101 As he explained to his publishers George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. in March 1920: “the volume is made up out of notes written while I was an ambulance driver attached to the French army in the summer of 1917 and that I have tried to picture the state of mind of an American in his first contact with the war as well as the general moral atmosphere of the war at that moment. The notes were scratched down in dugouts and
Spain for the *Daily Herald*, which had been suggested to him by the paper’s foreign editor the previous spring. He did not contribute much to the *Herald*, but assuming the role of reporter, he ventured to Portugal that fall for what was thought to be a coming revolution (an article was later published in the *Liberator*). Ultimately, he was not fully cut out for the position and an illness further interrupted his work (Ludington *John Dos Passos* 182; Virginia Spencer Carr 165). In August, he was in Paris, anxious for Spain: “I’m off to Spain, by the grace of San Jaime de Compostella and Don Quixote de la Mancha and all the other Iberian divinities, in a day or two,” he wrote Marvin (FC 257). He arrived via Biarritz where (after managing to cross despite a border closing) he ventured from San Sebastian to Bilbao and finally met McComb and other friends in Santander. His and Poore’s plans were to hike the Picos de Europa, a mountainous region between Santander and Oviedo, and so the two set off leaving McComb behind (Ludington *John Dos Passos* 184). From Avilés, a town just north of Oviedo, he sent a postcard to Stewart Mitchell: “For two days first on a great jaunty coach out of Rabelais then on foot on winding powdering roads, we have been following a river up towards the high wall of mountains they call the Picos de Europa. Tomorrow we cross them” (FC 258). As a transnationalist, he often felt more at home when literally crossing borders, as if cultural or symbolic linkages were not enough.

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hospitals and were put in their present shape in the autumn of 1918, thinly disguised under a novelistic form” (*Travel Books* 786-87).
Similar to his first entry into Spain, he was again struck by Spain’s diversity, the variety of peoples, histories, and landscapes. They “made daylong walks around the green flanks of the hills of Guipuzcoa. We liked the Basques.” On trails, they talked with muledrivers, sharing wine, and “marveled at the clarity of the Castilian the countrypeople spoke in the Montana de Santander.” They were “awed” by the cave drawings at Altamira and “delighted in the talk of the shepherds in the dark Asturian valleys” (The Best Times 80). Like Hemingway would later attest, Dos Passos also specified his exceptional presence. To Marvin, he recalled, “I have just come down from some mountains very justly called Los Picos de Europa, where I have been walking about. We got into wonderful lost valleys where no one ever seemed to have seen a foreigner before, and managed to get right through the range down the wildest and most superb gorge I have ever seen” (Travel Books 778). It was like crossing the pikes of a fort, which guard the inhabitants against the evils of the outside world. Rather than imprisoned, he was freed. As he wrote to Stewart Mitchell later in December, “I cant describe to you the delight of crossing the border, of coming out of the fetid cloud of the Entente, of breathing free air. The Bidassoa has become a Rubicon and the Pyrenees, thank God, are marvelously high. From across them one can hear the final death rattle of Europe” (FC 271). Finally free of that “death rattle,” he was in a position to write critically, a process he started with Three Soldiers, which began against the backdrop of Spain that fall and winter.

From Oviedo—“a Rembrandt brown city full of convents that look like palaces and palaces that look like convents” (Travel Books 779)—he ventured to León, then by
the end of August, he was in Madrid, where he stayed for most of September. There, he went to see a bullfight, perhaps his first, and wrote to a friend from Paris that “It’s stupid, it’s ugly, it’s splendid—it’s like a jumping contest or like the Russian ballet” (Travel Books 845-46n771.1). He later repeated the Russian ballet analogy in reference to Basque dance in a letter to Thomas P. Cope, whom he had met during his service in France in 1917: “the finest month of my life almost in a little fishing town named Motrico on the coast of Guipuzcoa—where everybody speaks basque and drinks the noblest hard cider ever moulded to the lips and gullet—One of the few places where they still dance the Auresku—like living in the first act of Tristan performed by the Russian ballet” (FC 262). As Ludington explains, to Dos Passos the “Russian Ballet” signified the modern, the anti-traditional: “Decor, costumes, movements, and music were blended to make the audience aware of possibilities for artistic expression often radically different from the traditional” (TCO 72). It was not just ironic that a centuries’-old dance and bullfight were a break from tradition; in a way, they better represented Spain as a “temple of anachronisms” and as a place whose traditions had much to teach modernity.

In the same letter, he relayed he was off to Malaga to “sit in a garden full of fig trees on the edge of the cliff and eat a wonderful cold soup made of almond-milk and garlic with grapes in it and look towards Africa” (FC 263). So, in October, he set out to meet McComb in Granada. On the way, he stopped in Jaén, which he commemorated in

102 Dos Passos wrote this letter in French; the translation is Ludington’s (see Travel Books 771-72 for the original).
his journal as “a town white and amber and saffron, dust colored with roofs of ochre and saffron that climbs part way up the flank of huge rocky hills, where the burnt grass is a shining yellow-ochre, joined to the yellow towers of the castle on the crest by long sprawling ruined walls” (qtd. in Ludington TCO 188). The town was so beautiful he wondered later why he ever left (Ludington TCO 188). Along with Poore, the three shared “a charming little domed summer house” in Granada through November, where Dos Passos finished the first part of *Three Soldiers* and had the chance to hike along the coast of Malaga:

Superb burnt hills and irrigated valleys full of banana trees and sugar cane and of the sound of water running through irrigation ditches. A wonderful part of the world. The people in the towns hire a fig tree for the summer and go out under it with their pigs and goats and cats and chickens and eat the figs and enjoy the shade. Life has no problems under those conditions. *(Travel Books 780-81).*

That trip may have been one of many that inspired “America and the Pursuit of Happiness,” published by *Nation* in December 1920, and in which Dos Passos, through both historical and anecdotal experiences in Europe and Spain, criticizes America for having “too long forgotten” how to enjoy “liberty and the pursuit of happiness” (*MNP* 57). “‘En América no se divierte,’ in America people don’t enjoy life,” a Spanish donkey boy mutters, which becomes a general impetus for the piece: “We are poor and we have to work all day long, but we have dances and fine weather and pretty girls and this coast is so beautiful…” the boy exclaims (*MNP* 54).
The general argument—one waged between Spanish workers and Spanish elite—is whether or not America is happier than Spain. America has riches but only the elite thought it was happier. The article was in-step with the letter he had sent to Giner in 1918: the world, apart from Spain, was a slave “to industry, to money, to the mammon of business, the great God of our times” (FC 152). The hope was that Spain could teach America to replace “the land where the streets are paved with gold of the immigrant’s dream by a land toward which the lacerated peoples of Europe can again aspire,” toward “liberty and the pursuit of happiness” (MNP 56). It was an ironic thought, for so much of Europe (and Spain and Spanish elites) had looked to America for salvation. Instead, they needed to heed and understand the donkey boy’s words more fully. In a way, he had born witness to a different type of “gold” in Spain. From Granada in October, he wrote Marvin,

It’s raining; from my window I can look over a garden wall at a big clump of pink and white cosmos and at an orange tree where the green of the oranges is just beginning to fade into gold. It is a soft autumnal rain. Through a gap in the trees beside a big funeral cypress I can see the Sierra Nevada and a bit of tawny foot hills. Il Pleure dans mon coeur. Comme il pleut sur la ville [There is weeping in my heart. Like the rain falling on the town]… (Travel Books 781-82)³

³ The French quotation is from Paul Verlaine’s “Il pleure dans mon Coeur” (1874); the translation is Ludington’s (Travel Books 846n782.3-4).
Rather than “paved with gold,” the streets were wetted with the pleasant, soft tones of nature, which Spaniards were more in touch with. Thus, they were more contented, happier, even if not necessarily wealthier.

In *Rosinante to the Road Again*, Dos Passos revised and then merged “America and the Pursuit of Happiness” with “Andalucian Ethics,” an article he had published in *The Freeman* in February 1922. The message was clear: America’s pursuit of happiness had much to learn from Andalucian ethics. He also paid homage to the donkey boy by titling the chapter in his name. When a dark, seedy-looking man exclaims “America is the world of the future” (*Travel Books* 12-3), echoing Dos Passos’ journal entry from the war (and contrasted to his true feeling as written to Giner), the donkey boy affirms,

> in America they don’t do anything except work and rest so’s to get ready to work again. That’s no life for a man. People don’t enjoy themselves there. An old sailor from Malaga who used to fish for sponges told me, and he knew. It’s not gold people need, but bread and wine and . . . life. They don’t do anything there except work and rest so they’ll be ready to work again…. (*Travel Books* 13)

The argument is not simply between workers and intellectuals over happiness but among laborers and the very nature of work itself. To Marvin in October, he had also complained “of the strange lack of energy that young Americans of attainments and sensibilities seem to have,” for everything except “business,” which he argued was a means not an end. That’s the tragic fundamental fallacy in the minds of Americans—not Americans only, god knows—Everywhere they—take
the means for the end... A man to give and enjoy any sort of happiness in
this shaggy old world has got to have something that preoccupies him
supremely above anything else. You certainly don’t want extracting
money from other people to be your supreme occupation. (Travel Books
782-83, my ellipses)

To some degree, the debate attends to the differences between a society that looks
forwards and one that looks, or remains, backwards; ironically, America was not
necessarily the former or Spain the latter.104

104 Although Spain was weighted in tradition and America was supposedly the way of the future, as the
narrator listens to the conversation, “two thoughts jostled in my mind:”

I seemed to see red-faced gentlemen in knee breeches, dog’s-ear wigs askew over broad
foreheads, reading out loud with unction the phrases, “inalienable rights . . . pursuit of
happiness,” and to hear the cadence out of Meredith’s The Day of the Daughter of Hades:

Where the husbandman’s toil and strife
Little varies to strife and toil:
But the milky kernel of life,

With her numbered: corn, wine, fruit, oil! (Travel Books 13)

Both of the narrator’s thoughts derive from tradition: “inalienable rights” are deemed absolute, a priori in
the Declaration of Independence and a husbandman’s labors in Meredith’s work represent traditional rural
life. Yet, where the Meredith quotation finds the “milky kernel of life” in bread-and-water earthy
provisions, the lines from the Declaration point forwards in “pursuit.” The idea is that happiness is possible
(through freedom) in America; but it also may be unattainable, residing always at a point in the future just
Spain awakened a more guttural, natural sense of awareness and happiness: a new beginning or birth in a sense. Even when he came down with rheumatic fever that fall while still in Granada, he admitted to Marvin that “it was almost worth it for the keenness with which I breathed the tang of drying leaves and overripe fruits, the wonderful fullness and richness that is in the air in autumn. It was as if I’d just been born” (*Travel Books* 784). During his sickness, he had been holed up in an English pension, “with three old hags who sit and hate the Huns and make moral judgments on the Spaniards.” For their ignorance, it had taken British poets and writers like Marlowe, Byron, and Shelley to “expiate the sins of the Anglo Saxon race. They have been able to conquer the world, but they have never been able to understand, which means I suppose to love,” Dos Passos argued (*Travel Books* 785). Anglo Saxons spoke as if they had much to teach the world, but in fact they had much to learn from Spain.

out of reach from the frenzied, work-minded present. On the contrary, Spain epitomizes an utter, even timeless, happiness by forever taking advantage of the here-and-now, namely the “corn, wine, fruit, oil!”

105 The sensation-rich passage continues: “The poplars in the valley are all bright yellow like candle flames, and the Sierra Nevada is blue white with snow, and one eats huge squashy Japanese persimmons, that burst with sweetness when you bite into them and drip in orange juice over your fingers. And the custard-apples, full of a flavor of resin, are like a bite taken out of the sparkling cold air itself and the streets of Granada are full of a smell of roasting chestnuts and in the evenings a faint blue haze goes up where the people are lighting their charcoal brasiros in front of the houses, and the little ruddy pile of embers at each doorstep glows through the purpling dusk” (*Travel Books* 784). In a long passage from a letter (March 1919) from Madrid to Marvin, Dos Passos had tried to further articulate Spain’s sensory-rich environment (*FC* 282).
That December, he was in Madrid, where he admitted to Marvin, “Madrid is a chilly jolly town—I have a rather good time here always,” though he preferred to “be walking across the tawny plains of Castile” (Travel Books 786). By the end of the month, he was less positive: from “a rather pleasant café, that dates, they say, from the time of Fernando Septimo, from the time of Goya,” he observed, “The old year has nearly run its course, a pretty sad specimen as years go. Though I suppose it is the fate of all years to enter in hop and die in despair” (FC 273). His illness had bore down on him, especially the “nasty period of convalescence—when one has to be careful. There’s nothing in God’s earth more annoying than being careful. It takes all the poetry out of existence” (Travel Books 785). Having experienced so much of the poetry in Spain already, he was “bursting to the point with all the inhibited desires of a lost autumn” (FC 273).

The entire spring of 1920 his convalescence wore on him, his general temper swooning back and forth between boredom and delight and his work progressing in fits and starts. In early January, he recovered his spirits, writing to Thomas P. Cope, “Day before yesterday I walked twenty five kilometers across country… From Aranjuez to Yepes, where there’s a superb gold brown church of the early Renaissance, little cakes of almost paste that go by the coy name of melindres, and delicious white wine which we drank—lunch in the sun on a hillside—out of a most baroque bottle.” He relayed spending his days writing at the Ateneo, a literary and social club, which despite the “literary-looking gentlemen, who busy themselves in heaps of books and make sad scholarly noises in their throats as they turn the pages… I find it a most convenient writing place” (FC 273-74, my ellipses). Later, however, to John Howard Lawson, he
intimated the weariness of the daily Ateneo routine: “I write slowly and solemnly and heavily amid an atmosphere of literati. I do that every day.” (By March, his weariness had deepened to hostility: “I am sitting in this wretched library-place trying to write…”).

He voiced his now ambivalent tone through his impression of Spain, which was “delectable, preposterous, decorative, everything—but in Spain is Madrid. It seems impossible to be in Spain without being in Madrid. I am bored with Madrid. I abominate Madrid… I have been, am and shall be in Madrid. I am bored with everything” (FC 277-78, 283).

In his appraisal of Frank’s Virgin Spain in 1926, his ambivalence continued, describing the Ateneo as “an antique and dusty and extremely convenient library,” and just like Frank’s book the library had both pleasant and dull, decaying moments: “It was the only library I’ve ever seen where you could order tea and coffee in the reading room. I used to work there because it was the warmest place I could find that winter. In spite of the excellent coffee, the Ateneo had a peculiarly depressing smell of decaying concepts and amiable dead liberalisms. It was a museum of extinct scholastic monsters. I wonder if Waldo Frank didn’t write this book there” (MNP 84).

His ambivalence toward Spain at the end of his trip teetered on absurdity as a March letter from Barcelona to Marvin suggests: “Barcelona for a bomb of a city is singularly unexciting,” he stated; just three paragraphs later, he stated plainly, “Barcelona is rather fun. I have a room overlooking the harbor, where I am awakened in the morning by the sound of winches and sirens and the clatter of riveting hammers. And all day there is a smell of the holds of ships and tar and cordage and storehouses full of goods that have come across seas.” No doubt, “fun” had a ring of sarcasm, but in the same breath he also noted that “On the Rambla are piles of flowerstalls full of iris, white and purple and the pale lavender grey Florentine kind, fat pink peonies and yellow clamorous daffodils. Spring is on us pell mell” FC 285).
As a transnationalist, he could not be stuck to routine or a sedentary lifestyle: how often, like Stein, he complained of being “bored” during these younger years. Thus, all the while he had entertained returning to the States or moving on elsewhere. The fever that fall and winter may have convinced him to return to the States, but he stayed in Spain through March, moving to Barcelona (in the midst, traveling to Palma), before traveling back to Paris by 1 May. In a way, he was searching for a change of pace: “I must have excitement. I must do something preposterous. Therefore America!” (FC 278). In May he had written from Paris to Mitchell, “I think I’m coming back [to the U.S.], if I can’t find a way of going to China or Thibet. I’m sick of dangling on the margin of life” (FC 292). It was a poignant choice of words, for his transnational life was always played at or against the margins. As Françoise Lionnet and Shu-mei Shih explain, the “transnational” “can be conceived as a space of exchange and participation wherever processes of hybridization occur and where it is still possible for cultures to be produced and performed without necessary mediation by the center.” It is an understanding that “transnationalism is part and parcel of globalization, but also that the transnational can be less scripted and more scattered” (5). His very choice of life—scattered, at the “margins”—was not a negative turn of displacement (“dangling” without purpose); rather it emphasized his curious, anxious disposition, one that needed to be “in all countries” to feel at home. As Vertovec explains, “Transnationalism describes a condition in which, despite great distances and notwithstanding the presence of international borders (and all the laws, regulations and national narratives they represent), certain kinds of relationships have been globally intensified and now take place paradoxically in a planet-spanning yet common—however
virtual—arena of activity” (3). He preferred a home without a set address (a planet-spanning arena of activity) and a life without a script, to which he could then mold, define, write, and script out for himself.

It was not just the stagnation of place that contributed to his anxiousness. Beyond his illness and stated boredom, he was also checked by money. Although he knew he had money “in moderation,” he complained, “My money is exhausting itself rapidly—I suffer from the limitations of space and time” (FC 278). He might have felt limited by space and time, but space and time were ultimately limited by money, a fact he detested. He hated being at the mercy of capital, or perhaps as he felt, global capital, and he lamented his inability to move freely, across borders, and do what he wanted. In a way, the paradox of global capital, which facilitates transnational connections in one respect, also confines an individual by convincing the feeling of displacement. This may have contributed to his feeling of being at the “margins.” As Bill Readings observes of the flow of modern, global capital,

Around the circumference, the global transfer of capital takes place in the hands of multi- or transnational corporations. The so-called center, the nation-state, is now merely a virtual point that organized peripheral subjectivities within the global flow of capital; it is not a site to be occupied. Hence everyone seems to be culturally excluded, while at the same time almost everyone is included within the global flow of capital. (111)
Dos Passos’ worst fears were to be “culturally excluded,” a situation he knew money had the power to instill. As he had written to Mitchell from Madrid in December, capitalism—directly tied to the war—had poisoned and starved humanity: “can it be that [these sallow leavings of capitalism] have downed the world?” (FC 271). Throughout his early life, Dos Passos wished to escape (not be displaced by) this global menace, of war and of capitalism. This paradox of global interactions (which rested on global capital) ironically contributed to his sense of the world as a transnational, cosmopolitan place. As Rocco and García argue, “Transnationalism makes possible a new social ontology wherein the technological compression of time-space is allied with, on the hand, hegemonic capitalist practices, and, on the other, the will to escape from subordination on the part of the displaced” (15). He had escaped, for the moment, in Spain, but global capital had caught up with him, limiting him once again.

As he remembered years later of leaving Spain, “I took ship for New York, not to stay home, I assured my friends, but to find means to finance fresh trips” (The Best Times 82). He saw Spain briefly during his cross-Atlantic trip back to New York when the ship stopped first in Santander (“had a glimpse of a Spanish sunday, people going in carriages to the toros, sidewalks overlaid with little tables and beggars and blind musicians and bootblacks and the thick sunshine that seems to brush against your cheek like hot
velvet”) \(^{108}\) and then Coruña (FC 295). However, it had been a productive near-full-year in Spain. Despite all his consternations and periods of boredom (whether feigned or not), Spain had been not only good to him but instructive. While reading proofs of *One Man’s Initiation*, \(^{109}\) which was finally published in October 1920, he had written most of *Three Soldiers*, which was finished by June 1920. In the meantime, he was sending Marvin poetry entries that would later be adapted into *A Pushcart at the Curb*. Back in America, he began a two-year journey towards *Rosinante to the Road Again*, publishing numerous articles in venues such as *The Freeman*, *The Dial*, and *The Bookman*. Both *Pushcart* and *Rosinante* were published in 1922 by George H. Doran after Dos Passos had edited, reworked, renamed or included additional material.

3.4 1920-24: “There Remains Only Spain” with *Rosinante* and *Pushcart*

In the spring of 1921, Dos Passos returned to Spain, this time with E.E. Cummings. Dos Passos was on his way to the Middle East, and their cross-Atlantic

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\(^{108}\) This letter was to Cope; to Marvin he added the “smell of beer and coffee and hot milk and roasted nuts and fire-crackers. After the extraordinary dullness of St. Nazaire it was like stepping out of the door of a Methodist church into a five-ring circus” (FC 297-98).

\(^{109}\) In November 1920, he wrote to Robert Hillyer about reviews for *One Man’s Initiation.* “A lady wrote a long review in which abounded such phrases as ‘jaundiced pacifist,’ ‘crabbed internationalist’—making out that I was an enemy of England” (FC 302). This review has not been located, but his mentioning of it does speak to his sensitivity to his anti-war, cosmopolitan outlook. Aided by his experiences in Spain, rather than cower from such criticisms, he labored on, starting with *Rosinante* and into the *U.S.A.* novels.
passage stopped in Portugal. From the boat, he wrote Marvin that he had done “most that I had intended do” concerning Rosinante, working on revisions through the year, but he seemed happy to be free of America and from being “cluttered up with business” (FC 308). They traveled first through Portugal, then into Spain: Salamanca, Plasencia, Cáceres, and Seville (Ludington TCO 205). From there, they rode out to the Pyreennes, hiking in the snow and wilderness. He wished Marvin could have joined them: “We got snow up to our knees in the clouds so that we couldn’t see a thing—and lost the way completely—Wonderful time” (FC 309). He also remembered the Feria of Seville fondly: it was “superb. Such wearing of white mantillas, such driving about in carriages—such dancing of Sevillanas with solemn air in booths—and bullfights and ballerinas at the café—concert places in the evening” (FC 311). In all, they stayed roughly only a month between March and April before going to France. But being lost was freeing and in Spain he felt liberated from the West’s preoccupation with business and superficial progress. Even compared to England—“beastly just at present everybody cross, everything grimy and closed up” (FC 311)—Spain seemed a welcome retreat and a truly unique place.

He was not quite free from business, though. From Paris he still had Rosinante to finish, so he sent John Farrar the last two chapters in June: “Hope they aren’t too g.d. rotten,” he mentioned. He had one concern in the meantime: “would it be possible to do away with italics except in the case of songs and quotations? So that Spanish and other

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Ludington writes that the two visited “Carcares.” I know of no such place in Spain and assume he instead meant Cáceres, which would make sense given their route.
foreign words would not be overemphasized in the text” (*FC* 310). As a young artist looking for publishers, he did not want to “insist” or push the issue. But his point was to make the work more fluid and, ultimately, more unifying and transnational. Why overemphasize Spanish when his whole point was to make the different language and words more familiar to the (American) reader? As Pizer argues, “*Rosinante* is not only the meaning of Spain but the implications of this meaning for America” (“John Dos Passos’ *Rosinante* 147). He wanted Spanish to become a part of the reader’s lexicon, just as it had become with him, so that it, too, became a natural “speech of the people.”

This naturalization process—of making familiar Spanish idioms and culture for an American public—had begun in full effect during 1920 and through 1924, when Dos Passos published over 20 articles, poems, stories, translations, and other information pertaining to Spain. In a way, he was laying out the groundwork for his future books, *Rosinante* and *Pushcart*. But Dos Passos was also laying out his maturing philosophy, his growing understanding of social and world affairs; in time, he developed such social criticism into his more mature works in the later 1920s and 1930s. Although the settings moved to America for works like *Manhattan Transfer* and *U.S.A.*, as Ludington explains, his experiences in the United States were often “the raw materials from which he crafted his fiction. But his point of view, that which played against the raw matter, came from Spain” (“I Am” 313).

In 1920, along with “America and the Pursuit of Happiness,” he published “Farmers Strike in Spain” in the *Liberator* (revised into “Cordova No Longer of the Caliphs” in *Rosinante*) and three critical articles about Spanish authors: “Antonio
Machado: Poet of Castile” in *The Dial*; “A Novelist of Disintegration” (about Pío Baroja) in *The Freeman*; and “An Inverted Midas” (about Blasco Ibáñez) in *The Freeman*. Of Machado, he was attracted to style but also subject: “places.” Like Dos Passos, Machado’s history was full of many places (in Machado’s case throughout Spain, in Dos Passos’ case, throughout the West): “My history,” Dos Passos translates of one poem, “a few events I do not care to remember” (“Antonio Machado” 735). It was like the “horrible” “hotel childhood” Dos Passos would later lament in *Chosen Country*. In all, he translated ten full poems of Machado’s and while he provided little commentary, the choice of poetry (and his own subsequent translations) might provide a window into how Dos Passos’ conceptualized not just Spanish art but Spain. In “The Iberian God,” the narrator asks, “What does a day matter? Yesterday waits / for to-morrow, to-morrow for infinity; / men of Spain, neither is the past dead, nor is to-morrow, nor yesterday, written” (“Antonio Machado” 743). In *Rosinante*, he attempted to bring in this “out of time” essence, one where the past was not dead and tomorrow stretched to infinity.

In 1921, six more pieces appeared, three of which spoke of the “Gesture of Castile” (all of these printed in *The Freeman*). Two others were critical essays—one on Juan Maragall (“A Catalan Poet” in *The Freeman*), the other on Jacinto Benavente (“Benavente’s Madrid” in *The Bookman*)—and the sixth was a poem (“Vermillion Towers,” published in *The Bookman*), a version of which Dos Passos had already sent to

111 For publications and dates, I have particularly relied on Sanders’ Comprehensive Bibliography.
Marvin in 1919. “The Gesture of Castile” series features Telemachus and Lyaeus, the fictional protagonists of Rosinante, who begin in a chapter entitled “A Gesture and a Quest.” After seeing a flamenco show for the first time in Madrid, the two characters set out in search of the gesture throughout Spain and Spanish life (with aspects ranging from the dancing and music of the flamenco show to bullfighting):

“When Belmonte turned his back suddenly on the bull and walked away dragging the red cloak on the ground behind him I felt it,” said Lyaeus.

“That gesture, a yellow flame against maroon and purple cadences … an instant swagger of defiance in the midst of a litany to death the all-powerful. That is Spain. . . . Castile at any rate.” (Travel Books 7)

Each essay or fictional reprieve in the work attempts to “gesture” towards some further clarification or elucidation of Spain. For Pizer, “Pastora’s flamenco, because of its proud and fiery affirmation of movement, of life itself—within a culture which also affirms everywhere the supremacy of death—may constitute what [Telemachus] calls the ‘gesture’ of Spain,” and that his and Lyaeus’ journey from Madrid to Toledo, “from the contemporary commercial capital of Spain to its ancient spiritual center, is thus above all

112 The two characters were apropos for the work, as Telemachus, son of Ulysses, seemed to best represent Dos Passos’ wandering spirit (his search for his father), and Lyaeus, the God of wine, seemed to best encompass the natural, sun-swept, wine-laden landscape of Spain. Dos Passos had also undertaken a walking trip like this, from Madrid to Toledo, after a night of drinking in the café El Oro del Rhin, in the Plaza Santa Ana.
a quest for confirmation of the possibility that what was true in the past might be true in the present” (“John Dos Passos’ *Rosinante* 145, 143). The story is the journey itself, emphasizing less a movement backwards into the past but how learning from the past points the way forward. Furthermore, the learning process is an ongoing (almost out-of-time) quest.113

Dos Passos includes two Spanish words—*castizo* and *flamenco* (sometimes with the article as emphasis: *lo castizo* or *lo flamenco*)—to also signify the hard-to-define

113 “Toledo,” the last chapter and one that Dos Passos wrote specifically for the 1922 publication, impresses the sense of an ending; however, the final scene suggests otherwise. After having separated in Toledo for the night, Telemachus encounters a rather carefree and drunken Lyaeus, to whom he confesses a happiness for having finally found his gesture, “as if I had soaked up some essence” out of Spain at last. Lyaeus responds, “Silly that about essences, gestures, Tel, silly,” as though mocking Telemachus not simply for believing an essence exists but for believing that such a thing could actually be discovered. This point is emphasized in the final lines of the book where Lyaeus’ crooning jollity attracts the attention of some of the Spanish residents in the neighborhood who start throwing things at them. As Telemachus looks up to one of the windows, he notices a girl aiming to dump a bucket of water on him. He cannot move out of the way in time and gets “drenched,” to which Lyaeus replies, “Speaking of gestures. . . .” amidst the “uncontrollable shrieking laughter” all around them (*Travel Books* 123-4). The local Spaniards make sure the joke is on the non-Spaniard who believed he had so readily discovered a Spanish gesture, and the use “speaking” and the ellipses after the word “gestures” imply a continuing—almost timeless—present where the gesture must be rediscovered anew, again and again. For a brief consideration of Dos Passos’ periodic use of the word *gesture* in *Three Soldiers*, see Clark: “in every case, the description suggests something about the intangible qualities of a subjective state” (91).
essence of Spanish life. In the explanation of Benavente’s importance to Spanish theater, 
Dos Passos reflects on “castizo:” “The very existence of such a word in a language 
argues an acute sense of style, of the manner of doing things. Like all words of real 
import its meaning is a gamut, a section of a spectrum rather than something fixed and 
irrevocable” (Travel Books 94). Similar to Spain, castizo represents both one thing—a 
“word,” a “section”—but one that speaks to a broader “spectrum” or range of meanings. 
In reference to Spanish art and history, Robert S. Lubar reflects that castizo is a 
“metaphysical concept that exists outside of history. As national essence, the castizo is 
intrahistorical and transtemporal… In coming to terms with its deepest spiritual self, the 
writers of the Generation of 1898 insisted that Spain would discover what was 
simultaneously unique and universal in its national personality” (52, my ellipses). Dos 
Passos admits castizo has a basis in tradition and “following tradition” it can be “a neatly 
turned phrase, an essentially Castilian cadence[… or] a piece of pastry or a poem in the 
old tradition.” But the word does not refer to the “empty shell of traditional observances 
but to the core and gesture of them” (Travel Books 94). This was at the level of the 
centrifugal, where a traditional, local, Castilian core is present but the force ultimately 
moves outward, toward a larger spectrum or strata of civilization. The word eases the old 
problem of having to characterize or define “Spain” as one thing, but it also complicates 
the very notion of Spain as many things at once. In lo castizo, tradition is revered, but 
only insofar as it provides significant and positive influences to the present imagination 
or modern viewer.
In the fictional narratives, _lo castizo_ is similar to the “gesture,” which makes it more than just a history lesson about the Spanish past. Telemachus realizes how Spain “had sunk fathoms deep in his mind,” so much that he admits, “I can’t help it…. I must catch that gesture, formulate it, do it. It is tremendously, inconceivably, unendingly important to me” (_Travel Books_ 7-8). Although rooted in tradition, the gesture is not so easily understood or interpreted, and Telemachus affirms its “tremendous” importance just as he assumes that coming to understand this Spanish gesture may be an “unending” endeavor. Lyaeus interjects at one point that “There are all gestures” (_Travel Books_ 8), intimating an omnipresent futility of trying to center on simply one, individual conclusion. The quest, the process of discovery, is in effect timeless.

Telemachus’ quest also foreshadows the Spaniard’s “grappling with infinity” in “The Donkey Boy” chapter as he attempts to characterize and describe American way of life. The two perspectives are actually more similar than first perceived, as both prefigure the characterizations beyond the scope or out of the reach of time. Throughout the collection, a modern, forward-looking American culture is put into contrast and comparison with a traditional and yet timeless and happier pre-industrialized Spanish culture. Following Don Antonio’s conversations, another Spaniard and friend Don Diego offers a counterpoint to the positive elements of Spain. In a sense, where Don Antonio feels there is much that Americans can learn from Spain, Don Diego feels there is much Spain can learn from America. He explains that Spanish life exists

“in dirt, disease, lack of education, bestiality…. Half of us are always dying of excess of food or the lack of it.”
“What do you want?” [the narrator asks]

“Education, organization, energy, the modern world.” (Travel Books 19)

As they walk and talk further, the narrator asks,

“And do you think it’s leading anywhere, this endless complicating of life?”

“Of course,” [Don Diego] answered.

“Where?”

“Where does anything lead? At least it leads further than lo flamenco.”

Countering a potential cynicism to Spanish life, the narrator suggests, “But couldn’t the point be to make the way significant?” to which Don Diego can only shrug his shoulders and say, “Work” (Travel Books 20). Moments later, the narrator affirms, “Something that is neither work nor getting ready to work, to make the road so significant that one needs no destination, that is lo flamenco.” The Spaniard Don Diego recognizes the reality of poverty, and what the lack of education and work can do to a people and community. The “modern world” can fix these things, he affirms. But the American narrator has started to sense that this modern world is just an “endless complicating of life,” one that may not lead anywhere. The “road” then is not one of pursuit or forward-thinking or future endeavors, but the path one lays out for oneself to better enjoy the present.

To fully emphasize the relationship between America and Spain, Dos Passos scripted Rosinante as a “quest,” borrowing from the title of Pío Baroja’s 1904 novel La
Busca. In 1923, Dos Passos reviewed the book’s English translation for the Dial, deriding the translation (“What we need… is someone to translate the translations” [“Baroja Muzzled” 200, my ellipses]) but hoping the spirit of the original could still shine through. For Baroja was “an advance agent of revolution” (Dos Passos repeated the claim in Rosinante, titling his Baroja chapter “A Novelist of Revolution”) and the work was “the first of a trilogy called La Lucha por la Vida (The Struggle for Existence)” (“Baroja Muzzled” 199). In short, the “quest” was an ongoing fight (“revolution” implying a cyclical, ongoing motion, as well).

Dos Passos adapted his 1920 Baroja article (“A Novelist of Disintegration”) into “A Novelist of Revolution” in Rosinante. As a part of the “generation of ’98,” Baroja rebelled against those wishing to take the Spanish gesture. Dos Passos acknowledges that revolutionaries and rebels (especially in Spanish texts) are often “outcasts,” but ironically this does not mean such persons are shunned or despised in Spain. In fact, Spanish literature is literally filled with “outcasts,” “rogues,” “bandits,” “loafers and wanderers:” “Spain is the home of that type of novel which the pigeonhole-makers have named picaresque,” and they “all are the descendants of the people in the Quijote and the Novelas Ejemplares, of the rogues and bandits of the Lazarillo de Tormes, who through

114 In 1923 and 1924, Dos Passos published two critical reviews about Pío Baroja (“Baroja Muzzled” in The Dial, 1923, and “Building Lots” in The Nation, 1924). “Building Lots” reviewed Weeds, the “central novel” of Baroja’s trilogy (MNP 73). Although these were not included in Rosinante, they picked up on a chapter about Baroja—“Novelist of Revolution”—from the 1922 book.
Gil Blas invaded France and England, where they rollicked through the novel until Mrs. Grundy and George Eliot packed them off to the reform school” (Travel Books 42). Rebellion not only maintains the Spanish gesture (or keeps the gesture from disappearing), it also ironically comprises it. So when Dos Passos laments a Spanish society in decline, one that has “hardened” (Travel Books 42) and is under greater pressure to conform to “foreign tastes,” he also offers the key to its revival, or better, timeless survival.

As Suárez Galbán argues, Dos Passos links “Baroja’s narrative with the quest for an anarchist utopia…” (159). Instead of the “Arcadian” vision of Spain, Dos Passos

115 Baroja’s “world” is “dismal [and] ironic,” comprised of “shaggy badlands… where the debris of civilization piles up ramshackle suburbs in which starve and scheme all manner of human detritus” (Travel Books 41). Yet, as cynical or negative as the writing may appear, Dos Passos also affirms that within the “profound sense of the evil of existing institutions [that] lies behind every page he has written, he allows himself to hope that something better may come out of the turmoil of our age of transition” (Travel Books 45). Amidst the detritus, there is hope, a very present and real sensation that even the turmoil of transition cannot deter or defeat. In fact, the essay ends on a promising note, with Dos Passos quoting “Baroja’s own statement of his aims:” “We are men of the day, people in love with the passing moment, with all that is fugitive and transitory and the lasting quality of our work preoccupies us little…” (Travel Books 48).

Baroja’s work may follow in a long line of Spanish “outcast” novels, but it epitomizes the Spanish gesture not because it represents the past, but because it best characterizes the present. Baroja is a man of his day, and “in love with the passing moment.” In this sense, Baroja and his work also exemplify the gesture of being two separate or distinct things at once: both dismal and hopeful, both of the past and of the present, both in line with Spanish life and rebelling against it.
praises the revolutionary spirit, which Dos Passos explains in *Rosinante*: “Spain is the classic home of the anarchist,” he affirms, from its isolated villages to its chaotic climates. The people are willful, so much so their own individual idealism can cause great harm and destruction to the society as a whole. Although Baroja “is of another sort” of Spanish anarchism, as an isolated and rebellious writer, he is essentially ungovernable. In this sense, he must necessarily be less a “Spaniard” than an individual, and in fact, he still “refuses to be called a Spaniard. He is a Basque. Reluctantly he admits having been born in San Sebastián, outpost of Cosmopolis…” (*Travel Books* 45, 39-41). As Dos Passos lived at the margins, so did he respect those who wrote and lived at the “outpost of Cosmopolis,” which presumably houses all cultures, peoples, nationalities. So on the one hand is the general flux from the local to a more cosmopolitan (worldly) sense of community and on the other hand is the paradoxical idea that Spain rebels against such uniformity; still further is the paradox that Spain is all of these ideas: a home, a small village, a city, a country, the peninsula of Iberia, the greater world, and the antithesis of these entities.

116 As has been noted, there are many Spains, and this passage further differentiates “Spain” with a particular region inside of Spain. Dos Passos had picked up on this from both Spanish writers and his own considerations. Earlier, Telemachus, searching for “that gesture,” saw it as “a yellow flame against maroon and purple cadences … an instant swagger of defiance in the midst of a litany to death the all-powerful. That is Spain. . . . Castile at any rate” (*Travel Books* 7), he corrects himself.
The two latter parts of the “Gesture of Castile” series were published in 1922, as were two articles about “Andalusian Ethics” (both in The Freeman; again, later adapted, with “American and the Pursuit of Happiness,” into the “Donkey Boy” in Rosinante). Two poems appeared—“In Denia” and “The Moon’s Waning” (in Vanity Fair)—as did an essay on “Two University Professors” (in Broom; “A Funeral in Madrid” in Rosinante), about Francisco Giner de los Ríos and Miguel de Unamuno. The seventh piece was a photo essay about the “The Spirit of Spain” (revised partly from “Young Spain” into “The Baker of Almorox” in Rosinante), with a majority of the article comprised of a series of photographs of Spain by Arnold Genthe.

Although Dos Passos partially edited or revised most of these articles for Rosinante to the Road Again, as Pizer observes, because of the “miscellaneous origin,” it was perhaps never a “fully successful work” (Dos Passos’ U.S.A. 10). Reviewing the book shortly after publication in The New Republic, Herbert S. Gorman, panned the “conversational interludes that would seem at first glance to knit the book into a coherent whole but which in reality do nothing of the sort. Indeed, if anything they obstruct its flow” (365). Gorman noted Dos Passos’ “worth while” attempt, but valued the book less for its “picture of Spain” than for what it says “of the mind of the man who wrote Three Soldiers” (365). An anonymous reviewer in The Writer was “disappointed,” finding “a haphazard series of impressionistic word-pictures of scenes and individuals, written by one who evidently regards himself as a word-artist and who in looking at the minutiae of casual vistas has missed seeing Spain and in regarding individuals has failed to see the Spanish people as a whole” (Rev. of Rosinante 111).
The same lack of “wholeness” or coherence could have been said of *A Pushcart at the Curb*, a collection of poetry covering a hodgepodge of themes and subject matter, ranging Spain to New York, France, or Italy. One poem may be signed off with the inscription “Battery Park [New York],” another with “Plaza Mayor, Madrid,” while another with “Pera Palace [Istanbul, Turkey]” (*Travel Books* 571, 573, 583). Poems make references to the old—“Cybele,” “Confucius,” or “golden Aphrodite” (*Travel Books* 498, 562, 568)—but the general thrust of the work is devoted to Dos Passos’ experiences in the moment, as he had lived them in the present. As a collection of poetry, reviewers seemed to offer more leeway for miscellany and lack of cohesion. An anonymous review in *The Continent* lauded Dos Passos for his descriptive talent: “In the new school of formless poetry, this stands out for distinctness of detail and the imaginative quality of its world-pictures” (Rev. of *A Pushcart* 1529). In a way, Dos Passos’ entire Spanish oeuvre was a set of “world-pictures,” images that, however disparate at times, did aim to project the complicated, multifaceted nature of the world he witnessed. As Pizer also notes, *Rosinante* does achieve a certain “unified effect through a variety of seemingly unconnected means” (*Dos Passos’ U.S.A.* 9). Unity is achieved through variety. Or as Shelley Fisher Fishkin notes, “Dos Passos realized that by putting together a montage of the different kinds of writing about Spain he had done… one might have a fuller, richer perspective on Spain and Spanish culture than any of the articles or stories alone might yield” (252-53n41, my ellipses).

Like Spain itself, *Rosinante* and *Pushcart* are “many things”: a mixture of the old and the new; fanciful and the real; fiction and nonfiction; criticism and diary; Spain and
America. References in the varied narrations of *Rosinante* allude to or include relics of Spanish history such as Don Quixote and Don Juan Tenorio as well as exposés on then-contemporary writers such as Pío Baroja and Antonio Machado. Also like Spain, the collection does not achieve a sense of unity through one story (with unified characters or plotline) or even a group of essays devoted to one aspect of Spain. Its unity may be similar to the *centrifugal* force Dos Passos argued was at the core of any Spanish identity: like himself, it moved outward, into the great world, but this is not to say it did not have roots. In a way, both books emerged as the very example of transnational narratives, where many relationships and unifications are drawn through “seemingly unconnected” entities to fully explore national as well as supranational or transnational themes.

In *Rosinante*, the sole, unifying theme is Spain, but even this belies its constant references to American life and to more universal themes. The work comprises both fiction, in the form of the Telemachus and Lyaeus narratives, and non-fiction, in the form of essays about Spanish life and politics such as “Cordova No Longer of the Caliphs” or reviews and translations of Spanish authors and their works (Baroja or Machado). But as his letters during the this time period depict Spain both realistically and fancifully, the essays and fictional narratives intertwine, and fictional characters like Telemachus quote and are inspired by real Spanish authors such as Jorge Manrique and non-fictional accounts include images of Spain conceptualized through the fictional personas of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. The work to some degree foreshadows the later interweaving of fiction and non-fiction lauded in *U.S.A.*, a montage or fashioning of art and the world that came to represent the sometimes chaotic, disjointed feeling of modernity. As
Ludington argues, in *Rosinante*, “Against the qualities he admired [in Spain] he set the raw power and materialism of a rapidly industrializing United States, and the contrasts he noted became part of the basis for his interpretation of modern life in his major work, the trilogy *USA*” (“I Am” 318).

*A Pushcart at the Curb* also merges fiction and reality. In one poem entitled “BEGGARS,” a group of beggars are sitting around the fountain of Cybele (*Plaza de Cibeles*) located just east of central Madrid. “Where the sun is warmest / their backs against the greystone basin”; these very real Spaniards are shabby, poor, and forlorn, watching the passersby among them. Yet the interspersion of mythical figures into the poem, from Cybele herself who is professed as the mother of the beggars to Pan (the mythical Arcadian god of shepherds and wayfarers) who is one of the “bearded beggar[s] with blear eyes,” makes the actual, dreadful scene dramatically tragic or wistful, almost like a sad fairy tale spectacle (*Travel Books* 499-500). Not all of the poems infuse such fiction into reality or vice versa, as many are meticulously descriptive in the present tense. One untitled poem (“IV”) describes the entrance of a “scissors grinder” into an already musical and lively square: “Above the scuffling footsteps of crowds / the clang of trams / the shouts of newsboys / the stridence of wheels, / very calm, / floats the sudden trill of a pipe” (*Travel Books* 498). Another untitled poem (“V”), describes the rain as it “slants on an empty square” where “The paniers are full / of bright green lettuces / and purple cabbages, / and shining red bellshaped peppers, / dripping, shining, a band in marchtime, in the grey rain, in the grey city” (*Travel Books* 499). But even in these descriptive pieces, the poems allude to an affection of the fanciful amidst a very real
setting. Both the scissors grinder and the beating of the rain contribute to the often “musical” qualities that Dos Passos heard and emphasized in his characterizations about Spain. Writing to his father during his first trip in 1916, he exclaimed, “This is the most musical city I’ve ever been in. Everything jingles and rings” (qtd. in Virginia Spencer Carr 104). Taken as a whole, the writing creates an affectation about Spain that appears spectacular and carnivalesque, even in moments of straightforward, reality-based description.

3.5 1924-26: Hemingway, Pamplona, and Morocco

In 1921, Dos Passos’ traveled through Asia Minor and the Middle East, passing through Portugal, Spain, and France on the way. From roughly July to January of 1922, he toured numerous places, including Constantinople, Georgia, Armenia, Azerbaijan, Iraq, Iran, and Syria, before returning to the States for the majority of 1922. In 1923, he returned to Europe, traveling briefly to Spain, where he wrote to Eugene Saxton from Nerja, a small southern coastal town, “I’ve been spending a week in one of the sideshows they forgot to close up when the Eden Amusement Company boarded up its door for an indefinite closure. Places have no right to be so outrageously delightful as Nerja” (FC 355). It was not his first trip to the town, as he wrote of Nerja as an impressively “fragrant” and picturesque seaside retreat in Rosinante (Travel Books 19-20).
He left Spain for America shortly afterward, but he returned to France the next year, where in June he met and built a relationship with Ernest Hemingway.\textsuperscript{117} As Ludington explains, their “friendship was a curious one, because they were so different. Dos was shy and unathletic; Ernest, though sometimes shy, was often outspoken and intensely interested in demonstrating his courage and athletic prowess. But they had in common their devotion to writing” \textit{(FC 337)}. Moreover, as Dos Passos later remembered: “One of the things that had brought Hem and me together was our enthusiasm for things Spanish” \textit{(The Best Times 154)}. Both their friendship and appreciation for Spain seemed to derive from an interest in and appreciation for what was different. Having spent only about a month in Spain (four separate but really two sustained trips in the summer of

\textsuperscript{117} It has long been suggested Dos Passos and Hemingway initially met in 1918, during their medical duties during World War I; however, there are historical discrepancies to such a meeting. As Ludington explains, “That this meeting occurred seems doubtful on the basis of evidence presented in Carlos Baker’s biography of Hemingway, according to which, by June 6 Hemingway had not yet arrived in Schio [where the two presumably met], but was temporarily in Milan, while Dos Passos, according to evidence among his papers, was released from Section 1 on May 30 and immediately left for Rome. But since both writers, and Fairbanks as well, remembered the occasion, it appears that someone’s recording of dates was inexact” \textit{(TCO 159n2)}. Other biographers and critics have been equally skeptical (see Mellow \textit{Life Without Consequences 58-59}). I am less concerned with resolving this issue than emphasizing (as almost all, including Dos Passos, have) that if their initial meeting in Italy did take place it would have been rather superfluous. After a possible brief meeting in 1922 or 1923 (Dos Passos remembers meeting Hemingway before Bumby \textit{(The Best Times 141)}), their close friendship began in 1924 and revolved quite appropriately around their connections to Spain.
1923), Hemingway might have also regarded Dos Passos with a certain amount of respect in relation to Spain and writing. Dos Passos had spent almost a full year in the country and had published numerous articles and several books. Hemingway had only published two small editions of his work and only a few articles on Spain. Certainly, the two had their differences of opinions regarding Spain, but they also shared a few significant approaches. Bullfighting provides an apt example.

From Madrid in September 1919, Dos Passos wrote to Germaine Lucas-Championnière, whom he had met that summer in Paris, about “the manner of bullfighting.” The descriptions foreshadow Hemingway’s first characterizations of Las Ventas (Madrid’s main bullring) for his Star dispatch: “There are moments in the life of a Spanish city when one notices that everybody follows a particular street,” Dos Passos wrote, that all the people, “taxis, the limousines, the handcarts, the old women who sell the marvelously Greek jugs of water, the vendors of melons, of grapes, of fruit, the cats, the dogs and the pigeons, that the entire population goes in one direction. It is the hour of the bullfight” (Travel Books 845n771.1). Also like Hemingway later wrote of the horses in Death in the Afternoon, Dos Passos noted how the “disemboweled horses twist in grotesque attitudes,” and both would ultimately conclude the bullfight was not a “fight,” per se. Where Hemingway later saw a tragedy (a play or drama), Dos Passos saw “a ritual, a sacrifice.” But Dos Passos was also more guarded of the event: “It’s stupid, it’s ugly, it’s splendid… But the nerves of the twentieth century, accustomed as they are to bloody floods spreading over the earth, find all that an interesting but disagreeable
sensation” *(Travel Books* 845-46n771.1). As Ludington observes, Dos Passos could view the events “dispassionately,” but ultimately “the fights became yet another reminder of man’s potential for inhumanity” (“I Am” 318).

The bullfight was thus a strong symbol of tragedy, yet as Ludington also argues, the bullfight letter “reveals Dos Passos’ sardonic sense of humor” amidst that tragic setting (“Spain” 273). The bullfight was thus useful as a symbol or representation of Spain. In *Rosinante*, Don Alonso, the goat-herder, imparts that

Toledo is symbolically the soul of Spain… By that I mean that through the many Spains you have seen and will see is everywhere an undercurrent of fantastic tragedy… a great flame of despair amid dust, rags, ulcers, human life rising in a sudden paean out of desolate abandoned dun-colored spaces. To me, Toledo expresses the supreme beauty of that tragic farce. *(Travel Books* 118-119, my ellipses)

Bullfighting and Toledo—both the “soul of Spain” to some extent—were a “tragic farce,” filled with both despair and supreme beauty. Only a year after *Rosinante*’s publication, Hemingway, too, was discovering and discussing the “soul of Spain” in a two-part poem that relies on farcical tones to satirize an old, romantic image of Spain. However, where Dos Passos emphasized the tragic circumstances at the expense of the audience, Hemingway emphasized the joke, which only became tragic because of the audience’s

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118 Dos Passos wrote this letter in French; the translation is Ludington’s *(see* Travel Books* 771-72 for the original).*
ignorance of Spanish culture. However, like some of his writing between 1923 and 1925, Hemingway’s poem overplayed satire at the expense of a more lasting dramatic representation. It took *The Sun Also Rises* to emphasize tragedy—to successfully develop a “fantastic tragedy” or “tragic farce,” one that channeled a modern style against the backdrop of an old ritual and old Spain. In short, although their personal preferences to life in and about Spain may have been different, their approach as artists was far more similar.

For his part, Dos Passos had almost immediately put Hemingway down as “a man with obvious talent.” In effect, he admired Hemingway’s knack for observation, almost as if he were an investigative journalist. “When he was a young man he had one of the shrewdest heads for unmasking political pretensions I’ve ever run into. His knowledge of prizefighting and the police blotter lingo picked up in Kansas City and Toronto gave him direct vocabulary that pinned his stories down. Everything was in sharp focus” (*The Best Times* 141). Although Dos Passos later implied he was not cut out for journalism, he had his own knack for observation and investigation, and his entire oeuvre shows a flair for the craft. In December 1919, from Madrid, he had sent off an article to the *Liberator* (published in April 1920) about his venture into Portugal in the first week of October for what was supposed to be a revolution. The article shows not only a fairly good understanding of Portuguese and European politics but a certain knack at bringing such information home to a general audience:

The republic, entirely in the hands of the bourgeoisie, receiving its orders as to foreign policy from Great Britain, having done nothing to free the
country from domestic or foreign capital, has fulfilled none of its promises. Illiteracy remains over 75 percent. Labor is worse paid than in any except the Balkan countries. The mineral wealth of the country is untouched, or else exploited by Great Britain. Portugal is a British colony without the advantages of British administration. (MNP 51)

More than politics, he was still tinkering with his thesis concerning America/money and Spain/happiness and liberty. Sitting at a Lisbon café on the “Avenida da Libertade,” he wrote Stewart Mitchell of the heroics by the “young syndicalists in the Lisbon jail, who have recently given much trouble to the free and republican government, because even behind the bars they would sing the Internationale. They turned the hose on them, they turned the republican guard on them, they beat them with the flats of swords, but nothing stopped their singing of the Internationale” (FC 264).

As he had written in “Young Spain,” and would later revise into Rosinante, the young Iberians (especially the syndicalists, laborers, workers) were “uniting the human race” not through money but work, genuine and worthwhile labor that was a “means to an end,” an end of liberty, freedom, and happiness. After relaying the words of a syndicalist in the Liberator article—that “justice is less expensive in Portugal than in America” (MNP 52)—Dos Passos senses that “the days of the politician and of the bourgeois seem numbered,” if only for the military. Portugal might be doomed, but he knew during those early years there was still hope in Spain. To Mitchell in December 1919, he asked “is there anywhere a civilized person can live at this moment?” France had just “approved of Clemenceau’s slavetrade,” England was “soggy and depressing, to say nothing of the
intellectual atmosphere,” and “the rest of Europe” was equally void of anything nourishing. “It really seems that one country at least is awaking to realities, and riots are always fun in latin countries; they are so well stage managed. There remains only Spain and Italy. Down with the barbarian North!” (FC 270).

Ironically, Dos Passos’ legacy might be specifically as a literary journalist, despite a career of disparaging the field of journalism. As Norman Sims explains, Dos Passos loathed journalism because it often focused on only a certain (elite) group of people; he rather “wanted to write of ordinary people as he traveled” (110). Hemingway, too, had this flair for journalism, thus Dos Passos might have respected him for his professional field experience and his ability to carry over the most important elements of journalism into fiction: to observe the most minute details and bring them all into “sharp focus.” In the early 1920s, Dos Passos developed his own style of journalistic fiction; or perhaps, as he wrote in a letter to Stewart Mitchell in 1919 when he was in Lisbon “journalizing” (FC 263). “Journalizing” summed up an approach that merged observational, “journalistic” details with more personalized, “journal-like” stories or accounts (his description of One Man’s Initiation to his publishers in 1920 is a good explanation of the method).

Spain was a sensory-rich environment and wide-open territory in those days for direct observation, and both writers had claimed a stake in some way: both had believed they had, in a sense, first discovered some fundamental aspect of the culture, people, or land. Thus, where Spain might have immediately brought them together, it had begun, perhaps just as immediately, to instill an often tense rivalry, one that ultimately tore them
apart. As Ludington explains of the eventual break, “Deeper than the bitter disagreement about the Civil War—or perhaps the root causes of it—were the matters of which author knew Spain better and how each viewed its ritual aspects. Such issues were especially irritating to Hemingway, who wanted to be the expert about whatever interested him.” Where Dos Passos “enjoyed” his surroundings, he made less of a claim to them. “He enjoyed it; he talked to Hemingway about it, and Hemingway quickly appropriated it” (“Spain” 270-71).\(^{119}\) It is unclear how much Dos Passos recognized this dynamic in 1924; he certainly understood it years later. In *The Best Times*, he recalls that Hemingway “had an evangelistic streak that made him work to convert his friends to whatever mania he was encouraging at the time… His enthusiasm was catching but he tended to make a business of it while I just like to eat and drink and to enjoy the show” (*The Best Times* 143, my ellipses). Of Spain, he knew, “Hem’s Spanish mania came to a head the hot August days when he first attended the fiesta of San Firmín in Pamplona” (*The Best Times* 154).

Dos Passos joined Hemingway and a rather large entourage in Pamplona that July. Strangely, he had never been to Pamplona, though he had been all over northern Spain, practically circling the town. But he had seen bullfighting, and he remembered the festival as “terrific. Bands. Processions. *Cohetes*… Every square full of wiry dancing countrymen in blue berets. From every alley the rhythms of Basque fife and drum or the bleating of Galician bagpipes or the rattle of castanets” (*The Best Times* 154). However, 

\(^{119}\) Ludington’s other example is Key West, serving as the main pronoun reference in this final sentence.
as exciting as the festival was, he never experienced the “mania” for that aspect of Spain
that Hemingway would. “Showing off my ignorance of taurine punctilio to a bullring full
of prancing Navarrese wasn’t my idea of an agreeable afternoon,” he remembered of the
amateur capeas, or bullfights held in the public squares for any and all to participate (The
Best Times 155). He also disparaged the influx of “fake bohemians” and the “many
exhibitionistic personalities” who tried to “prove how hombre [manly] they were” (FC
358; The Best Times 155).120 Dos Passos had traveled down to Pamplona with Crystal
Ross, who he was engaged to at the time but never married. “Between us we built
ourselves a sort of private box from which we looked out at all these goings on, in them
but not of them. When she had to go back to her university, I decided that what I needed
was a good long walk in the mountains” (The Best Times 156).

To escape the fakeness, the showmanship, the chaos—the “tragic farce” gone
awry—he looked once again to one of his favorite spots, the Pyrenees, which always
represented a natural retreat. After joining up with others in Burguete, Dos Passos and
few members of the Pamplona crowd (George O’Neil, Chink Dorman-Smith, McAlmon,
and Hemingway) started out on a near-three hundred kilometer hike to across the
Pyrenees to Andorra. Hemingway only joined them for the first few miles (turning back
to be with Hadley) and McAlmon went roughly half the way (Ludington TCO 233-34).

120 In 1966, he was clearly referring to his own group, which included Hemingway, Donald Stewart, Robert
McAlmon, and Bill and Sally Bird, among others; but his “fake bohemians” comment from August 1924
suggests this might have been an immediate feeling, as well.
To Marvin later that September, he wrote he “Almost went to Russia, took a Kolossal and thirteen day walk instead along the top of the Pyrenees ending in a Thunderstorm and a flood and a blind sliding down a gorge into Andorra at midnight” (FC 359). The terrain was rough and the hike exhausting, but “Silence and solitude were a delight after the gabblegabble round the tables under the *portales* [vestibules] at Pamplona,” he admitted later. They had walked almost 30 kilometers a day for two weeks, but “We considered the experiment a success” (*The Best Times* 156-57). From Andorra, Dos Passos journeyed to Antibes, meeting with Gerald and Sara Murphy, among others. The rest of the fall included travels through Europe (Germany, Paris, Belgium, London), often in the company of Ross, and by mid-October he was back in the States, setting up residence in New York (Ludington *TCO* 234-35).

Less than a year later, Dos Passos was considering more trips abroad, including Europe. Hemingway had written him in April, full with news about writing and publishing and prodding from Paris: “Jesus I wish you were over here so we could get drunk like I am now… It’s good summer weather now and I work early so as to be out all day… Jeeze I wish you were here to write a few good prurient poems with me… Wish you were here to drink… Are you coming over? How’s the book” (*SL* 157-58, my ellipses). Dos Passos was anxious to join Hemingway—what with the weather and the chance for new experiences and themes for writing—and to get away from New York and the business of publishing. In the midst of writing *Manhattan Transfer*, he wrote to Marvin earlier that winter of his general malaise: “Although I’ve got the pip and fatty degeneration of the essential organs I’ve got to stay here until I finish. It’s hellish but for
seventeen million reasons essential” (FC 360). His rheumatic fever returned that spring, complicating all matters and plans, but as soon as he recouped he returned to Europe that summer. Writing from the cross-Atlantic ship, he admitted he was happy to finally be on the move again: “I’m stiff and very mediocre in health but morale has improved…. Locomotion even under the most adverse conditions always cheers me up” (FC 361).

He spent the summer and fall recuperating and enjoying himself mainly between Antibes and Paris. But all along he was “Still trying to get sent to Morocco where it seems Abd el Krim didn’t shoot his prime minister out of a cannon after all,” he wrote to Lawson (FC 363). He was hoping to report on an impending revolution by Abd-el-Krim against Spanish forces, and he had tried to convince Hemingway to go, but Hemingway was in the midst of writing The Sun Also Rises. That November, Manhattan Transfer was published, and it has been suggested that Dos Passos, fearful of reviews, preferred to be abroad when a new book was released. But the initial reviews were good, and he was more prone to be abroad because he preferred to be on the move: locomotion always cheered him up. He set out for Morocco in good spirits, but when the revolution sputtered and his recurring rheumatic fever set in again, he returned to Europe, stopping over briefly in Alicante, Valencia, and Barcelona (Ludington TCO 242-43).

Later in 1926, he published three articles (all in The New Masses) with at least loose connections to Spain: “Abd-el-Krim” and two book reviews, Frank’s Virgin Spain and Hemingway’s The Sun Also Rises. In “Spain on a Monument,” he was unimpressed with Frank’s work: “In the first place there’s no factual information in it that you couldn’t find in the New York Public Library. That in itself is depressing to me, who finds a fact,
say that the little dogs of Ronda have two curls in their tails, always more enlivening and worthwhile than the most elegantly balanced pyramid of abstract ideas” (*MNP* 83).

Moreover, he was critical of Frank’s reliance on “decaying concepts and amiable dead liberalisms”—of an Arcadian Spanish past over the Spanish present:

> I can’t understand how Frank came to leave out all the confused and confusing tragedy of the Spain of our day… I don’t mean that such a book… should give us the latest news; but it should at least not ignore the whole tangled welter of industrial and working class politics through which Spain, the immaculately conceived immaculately conceiving Lady of Elche, is being tricked, seduced perhaps, into the howling pandemonium of the new world… (*MNP* 84, my ellipses).

The criticism may seem ironic, for his own 1922 book had included plenty of literary decadence (Telemachus and Lyaeus just two examples). However, Dos Passos had also written precisely about the “howling pandemonium of the new world” and its threat to Spanish culture. Thus, he used the past to illustrate something meaningful about the present, and his work confronted Spanish history inasmuch it explored both Spanish and American revisions of it. Frank’s book, on the other hand, was entirely of the Arcadian vision, the “academic, rather than the real. I mean that it belongs to a reality that may have existed but that events have relegated to the storeroom” (*MNP* 83).

Still, Frank’s book has connections to both Dos Passos and Stein, and many chapters discuss contemporary authors and events like Machado, Unamuno, and the wave of modern art sweeping Europe. “Sleepless Spirit” describes Picasso as “a man from
Málaga who came to Paris, and by the strategy of time and place conquered the plastic world” (287), and several allusions speak to (if not necessarily agree with) Stein’s later 1930s appraisals: “The Idea of Picasso is the arabesque… [but] Paris has worked perhaps too much upon Picasso (288-89, my ellipses). Thus, Dos Passos, diplomatic as he was, attempted to sympathize: “I suppose the aim of such a book is rather to give you the intellectual and emotional background that will make you understand a fact when you come across it” (MNP 83). However, years later, in Death in the Afternoon, Hemingway would be much less sympathetic, essentially ridiculing the “erectile writing” from an “unavoidable mysticism of a man who writes a language so badly he cannot make a clear statement, complicated by whatever pseudo-scientific jargon is in style 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” (53). When Dos Passos read DIA galley proofs in early 1932, he tried to convince Hemingway to cut some of the material or tone down the criticism of Frank specifically: “I’m pretty doubtful as to whether the stuff about Waldo Frank (except the line about shooting an owl) is as good as it ought to be. God knows he ought to be deflated—or at least Virgin Spain—(why not put it on the book basis instead of the entire lecturer?)…” (FC 402). In short, they both disliked the book for its “ornamental verbiage” (Dos Passos MNP 83), but Dos Passos preferred to criticize the book not the man.121

121 And as Trogdon observes, in the end, “Hemingway, contrary to his promise to Dos Passos [to cut several Frank passages], did not go easier on Frank” (The Lousy 113), and many of the sharp criticisms
Dos Passos’ review of *The Sun Also Rises*—“A Lost Generation”—appeared later that December and he was much more positive. However, he still had his reservations:

“It’s an extraordinarily wellwritten book, so wellwritten that while I was reading it I kept telling myself I must be growing dough-headed as a critic for not getting it… I mean that anywhere I open it and read a few sentences they seem very good; it’s only after reading a page that the bottom begins to drop out” (*MNP* 92, my ellipses). In a way, Dos Passos was looking for the novel to have a more dramatic or epic storyline, one that appropriately mirrored the full sense of tragedy he had witnessed in Spain; he wanted the book to speak to the same “gesture” (*lo castizo, lo flamenco*) or essence he had tried to articulate in *Rosinante*. However, “instead of being the epic of the sun also rising on a lost generation—there’s an epic in that theme all right—a badly needed epic—this novel strikes me as being a cock and bull story about a lot of summer tourists getting drunk and making fools of themselves at a picturesque Iberian folk-festival” (*MNP* 92-93). On a superficial level, Dos Passos had read the work as an exaggerated exercise of drunken, expatriate summer tourism.

Ultimately, his review seems to have relied too heavily on the epigraphs and title (components that only came much later, after the novel had essentially been written) to characterize the work as a whole. Thus, the review misread the novel’s treatment of the characters in relation to the setting: rather than homage to the epic drama or literary

remained. For a fuller discussion of the Dos Passos-Hemingway-Perkins correspondence concerning the galley proofs of *DIA*, see Trogdon *The Lousy Racket*, chapter 4.
romance (of Spain), the narrative exploits the genre, using the farcical, drunken adventures of the expatriate American crowd to further emphasize the great tragedy at play. As Hemingway wrote Perkins in November, “I didn’t mean the book to be a hollow or bitter satire but a great tragedy with the earth abiding forever as the hero” (SL 229). Where Hemingway emphasized the tragic undertones, Dos Passos searched for an epic storyline. He knew there was great artistry and style, including “a superbly written description of the fiesta of San Firmin in Pamplona, one of the greatest events in civilized uncivilized world,” but even this had the unfortunate effect of reminding you of a “travelbook” (MNP 93). In a way, where Virgin Spain lacked the complexity of the Spanish present, The Sun Also Rises exploited the Spanish present at the expense of “things of deep importance”—such as a deep-rooted Spanish essence or any of the themes espoused in the Ecclesiastes quotation.122

122 Dos Passos sent Hemingway a copy of his review, to which Hemingway remarked in a 21 December letter Maxwell Perkins, his editor,

I think it was fine about his not liking the book and wanting it to be better, but a poor criticism that Pamplona in the book wasn’t as good as Pamplona in real life—because I think it was maybe pretty exciting to people who’d never been there—and that was who it was written for. It would be easy to write about it for Dos and make it very exciting—because he’s been there. But written for him it wouldn’t mean anything to the quite abstract reader that one tries to write for. (SL 239)

Hemingway acknowledges the book’s “travelbook” appeal, but he knew his audience: rather than writing for those who had been to Spain, he broke down the Spanish settings for a reader who could only imagine
3.6 The 1930s: To a New Republic

Between the spring of 1926 and the spring of 1930, Dos Passos did not travel to Spain. Because of this, he did not write much of it. For the most part during his early years, he preferred to keep his subject matter not too far in the past. From his notes, he wrote about World War I during his service and shortly after returning; when he went to Russia, he wrote again from notes shortly afterward; from Mexico or the Middle East or New York, it was the same. One major reason he stayed away from Spain was that, true to his transnationalist nature, he had other places to see, other events and situations to witness. As Ludington observes, “For all his traveling, Dos Passos had not seen that much of mid-America by 1926.” Thus, he “was eager as he traveled west to absorb all he could of places less glamorous than Paris or even New York like Louisville” (TCO 249). As he remembered years later about his leaving Morocco in 1926: “What I wanted was the racket and ballyhoo of the U.S.A. Rebellions in the Riff weren’t any of business of mine. Why try to find out about Morocco when I didn’t know what the Americans were up to? My business was to report the rebellions of the guys I’d known in the military” (The Best Times 163). The Sacco and Vanzetti case (concerning two Italians sentenced to death in 1921 for robbery and murder), along with other social concerns in America had what it was like. This image thus needed to be both realistic and impressionistic to maintain the “excitement.”
attracted his attention, and he spent the latter part of the decade engaged in both active and indirect pathways for social justice back in the States. In fact, even a return trip to Spain in the spring of 1930 was more of a vacation from his efforts and writing from the previous years. Having been recently married to Katy Smith (a childhood friend of Hemingway’s), the trip was also a honeymoon. They traveled throughout Europe into the spring and by March were in Cádiz, where they sailed, via the Canary Islands, back west to Havana.

It was only in 1933 that Dos Passos returned to Spain with some of the same intensity and curiosity that he had in his younger days. A second Spanish Republic had been formed in 1931-1932. Hemingway had already been sending news from the political front. “Things are pretty well steamed up with the elections day after tomorrow,” he wrote from Madrid on 26 June 1931, “Been following politics closely. Seen a few funny things” (SL 341). The letter was full of news from the various regions, some of which he had gleaned from the Madrid newspapers, as he had only been in Spain a few weeks that year (first Vigo in May, then Madrid in the middle of June; see Capellán 269). Both were interested in the politics and in the country’s prospects, and in the spring of 1933, Dos Passos was again planning a return to Spain, despite another bout of rheumatic fever. From Johns Hopkins Hospital, he wrote Hemingway on 3 May about his intentions: “I’ve got a grand promised off Harcourt for the Spanish trip and am trying to make my agents presell some articles” (FC 426). There was no other way he was going to afford his medical bills and the trip to Spain without such financial help.
Less than a month later, Dos Passos was back on a “locomotive” cycle: “Damn Tootin we’ll be in Spain, dead or alive,” he wrote from the cross-Atlantic ship on 25 May (FC 431). He had just signed a contract to publish his findings on the Second Republic, “which will be burned by Hitler, pissed on in the Kremlin, used for toilet paper by the anarchist syndicalists, deplored by the Nation, branded by the New York Times, derided by the Daily Worker and left unread by the Great American Public” (FC 431). Had those comments been not about his upcoming book but about the 1936-39 Spanish Civil War, many would have been prescient (how many towns were later burned by Hitler’s planes, how many Kremlin or anarchist activities later destroyed any hope of a Spanish Republic?). In fact, from Madrid on 10 September, he wrote to Theodore Dreiser, “World picture looks about as lousy as could be, doesn’t it?” (FC 433). In essence, although he had not been to Spain regularly over the past half decade, he was still well versed in Spanish and European politics.

“The Republic of Honest Men”—the chapter title of his Spanish excursions and interviews that summer—was published in In All Countries. The title alone reaffirms the transnational approach he took to his excursions and art; it also spoke to the transnational context of his subject matter, for the collection was a series of essays of his travel and work over the previous few years in Russia, Mexico, Spain, and America. In Spain, as the king was deposed (as “the last of the Bourbons left Madrid”), “in the streets and cafés of Madrid the citizens were celebrating” (Travel Books 343). For Dos Passos—and many observers—there was great hope in the Second Republic. Spain, that great space of rebirth and regeneration, was itself getting a second chance at a better democracy and
civil rights. For centuries, Spain had “been acting out a very old and very beautifully arranged play” toward such reforms. It was a story of the “redeemer coming to life in the spring…” to overtake an old system but in the process demonstrate how there was always a “Spain older and newer” than any situated deputies, politicians, or elite could imagine (Travel Books 349-50). He reaffirms his earlier assessment, that there were “many Spains,” drawing on Spanish diversity to explain how and why the Republic had gained momentum. “Spain seen from Madrid is a very different country than Spain seen from the small towns.” To each respective province or city, “They are Gallegos or Catalans or Valencians… Few of them seem to know the many and diverse Spains that exist under the surface.” Because the monarchy “has long since ceased to mean anything to these Spains,” they needed a “new track” to save them (Travel Books 352-53). In 1933, Dos Passos had no way of knowing what would become of the Spanish Republic—how the progressive reforms and sharp swing to the left would lead to a counter-movement and revolt by the right just a couple years later (and how this pendulum movement helped precipitate the war in the summer of 1936). But that his section on Spain ends with a question mark—and not a firm sense of the country’s direction—provides yet another piece of evidence that Spain was always a gesture to be questioned (to be curious about, learn from). Many Spains meant many peoples, cultures, and ultimately many possible conclusions.
CHAPTER 4

Hemingway, Student of Spain

4.1 Early Years: “I Was Trying to Learn… So I Went to Spain”

As one of the most visible and well-read American expatriates of the twentieth century, Ernest Hemingway remains a powerful if also at times mythic and impenetrably presence in the American imagination. People know of Ernest Hemingway before knowing his work, have read him without having read his books, and know of his legends—veteran of the wars, boxer, fisherman, bullfighter, womanizer, drunkard—without knowing much of his actual biography. In the 1940s, friend and fellow expat Archibald MacLeish summarized Hemingway’s legendary stature by asking rhetorically, “And what became of him? Fame became of him” (376). Drawing on this line, John Raeburn observes that Hemingway’s public reputation was built through saturated media coverage where “the more frequently the same anecdotes about the writer’s personality are repeated in the mass media, the more likely his public reputation will be large” (8). Yet, Raeburn writes, Hemingway’s fame was also a product of his own exploits, and he was, in turn, his own best promoter. As such, the Hemingway legend also included that of a braggart, show-off, or know-it-all: the self-absorbed ego discharged into the seemingly
stoic, hardened, individualized male protagonists of his stories. While profound reassessments—especially concerning gender, sexuality, masculinity, and even general style and theme—have repositioned Hemingway’s life and work in recent years, some elements of the myth pervade more stubbornly than others and some qualities of his life and writing remain less pronounced than they should. Perhaps most importantly contested by critics yet generally misunderstood by the public at large is Hemingway’s disciplined approach to his subject matter, namely his role as a humble student rather than a boastful or pretentious teacher. No place or subject exemplifies this apprenticeship role better than Spain.

The Hemingway myths persist in reference to Spain, as well. Jeffrey Herlihy-Mera has argued that Spaniards at times ridiculed him for his pretensions of insider status with bullfighting circles and for what some perceived as his poor ability to speak Spanish. According to Jose Castillo-Puche, Hemingway’s friend and

123 Early critics and audiences are partly to blame for such readings. Still relevant and unequivocally important to understanding the growth of Hemingway scholarship, Philip Young’s 1966 thesis of the Hemingway “code hero” is just one example of the carryover of the earlier age. The Hemingway “code,” Young writes, is “a ‘grace under pressure.’ It is made of the controls of honor and courage which in a life of tension and pain make a man a man and distinguish him from the people who follow random impulses, let down their hair, and are generally messy, perhaps cowardly, and without inviolable rules for how living holding tight” (63). The “code” thesis influenced decades of readers, helping to explain why such images remain so pervasively.
biographer, by the end of his life, “Ernesto was no longer a fascinating
title to people in Spain; he had become a sort of joke, in fact” (84).

What is true is that Hemingway’s relationship with Spain is much more complicated than
some (tourist offices and the like) have let on. However, where Herlihy-Mera is right to
challenge such simplified and romantic appraisals of Hemingway’s life, the notion that
Hemingway was “a sort of joke” confuses Hemingway’s experiences in Spain and
overlooks his fundamental approach to art and writing. For it is not true that—failing to
speak Spanish fluently and only “imitating cultural ceremonies”—Hemingway failed to
integrate himself into Spanish culture; and he was certainly not “limited… to posturing”
and unpleasant feelings (Herlihy-Mera 97, my ellipses). First, Hemingway’s perceived
“pretensions” and “posturing” are how (some) Spaniards viewed him—not how he
viewed, approached, or treated his subject. His public persona and reputation may have
provided fodder for the ridicule, but his writing should not. That far more Spaniards have
viewed Hemingway and his writing with seriousness, genuine interest, admiration, and
even reverence is a subject for a future project. But it is important to see that
Hemingway’s writing and approach to Spain were serious, student-like, and with an
appreciation and respect that helped integrate him in a meaningful if also complicated
and conditional manner. If anything, Hemingway aimed to ridicule the pretensions and
posturing of others, and those careful enough to read his work in a serious way would
understand the inside “joke.”
Most scholars of “Hemingway in Spain” acknowledge his serious approach.\footnote{A brief overview of Hemingway’s life’s work shows a considerable concentration in regards to Spain. Miriam B. Mandel has compiled a list of more than thirty unique Hemingway works—whether published or not, whether fiction or non-fiction—“that deal, wholly or in part, with the bullfight” (see “Hemingway Works that Address the Bullfight” in Mandel’s A Companion). If one adds to Mandel’s list all the works dealing with Spain (not just bullfights), the list would include dozens of entries (this without even counting the Spanish Civil War dispatches separately).}

Edward Stanton observes that in Spain, Hemingway found the “secret things” that were “bound up with his style,” including his “iceberg theory” and his search for the fourth and fifth dimensions of writing (\textit{Hemingway and Spain} xvi)—“How far prose can be carried if any one is serious enough and has luck. There is a fourth and fifth dimension that can be gotten,” Hemingway writes in \textit{Green Hills of Africa} (26-7). As Reynolds suggests, it was a theory Hemingway developed during the 1920s and 30s, right at the time when Einstein was developing his own theories of relativity: “If Einstein could imagine more dimensions than three, just maybe a writer can work through the fourth dimension of time and into a timelessness fifth dimension: a continuous present tense both \textit{now} and \textit{then}, \textit{here} and \textit{elsewhere} simultaneously” (Reynolds “‘Homage’” 181).\footnote{These somewhat vague terms, fourth and fifth dimension, have been widely discussed in Hemingway criticism, partly in an attempt to better clarify and explain them. In an early essay, F.I. Carpenter attributes the “fifth dimension” to P.D. Ouspensky, a “pseudo-scientific” and “mystic” or sorts who was influenced by Einstein. In a book published in 1921, Ouspensky defined the fifth dimension as a “perpetual now” (see Carpenter, “Hemingway Achieves the Fifth Dimension”).}
writing, “here and elsewhere simultaneously,” a perpetual now—it was similar to Stein’s “continuous present”—what she believed she had achieved in *The Making of Americans* (Masterpieces 31-32)—but the terms still are slippery and uncertain. In a March 1925 letter to his father, he tried to explain it as the “feeling of actual life”:

not just to depict life—or criticize it—but to actually make it alive. So that when you have read something by me you actually experience the thing… It is only by showing both sides [the beautiful and the bad]—3 dimensions and if possible 4 that you can write the way I want to. (SL 153, my ellipses).

Hemingway used Spain to “form a blank space on the map of his work” (Stanton *Hemingway and Spain* xvi)—a canvas through which his own ideas and creative impulses could be inspired and actualized. It was less an example of “showing-off” than a multidimensional “show” that provided the reader (usually non-Spaniard) a sense of Spain as though he had “actually experience[d] the thing[s]” for himself.

The point is not that Hemingway or the reader should pose as Spaniards—in fact, *The Sun Also Rises* (1926), as will be shown among other works, was a blatant rebuke of such fakers and posturing. And Jake Barnes, its protagonist, learns that the “secret things” between Spaniards and Americans are not so readily simple. Angel Capellán—an important early scholar of Hemingway in Spain—observes that Hemingway did not attempt to eradicate what was basically American in himself but looked instead for those foreign cultures that were most congenial to his circumstances. Far more open-minded and receptive to other peoples of
vastly different backgrounds than is often believed, he actively sought in other countries what he considered was lacking in his native America. (1) Rather than a replacement for American culture, Spain was a counterpart or complement.

For Hemingway was not only a student of Spain he was also an intrepid cosmopolitan who believed to know oneself or one’s culture you had to know other cultures, other selves. As Appiah observes, “People are different, the cosmopolitan knows, and there is much to learn from our differences. Because there are so many human possibilities worth exploring, we [cosmopolitans] neither expect nor desire that every person or every society should converge on a single mode of life” (Cosmopolitanism xv). All his life, Hemingway felt there was much to “learn from our differences” and from cultural as well as national differences. In the 1920s, Ezra Pound, an early mentor, tells him: “You’ve plenty to learn there [with French writers],” to which Hemingway responds, “I know it… I’ve plenty to learn everywhere” (MF-RE 102-3). As young artists, both Pound and Hemingway conceptualized learning through people and place (there and everywhere), and Hemingway held to that philosophy for the rest of his life. In the 1930s, when asked what he wants, Hemingway replies plainly, “To write as well as I can and learn as I go along” (GHOA 25). In the 1940s, writing to Malcolm Cowley, he emphasized the lifelong process: “Was getting start on education in Paris same time as was learning to write (mostly books from Sylvia Beach’s until I learned French) and then, after, Spanish. Every year keep on studying, keep on reading and every year study something new to keep head learning. Learning is a hell of a lot of fun. Don’t see why can’t keep it up all my life. Certainly plenty to learn” (SL 604).
Scattered over several decades, Hemingway’s learning in Spain amounts to roughly three years—perhaps a low figure in reference to the large amount of work produced about the country and culture: four primary texts, numerous short stories, and dozens of articles and dispatches. But excluding his childhood and starting with his first full visit in 1923, Hemingway spent, on average, roughly one month of every year in the country. And if one also excludes the 14-year hiatus following the Spanish Civil War when traveling to Spain would have been ill-advised if not impossible, Hemingway chose to spend over 10% of his life there. He never owned a residence but no other non-residential destination—among the dozens he visited throughout his life—comes close.\textsuperscript{126}

To some, such a timeframe is still insufficient. Herlihy-Mera argues that Hemingway “would have been limited to repeated ‘honeymoons’… wherein language and cultural barriers remained more stimulating than annoying… allow[ing] Hemingway to imagine Spain as a perpetual paradise” (85, my ellipses). No doubt, Hemingway had

\textsuperscript{126} Chronologies of Hemingway’s life can be found in Reynolds and, specifically for Spain, Capellán. Securing his last dispatch duties during the Spanish Civil War, Hemingway left Spain in November 1938. He returned in the summer of 1953, two years after the U.S. and Spain had exchanged embassies and during negotiations of what came to be known as the 1953 “Pact of Madrid” (signed in September)—all of which signaled the easing of tensions and a growing unilateral partnership of the U.S. and Spain as the Cold War ensued (see Briggs Chapter 4; Lieberman 38-50). It is doubtful Hemingway would have returned at all without these diplomatic endeavors and growing mutual interests; it is also probable he would have returned much sooner and more often had the Spanish Republic defeated Franco’s Nationalists in the Civil War.
his own romantic notions of Spain—as he did for fishing in Michigan, a love affair (or
two) in Italy, and the African safari, among others. But Spain was less a “perpetual
paradise”—some dreamy, romantic retreat—than a timeless exercise and learning
experience in fiction and storytelling. Writing to Edward O’Brien in September 1924—
shortly after finishing “Big Two-Hearted River,” which was partially written in Spain,
and shortly before his writing of “The Undefeated,” a story set in Spain—Hemingway
explained that:

What I’ve been doing is trying to do country so you don’t remember the
words after you read it but actually the Country. It is hard because to do it
you have to see the country all complete all the time you write and not just
have a romantic feeling about it. (SL 123)

Stripped of romanticism, both “Big Two-Hearted River” and “The Undefeated” convey
the emotive through scene and setting: Michigan woodlands and river in the former, a
Spanish city and bullring in the latter. An idyllic Spain rarely appears in his writing, or if
it does, primarily as a commentary. As Lawrence Broer explains, in Hemingway’s works
the “Spanish element… is never mere backdrop—a setting for new adventures—often it
is the very lifeblood of the ideas and artistic methods he employs” (vi, my ellipses). In
The Sun Also Rises, Gorton’s comment to Barnes about the Spanish countryside—“this is
country” (122)—is a good example of how the “Spanish element” was often carefully
projected through characters rather than a pretentious authorial voice.
Hemingway was, ultimately, nostalgic for Spain, a point he himself acknowledged. In a deleted passage from *Death in the Afternoon*, he explains why he never took up permanent residence:

I had been very happy in America but I was always lonesome for Spain and while I had lived in Europe I had always believed that I would like to own a place in Spain. Being in Spain and able to settle there I found that I did not want to live there but in America and that the feeling I had for Spain while I was in America, was as pleasant nostalgia but the feeling for America when I was in Spain was the sort that makes you know your life is going and that you are not where you want to be. (qtd. in Capellán 11)

Miriam Mandel also notes that “not a few critics have argued that his life and art were dominated by nostalgia” (*Hemingway’s DIA* 1). But what are we to make of a “pleasant nostalgia” for a place one ultimately does not want to be? Similar to Stein—who never considered herself French but could proudly utter, “America is my country and Paris is my hometown” (*Masterpieces* 70)—Hemingway never considered himself Spanish in a native way but Spain was always “the country that I loved more than any other except my own” (*DS* 43). He might not have gone as far as the American Robert Jordan who tells the Spanish guerillas, “That I am a foreigner is not my fault. I would rather have been born here” (*FWBT* 15), but he knew his allegiances were more complicated than place of birth, national visas, or surface appearances.

His relationship with Spain is thus best viewed through what Appiah calls a “rooted cosmopolitanism”: “a world in which everyone is a rooted cosmopolitan, attached
to a home of his or her own, with its own cultural particularities, but taking pleasure from
the presence of other, different, places that are home to other, different, people”
(“Cosmopolitan Patriots” 91). Taking pleasure in what he has learned and in his writing,
then, should not be confused with proffering romantic stereotypes. The writing
simultaneously challenges and complicates such appraisals. As Emily O. Wittman argues,
*Death in the Afternoon*, specifically, is “both a meditation on an idealized era of
bullfighting and a complicated introduction to a rapidly deteriorating practice” (187).
Working out both the ideal and the real, nostalgia becomes a necessary part of the art: to
know a place you had to see it from the inside; but to write of it—to connect to a non-
Spanish audience—you also had see it as those do from the outside. In this light, his
works, especially about Spain, straddle a complicated line between insider / outsider and
apprentice / master or student / teacher. Raeburn sees *Death in the Afternoon* as a
“guidebook” and as

-prescriptive; the visitor could do no better than to follow the author’s
instructions… Hemingway could write with authority about Spain in
general because he claimed to see it like a native… Most often
Hemingway represented himself as an insider of in-groups—a double
distinction—whether bullfighters, soldiers, or white hunters. The line
between outsiders and inner circles was as strict in his nonfiction as in his
fiction. He never failed to make clear where he belonged. (41-42, my
ellipses).
However, learning and teaching often went hand-in-hand, as did, say, description and prescription. What you learned from others (or from the land and culture) you shared with others. What you actually saw in others you attempted to reveal as truths that others might learn.

Hemingway’s writing about Spain shows an involved belonging, and the “line” between insider and outsider is often in flux, or in process, if not tenuous. In both the opening and final passages of *Death in the Afternoon*, he attempts to explain the complicated position of being both student and teacher, outsider and insider. Both passages are worth quoting in full:

*I was trying to learn* to write, commencing with the simplest things, and one of the simplest things of all and the most fundamental is violent death… So I went to Spain to see bullfights and to 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 the 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 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. 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... (3-4, my ellipses, my emphases)

Hemingway made no pretentions about the bullfight being simple, even to him. And he
made no pretentions about having learned everything there was to know. But he felt what
he did know he should write down. As he ended his final chapter, he clarified the point:

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
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.

(270-8, my emphases)

It was not enough of a book because he knew he could not tell you everything (the
“whole”) about bullfighting or Spain (as will be discussed, Barnes makes a similar
comment in SAR). But he had learned a part (his part, he knew) of the whole, so a “few
practical things” could be said. An “insider” status in Spain gave him authority as an
author or storyteller, especially in reference to a non-Spaniard audience; yet his approach
or role as a student demonstrated what it meant to go from “outsider” to “insider” in the
first place.

His learning process began early, almost as soon as arrived in Europe. In 1922,
settling down with his wife Hadley for their first year in Paris, he began learning about
the strange, ritualistic bullfights from friends, including Gertrude Stein, Alice Toklas, and Mike (Henry) Strater. By the spring of 1923, he had written his first Spanish “story,” a short vignette about the Spanish bullfight (this before having witnessed one himself), and that summer he spent a full month seeing the spectacle and country for himself. Less known, though, are his first two glimpses of Spain, and so a brief introduction is necessary.

4.2 1918-1922: Before the Bullfights, Algeciras and Vigo

In 1918, at the age of 18, Hemingway went to Italy to serve with the Red Cross during World War I. Soon after arriving, he was badly wounded from a mortar blast while selling candy and chocolates to soldiers near the Italian-Austrian front along the Piave River in northern Italy and he spent a greater part of the summer and fall convalescing in an Italian hospital. In January 1919, after being discharged, he sailed on the Giuseppe Verdi from Genoa to New York, passing Gibraltar briefly on the way. Writing later that March to Captain James Gamble, he offered little of the experience:

127 On 22 January 1919 the New York Times reported the previous day’s arrival of three ships—including the Giuseppe Verdi, which carried Hemingway—into New York City’s harbor. The ships carried soldiers and servicemen and women back from Europe and all “were enthusiastically welcomed down the bay by the committee on the Police Boat Patrol, and by the crowds waiting outside the piers” (“Three Ships” 11). Amidst all the commotion, Hemingway found himself being interviewed by the New York Sun, who marked him as “[t]he first wounded American from the Italian front”—“Has 227 Wounds, but Is Looking for Job” ran the 22 January feature (“Has 227” 1).
“Had a stormy but pleasant trip home. Three days at Gib. I borrowed some mufti from a British Officer and went over into Spain” (*Letters* 169). It was his first glimpse of Spain, but little is known of the trip.128 The only other reference comes from a letter in August 1920. Writing about a recent gambling win in Charlevoix, Hemingway tells a friend, “[I] [w]as going strong playing the rouge and noire the way I learned in Algeciras” (*Letters* 238). Boasting of his gambling expertise even as he admits his learning, the braggart and the student, the insider and outsider are one and the same.

128 Biographies do not note a specific date and some do not mention the Spanish visit at all. Carlos Baker acknowledges the “Verdi had touched briefly at Algeciras on the homeward voyage” (*Life* 83) but does not state the precise date (nor does he list this source in his notes). Michael Reynolds notes the Genoa-Gibraltar-New York voyage, but nothing of Spain (*The Young* 16-18). Using Reynolds as a reference, Kenneth Lynn also does not mention Spain (95, see notes on 606). And in what must be a reference to the letters, Jeffrey Meyers writes that the *Verdi* “stopped for three days in Gibraltar and Algeciras,” but mentions nothing else regarding Spain (46). In the week leading up to the ship’s arrival in New York, the *New York Times* reported the ship having left Gibraltar on 10 January; yet the later and conceivably more accurate 22 January edition (the one that covers the arrival of the ships into NYC harbor) noted the Gibraltar departure on January 6 (see *New York Times* “Shipping and Mails” entries for January 14-22, 1919. I have only referenced two issues from that week for brevity). One other curiosity: if it took more than a day to sail between Genoa and Gibraltar in 1921—which I assume it would—it would have been impossible for the *Verdi* to have sailed from Genoa on January 4 and then from Gibraltar on January 6 if Hemingway’s claim about spending “three days in Gib” is correct. All things considered, though, the 1919 Spanish visit most likely occurred between 5 January and 10 January.
Adjacent to Gibraltar at the southern tip of Spain, Algeciras is an interesting bookend to Hemingway’s time in Spain. Four decades later, in the spring of 1959, during his second-to-last (really last sustained) trip to Spain and on his way to gathering material for what would eventually be included in *The Dangerous Summer* (1985), he returned through the port city, eventually staying at “the old Maria Cristina Hotel” (*DS* 61, 111) (which had, indeed, been present in 1919). However, Hemingway offers no nostalgic hint of his initial trip. He focuses rather on bullfighting, praising the bullring for its “fine protection from the heavy east [Andalucian] wind they call the Levante” (*DS* 105). How Hemingway’s relationship to Spain and bullfighting would have been affected had his 1919 trip coincided with Spain’s bullfight season and had he witnessed his first bullfight on that return voyage, we will never know. One thought is that he would have

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129 Peter Viertel, the screenwriter for two of Hemingway’s books-turned-into-films, remembers meeting “Papa’s unmistakable figure standing in the rear doorway of the hotel” (370) in the summer of 1959. And years earlier in *Death in the Afternoon*, Hemingway had mentioned bullfights at “La Linea, near Gibraltar” and Algeciras as having a “Big fair… usually three fights” but nothing else (393). Having not yet discovered bullfighting in 1919—or for that matter in 1921 when he passed through Vigo—Hemingway’s Algeciras and Vigo experiences are quite distinct from later impressions. They did not carry the lens of bullfighting, which had a profound effect on his attraction to Spain.

130 Generally, Spain’s bullfight season runs from spring to fall (primarily March / April to September / October), and each region, province, and locality may design different schedules based on the respective festivals, talent of scheduled performers, interest, funds, or a variety of factors. Although formal bullfights do occur in January (today, see for instance an annual festival in Aljavir, a small town just northwest of Madrid), they are rare and historically have only been held for special occasions (a January festival and
traveled to Spain in the summer of 1922, the significance of which seems not only relevant to his writing in 1922 and 1923 but his eventual writing of *The Sun Also Rises*.

Regardless, the initial trip had less an effect on him than his second trip, which occurred roughly three years later in December 1921 as he and Hadley were moving to Paris. For a variety of reasons, Hemingway had longed to return to Europe. World War I had given him his first taste of what living abroad might be like, and in the words of Carlos Baker, “his mode of life in Italy had turned him permanently away from the life he had been raised to” (*Life* 52). To his friend Bill Horne on 3 February, just two weeks after returning home, he complained, “God but I’m sick of this country” (*Letters* 167). A month later, reconfirming his unhappiness to Horne and commenting on the prospects of rejoining with Agnes von Kurowsky, the nurse he had fallen in love with while convalescing in Milan, he admitted she “does not know when she is coming home. She doesn’t want to come home at all. I can’t blame her cause I didn’t either” (*Letters* 174). Frankly, the Midwest was the known; he had much more to learn in Europe and he felt trapped, stagnated. Shortly after meeting Hadley, she had told him, “The world’s a jail and we’re gona [sic] break it together” (see, for instance, Lynn, Chp. 6, 124). Soon after

bullfight celebrating the marriage of Alfonso XII in January 1878 is just one example). It is doubtful any organized bullfight was staged in Algeciras the week Hemingway arrived, though there were probably opportunities to have heard about it given its significance and visibility throughout Spain (from advertisements to newspapers). However, it is unclear when or if Hemingway had heard anything substantial about bullfighting until his arrival in Paris in 1922.
marrying, Reynolds observes, the “Hemingway luck intervened. Two crucial events, both beyond his control, changed forever the course of Hemingway’s career.” First, Hadley’s uncle died, leaving them enough money to afford a cross-Atlantic trip and get them started abroad. “Second, Sherwood Anderson returned to Chicago just in time to change the course of American writing” (YH 252). Along with Anderson’s Paris recommendation, which had Hemingway’s apprenticeship as a writer in mind, came an offer from the Toronto Star to be the European feature writer based out of Paris. It seemed like providence.

Thus, on 8 December 1921, Hemingway and Hadley boarded the Leopoldina bound for France. Writing to his family shortly before boarding, Hemingway’s tone was positive and expectant: “Everything is very lovely and we’re getting off in excellent style” (Letters 309-10; “Shipping and Mails” 8 Dec. 1921). Their ship sailed to Le Havre passing through Vigo, a large port city in the province of Pontevedra in the autonomous community of Galicia in northwestern Spain. According to Baker, “the Leopoldina made a four-hour stop at Vigo” (Life 83), and while the exact date is somewhat contested, the stopover most likely occurred on 18 December 1921, a Sunday.131 To many readers, 

131 The 18 December edition of the Faro de Vigo, the daily Vigo newspaper, stated that “tomorrow, expected in our port is the Leopoldina” (“El Puerto,” my translation), which indicates a 19 December docking. In a July 2011 article from the same newspaper, J.A. Otero Ricart, a columnist for several Galician newspapers, restates the 19 December docking. However, the New York Times reported on 21 and 23 December 1921 that the Leopoldina had arrived, respectively, in Vigo on 18 December and Le Havre on 20 December (see respective “Shipping and Mails” entries). In Hemingway studies, both Angel Capellán
and Edward Stanton confirm the 18 December Vigo docking—though neither seems to have used the *New York Times* listing—suggesting several sources pointing to this date (Capellán does not cite the specific source, though he lists several sources he used for dating Hemingway’s trips to Spain [see Appendix]; Stanton lists the date in both *Hemingway and Spain: A Pursuit* [9] and *Hemingway en España* [35]; in the former, he cites Baker’s biography, though Baker’s biography does not offer a precise date). It seems likely the Vigo paper merely miscalculated an incoming ship’s arrival and Otero Ricart’s source is the original *Faro de Vigo* listing from 18 December 1921.

One other possible way of dating the Vigo landing is by dating the final landing in Le Havre. For modern day shipping lines and cruises, it takes roughly a day and a half between the two ports, so one could approximate it taking roughly two calendar days in 1921. Many biographies and chronologies confirm the *New York Times* 20 December landing in Le Havre (though Jeffrey Meyers points to the Hemingways’ arrival in Paris as 22 December [64], a date repeated in the notes of the Cambridge edition of the *Letters*, where the *Leopoldina* was said to arrive in Le Havre on 22 December [310n3]), but there are a few notable discrepancies, including Hemingway himself. In a letter to his family about the voyage dated 20 December, Hemingway writes “We land in Havre tomorrow about noon and will be in Paris tomorrow night. Will mail this from Havre—” (*Letters* 311). If Hemingway dated the letter at the time of writing those words—and it was not misdated—then that would suggest a 21 December landing (the postmark is from Le Havre on 25 December). Kenneth Lynn affirms this date, writing that the ship landed “four days before Christmas” (147). And in the *Paris Years* volume, Reynolds writes, “On December 21, they cleared customs at Cherbourg” (8), citing Hemingway’s 1921-23 passport at JFK. However, in my own viewing of Hemingway’s 1921-23 passport, I found no evidence for a Cherbourg 21 December landing; instead, there is a 20 December 1921 Le Havre stamp. With this passport and the *New York Times*, it seems certain Hemingway either misdated his 20 December letter to his parents or he simply dated it for the day he would arrive and presumably would have mailed the letter. From this, too, the 18 December docking in Vigo seems more certain.
Hemingway’s impression of Vigo seems influenced by the bustling Vigo commercial life. However, Spain, whose Catholic roots are well known, is historically much quieter and tranquil on Sundays, as shops and businesses close for the day and there is far less commotion about the streets. The bay itself, typically full of fishermen and women hauling in sardines and shellfish, would also be much quieter than a weekday workday.

Nonetheless, Hemingway learned what he could from the brief stopover and used the experience as one of his first European-based *Toronto Star* features. Generally titled “Tuna Fishing in Spain,” it was written later in January and then published on 18 February 1922. The feature emphasizes the fishing and fishermen, and in so doing

132 He had sent the *Star* a batch of articles soon after arriving in Paris in 1922, and the *Star* had published a few pieces before the Vigo article (see *D:T* and 3 February 1922 letter to his father, *Letters* 326-27). On 11 March, the *Star* also published “Tip the Postman Every Time?” in which Hemingway briefly relays a story about Spanish postal service habits: “Tipping the postman is the only way to insure the arrival of your letters in certain parts of Spain” (*D:T* 106). Such wisdom had been relayed to him by “an American who has been painting down in Majorca” (*D:T* 106), and the scenario exemplifies Hemingway’s (clever) manner of listening and learning from others and incorporating their stories into a story of his own. Where on the one hand, he acknowledges fully and openly the story’s source, he likewise imparts points of wisdom that imply he had experienced similar situations himself: “If you have been in Spain long enough you are able to hang on to your temper. It is the climate that does it, they say” (*D:T* 106). Both sentences espouse a certain authority on Spanish customs. Yet both provide hedges to his own authority: “If you have been” provides a conditional that pushes the burden of proof out to a knowledgeable reader (without undermining his own authority), while “they say” suggests the wisdom is not necessarily or simply his own (*they: knowledgeable insiders*). However, *they* can also refer to Spaniards, which can suggest the author
emphasizes what Hemingway already knew. As Reynolds observes, the feature is a clever mixture of imagination and extrapolation “from his first-hand knowledge of trout fishing, from watching fishermen in the bay and from inspecting gutted fish in the marketplace. For his readers he created an impression of first-hand experience” (*PY* 10). As it was a Sunday, there were probably few fishermen in the bay or fish in the marketplace, so to place the reader in Vigo, Hemingway had to imagine what it would have been like. He also imagined himself as both a student and trusted insider of Vigo: the inside status came through the definitive (present-tense) tone (“Vigo is a pasteboard looking village… A big tuna is silver and slate blue… [the fisherman’s work] is a back-sickening… job…”) ([*BL* 16-17, my ellipses]). The student-like approach, however, was more subtle and fashioned against the broader scope of his developing style in 1922 and 1923, a style he worked on through both *Star* features and letters.133

(Hemingway) has such contacts and is a knowledgeable insider himself. Ultimately, the ambiguity is precise and purposeful: to infer an authentic, knowledgeable author without overstepping the claim. 133 See, for instance, Elizabeth Dewberry’s “Hemingway’s Journalism and the Realist Dilemma:” “Although Hemingway often complained that journalism robbed him of the juices he needed to write fiction, there is evidence that moving among journalism, creative nonfiction, and fiction stimulated all his writing, that he work in each genre informed and enriched his experience in the others” (16). And “the subjects about which he chose to write [for his *Toronto Star* features] included the topics that would inform his fiction and nonfiction for the rest of his life: fishing, camping, eating, money, traveling, bullfighting, politics, expatriates, and war, to name a few” (23).
With Hadley, he wrote two letters from the *Leopoldina* shortly after leaving Vigo, one to his parents, another to his friend Bill Smith. In both, he provides an example—unrelated to Vigo in content but exemplary nonetheless of his developing approach—where he assumes a creative license for the sake of a good “story.” With enthusiasm, he reports boxing and training with Henry Cuddy out of Salt Lake City, telling his parents he had Cuddy “on the verge of a knockout,” and Smith that they “trained daily [throughout] the voyage.” At the end of the letter to Smith, he coyly remarks, “You’ll have to get Hash to tell you about the bout. If I wrote it you’d think it was fiction” (*Letters* 312). The editors of the Cambridge *Letters* note that Hemingway’s boxing with Cuddy seems to conflict with the *Salt Lake Telegram*’s coverage that same week of Henry “Kid” Cuddy, who was reportedly boxing in Salt Lake City—and not aboard the *Leopoldina*—the week Hemingway wrote the letters (311n2). Hemingway may have been mistaken about his counterpart, but there is no mistaking his training as an artist. He had knocked out “Kid”

His letters were used as primers for his Vigo *Star* feature, as well. To his family, he had spoken of the “great schools of tuna—some jumped 6 and 8 feet out of the water chasing the sardines” (*Letters* 311), matching the *Star* feature where “a school of sardines jumping out of water, forced out by the swell of a big tuna who breaks water with a boiling crash and shoots his entire length six feet into the air” (*BL* 16). To Sherwood Anderson a few days after settling in Paris: “You ought to see the spanish [sic] coast. Big brown mountains looking like tired dinosaurs slumped down into the sea… Light house looking like a little candle stuck up on the dinosaurs shoulder. The coast of Spain is long and brown and looks very old” (*Letters* 314). In the *Star* feature, he repeated the “Sun-baked brown mountains slump down to the sea like tired old dinosaurs” and the “old, crumbly mountains that wall the bright, blue bay of Vigo” (*BL* 16).
Cuddy by the very example of his letter, i.e. by his fiction. In later years, he treated writing as a boxing match where he challenged “Mr. Turgenieff” and “Mr. Maupassant:” “Am a man without any ambition,” he wrote his publisher Charles Scribner in 1949, “except to be champion of the world, I wouldn’t fight Dr. Tolstoi in a 20 round bout because I know he would knock my ears off… [but] If I can live to 60 I can beat him. (MAYBE)” (SL 673). Reeling off a list of nearly a dozen writers he could or could not beat in a boxing match of writing, Hemingway saw fiction as both art and exercise. To perfect a style you had to train, you had to learn; but to be champion of the world, you had to differentiate yourself (beat) the competitors.

In Spain, Hemingway found an ideal setting through which to learn and demonstrate his unique storytelling and style. As Kenneth Kinnamon aptly points out in an early critical essay, “In terms of his later literary production, it seems appropriate that he should have landed in Spain when he came to Europe to begin his serious career” (57). Part of the reason was he observed several correlations between America and Spain. With him in Vigo were still influences from his days in northern Michigan, and his letter to Smith used Michigan landmarks and scenery to provide analogies: “Vigo, Spain. That’s the place for a male. A harbor almost landlocked about as big as little Traverse bay with big, brown, mountains… Vigo’s about 4 times the size of the Voix [Charlevoix] and there are three or four little places around the bay to sail to. Gaw what a place” (Letters 312). Michigan is redrawn in Vigo; Vigo is drawn in the wake of his experiences in Michigan. Michigan also helps explain why he devoted his Star feature to Vigo’s maritime and fishing environment and not to what might have been the more important news story in
Spain that December. The day the Hemingways arrived in Vigo, the headline of the *Faro de Vigo* read simply “Spain in Africa,” with nearly all cover stories devoted in some form to the news of Spain’s ongoing war in Morocco. The previous July saw one of Spain’s most “disastrous” military defeats at Annual in northwest Morocco, a defeat later characterized as a national tragedy. That day’s reporting carried not just continued references to the “July disaster” but ongoing news from the front, as well as numerous activities and benefit drives supporting soldiers and the general war effort (see, for example, “La Inagotable Caridad Viguesa”).

Both the brevity of the docking (four hours) and Hemingway’s own interests account for the omission. As with later works like *Death in the Afternoon* or *Green Hills of Africa*, he was often less concerned with transient politics or social affairs than more permanent natural truths: as he quoted from Ecclesiastes in the preface to *The Sun Also Rises*, “one generation passeth away, and another generation cometh; but the earth abideth forever.” His impression of Vigo reflects greater truths and those relevant to him. Whereas Vigo had been a minor town in the early nineteenth century, it had grown to be a major commercial port by the early twentieth century.\(^\text{134}\) Not only did it see numerous European and cross-Atlantic freighters and cruise ships, it also was one of Spain’s most industrious fishing areas. In 1921, commercial fishing was booming, with Galicia accounting for roughly 1/3 of the industry in Spain; Vigo led the way (de Juana and Prada

\[\text{\footnotesize\textsuperscript{134}}\text{In 1838, its population was 5,500, which had risen to 30,260 in 1910. But during the next two decades, it was growing significantly, so that by 1932 there were 110,000 inhabitants (Reigosa 5).}\]
The bay and surrounding areas were full of not just tuna but sardines, anchovies, and a variety of whitefish and shellfish, among other seafood. Vigo was also a leading producer of fishing equipment and materials—all of which Hemingway felt he knew and so could write about in 1921 and 1922.

The feature situates this natural and historic setting by opening with a near panoramic view of the port city where all landmarks notably point toward the bay (which was also probably the only real part of the town the Hemingways had actually seen):

Vigo is a pasteboard looking village, cobble-streeted, white and orange plastered, set up on one side of a big, almost landlocked harbor that is large enough to hold the entire British navy… A grey pasteboard church with twin towers and a flat, sullen fort that tops the hill where the town is set up look out on the blue bay, where the good fishermen go… For the bright, blue chromo of a bay is alive with fish. (*BL* 16, my ellipses).

The fish, fishermen, and bay are drawn into focus through his Michigan background and his brief assessment of the town’s maritime influence. Like Hemingway, the reader did not need to physically see the fishermen, struggling with and catching tuna, that Sunday in the bay in order to get a true, essential sense of Vigo. To provide a constant, first-hand impression of setting and scene, repetition (repeating words like *blue, bay, fish, fisherman, tuna, boats*) aim to make the scene more legitimate and authentic, as if reconfirming what has already been stated.

Beyond his Michigan experiences and his general sense of the Spanish town, Hemingway did attempt some light, journalistic fieldwork. He reports to Smith the price
of a boat (“5 seeds”), where renting “costs a seed a day at the Grand Hotel and the bay swarms with Tuna… The biggest one they’ve taken this year weighed 850 lbs!” (Letters 312, ellipses mine). He prices wine and alcohol: “Vino is 2 pesetas a qt. for the 3 year old which can be distinguished by a blue label. Cognac is 4 pesetas a litre” (Letters 312). And while it was common for him to relay such learning, superficial as some of it may seem during his early years or when traveling to new places, the details attempt to authenticate him as an integrated eye-witness. Hemingway spoke no Spanish at this time, but he was confident in what he called his “Lingua Franca— [International Mediterranean Language],” which probably represented his best guesses when translating his limited Italian into Spanish. He boasted he had “interpreted for all the passengers,” as well (Letters 311), but he offers a hint that the passengers most likely helped interpret for him, probably through Hadley. At the end of his family letter, Hemingway relayed that “Hash is talking French to 3 Argentinians that are in love with her” (Letters 311), suggesting Hadley’s workable French was more useful than his rough Italian.

Whatever the exact circumstances, relaying specifics like the weight of a tuna caught in a particular year, the exact pricing of liquor, as well as estimates of renting or buying boats shows more than just a reliance on previous knowledge or mere invention.

135 As many have noted and in the words of Scott Donaldson, throughout his life Hemingway had a “preoccupation with the dollar”—“Nowhere is Hemingway’s preoccupation with the subject [of money] more evident than in his newspaper writing,” he adds (By Force 10). As Donaldson argues, money and finances do appear throughout his letters, journalism, and fiction (see Chapter 2 of By Force of Will).
In a sense, Hemingway was a master at coupling invention and imagination with knowledge and observation. He observed his surroundings with a journalistic eye, learned as fast as he could, and then incorporated those experiences into a potentially greater, more meaningful narrative. As Meyers relates, “From the beginning of his career Hemingway sought to base his fiction on reality, but he tried to distill the essence of the experience so that what he made up was truer than what he remembered” (98). Spain seemed to hold a great many truths to be learned and shared with others. But in 1921, he did not realize to what extent Spanish culture would soon dominate his life and writing.

4.3 1922-1923: “Our Objective—To See Bullfights”

Shortly after leaving Vigo, Hemingway had enthusiastically written Smith: “We’re going back there” (Letters 312). He returned to Vigo, but never with Hadley and not for several years. As a foreign correspondent for a North American newspaper, he was constantly traveling: Genoa or Lausanne for post-war economic and peace conferences or Constantinople and Smyrna to report on the Greco-Turkish war of 1922 that erupted in the fallout of World War I. Mixing work and vacation, he and Hadley also visited numerous European destinations, including Germany, Austria, Italy, or other regions of France. But a full year and half passed before he returned to Spain. Rather than the fishing, what lured him back were stories about bullfighting.

136 From 1928 to 1931, he (sometimes with or without Pauline Pfeiffer, his second wife) passed through Vigo during several cross-Atlantic voyages (going east or west). See Capellán’s Appendix “Ernest Hemingway’s Trips to Spain” (269-70).
As Reynolds explains, “Ever since listening to Mike Strater’s description of the bullfight, Ernest hungered to see the spectacle for himself. Gertrude and Alice further whetted his appetite with talk of a primitive fiesta in Pamplona at the Spanish foot of the Pyrenees” (PY 128). As discussed in the Stein chapter, Stein and Toklas had already “discovered” the bullfights (AAT 118), which Hemingway recalls firsthand in DIA:

Once I remember Gertrude Stein talking of bullfights spoke of her admiration of Joselito and showed me pictures of him in the ring and of herself and Alice Toklas sitting in the first row of the wooden barreras at the bull ring at Valencia with Joselito and his brother Gallo below, and I had just come from the Near East, where the Greeks broke the legs of their baggage and transport animals and drove and shoved them off the quay into the shallow water when they abandoned the city of Smyrna, and I remember saying that I did not like the bullfights because of the poor horses. (1-2)

Stein may have shown the bullfight pictures to Hemingway in 1922 with the same flair (and instructive method) she had introduced the shocking Demoiselles-era paintings to Toklas in 1909. Either way, Hemingway knew there was much to learn. He thought he had seen it all in the “Near East,” “but the bullfight was so far from simple.” His very admission of ignorance instills the importance of apprenticeship and learning. The reader, he assumed, was in the same position he used to be in: outside and faraway from the bullring, looking strangely, wondrously but warily, at photos of the inside. His long
introduction in *DIA* about the brutality of the horses is less a sympathetic gesture to the horses than to the public’s naïve disgust at their treatment.

Many of his early, vivid experiences, such as the Smyrna trip or his initial impressions of bullfighting, were subsumed into his general apprenticeship as a writer. In 1922 and 1923, he began a series of vignettes: short, compact descriptive paragraphs carrying a heightened sense of purpose well beyond their seemingly simplistic style. As Reynolds explains, “In January 1923, Hemingway started over. In two months he wrote the six sketches that appeared in Jane Heap’s *Little Review* in the spring of 1923. These sketches became the first six chapters of *in our time*” (*Critical Essays* 8), the book Hemingway first published with his friend Bill Bird’s Three Mountains Press in 1924.137 A year later, along with a group of short stories, he compiled the sketches as interchapters in his first American publication (by Boni and Liveright) under the same title (amended to *In Our Time* [1925]). In all, there are 16 sketches, six of which concentrate on Spain and bullfighting.

137 In fact, Hemingway needed to “start over.” In December, Hadley had taken nearly all of his existing writing with her as she traveled from Paris to Lausanne, where Hemingway was finishing reporting of the international peace conference. “The suitcase containing all this material was stolen from the compartment of Hadley’s train while it was still in the Gare de Lyon,” and none of it was ever found (Meyers 68). Bird was working with Pound in what they called “an inquest into the state of contemporary English prose,” which would highlight a new, modernist direction for writing and art (qtd. in Reynolds *PY* 80; see also Reynolds *Critical Essays on Ernest Hemingway’s In Our Time* 8; and Miriam B. Mandel’s “The Birth of Hemingway’s Afición: Madrid and ‘The First Bullfight I Ever Saw’”).
Reynolds notes that the first interchapter about Spain (Chapter IX “The first matador got the horn…”) was written in March 1923, two to three months before Hemingway had even seen a bullfight. Instead, he had imagined himself in the picture with Stein and Toklas, witnessing the bullfight up-close as a spectator in the stands:

The first matador got the horn through his sword hand and the crowd hooted him. 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 he 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 bull ring. (CSS 121)

The vignette has a chronological order of each matador’s fate, as though providing a journalistic testimony to the day’s events. But descriptive points are added to

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138 In his first short story about Spain, “The Undefeated,” it is not surprising the narration is peppered with the journalistic notes of a substitute bull-fight critic from El Heraldo, a local newspaper (CSS 192-3). In a
emphasize the emotion and feeling of a spectator as he might witness such a bullfight. The objective event is matched with the subjective emotion of witnessing such an event.

As Dewberry explains, Hemingway realized “that people’s perceptions of external reality tend to be influenced by their internal, subjective realities” (25). Thus both the vignette and later Star features set in Spain (such as “Bullfighting a Tragedy,” published in October 1923) offer a delicate balance of the action (objectivity) and the emotional

similar method invoked in his Star features, the short stories merged both fiction and journalism and created a real and lively event, even if it had never happened exactly as written. Of other such examples, one was the Greek evacuation of Smyrna he had remembered in relation to bullfighting during his conversations with Stein. The opening lines read: “Minarets stuck up in the rain out of Adrianople across the mud flats. The carts were jammed for thirty miles along the Karagatch road. Water buffalo and cattle were hauling carts through the mud. There was no end and no beginning. Just carts loaded with everything they owned…” (CSS 70). The impression and mood of weariness, downtroddenness, and chaos are intimated not by an opinionated narrator but more subtly by the “jammed” carts, stuck in the mud and hauling heavy loads (of people, as well as animals and household objects), which are contrasted against the “running yellow” of the river and the “bobbing” of camels and cavalry, which “herded” the stagnating procession. Men become beasts to be shepherded. Even in moments where the narrator appears to interject (such as “Scared sick looking at it”), it is unspecified whether this appraisal is the narrator speaking or the “young girl” who is crying. Furthermore, words like “mud,” “rain,” and “water” weigh down the event—even the minarets are “stuck” in such a tragic scene. Like Hemingway’s own timeless sense of experience and writing, “There was no end and no beginning” to the procession. Such early examples show that factual, journalistic details can be molded into subjective truths—in a sense, journalism could become great fiction. See William Braasch Watson on how Hemingway crafted such an approach with great effect in a later short story about the Spanish Civil War entitled “Old Man at the Bridge.”
excitement, anticipation, and feel of a subjective experience. Matthew Stewart characterizes this complicated act of representation as “primarily oriented toward capturing moods and states of mind in a given moment, usually one of crisis. They freeze the moment, objectifying it; and taken as a fragmentarily presented whole, they constitute a cubist picture of the period” (102). Had Hemingway picked up on Stein’s attempts at a “cubist picture of the period?” If so, it might have been from their conversations not her writing per se. As Hemingway recalls in A Moveable Feast, “In the early days writing in Paris I would invent not only from my own experience but from the experiences and knowledge of my friends and all the people I had known, or met since I could remember, who were not writers. I was very lucky always that my best friends were not writers and to have known many intelligent people who were articulate” (181-2). Stein rarely wrote of the bullfight, but her vivid discussions had made him see it from the inside. Those early years, he was also learning how to match wonderful stories with an efficient, modern style—that “maximum efficiency of expression” he was learning from Pound, where “the writer has expressed something interesting in such a way that one cannot re-say it more effectively. I also mean something associated with discovery. The artist must have discovered something—either of life itself or of the means of expression” (56). In Spain, Hemingway discovered wonderful stories; his challenge was then to “do the country” as a matter of discovery and not as a clichéd homage or romantic tribute.

If ten years later Death in the Afternoon invited the reader to discover the action for himself (the bullfight itineraries are just one example), then Stein’s and Strater’s stories and pictures were Hemingway’s invitation for a trip to Spain. In late May, early
June 1923, with Robert McAlmon (and his money) and Bill Bird, he arranged to travel to Madrid, before heading to Pamplona with Hadley for the Feria de San Fermín, an annual bullfight festival typically held in the second week of July. As he admitted in a Star feature about the initial Madrid trip, there were no pretenses about motive. After looking over “Mike’s” drawn map menu of places to stay, eat, and visit, Hemingway and his companion were “Fully equipped” and “we started for Spain. Our objective—to see bullfights” (D:T 340). The move from outsider to insider seems, at first, as simple as a train ride from Paris to Madrid: “We left Paris one morning and got off the train at

139 “Mike” most likely refers to Mike Strater, who had provided the menu map; but Hemingway had not traveled to Spain with Strater that summer. Robert McAlmon, who had actually been instrumental in paying for the trip, accompanied Hemingway on June 1 for the train trip from Paris to Madrid. Bill Bird arrived later in the week, and the trio spent roughly three weeks in Spain, traveling as well to Seville, Ronda, and Granada, before returning to Paris. Hemingway met his wife in Paris, and then the two traveled to Pamplona for the festival, staying roughly a week. See Reynolds, PY 128-37—though Capellán suggests a different arrival date in Madrid (see Appendix in Capellán).

It is perhaps strange Hemingway would say it was “Mike” who accompanied him down to Madrid, instead of “Robert.” Of course, the name change could be inconsequential (for would the reader know or care if it was “Mike” or “Robert”), or it could be a mere reporting device to keep the real person unidentified (though one question might be, why use the name “Mike,” which could be identified to someone Hemingway knew in reference to Spain?). Perhaps “Mike” acknowledged Strater’s beneficial conversations and explanations. It is as if by traveling with “Mike” down to the bullfights, Hemingway is acknowledging how Strater’s details, words of wisdom, and map (written on the menu) had literally accompanied him down to Madrid even though Strater had not physically joined them.
Madrid the next noon. We saw our first bullfight at 4:30 that afternoon… It was very exciting, sitting out in front of a café your first day in Spain with a ticket in your pocket that meant that rain or shine you were going to see a bullfight in an hour and a half” (D:T 340, my ellipses). Writing for an audience who had most likely never visited Spain themselves, he conceptualizes (narrates) the move from Paris to Madrid and finally the bullring as a special trip or excursion. Moreover, his eye-witness details verify his authority as an insider even as Mike’s very role as the initial guide foreshadows Hemingway’s role, which is more complex than just braggart or insider. Instead, the feature is a demonstration (and explanation) of his own movement or apprenticeship from outsider to insider.

Many passages are written from the general perspective of someone approaching, or discovering, the bullring for the first time: from the street, amidst the enveloping crowds of spectators, vendors, and policemen:

The bullring or Plaza de Toros was a big, tawny brick amphitheater standing at the end of a street in an open field. The yellow and red Spanish flag was floating over it. Carriages were driving up and people getting out of buses. There was a great crowd of beggars around the entrance. Men were selling water out of big terra-cotta water bottles. Kids sold fans, canes, roasted salted almonds in paper spills, fruit and slabs of ice cream. The crowd was gay and cheerful but all intent on pushing toward the entrance. Mounted civil guards with patent-leather cocked hats and
carbines slung over their back sat their horses like statues, and the crowd flowed through. \( D:T \ 340-1 \)

Where most of the Vigo feature had been in the present tense—relying on the authority of the verb tense to cover for his relative lack of experience—the Madrid / bullfight feature looks backward, to his own learning curve and arrival at the proverbial bullfight stage. His apprenticeship thus continues: “We had barrera seats. These, the scalper explained in Spanish and broken French, were the first row of the ringside…” \( D:T \ 340 \), my emphasis). The scalper instructs in broken French because Hemingway and his friend know little if any (broken) Spanish. But he is learning, exemplified by the very use of the word “barrera” (the Spanish word for “front row seats” in this case), which is suddenly stripped of any foreign pretense (emphasis or italics) because Hemingway is now comfortable with the word, having learned and adapted it into his very lexicon. Upon entering the ring, Hemingway and Mike sit next to an American—referred to as the “Gin Bottle King”—who serves as their guide and instructor. “You’re an American,” they ask, to which he responds, “Sure… but I know this gang” \( D:T \ 342 \). As we will see later, the words could have been scripted almost right out of the mouth of Jake Barnes.

Where Hemingway observes and relays events, their guide explains and teaches significance: “From the box an object came hurtling down. One of the marshals caught it in his plumed hat. ‘The key to the bullpen,’ said the Gin Bottle King” \( D:T \ 342 \). The Gin Bottle King points out Villalta, and Hemingway notices, “Upon his tanned cheekbone was a big patch of gauze held with adhesive tape. ‘He got gored last week at Málaga,’” the Gin Bottle King explains \( D:T \ 342 \). Later, the Gin Bottle King’s role of teacher is
stated explicitly: “The Gin Bottle King… told us a lot of this [about bullfighting and its history] that first night as we sat in the upstairs room of the little restaurant…” However, Hemingway must also acknowledge his own role as a student, in order to validate the feature’s authenticity: “The rest we learned later at the bullfighters’ pensione in the Via San Jerónimo… Much of it we learned in the sixteen fights we saw in different parts of Spain from San Sebastian to Granada” (D:T 344, my ellipses). Having spoken with knowledgeable fans, lived with and learned from bullfighters, and seen numerous bullfights himself, Hemingway’s metamorphosis from student to teacher appears more organic, less abrupt. And while thirty days in Spain hardly authorizes Hemingway as a master, to his Toronto-based or North-American audience he still had thirty-days-worth of material to be shared, a “few practical things to be said.”

Of this new-found knowledge are the finer points as well as the inner wisdom:

At any rate bullfighting is not a sport. It is a tragedy, and it symbolizes the struggle between man and the beasts. There are usually six bulls to a fight. A fight is called a corrida de toros. Fighting bulls are bred like racehorses, some of the oldest breeding establishments being several hundred years old. A good bull is worth about $2,000. They are bred for speed, strength and viciousness. (D:T 344)

The price of bulls and the definition (translation) of bullfight terminology validate his insider status in the same way his pricing of liquor and the explanation of fishing protocol authenticates him in the Vigo feature. But with more time and a far more exhilarating
subject matter, the 1923 trip offers far deeper, more symbolic and mystical truths to be figured out.

To impart more than just information but wisdom for the audience, Hemingway offers what *ought* to be seen and what *should* be done in reference to the bullfight. Thus, like the earlier vignettes (but in a far more comprehensive fashion) observations and value-judgments are blended together to comprise a full—and in Hemingway’s mind, accurate—sense of what a bullfight *is*:

There are also all sorts of complicated passes that must be done with the cape, each requiring as much technique as a champion billiard player. And 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. (*D:T* 345).

Then, discussing the placing of banderillos (“three-foot, gaily colored darts with a small fishhook prong in the end”), the word “must” instills a greater sense of certainty: “They must go in evenly, one on each side. They must not be shoved, or thrown or stuck in from the side.” And before the matador kills the bull, “he must first do a series of passes with the muleta, a piece of red cloth about the size of a large napkin. With the muleta, the torero must show his complete mastery of the bull, must make the bull miss him again and again by inches, before he is allowed to kill him. It is in this phase that most of the fatal accidents occur” (*D:T* 345). The prose has moved from the eye-witness description of a novice to the knowledge of a teacher to, finally, the imparted wisdom of a true insider. And because all is written with utter detail, vibrancy, and conviction it can be
difficult to decipher student from master, truth from opinion, and observation from judgment.

Brimming with this emotion and enthusiasm, Hemingway returned to Paris in mid-June, anxious to talk with Stein, now one master to another. He sent a letter (20 June) about dropping by the next day: “I am very anxious to talk about toros y toreros [bulls and bullfighters] with you. We will maybe go down to Pampaluna [sic] for the” San Fermín festival (SL 83). She probably corrected him on the town’s name when she saw him; but was she prepared for how transformative the Spanish trip had been? He was already laying out plans for his future family: “I expect to buy a bull calf to practice veronicas with. It is too late for me,” he admitted, but Hadley was pregnant, so “we may be able to do something with the kid” (SL 83). In fact, they seemed to try; when the child was born later that October, they decided on John Hadley Nicanor Hemingway, a name partially in tribute to Nicanor Villalta who had impressed them during their Pamplona trip.140 Several days later, in a letter to Isabel Simmons, he hinted at the importance of the trip to the birth of their child, wondering, “Bull fighting ought to have a stalwart pre-natal influence dont you think?” (SL 84).

140 Describing Villalta in the bullfight article as someone who “was straight as a lance and walked like a young wolf” (D:T 342), Hemingway perhaps hoped his son turned out to be a young fighter with a strong backbone, a tough kid with a tough character. Along with Villalta’s name, Spain seemed to be on Hemingway’s mind when his son was born that fall; as Baker recounts, “When Ernest hurried in that morning at nine for his first sight of the baby, he told Hadley that the nose made the child resemble the King of Spain” (Life 117).
However, no stories or photographs or his own 2-3-week journey through Spain earlier that month could prepare him for Pamplona, a small town in reach of the Pyrenees Mountains in northern Spain. In “Bullfighting a Tragedy,” he admitted seeing the best bullfight of the summer (of his life he intimated elsewhere) in Pamplona. But it was more than just one spectacle at one moment in time. He discovered an impressive drama, stretching out over years and years and immediately accessible and open to all, “amateurs” and “every man:”

Up in Pamplona, where they have held six days bullfighting each year since A.D. 1126, and where the bulls race through the streets of the town each morning at six o’clock with half the town running ahead of them. Pamplona, where every man and boy in town is an amateur bullfighter and where there is an amateur fight each morning that is attended by 20,000 people in which the amateur fighters are all unarmed… (D:T 344)

Where the earlier trip had made him feel more like a mere spectator (despite his claims otherwise), Pamplona welcomed him as a more active participant. Pamplona opened its arms to novices, and everyman could be a part of the action.

Returning to Paris in mid-July, Hemingway immediately relayed the enthusiasm and his newfound education to Bill Horne:

just got back from the best week I ever had since the Section—the big Feria at Pamplona – 5 days of bull fighting dancing all day and all night…

You’d be crazy about a really good bullfight, Bill. It isn’t just brutal like they always told us. It’s a great tragedy – and the most beautiful thing I’ve
ever seen… It’s just like having a ringside seat at the war with nothing going to happen to you” (SL 87-88, my ellipses).

_It isn’t like they always told us_, he affirmed, foreshadowing his introduction about the horses in _DIA_. But to know this you had to see it from the inside; too few had: “We the only foreigners at the damn fair,” he added to signal both the fair’s relative obscurity to outsiders as well as his own now unique status. But again, the privileged status was in reference to non-Spaniards, especially those who had never been to Spain; he was still a _foreigner_ at the fair. Likewise, student and teacher merged in the same breath: “Went down there about two months ago _to study_ Bull fighting and lived at a bull fighters pension in the Calle San Jeronimo in Madrid and then travelled all over the country with a crew of toreros” (SL 87-88, my emphasis). Although he embellished certain moments (traveling all over with a “crew of toreros”), the enthusiasm derived from his belief that he, a foreigner, had learned from Spaniards and toreros on the inside.

In all, the _Star_ published three main features about bullfighting in the fall of 1923: “Bullfighting a Tragedy” (20 October), “Pamplona in July” (27 October), and “Tancredo is Dead” (24 November). Picking up where “Bullfighting a Tragedy” leaves off, “Pamplona in July” shares a style and approach to earlier vignettes and eventually to _SAR_: “There were easily twenty thousand people there,” he wrote of the festival. “Everyone jammed on the outside of the big concrete amphi theatre… People were jammed solid on each side of it” (D:T 349, my ellipses). The scene had the crowded, “jammed” feeling of the evacuation of Smyrna (“The carts were jammed for thirty miles along the Karagatch road” [CSS 71]), except now the crowds waited anxiously for the procession
instead of just comprising it. In the vignette, “The first matador got the horn through his sword hand,” the second matador is gored badly by being caught by the bull’s horns in the belly, so “The kid came out and had to kill five bulls because you can’t have more than three matadors” (CSS 121). In “Pamplona in July,” a young bullfighter named Algabeno (“He is only twenty”) has to come out and finish all six of the bulls because there are no substitute matadors allowed. Maera was finished. His wrist could not lift a sword for weeks. Olmos had been gored badly through the body. It was Algabeno’s bull. This one and the next five. (D:T 353)

Maera’s sprained wrist occurs similarly to the “first matador” who “got the horn through his sword hand.” Maera “drew up his sword and as the bull charged Maera thrust. The sword shot out of his hand and the bull caught him. He went up in the air on the horns of the bull and then came down… Maera staggered to his feet. But his wrist was sprained.” Maera, though, is able to finally kill the bull, but not after “beads of sweat” and trying “again and again to make his death thrust. He lost his sword again and again… Finally he made it and the bull went over” (D:T 353, my ellipses). In the vignette, the tired sword thrusts had been attributed to the last matador, who “was so tired he couldn’t get the sword in. He couldn’t hardly lift his arm. He tried five times… and then he finally made it” (CSS 121, my ellipses). The later feature shows Hemingway drawing on earlier descriptions to convey a story from a different time. He was learning to reinvent his craft, sometimes by refashioning (rewriting) it.
The method proved invaluable as he began writing *The Sun Also Rises* two years later. “At noon of Sunday, the 6th of July, the fiesta exploded. There is no other way to describe it” (*SAR* 156). Sitting at a café just as the festival starts, the group notices the rocket that announced the fiesta went up in the square. It burst and there was a gray ball of smoke high up…. The ball of smoke hung in the sky like a shrapnel burst, and as I watched, another rocket came up to it, trickling smoke in the bright sunlight. I saw the bright flash as it burst and another little cloud of smoke appeared…. People were coming into the square from all sides, and down the street we heard the pipes and the fifes and the drums coming. They were playing the *riau-riau* music, the pipes shrill and the drums pounding, and behind them came the men and boys dancing. (*SAR* 157, my ellipses)

Hemingway had already described the explosive nature of the festival in the 1923 “Pamplona” feature. Compare descriptions of the rocket and fireworks; the dancers, drummers, fifers, and *riau-riau* music; and the crowds of people and energy:

All day and all night there is dancing in the streets. Bands of blue-shirted peasants whirl and lift and swing behind a drum, fife and reed instruments in the ancient Basque *Riau-Riau* dances. And at night there is the throb of the big drums and the military band as the whole town dances in the great open square of the Plaza.

We landed at Pamplona at night. The streets were solid with people dancing. Music was pounding and throbbing. Fireworks were being set off
from the big public square. All the carnivals I had ever seen paled down in comparison. A rocket exploded over our heads with a blinding burst and the stick came swirling and whishing down. Dancers, snapping their fingers and whirling in perfect time through the crowd, bumped into us…

(D:T 347)

Such passages confirm what Svoboda and others have argued in reference to *The Sun Also Rises*: “He did not simply describe one trip into Spain; he synthesized from all his experiences of Spain, telescoping scenes and events that he derived from several trips to Spain over a period of years” (112). Just the same, the “Pamplona” feature shows a remarkable talent of learning and drawing out so much of the eventual description and energy of the later work from just one trip.

Like “Bullfighting a Tragedy,” “Pamplona in July” is both instructive and a record of Hemingway’s own instruction. The feature opens by announcing general information: “Bullfight fans from all Spain jam the little town. Hotels double their prices and fill every room” (D:T 347). A few paragraphs later, we learn how the Hemingways came upon such information. “We had wired and written for rooms two weeks ahead. Nothing had been saved… There was a big row with the landlady, who stood in front of her desk with her hands on her hips… and told us in a few words of French and much Basque Spanish that she had to make all her money for the whole year in the next ten days.” The Hemingways stand their ground while the landlady considers, and ultimately they are offered a cheaper room elsewhere (D:T 347-8, my ellipses). Like the scalper talking Spanish and “broken French” with Hemingway and Mike, Hadley (referred to as
“Herself”) and Hemingway are clearly foreigners. The next morning, after settling in, they hear the “crash of music,” sparking their curiosity. She suggests they get coffee, and Hemingway, visibly at a loss, first responds to her and then questions a local:

“Do you think we’ve got time? Hey, what’s going to happen?” I asked a newsboy. “Encierro,” he said scornfully. “The encierro commences at six o’clock.”

“What’s the encierro?” I asked him.

“Oh, ask me tomorrow,” he said… (D:T 348)

Asking questions in all directions, they are the typical quite-clueless tourists who do not understand language, culture, or protocol. But as active questioners and curious eyewitnesses (they eventually do see the encierro for themselves), their apprenticeship validates their growing understanding and thus Hemingway’s eventual instruction.

“Pamplona in July” ends with Hemingway realizing the terrible shock of being away, proving that only after having learned about Spain can nostalgia set in:

That was just three months ago. It seems in a different century now, working in an office. It is a very long way from the sun baked town of Pamplona, where the men race through the streets in the mornings ahead of the bulls to the morning ride to work on a Bay-Caledonia car. (D:T 354)

Lonesome for Spain, Hemingway’s life changed in more ways than one between the summer of 1923 and the summer of 1924, when he returned. In that time, he and Hadley had moved back across the Atlantic, living in Toronto so Hadley could give birth to their first child and where Hemingway continued as a reporter for the Toronto Star. But his
mind still lingered in Spain. As if charting and lamenting the time and distance between his office desk and Spain, he added, “But it is only fourteen days by water to Spain,” and “There is always that room at 5 Calle de Eslava” (DT 354).

With Spain on his mind, he realized almost immediately the move to North America was a serious interruption to his learning experience. After boarding the cross-Atlantic steamer in late August, he was already complaining from Toronto to Pound in early September, “It couldn’t be any worse. You can’t imagine it. I’m not going to describe it. But for Christ sake if anybody pulls any more of that stuff about America, Tom Mix, Home and Adventure in search of beauty refer them to me” (SL 92). The problem was not just about the prospects or commitments of being a father. As he explained to Stein and Toklas in October, the North American way of life and his job at the Star had already been bearing down on him: “The free time that I imagined in front of a typewriter in a newspaper office has not been. There hasn’t been any time free or otherwise for anything” (SL 93). Frustrated with the Star duties, he was also missing the “Home and Adventure” of his European lifestyle, especially his newfound learning in Spain.

4.4 1923-1924: Transplanting Back to Spain

Letters that fall and winter are filled with Spanish allusions. To Stein, he referred to his newly born son as “Young Gallito” (SL 93-4), whose weight—“seven pounds and five ounces”—made it easier on Hadley and the birth: “Better to start with Novillos,” (or
young bulls) he mused (SL 93-4). He also felt his son was “very good looking but personally detect an extraordinary resemblance to the King of Spain” (SL 93-4), a comment repeated in another letter to Pound two days later. Letters, too, show his intentions of returning to Spain the following summers. In a letter to his father in November, he wrote, “Have had plenty of good trout fishing though and next summer in June when we go down to Spain am going to have some more. Galicia in Spain has the best trout fishing in Europe… It is great country. Spain, I think, is the best country in Europe” (SL 100). Having a month to reconsider this did not change his mind. In

141 Gallito, or José Gómez, who Hemingway acknowledges in DIA was “the last living member of the great family of gypsy bullfighters of that name” (26).

142 The “King of Spain” probably refers to then-King Alfonso XIII, though there is also the likelihood he was subtly but humorously referencing the (in)famous Spanish Habsburg profile or jaw one could see in the Velázquez drawings at the Prado. Stein and Toklas were especially avid admirers of the Prado and its paintings. In his memoir, Samuel Steward recalls visiting Prado paintings with Stein and Toklas in 1939 (the paintings were then in Geneva, having been moved out of Madrid for fear of being destroyed by Nationalist bombings during the Spanish Civil War). Seeing the paintings all at once in that temporary museum exhibit is too much for them: “Even in Spain,” Stein admits to Steward, “we didn’t see that much so close together… It’s an awful blow but a wonderful one” (Samuel Steward 51), a sentiment Stein reaffirmed in a June 1939 letter to Carl Van Vechten (Stein and Van Vechten 640-1). Stein and Toklas would have seen the Prado paintings, as well, during any one of their trips in the 1910s. Perhaps unsurprisingly, years later, in The Best Times, Dos Passos partially confirms the memorable profile of “Don Alfonso,” who also had “the thin waxy nose between dead eyes and jutting wolfjaw of Velasquez’s portraits of the Hapsburg kings” (222).
December, he wrote James Gamble of the 1923 trip with McAlmon, repeating many of his earlier claims and exploits in previous letters: we “went all over Spain travelling with a cuadrilla of bull fighters, Madrid, Seville, Ronda, Malaga, Granada, and ending up in the north. Spain is the very best country of all” (SL 107). Like his developing writing style, his Spanish memories were a mixture of fact and fiction. He certainly was not part of the cuadrilla (the bullfighters’ entourage, who facilitate the bullfighter both inside and outside the ring) nor had he gone trout fishing in Galicia in 1921 or 1923. But the vivacity of his first Spanish excursions had made him imagine what it might be like.\footnote{Fall features—even those not directly related to Spain—demonstrate a longing for Europe and Spain. A few weeks after “Pamplona in July,” there appeared “Trout Fishing in Europe.” Bill Jones, a typical, everyman North American, visits a French financier who boasts, “I will show you the fishing… You have the trout in Canada, is it not? But here! Here we have the really charming trout fishing of Normandy. I will show you” (BL 109). What follows is a demonstration of bad fishing in Deauville, France. But Hemingway, with his recent knowledge of all things Europe, will argue that “The real trout fishing in Europe is in Spain, Germany and Switzerland. Spain has probably the best fishing of all in Galicia,” he adds (BL 110). The embellished assessment—for, again, Hemingway had seen very few rivers or fishing areas in Spain by 1923 and had only spent four hours in Galicia—is mitigated by a sense of authority in reference to his (non-European) audience.}

And from the beginning, Hemingway’s Spain was an act of discovery, for both him and for potential audiences. “As far as I know we were the only English-speaking people in Pamplona during the Feria of last year,” (BL 105), he divulges in the “Pamplona” feature. There was the subtle sentiment of “I found it first,” even though he
knew many had been there before him. Strater had been; Stein and Toklas had told him of
the Pamplona festival. Much later, his writing shows indebtedness to British writers like
Richard Ford and George Borrow, and his future library included many works by non-
Spaniards who had preceded him in traveling to Spain.\footnote{For just one example of a later, semi-homage to George Borrow, see Murad’s “The Conflict of ‘Being Gypsy’ in \textit{For Whom the Bell Tolls}.” Hemingway’s library included not just Borrow and Ford works, but Americans (Washington Irving) and general travel books (Karl Baedecker). See Brasch and Sigman for Hemingway’s library.} But it is unclear how much he had accepted this in 1923-24. McAlmon’s memoir recounts their June 1923 trip and Hemingway’s singular fascination, almost immediate obsession:

Before leaving Paris Hemingway had been much of a shadow-boxer. As he approached a café he would prance about, sparring at shadows, his lips moving to call his imaginary opponents bluff. Upon returning from Spain he substituted shadow-bullfighting for shadow-boxing. The amount of imaginary cape-work and sword thrusts which he made in those days was formidable. (qtd. in Trogdon \textit{Ernest Hemingway} 29)

Baker records that after finishing a round of tennis or the like, Hemingway “pretended that his racquet was a bullfighter’s cape. He danced in front of trolley cars, executing correct and incorrect passes, and delightedly enraging the motormen” (\textit{Life} 129). Often using boxing or other sporting and athletic events as analogies in his fiction and conversations, Spain and bullfighting began to take a more prominent role. In 1929,
boxing with Morley Callaghan, an old Toronto friend, Hemingway has his lip cut and spits (blood) in Callaghan’s face. Shocked, Callaghan remembers Hemingway’s solemn reply: “That’s what the bullfighters do when they’re wounded… It’s a way of showing contempt” (105, my ellipses).

More than merely shadow-bullfighting his way into cafés or after tennis matches, Hemingway began inserting allusions and references to bullfighting into his daily life, letters, and writing. After his second trip, in the fall of 1924, he published an obituary of sorts for Joseph Conrad in the Transatlantic Review. Entitled “Conrad, Optimist, Moralist,” the article is perhaps best remembered for its flippant remarks towards a literary counterpart: “If I knew that by grinding Mr. Eliot into a fine dry powder and sprinkling that powder over Mr. Conrad’s grave Mr. Conrad would shortly appear, looking very annoyed at the forced return, and commence writing I would leave for London early tomorrow morning with a sausage grinder.” Less remembered, however, is that “One should not be funny over the death of a great man but you cannot couple T.S. Eliot and Joseph Conrad in a sentence seriously any more than you could see, say, André Germain and Manuel García (Maera) walking down the street together and not laugh” (qtd. in Trogdon Ernest Hemingway 39). Having already been included in two of the interchapters from In Our Time, Maera appears periodically throughout later fiction and nonfiction. “A Banal Story,” discussed briefly below, describes Maera’s funeral—which the vignettes eerily foreshadowed. In Death in the Afternoon, Hemingway recalls that Maera “looked as though he were going to be one of the greatest of all” bullfighters, immensely brave and a quick learner, and “generous, humorous, proud, bitter,
foulmouthed, and a great drinker” (77-82). Unsurprisingly, being a brave, quick learner were the qualities Hemingway much respected.

Bullfight analogies were instructive on several levels. In the Spring of 1925, he published “Homage to Ezra,” likening Pound to a bull, one of the best fighting specimens from one of the best breeding establishments of Don Eduard Miura. No one ever presents a cape, or shakes a muleta at him without getting a charge. Like Don Eduardo’s product too he sometimes ignores the picador’s horse to pick off the man and no one goes into the ring with him in safety. And though they can always be sure of drawing his charge yet he gets his quota of bull-baiters each year. (qtd. in Trogdon Ernest Hemingway 43)

The bull analogy invoked Pound’s fierce toughness in the field of letters, foreshadowing Hemingway’s own approach as the twenties moved forward. However, the analogy was also a tribute to Pound as a mentor.

In short, Spanish imagery, idioms, and culture became the lens through which he conceptualized experiences. In *Green Hills of Africa*, while looking out along the East African safari, Hemingway observes that “The country was so much like Aragon that I could not believe that we were not in Spain” (146). Then, sitting “in the front seat, thinking of the sea and of the country, in a little while we ran out of Aragon and down to the bank of a sand river, half a mile wide,” and soon enough he says to his wife, “It’s like Galicia.”
“Exactly,” she said. “We’ve been through three provinces of Spain today.”

“Is it really?” Pop asked.

“There’s no bloody difference,” I said. “Only the buildings. It was like Navarre in Droopy’s country too…”

“It’s damned strange how you can love a country,” said Pop.

(GHOA 150-1, my ellipses)

Triggered by their reference to Spain, Pop’s response articulates the “strange” obsession we have for place and country—
_country_ signifying both the land (terrain) as well as the national and cultural space. In a deleted section of _DIA_, Hemingway had further drawn out the importance of finding one’s country in other countries:

145 It should also be noted that Aragón and Galicia each have varying landscapes. His descriptions are then precise—seeing Aragon’s rough, rocky mountains or swooping plains or Galicia’s hilly terrain or green pastures—but ambiguous enough to allow numerous allusions and meanings.

146 References like this cut both ways. In “Old Man at the Bridge”—written and set in Spain during the Spanish Civil War—an old man explains his plight to the narrator, who “was watching the bridge and the African looking country of the Ebro Delta and wondering how long now it would be before we would see the enemy, and listening all the while for the first noises that would signal that ever mysterious event called contact, and the old man still sat there” (CSS 57). Spanish lands “bridge” to African landscapes and vice versa. Hemingway used the bridge as a further symbol in _For Whom the Bell Tolls_, and its destruction may have represented his belief that Spain (having lost to fascist Nationalist forces in the Spanish Civil War) would never be the same—and that he might never return. In this, the bridge back to Spain was his fiction to some extent.
In the west of America you are in country that is physically so like Spain that where there are no houses you could not tell whether it was Spain or Wyoming. There are parts of Montana that are like Aragon. You know when you find your own country in Spain, how the Spaniards must have felt finding their country in American and you know you share a common physical knowledge. (qtd. in Capellán 50, my ellipses).

As Stein and Picasso had believed, Spain and America’s West had much in common geographically. Discovering this shared “physical knowledge” connected the two nations and their inhabitants even more. For Stein, Dos Passos, and Hemingway, the connections were possible in both land and people.

Of the Pamplona festival, Hemingway observes that “It has been going on each year since a couple of hundred years before Columbus had his historic interview with Queen Isabella in the camp outside of Granada” (BL 103). Bullfighting seemed to touch on history’s long ebb and flow (i.e. a sense of immortality), much in the same way he saw, years later, that the 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… (GHOA 149, my ellipses)

Although never referring to himself as Columbus, Hemingway had found his “own country in Spain” in the way Columbus had in America, discovering something equally
“permanent and of value.” Writing to Gamble, he explained why Spain was the best of all European countries: “It’s unspoiled and unbelievably tough and wonderful” (SL 107).

Unspoiled land meant unclaimed territory in the realm of fiction, and, like Columbus, it is less important to have “discovered” it first. Rather, that Columbus is credited with the discovery is what people remember and what makes him so important.

It thus became increasingly important for Hemingway to lay claim to the act of discovery in Spain, even in the face of people who had helped introduce him. In a November letter to Stein and Toklas, Hemingway remarked that “Belmonte is going to fight bulls again next year,” as though Stein and Toklas—who had actually seen Belmonte fight, whereas Hemingway had not—would not have heard. “The bull fighter in Geography and Plays who you didn’t like was Gaona,” he adds, implying Stein’s ignorance of her own written material. As he relays other bits of insider information he states plainly his plans to travel to Pamplona the following summer, as though it had become common practice (SL 102). In a way, they were both working out the same process of America discovering Spain, Spain discovering America. It was not quite a competition but, like his relationship with Dos Passos, it was part of a growing rivalry.

But he could not discover Spain from his office armchair in Toronto, and so by 6 November, he was already asking Sylvia Beach to make arrangements for an apartment in Paris. On the one hand were the expenses: “It is impossible to live here. I make about the same as in Paris,” but the apartments cost far more in Toronto. On the other hand was his work: “It is impossible for me to do any writing on my own” (SL 97). All these frustrations, along with a falling out with the Star management, came together so that in
January 1924 the Hemingways—one additional family member in tow—returned to Europe. Back in Paris, they spent the first part of the winter searching for an apartment and resettling. As the winter and spring wore on, he worked with Ford Madox Ford on the Transatlantic Review (helping Stein publish portions of The Making of Americans, as well) and saw the release of in our time, his second book after Three Stories and Ten Poems. Having been away from Spain for months, the themes and focus of his stories were elsewhere. But he kept Spain in his sights. In early May, he wrote Pound that their housekeeper, was “learning to handle [their son] so she can take care of him while we go to Spain. Leaving 26th June back 16th July” (SL 115). In fact, Hemingway would spend a little over a month in Spain that summer, from 25 June to 27 July (Reynolds PY xvi-xvii).

4.5 1924: Pamplona II, “The Undefeated,” and “A Lack of Passion”

Crossing into the Spanish frontier for the first time in ten months, Hemingway was exultant. Mock-lamenting, really glorifying, the Spanish trip in a 19 July letter to Pound, Hemingway wrote, “Here, at 900 meters above the nivel del mar [sea level] on the Spanish side of the Pyrenees is a good place to observe the ruin of my finances and literary career” (SL 118). These were the same complaints from Toronto six months earlier (in all, there are over a half-dozen instances in the letter of Hemingway complaining about money or writing), but they no longer reflected his actual situation. For one, Hadley and Hemingway were able to go far on the little money they had: the rate of exchange for pesetas to the dollar was roughly 6 to 1 (Shubert Death 235n55; Pike 191). More importantly, Spain was anything but a negative influence in his fiction. At the
time of the letter, he was in the midst of writing one of his very best short stories, “Big Two-Hearted River.”

“Big Two-Hearted River” takes place along the Fox River in Seney, Michigan, but there is little doubt Navarra helps instruct Michigan and vice versa, Hemingway transplanting himself back and forth. As he wrote in a letter to Howell Jenkins in November, after returning to Paris, “There is swell fishing [in Spain]. Like the Black [River in Michigan] when we first hit it. The wildest damn country in the Spanish Pyrenees in from Roncevaux. The Irati River” (SL 130). The Fox River of “Big Two-Hearted River” shows striking similarities to the Irati River, a squiggly tributary of the Ebro River about ten miles east of Pamplona. Both rivers seem to converge in “Big Two-Hearted River” and The Sun Also Rises. When Nick leaves the train station and walks towards the Fox, “On ahead islands of dark pine trees rose out of the plain. Far off to the left was the line of the river” (CSS 164). Similarly, as Jake and Bill approach Burguete, the narration reads, “Way off we saw the steep bluffs, dark with trees and jutting with gray stone, that marked the course of the Irati River” (SAR 122). Dark trees rise out noticeably against the lines of each river, which is “way off” or “on ahead” and is clearly marked and distinguishable from the surrounding landscape. Later descriptions of catching bait show further similarities:

The meadow was wet with dew and Nick wanted to catch grasshoppers for bait before the sun dried the grass. He found plenty of grasshoppers. They were at the base of the grass stems. Sometimes they clung to a grass stem… He turned over a log and just under the shelter of the edge were
several hundred hoppers… Nick put about fifty of the medium browns in to the bottle. While he was picking up the hoppers the others warmed in the sun and commenced to hop away. (CSS 173, my ellipses)

On the grassy bank where it was damp I drove the mattock into the earth and loosened a chunk of sod. There were worms underneath. They slid out of sight as I lifted the sod and I dug carefully and got a good many. Digging at the edge of the damp ground I filled two empty tobacco-tins with worms and sifted dirt on them. (SAR 117-8)

Both narrations trace a certain method in gathering bait: the bottling of the hoppers in one, the tinning of the worms in the other. In both stories, the live bait is revealed by removing a piece of earth (damp chunk of sod or a log)—which shows “plenty” of each specimen—and both hoppers and worms squirm and flee from sight.

Finally, both stories similarly describe the protagonists fishing the river. In “Big Two-Hearted River,” Nick takes one of the trout he has caught and

he whacked him against the log. The trout quivered, rigid. Nick laid him on the log in the shade and broke the neck of the other fish the same way. He laid them side by side on the log. They were fine trout.

Nick cleaned them, slitting them from vent to the tip of the jaw. All the insides and the gills and tongue came out in one piece… All the insides clean and compact and coming out together. Nick tossed the offal ashore for the minks to find.
He washed the trout in the stream. When he held them back up in the water they looked like live fish. Their color was not gone yet. (CSS 180, my ellipses)

The stunning, gutting, cleaning, and appraising of the fish is nearly identical to what occurs in SAR:

He was a good trout, and I banged his head against the timber so that he quivered out straight, and then slipped him into my bag…

In a little while I had six… I laid them out, side by side, all their heads pointing the same way, and looked at them. They were beautifully colored and firm and hard from the cold water. It was a hot day, so I slit them all and shucked out the insides, gills and all, and tossed them over across the river. (SAR 124, my ellipses)

The captured trout are whacked (or banged) against a log (or timber) making them “quiver” (“rigid” in one, “straight” in the other). Cleaning and then gutting them, throwing their insides to the shore or across the river, Nick and Jake both marvel at the beautiful colors as they line them, “side by side” next to each other. When Dorothy Parker reviewed *Men Without Women* in 1927, she had noted the similarities of the earlier works, finding “little of that peaceful ecstasy that marked the camping trip in ‘The Sun Also Rises’ and the lone fisherman’s days in Big Two Hearted River” (108). But she was impressed nonetheless with his “repertorial [sic] talent:” “I think it is impossible for him to write of any event at which he has not been present” (109). In fact, it was his “genius” (Parker’s word) that allowed him to merge several experiences (events) into a
single but comprehensive staging: Spain and Michigan, fluidly and naturally, in the same “present” moment.

As he explained to Stein in August, in “Big Two-Hearted River” “I’m trying to do the country like Cézanne… nothing happens and the country is swell… but isn’t writing a hard job though? It used to be easy before I met you” (SL 122, my ellipses). Years later, he remembered that “I was learning something from the painting of Cézanne that made writing simple true sentences far from enough to make the stories have the dimensions that I was trying to put in them. I was learning very much from his but I was not articulate enough to explain it to anyone” (MF-RE 23). His stories were the examples of his learning and when he was not writing fiction that summer, his letters from Spain were drafts in process. As Sandra Spanier explains in the introductory note to The Letters of Ernest Hemingway, his letters have an enormous “vitality” and “constitute his autobiography in the continuous present tense” (xi).147

No longer writing Star articles that year, many letters show him working out the complex dimensions of his experiences. The Pound letter from July relayed the intensity of the festival:

147 As he rationalized to his mother in a February 1922 letter about sending “dull” letters, “I get such full expression in my articles and the other work I am doing that I am quite pumped out and exhausted from a writing stand point and so my letters are very commonplace. If I wrote nothing but letters all of that would go into them” (Letters 329).
I appeared in the bull ring on 5 different mornings—was cogida 3 times—accomplished 4 veronicas in good form and one natural with the muleta, the last morning, received contusions and abrasions in the pecho [chest] and other places, was drunk twice, saw Bill [Bird] drunk twice, was offered a job as Picador by Algabeno after hanging onto the bulls horns for about 6 minutes and finally getting his nose down on the sand, saw Don[ald Ogden] Stewart cogida twice, saw a man get killed the last day… (SL 118-9, my ellipses)

Like the festival itself, the letter is nonstop and chaotic: drunkards, men, bulls, and fighting around every corner and sentence. Despite the danger—in fact, because of the exhilaration and risk—a comprehensive “present-tense” experience emerges. In this intensity there was much to learn about “valor and art”: “In all other arts the more meazly and the shitty the guy, i.e. Joyce, the greater the success in his art. There is absolutely no comparison in art between Joyce and Maera—Maera by a mile” (SL 119). Opining that great bullfighting was better art than great literature was an ironic touch: for with Death in the Afternoon less than ten years later, Hemingway hoped to champion the art of the former through the example of the latter.

Still searching for ways to bring his own art to life, Hemingway found in bullfighting (and its art) an opening, and he was already imagining a “very big book” in his first letter to his soon-to-be editor Max Perkins in spring 1925. Hemingway complained of the novel as “an awfully artificial and worked out form but as some of the shorts stories now are stretching out to 8,000 to 12,000 words may be I’ll get there yet”
One of those longer short stories was “The Undefeated,” a story he had finished in November 1924 (Reynolds AAC 36). The story’s ironic title partially stems from the ending, where the protagonist Manuel, lying on the surgeon’s table, sways in and out of consciousness. Having failed to kill the bull in a timely or professional way—eliciting jeers and thrown objects from the crowd—the sense of “defeat” seems obvious. However, bullfighting did not espouse such loss, destruction, or death directly; a bullfighter’s honor, art, and will measured his vindication or his defeat. Hemingway had learned that death was not just possible but integral. As “a tragedy,” he wrote in DIA, there is always “the death of the bull, which is played, more or less well, by the bull and the man involved and in which there is danger for the man but certain death for the animal” (16). Even in the case of the horses, the sense of death was preordained: “The tragic climax of the horse’s career has occurred off stage at an earlier time; when he was bought by the horse contractor for use in the bull ring” (DIA 6).

Thus, Manuel’s attempts to turn his near-deadened career around invoke a stronger sense of vindication than of any defeat. Of the Spanish characteristic of honor, we learn in DIA that

In Spain honor is a very real thing. Called pundonor, it means honor, probity, courage, self-respect and pride in one word. Pride is the strongest characteristic of the race and it is a matter of pundonor not to show cowardice. Once it has been shown, truly and unmistakably shown, honor is gone and then a bullfighter may give purely cynical performances
dosing his effort, only creating danger for himself if there is financial need for improving his standing and obtaining contracts. (91)

Manuel’s aims are not for contracts but for pride: “I am a bullfighter” (CS 184). Thus, he may die of his wounds but still refuses to remove or have cut his coleta (the long pigtail bullfighters wear as a distinction). Frankly, he has shown no dishonor that merits its removal. As Saurez-Galbán writes, “The Undefeated” is “an anti-traditional success story” where “The old bullfighter Manuel García cannot make a comeback, and indeed he may die trying to regain his former reputation. But then this is the point: García keeps on trying, he never gives up. And this is precisely why he is ‘undefeated’” (202). In this sense, the story also carries connotations of an unending, or timeless, survival—even if the physical brunt of the circumstance, of the bull, overpowers him, the more symbolic “pundador” remains.

Baker suggests that “The Undefeated” “was a distillation of all he had learned about bullfighting in three visits to Spain” (Life 138). Other critics would say the same about SAR years later, and both stories share a similar approach and demonstrate his ongoing development. Both show an obvious adoration for the technical beauty of the bullfight yet they are not about the bullfight per se. Rather both stories examine participants and viewers of the spectacle. In “The Undefeated,” several voices merge to

148 Again, by the fall of 1924, Hemingway had visited Spain three times during the summers of 1923 (twice) and 1924 (once); for obvious reasons, Baker is omitting Hemingway’s brief dockings in 1919 and 1921.
create a more comprehensive story. Zurito is a voice of reason for Manuel’s sense of pride and passion. Fuentes, a “gypsy” fighter with a lot of promise, is in the position Manuel would hope to be: still with his youth, an easygoing but confident attitude, and the crowd to support him. And as the third-person narrator leads us through a particular action—in often straightforward description or detail—“El Heraldo’s second-string critic” relays his own impressions of the fight as it occurs. The critic’s voice (sometimes shown as notes jotted down for the story he will submit to the paper in the morning) on the one hand confirms and on the other hand undermines the narrated events.

Four times he swung with the bull, lifting the cape so it bellowed full, and each time bringing the bulls around to charge again. Then, at the end of the fifth swing, he held the cape against his hip and pivoted, so the cape swung out like a ballet dancer’s skirt and wound the bull around himself like a belt, to step clear, leaving the bull facing Zurito on the white house, come up and planted firm, the horse facing the bull, its ears forward.

Moments later, the critic writes of the scene:

The veteran Manolo designed a series of acceptable *veronicas*, ending in a very Belmontistic *recorte* that earned applause from the regulars, and we entered the *tercio* of the cavalry. (*CSS* 193)

Similar to “Bullfighting a Tragedy”—where Hemingway as a journalist both narrated and assessed certain aspects of the fight for an outside audience—the story of the fight is broken down into many perspectives, represented by many players who each come to the fight from a different place. The end result is both a real and fictitious demonstration of
the bullfight and its participants, and both the objective narration as well as the evaluative or subjective viewpoints instruct and make the scenes truer than merely any newspaper report.

Although Hemingway had not been able to publish “The Undefeated” until the following June (1925), it eventually made its way into several venues. *This Quarter* published the story in early 1926, making it available to a wider literary audience, including Sherwood Anderson who reported to Gertrude Stein on April 25 “It was a beautiful story, beautifully done. Lordy but that man can write” (qtd. in Gallup 191). Then in March, just a few months before returning to Spain for a fourth summer but after he had written and revised SAR, it was published as “L’invincible” in *La Navire*

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149 “The Undefeated” first appeared in a German translation for *Der Querschnitt [The Cross-Section]*, a German periodical that published his work and poetry “years before I could sell anything in America” (*GHOA* 7). As Nicholas Gerogiannis, editor of Hemingway’s *Complete Poems* (1992), explains, “In continental Europe during the 1920s, *Der Querschnitt* (The Cross-Section) published an assortment of the best esoteric and avant-garde literature, along with some of the finest artwork to appear in any publication during this period” (xvi). In an ironic twist to this project, Hemingway had originally hoped Picasso would provide illustrations to accompany the story (see 22 April 1925 letter to Dos Passos, *SL* 158).

150 Ironically, the statement came roughly one month before tensions between Hemingway and Anderson began. In May, from Madrid, Hemingway sent Anderson a copy of *The Torrents of Spring*, his unflinching parody of Anderson’s *Dark Laughter*, along with a somewhat patronizing letter of explanation. When Anderson defensively replied, “You always speak to me like a master to a pupil” (qtd. in Reynolds *Homecoming* 42), Hemingway admitted to being a “horse’s ass” (*SL* 210), but the parody was in print and the damage to their friendship was done.
D’Argent, a French magazine. Hemingway wrote Perkins in April 1926 about how “various frenchmen got very excited and made extravagant statements about it so now they all want them and I have a fine french market (in francs)” (TOTTC 36-37). The latter point about French francs (worth well below the dollar in the 1920s) seemed to imply a parallel with Manuel’s own career. Hemingway was trying to convince himself and others that he was not really writing fiction for money: he had begun to invoke his own sense of pundador.

Both Hemingway and Perkins were extremely pleased with “The Undefeated” when compiling stories for Men Without Women (1927) and agreed it should open the collection. In fact, Perkins thought it one of the best of the fourteen-story collection (“Fifty Grand” and “Now I Lay Me” the other two) (Trogdon The Lousy 56). As Trogdon explains, Perkins gave the story much importance in relation to Hemingway’s writing and image, “attempting to associate the story volume in the critics’ and readers’ minds with bullfighting, no doubt hoping to link it with The Sun Also Rises” (Trogdon The Lousy 57). Along with “The Undefeated,” Perkins (and, at first, Hemingway) hoped to include in the collection another bullfight story entitled “A Lack of Passion.” As Susan Beegel observes, the composition of both is “intertwined” and Hemingway “may have entertained hopes that the two stories, one a portrait of cowardice and effeminacy, and the other of courage and manliness, could be published side by side as companion pieces in” the volume (50-51).

“A Lack of Passion” is unknown to most readers, as Hemingway never published it himself, and it does not appear in any anthology or short-story collection (its first
publication was in 1990 in *The Hemingway Review*). It concerns the disgrace of a matador named (variously in the drafts as) Manuel Jiminez, or Gavira, and his uncle and promoter Zocato. Through conversations and inner dialogues, we learn that “the disgrace” (originally the title of the story) is partly from Gavira’s cowardly actions in the ring. His uncle tells him, “you have an empty scrotum” (“A Lack” 62), which turns “a lack of passion” into a double-entendre, reflecting Gavira’s apathy toward or “hatred” of bullfighting (after admitting, “I’m not a bull fighter,” Gavira tells his uncle “I don’t care about anything” [“A Lack” 58, 62]) as well as his lack of manhood (figuratively if not literally lacking the ability to induce passion). Zocato is equally complicit in the bullfight’s disgrace, as Gavira reminds him, “[f]or you killing the bull from the barrera with a sword hid under a cape when I had him with his flank to the planks” (“A Lack” 62). Disgusted with the whole performance, the townspeople plan to arrest the bullfighter’s cuadrilla (loosely, the bullfighter’s team) at the train station before leaving town.

On obvious levels, the story is a contrast to “The Undefeated.” Yet the purpose of both was to show the response or reaction to the bullfight not just the bullfight itself. Both bullfighters experience failings in the bullring, to which the crowds become hostile, and both have quite uncertain futures ahead of them. However, their respective approaches to the contest could not be more different. Gavira openly admits he does not want to be a bullfighter while Manuel is earnest about staying with it. The veteran Zocato is a somewhat cynical (self)promoter while Zurito is a sympathetic voice of reason. And on a more subtle level, Gavira’s situation is a foreshadowing and a twist to Barnes’ plight
in *SAR*: Barnes has plenty of passion (Barnes is aficionado, Montoya affirms, and “aficion means passion” [*SAR* 136]) but he has no way to fulfill or release it.\(^{151}\) And both Gavira and Barnes struggle with inner and outer conflicts of disgrace. Barnes is both sexually and emotionally frustrated with his relationship with Ashley, who voices his helplessness and their hopelessness when she admits they could never live together because she would “just tromper you with everybody… It’s the way I’m made” (*SAR* 62). Gavira is also sexually frustrated (in one version of the draft with a waitress and in another version with Salas, one of the members of the *cuadrilla*) and is challenged by the hopelessness of his obligations to the profession, to his uncle, to his *cuadrilla*, and to the crowds. Despite Gavira’s hatred towards the spectacle, a pall of disgrace hangs about the bullfighters, keeping “them from having any inner solidarity” (“A Lack” 60): “There was the disgrace of the boy [Gavira] who was no longer responsible, who could no longer keep his obligations, not merely to the public, for that obligation they did not admit, but his absolute obligations to those who worked for him…” (“A Lack” 60).

In April 1925, he wrote to Dos Passos about both stories, “I got a 8 to 12,000 word bull fight story that makes a bum out of everything I ever did and going good on another one and will no doubt finish it if I can drink enough so as to get enough remorse” (*SL* 158). Although both stories helped prep Hemingway for *SAR*, he ultimately was not

\(^{151}\) Even “The Undefeated” carries such foreshadowing, as Carl Eby identifies that the threat to cut Manuel’s *coleta* is a symbol of castration (especially given Hemingway’s hair fetish), one that Hemingway worked out more fully in *SAR* (64).
satisfied to finish or publish “A Lack of Passion” (perhaps unable to find enough remorse from within he was unable to project such disgrace into the narrative, but there are at least two possible endings and several side passages that make it difficult for the story to have unity). He did, however, recall the story’s significance in DIA:

… and in the old days there was Chicuelo’s uncle sitting drunk in the upstairs dining room watching the dancing in the square; Chicuelo was in his room alone, and the cuadrilla in the café and around the town. I wrote a story about it called A Lack of Passion, but it was not good enough although when they threw the dead cats at the train and afterwards the wheels clicking and Chicuelo in the berth, alone; able to do it alone; it was fair enough. (DIA 214)

Anxious to include “A Lack of Passion” and “The Undefeated” in Men Without Women, Perkins prepared the front jacket with bullfighting in mind, writing Hemingway that the picture of a bull “is a valuable little mark for the book, useful in advertising” (qtd. in Trogdon The Lousy 57). In fact, Perkins seems to have been ready to market Hemingway as a Spanish insider from the outset. In a May 1926 letter to Charles Scribner III, Perkins explains why the firm was contracting Hemingway as a young but still potentially risky investment; he then signs off, “But you wont see Hemingway; he’s in Spain, Bull fighting
I suspect” (TOTTC 39). There were risks to taking on a young writer, whose prose was purposefully stripped of tradition, but both Perkins and Scribners sensed there was a market for a writer experimenting with a new style and one connected with Spain and the undoubtedly curious and exhilarating bullfight spectacle.

4.6 1924-1925: A Curious Student, a Sardonic Insider

From his one-page vignette in 1923 to his 400-page treatise about bullfighting in 1932, Hemingway’s apprenticeship of Spain fluctuated between that of a curious student to that of a sardonic insider. As he moved further inward, becoming more comfortable with Spanish culture, language, and people, his patience for foreigners and those on the outside waned and his writing sometimes espoused a derisive tone. Yet, this outsider-insider fluctuation was extremely valuable in gaining interest in his writing, and he had to learn to delicately maneuver between publicizing his Spanish knowledge (marketing himself as a Spanish insider) on the one hand and ridiculing those who pander to such publishing exploits on the other.

Perhaps the most famous example of Hemingway’s derision toward banal literary characterizations of any sort was The Torrents of Spring (1926), a rather underhanded satire of Sherwood Anderson’s Dark Laughter, which Hemingway wrote in the winter of 1925. But that was only one in a string of sardonic publications, many of which

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152 Incidentally, the Toronto Star had also made the 1923 “Bullfighting Is Not a Sport” feature a cover story. Accompanying the article (which ran on the left hand-side of the page) were huge drawings and pictures of the bullfight spectacle (the photograph of this front page is in Broer 23).
highlighted his connection with Spain or used Spain as a marked point of reference. In the winter of 1925, he had also contributed “A Banal Story” to a special “Banal Issue” of the Little Review, where Jane Heap promised “the most banal surprises, the most traditional attractions… trite gatherings… We banally invite you to put on the most banal travesties avoiding any pursuit of art, originality, or any psychological, complication” (qtd. in Reynolds PY 266, my ellipses). Hemingway’s “story” opens by satirizing the romantic notion of an author at work: “So he ate an orange, slowly spitting out the seeds. Outside, the snow was turning to rain. Inside, the electric stove seemed to give no heat and rising from his writing-table, he sat upon the stove. How good it felt! Here, at last, was life” (CS 274). The story creates an “outside / inside” scenario where the author, believing to be working on the inside, was just warming his butt or “farting” around (the narrator “farting” after making notable points was included in the original draft but Heap did not print it for fear of censorship [Reynolds PY 267]).

Writing his own memoirs in the fifties, he incorporated the same romantic image of a young writer at work. 153 However, whereas A Moveable Feast intimated a serious

153 He worked “in a room that looked across all the roofs and the chimneys of the high hill of the quarter” and

The fireplace drew well in the room and it was warm and pleasant to work. I brought mandarins and roasted chestnuts to the room in paper packets and peeled and ate the small tangerine-like oranges and threw their skins and spat their seeds in the fire when I ate them… But sometimes when I was starting a new story and I could not get it going, I would sit in front of the fire and squeeze the peel of the little oranges into the edge of the
learning experience, “A Banal Story” mocked it. “There is Romance everywhere,” the narrator says sarcastically, encouraging the readers to “Live the full life of the mind, exhilarated by new ideas, intoxicated by the Romance of the unusual,” at which point the narration offers a romantically “new idea,” that of the subject of Spain and bullfighting (CSS 275). But romantic Spain is turned on its head with the death of Maera, who “lay with a tube in each lung, drowning in pneumonia” before he died (CSS 275). The final sentences relay Maera’s funeral and the national mourning, where “Men and boys bought full-length colored pictures of him to remember him by, and lost the picture they had of him in their memories by looking at the lithographs” (CSS 275). Like the reading of the event—which occurs as a banality in place of the actual experience of the event—Maera will come to be replaced by imitative but prosaic representations. One could not learn about Spain or bullfighting by simply reading about it.

As soon as Hemingway had left Spain in 1923, he was using his knowledge of Spanish culture to look critically at the world around him. That fall, he had written a two-part poem entitled “The Soul of Spain,” which was later published in 1924 (while writing “The Undefeated” and “A Lack of Passion”). As if paying homage Stein’s influence on flame and watch the sputter of blue that they made. I would stand and look out over the roofs of Paris and think, “Do not worry. You have always written before and you will write now…” (MF-RE 22).

154 “The Soul of Spain” first appeared in Der Querschnitt. Years later, Dos Passos remembered that Hemingway’s only source of income at this time “was writing smutty poems for a German magazine called
reintroducing him to Spain, the poem begins with her repetitive style: “In the rain in the rain in the rain in the rain in Spain. / Does it rain in Spain?” (Poems 70). The method was similar to his treatment of Anderson’s *Dark Laughter*: criticize the banality by emphasizing (repeating) it. Little is mentioned of Spain anywhere else, and the poem further satirizes literary production:

Home is where the heart is, home is where the fart is.

Come let us fart in the home.

There is no art in a fart.

Still a fart may not be artless.

Let us fart and artless fart in the home. (Poems 70)

On one level, he was distancing himself from Stein, criticizing a mode of writing that plays with and replays sounds in place of meaning and serious writing. Yet his sarcasm pressed beyond Stein. Like “A Banal Story,” the word *fart* emphasizes the general spoof, for as he told Perkins when in the process of explaining why certain words like *bitch* were necessary in *The Sun Also Rises*, “one should never use words which shock altogether out of their own value or connotation—such a word as for instance *fart* would stand out on a page, unless the whole matter were entirely Rabelaisian, in such a manner that would be entirely exaggerated and false and overdone in emphasis” (TOTTC 43). The poem was almost “entirely Rabelaisian,” drawing on its overtly romantic title to

*Derk Quershnitt*. We got all the fun there was out of that name” (The Best Times 145). This may allude to not just his but Hemingway’s satiric approach to both the periodical and his contributions.
attract readers even as its language muddled any sincere appraisal of Spain’s “soul.” The
digressions were blatantly gross in humor: “Democracy is the shit. / Relativity is the shit.
/ Dictators are the shit. / Menken is the shit. / Waldo Frank is the shit. / The Broom is the
shit. / Dada is the shit. / Dempsey is the shit” (Poems 70). Although indirect connections
can be made to Spain, the poem is an early indication of Hemingway’s ironic distaste for
publicizing Spain even as he was doing just that.

Where Dos Passos had seriously written in Rosinante (published the year before)
that “Toledo is symbolically the soul of Spain” (Travel Books 118), Hemingway was
treating the matter in jest. In the second part of the poem, the joke is on the lay traveler:
“You come to Spain but do not remain” (Poems 72). Thus, “Veronica” seems like any
other name and does not readily appear as a matador’s pass in a bullring: “Anna
Veronica, / Marcial Veronica, Pablo Veronica, Gitanillo Veronica. No / they cannot
Veronica because the wind blows” (Poems 72). Hemingway then jokes about what lay
travelers may learn in Spain:

There is no night life in Spain. They stay up late but
they get up late. That is not night life. That is delaying
the day. Night life is when you get up with a hangover in the
morning. Night life is when everybody says what the hell and
you do not remember who paid the bill. Night life goes round and
and round and you look at the wall to make it stop. (Poems 72)

Some of these themes were repeated, in fuller effect, in SAR a few years later. Barnes
remembers going to bed a day or two before the festival starts but does “not know what
time” it was: “I was very drunk and I did not want to shut my eyes because the room would go round and round” (SAR 151). If after his first summer in Spain, Hemingway could make light of there being no “night life in Spain,” after his third summer he came to realize the sincerity of the jest, where day and night could be blurred into one: “It kept up day and night for seven days” (SAR 158) Barnes relays, and “I remember resolving that I would stay up all night to watch the bulls go through the streets at six o’clock in the morning,” but “being so sleepy” he cannot do it (SAR 163). When Cohn asks him if the festival ever stops, Barnes replies, “Not for a week” (SAR 165).

The early sarcasm was thus a way for Hemingway to publicize his knowledge of Spain without seeming to pander to romantic audiences or banal literary tastes. The stance appeared pretentious at first glance, but in fact he was blatantly critical of fakers and posers. In two consecutive Star article written after he had been in Paris for no more

\[155\] In the Star (15 December 1923), he had also published a feature about “European Nightlife,” in which he ridiculed it as “a strange disease, always existent, that has been fanned into flame since the war” (D:T 404). Cities like Paris, Berlin, Constantinople, and Milan all suffered from this disease, but Madrid was “another business. Nobody goes to bed in Madrid. On the other hand, they don’t do anything to amuse themselves. They just stay up and talk” (D:T 407). The moral of the feature arrives in the form of a young bullfighter, who claims to go home and read: “He is a very serious young man, makes $15,000 a year, and probably has half the girls in Madrid in love with him. But he doesn’t believe in nightlife” (D:T 408).

When applied to SAR, the ethic becomes even clearer: the partying and nightlife (represented in full by the expat crowd, especially Brett Ashley) had the potential to ruin good, diligent bullfighters—Romero was no exception.
than three months, he ridiculed the “American Bohemians in Paris,” the “scum of Greenwich Village” who had “been skimmed off and deposited in large ladlesful [sic] on that section of Paris adjacent to the Cafe Rotonde.” Thus, “people who go on a tour of the Latin Quarter look in at the Rotonde and think they are seeing an assembly of the real artists of Paris.” Searching for “atmosphere,” tourists find themselves among mere posers who spend all day talking about art (instead of making or doing it) (BL 23-5). Paris, he argued, was “The Mecca of Fakers” (D:T 119).

Both fake artists and tourists who bought into the Bohemian image were treated with scorn, a treatment he extended and developed in full regarding Spain. In the summer and fall of 1924, he had been asked by Ford Madox Ford’s Transatlantic Review for a “Pamplona Letter.” Only a year before, he had exuberantly written a Pamplona letter for the Star. Now, his submission disdainfully begins: “You want something about Pamplona, because it is such a lovely name to have in the review. I should write it: I owe it to you because I published X… in the review” (“Pamplona” 300). Addressing the letter to you, Hemingway signals two equally complicit offenders: Ford, the editor who had petitioned Hemingway for the letter, and the general public who desire such articles in place of actual experience. Still using the example of “pictures” and foreshadowing a discussion between Barnes and Cohn in SAR, Hemingway writes, “In a little while if we talk about it [Pamplona] or see many more pictures it will be gone. Photographing kills anything, any good thing, just as it improves a bad thing i.e. the faces of movie stars” (“Pamplona” 300). Afraid of losing “it” himself, Hemingway is afraid to keep writing: he did not want to waste “it”—whatever he had experienced so intensely in Pamplona the
last two summers—for a meaningless, “journalistic” letter, especially when he was not being paid. But he was most afraid that “next year Cooks would be running tours down there. The less publicity it has the better” (even the continuing use of the word “it,” instead of “Pamplona,” shows further reluctance to publicize the town, even as the damage had been already been done by the very title) (“Pamplona” 300-301).

In an ironic note to the European “bohemians” of this age, Dos Passos (who had joined Hemingway in Pamplona that summer), wrote in a letter to Jack Lawson in August: “I found myself I dont know how at a lot of bullfights in Pamplona at a ferocious fiesta with a lot of fake bohemians” (FC 358). At first glance, the reference appears in perfect synchronicity with Hemingway’s viewpoint, disparaging all the other tourists and “and scum of Greenwich Village” corrupting Spain. However, years later, as if strangely hinting at this “Pamplona Letter,” Dos Passos recalled his rereading of The Sun Also Rises and that summer of 1924: “Since reading the novel I’m not quite sure which remembered events Hem made up and which actually happened. It was like a Cook’s conducted tour with Hem as master of ceremonies” (The Best Times 154). In his 1926 review of The Sun Also Rises, Dos Passos had made similar allusions to the novel as a tour book and Hemingway as a tour guide. Thus, he implies Hemingway was as culpable as anyone for corrupting Spain by bringing and writing about his entourage of “fake bohemians.”

For his part, Hemingway later carried over these criticisms and satire into SAR. Robert Cohn had “read and reread ‘The Purple Land…’ [which] recounts splendid imaginary amorous adventures of a perfect English gentleman in an intensely romantic
land, the scenery of which is very well-described” (SAR 17). It was dangerous to live that way, Barnes asserts, because people like Cohn get the wrong idea: they start believing in what they read, that the “soul” of the country is just as it is written. It was similar to the disparagement of the “lithograph pictures” of Maera, and Barnes jokes with Cohn to “cheer up,” telling him “All countries look just like the moving pictures” (SAR 18).

Having learned about Spain for himself, Barnes then commits the ultimate sin of introducing not just Cohn and the Paris group to Spain, but all the expats and potential “scum of Greenwich Village.” Recently arrived from America, Gorton attempts to cue Barnes in on the danger: “You know what you are? You’re an expatriate. Why don’t you live in New York?... You’ve lost touch with the soil.” Having lost touch with the soil—a reference not just to land and country but to people and, with alliteration, to soul—“you get precious. Fake European standards have ruined you. You drink yourself to death. You become obsessed with sex. You spend your time talking, not working. You are an expatriate, see? You hang around cafés” (SAR 120, my ellipses). Like Hemingway’s you in the “Pamplona Letter,” Gorton’s pointed you, you, you is a direct shot less at Barnes than Hemingway’s intended expat readership.

Throughout it all, Hemingway realized his understanding of Spain was limited; but he was confident he knew better than most non-Spaniards, tourists, and expatriates. In the “Pamplona Letter,” he admits he does “not understand it [presumably Pamplona],” but cues tell his reader he understands it far better than they do. Emphasizing who belongs in Pamplona and who does not, he adds, “Practically all the prople [sic] that deserved to be at Pamplona were there this year” and afraid of attracting the non-
deserving, he adds, “We’ll get the others down next year by private means, not a public appeal” (“Pamplona” 301). He finishes the letter with a final, ultimately true, prognostication: “If after about four more San Firmins I ever get so I can write anything worth a hoot about it you shall have it as you should naturally have it in any event” (“Pamplona” 302). He hated the fake publicity, fake imagery, and fake readers who never understood “anything worth a hoot about” Spain. But he was becoming complicit in Spain’s growing public interest and he certainly enjoyed being the insider. The challenge was to translate his own learning and fascination about the people, landscapes, settings, and stories into a fascination about his writing. He could not ruin it with non-paying articles in nameless reviews. To be a serious writer, he knew he needed a serious novel.

4.7 1925-1926: The Sun Also Rises

_The Sun Also Rises_ emerged out of this sarcastic disposition toward foreigners and outsiders in Spain. But the story developed into far more than simple satire. In Jake Barnes’ ultimate involvement in corrupting Pedro Romero during the Pamplona festival, _SAR_ acknowledges that Spain “was so far from simple.” Barnes admits as much when, after the wild week in Pamplona, he plans to reenter Spain: “I hated to leave France. Life was so simple in France. I felt I was a fool to be going back into Spain. In Spain you could not tell about anything” (_SAR_ 237). His struggle, much like Hemingway’s, was to successfully balance “some things which may be interesting now” (what Barnes or Hemingway knew at the time of writing) with what could not be accurately expressed or had not yet been fully understood. As a sort of preamble to _Death in the Afternoon, SAR_
offers a comprehensive lesson about not just the “soul of Spain” but that of a “lost generation’s” view of it.

Initially, the story began with a fairly straightforward theme in mind: corruption. Similar to the derisive approach toward outsiders that had accompanied works like “American Bohemians in Paris,” “A Banal Story,” and “Pamplona Letter,” SAR developed as a biting and satiric look at how Americans and other expats corrupt their foreign surroundings, in this case a Spanish cultural event and specifically a bullfighter. He wrote out the first sketch, presumably from Madrid, shortly after his and Hadley’s third trip to Pamplona. The setting opened not in Paris but in Quintana’s—later revised to Montoya’s—hotel in Pamplona. As Svoboda writes,

> The character is a young matador, and the event is his meeting with two Americans. The place is the matador’s cramped hotel room as he dresses for the bullring. The scene is followed by a conversation between a Scotsman and an American, and the arrival in the town square—in all his banal glory—of the American ambassador. (5)

Although Hemingway made substantial revisions, ultimately moving much of this material to the middle and climax of the novel, the early draft identifies a theme still

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156 This is an established critical assessment: Bruccoli argues that the title of the original first chapter (“Cayetano Ordonez / ‘Nino de la Palma’), “indicates the probability that Hemingway’s original plan was to write a novel about the corruption of a bullfighter” (v); Reynolds concurs that it “was going to be about Niño’s corruption by the Paris crowd” (PY 319).
present in the eventual published draft: the knowledge and privilege of (American) insiders would be contrasted against all the “banal glory” of ambassadors, tourists, and other lay travelers—in short, Hemingway’s intended readership.

To Heap, he clarified his intentions in an August letter, when the novel was still quite unfinished:

I’ve tried to write a hell of a good story about people without faking, preciosity, or horseshit. Every body knows life is a tragic show i e borne here—die there. Everybody dies. Everybody gets bitched. Also—and we havent had this since the great ones—life is funny. Conversations among people worth bothering to write about are often funny. Damn funny. (qtd. in Bruccoli vii)

However, Hemingway’s first draft only had the potential of a great story. He had tried to avoid “faking, preciosity, or horseshit,” but too often the prose was interrupted by a pretentious verbosity, one still remnant when Fitzgerald read a late draft the following spring: 157 “I find in you the same tendency to envelope or (as it usually turns out) to

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157 “This is a novel about a lady,” the opening line of one draft had stated with ostentation. Other false asides and descriptions included Stein-like repetitions (“Mike was a charming companion, one of the most charming”) or vague statements (“You had been too late or gone to bed early. You felt good or you felt bad”) (qtd. in Svoboda 131-2). For Bruccoli, the problem was “Hemingway’s self-consciousness” as a storyteller: “Well none of that has anything to do with the story and I suppose you think that there isn’t any story anyway but it sort of moves along in time and any way there is a lot of dope about high society in it and that is always interesting” (qtd. in Brucoli vi).
embalm in mere wordiness an anecdote or joke that casually appealed to you...” After listing examples of “condescending casuallness [sic],” he bluntly remarks, “That’s what youd kid in anyone else as mere ‘style’—mere horseshit... and I think that there are [in the opening] about 24 sneers, superiorities and nose-thumbings-at-nothing that mar the whole narrative” (qtd. in Svoboda 138). Fitzgerald liked the novel as a whole; but rather than satirizing a point about genuine insiders or fake outsiders, Hemingway’s “kidding” style was now merely a cheap example of it. The challenge, then, was to turn the story into a more complicated critique and example of and for the age.

One step Hemingway had already employed by the time Fitzgerald had reviewed the draft was to move the initial action out of Spain and into France. The purpose was for both contrast and context. In the mid-1920s, France had become a travel destination for hundreds of thousands of tourists annually; there were also roughly 40,000 Americans living permanently in Paris itself (Green 6). Becoming a part of that expat crowd in 1922, Hemingway was immediately struck by the city’s beauty, a point not lost on Barnes or Gorton. As Barnes crosses the Seine he thinks, “It was always pleasant crossing bridges in Paris” (SAR 48). He and Gorton then circle Paris’ central Seine island:

The river was dark and a bateau mouche went by, all bright with lights, going fast and quiet up and out of sight under the bridge. Down the river was Notre Dame squatting against the night sky. We crossed to the left

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158 Upon arriving a letter to his parents admitted the weather was “cold and damp” but Paris remained “jolly and beautiful” (Letters 316).
bank of the Seine by the wooden foot-bridge from the Quai de Bethune, and stopped on the bridge and looked down at the river at Notre Dame. Standing on the bridge the island looked dark, the houses were high against the sky, and the trees were shadows.

“It’s pretty grand,” Bill said. “God I love to get back.” (SAR 83)

From all angles and amidst all shades and colors, Paris animates the senses, and Bill’s “it’s pretty grand” refers not to one solitary feature—not to a single house, or bridge, or cathedral—but to all of Paris. As with “American Bohemians in Paris,” too few appreciated Paris beyond the superficial cafes and fake bohemian lifestyle. However,

159 On this note, George Morgan observes that in SAR “little happens” in Paris besides “trivial talk, sex for some and carousing for all in café, restaurant and night-club.” Yet, Morgan adds, beneath the trite actions and the terse dialogue, there is much to be discovered for a curious and intelligent reader: the “language is resonant with symbolic and mythical connotations. Such, for instance, is Paris itself, a world of nightmarish and inescapable contradictions” (27). The contradictions are dependent, generally, on the observer, and the narrative offers brief but poignant glimpses into a richly sensatory environment that emanate both the positive and negative. In lascivious moments, Paris resonates, such as when Barnes is sitting “on the terrace of the Napolitain,” watching “it get dark and 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 meals” (SAR 22). Later, “The horse-chestnut trees in the Luxembourg gardens were in bloom” one “fine morning” as he heads for coffee and brioche;” then returning to his office he “passed the man with the jumping frogs and the man with the boxer toys. I stepped aside to avoid walking into the thread with which his girl assistant manipulated the boxers” (SAR 43). Poules—prostitutes—walk along the same romantic streets as the horse-
this point could be pushed to the ultimate test in Spain. Relatively known or well-traveled, France served as a control for all “you could not tell about” in Spain.

With these initial drafts and to an intended non-Spanish readership, Hemingway was supposed to be a privileged guide, which reflected his developing confidence as a reputable, if also at times satiric, storyteller about Spain. Donaldson confirms that SAR shows Hemingway’s “compulsion to be the knower and conveyor of expert information. Very early, he was accepted into the small priesthood of true believers, those aficionados…” of bullfighting (By Force 91). And as Josephs contends, Barnes is that “knowledgeable insider, a somewhat rare being for that time. Jake is a foreign aficionado, a non-Spaniard who understands and appreciates what toreo means. One of his important functions is that of guide who will assure that we also understand the importance of toreo and ultimately through toreo, the meaning of the novel” (“Hemingway’s Spanish” 229).

Previous stories—such as the vignettes, “My Old Man,” or “Big Two-Hearted River—had described events and places in great detail; but they did not do so with such of an air of acceptance or insider status, confirmed in the opening of the early draft, when the narrator (literally “Hem” at times) is introduced to a famous bullfighter through a Spanish hotel owner:

I saw him for the first time in his room at the Hotel Quintana in Pamplona.

We met Quintana on the stairs as Bill and I were coming up to the room to cabs; Luxembourg mornings have street vendors deceiving tourists. Barnes witnesses it all with a guide’s insider eye; he appreciates the beauty even as he marks its underbelly.
get the wine bag to take to the bull fight. “Come on,” said Quintana.

“Would you like to meet Niño de la Palma?” (qtd. in Svoboda 6)160

In entering into the bullfighter’s room they become physically and symbolically part of the ritual—a point doubly emphasized in a revised passage:

He was in room number eight. I knew what it was like inside, a gloomy room with the two beds separated by monastic partitions. Bill had lived there and gotten out to take a single when the fiesta started. (qtd. in Svoboda 6, my emphasis delineates the revised passage)

The inside knowledge accentuates the narrator’s expert authority, and through Quintana / Montoya—who acts as a high priest in the world of bullfighting and afición—Bill and the narrator are invited to take part in the fiesta in a way other tourists are not. They share a communal experience, where even the “monastic partitions” emphasize the ritualism of the bullfight and their rites of passage.

In “Hemingway’s Spanish Sensibility,” Allen Josephs also observes Barnes’ insider status in religious terms, where “the religious fiesta of San Fermín forms the center of the novel… the nucleus of that center is the great faena” or art of Pedro Romero:

160 My reading is from a photocopy of the first page of the earliest draft of SAR as provided in Svoboda (6); a “facsimile” copy was also consulted and is provided below (see Hemingway The Sun Also Rises: A Facsimile Edition). In relaying the text, I have omitted some of the words Hemingway himself omitted in the draft (for example, the second sentence reads: “Quintana We met Quintana on the stairs…”).
In the still, sunlit center of the ring is the art of toreo and around that axis in concentric circles, each one at greater remove from the Promethean fire at the center, revolve first Romero himself, the matador as sacrificial high priest; then Montoya… and true aficionados, initiates in the mystery; then at varying distances Jake and Brett and the foreign aficionados, the not altogether faithful converts who have made the pilgrimage to Pamplona… then in near darkness the uninitiated American ambassador and his entourage; and finally, altogether blind to the rising sun at the heart of the novel, alone and uncomprehending, Robert Cohn. (“Hemingway’s” 230-31, my ellipses)

Such a reading identifies those who know “what it was like inside” and those who do not. Jake represents the former; Cohn the latter. In between them, the novel creates levels of insiders, from aficionados and locals to Barnes and expatriates to, finally, tourists and the ambassador.

The theme of those who have “afición” and those who do not is still in place in the final draft, and the above passage was revised to accentuate Montoya’s confidence in Barnes as a bullfight enthusiast. Meeting Montoya on the stairs on his first entry into Hotel Montoya, Barnes notices how Montoya

always smiled as though bull-fighting were a very special secret between the two of us; a rather shocking but really very deep secret that we knew about. He always smiled as though there were something lewd about the
secret to outsiders, but that it was something that we understood. It would not do to expose it to people who would not understand. (SAR 136)

As Reynolds notes, “Because he speaks Spanish and understands the bullfight, Jake is more than an insider at Pamplona. But understanding the nuances and protocol of the bullring is only part of what Jake brings to Pamplona: he also has afición—the passion of the bullfights” (The Sun Also Rises: A Novel of the Twenties 29). Although Barnes will never be Spanish, his deep-rooted spiritual connection with such a deep-rooted Spanish cultural event proves his afición. Although too many Spaniards took it “for granted” that an American could have afición, “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’” (SAR 137). As Stein might say of her relationship with Picasso or of certain Americans and Spaniards: they have a special understanding; they have “these things in common.”

However, what started out as yet another “banal story” or sardonic “Pamplona letter” turned into a fully developed analysis of what having “these things in common”

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161 There are similar exchanges regarding secret “oral spiritual examinations” of Spanish culture throughout Hemingway’s works. In For Whom the Bell Tolls, “Robert Jordan knew that now his papers were being examined by the man who could not read” (13) when Pablo asks him to inspect his Spanish horses. Jordan and Pilar constantly speak of a special understanding, especially regarding the mission (see Murad for just one analysis).
truly meant. Much like *DIA*, *SAR* developed into a critique of American images of Spain (*DIA*’s initial discussion of the horses and the sort of clueless “Old Lady” are just two obvious examples). In one *DIA* appendix, “Some Reactions of a Few Individuals to the Integral Spanish Bullfight” (465) reviews the many ways Spain has been consumed. Like the expatriates in *SAR*, the “individuals” are not just Hemingway’s intended audience but his creative point of departure. He covets both their naivety and his privileged stature, as both give him and his text purpose and authority. Some like Emily O. Wittman have read *DIA* and *SAR* as “parallel projects,” where Hemingway is simultaneously anxious but “scornful” when introducing Spain and Spanish culture to lay readers.

Hemingway paints those with afición as temperamentally aloof and, like himself, scornful of the general crowd. Afición is rare among non-natives in *Death in the Afternoon* as it is in *The Sun Also Rises*, in which Anglophone crowds rush to the Pamplona festival and destroy its integrity.

(187)

“It is possible,” Wittman continues, “that in both books Hemingway is atoning for his own role in adulterating the very spectacle whose lost purity he now mourns” (188). By the time of his writing *DIA*, Hemingway certainly felt he had had a role in shaping the American imagination of Spain. And though it is doubtful he was searching for such atonement in 1926, when hardly any of his writing, especially about Spain, had had much public attention, *SAR* shows both his confidence and caution as a guide.

In reference to Hemingway’s showmanship as a guide in Spain, some early readers and later critics have read *SAR* as pseudo-travel book. Nathan Asch read an early
copy and reported back to Hemingway that he was writing a “travel book” and not a novel (Svoboda 38). Allyson Nadia Field argues that “Hemingway was reputedly disdainful of tourists, yet the novel’s repetition of place names is organized into itineraries similar to those of travel guides contemporaneous to the novel. While not explicitly a guide book, *The Sun Also Rises* can be considered part of the tradition of travelogues…” (83, my ellipses). Indeed, the novel simultaneously excoriates tourists—clearly distinguishing them from Barnes, fellow expatriates, and especially locals—even as it whets a traveler’s interest. On the train to Spain, Barnes and Gorton are literally starved out of the dining services because a group of American Catholics, coming from “a pilgrimage to Rome,” are traveling to the religious and tourist locales of Biarritz and Lourdes. Gorton expresses the frustration: “So that’s what they are. Pilgrims. Goddam [sic] Puritans” (*SAR* 91). His joke is doubly sarcastic: being Catholic they are not “Puritans,” and being tourists (at this point, anyway, traveling to Biarritz) they are not simply pilgrims.

The American (tourist) invasion of Europe had been deplored earlier, when Barnes and Gorton, again looking to eat, had been forced to wait for a table at Madame Lecomte’s, where they find

> It was crowded with Americans and we had to stand up and wait for a place. Some one had put it in the American Women’s Club list as a quaint restaurant on the Paris quais as yet untouched by Americans, so we had to wait forty-five minutes for a table. Bill had eaten at the restaurant in 1918,
and right after the armistice, and Madame Lecomte made a great fuss over seeing him.

“Doesn’t get us a table, though,” Bill said. (SAR 82)

Madame Lecomte’s “fuss” identifies both Gorton and Barnes insiders. Lecomte tells Barnes upon leaving, “You never come here any more.” However, his reason—“Too many compatriots”—at once distinguishes him even as it superficially connects him with the other tourists. They are one of the foreigners, but clearly not in the same way. The American Women’s club had classified the restaurant as “yet untouched by Americans,” even though both Barnes and Gorton had dined there frequently.162

162 Hemingway suggests Lecomte had a well-known American following in Paris, confirmed at the very least by Dos Passos, who frequented Lecomte’s after the war, even living next door at one point (see letter to Marvin, April-May 1921 in FC 309). In May 1919, Dos Passos wrote to Dudley Poore from Paris about a “letter that made me furious…. Mme. Lecomte says she’s going to vous tirer les Oreilles when you come back to Paris,” suggesting a strong familiarity among the American servicemen with the restaurant owner (FC 251). In May 1920, he wrote to Thomas P. Cope from Paris, providing in the postscript a notice that “Mme Lecomte [and others] always talk about you” (FC 293). However, by July 1921, something (probably the influx of tourists) must have gone wrong, for he wrote Cope that “You would weep to see Mme. Lecomte’s. I think they are making money, though” (FC 315). Given such references, it is possible that in this instance Hemingway was using a bit of Dos Passos as a model for Gorton, even if Gorton was also certainly modeled on Bill Smith and Donald Stewart. Hemingway had not met Stewart until 1923, and it has been suggested Stewart had only been introduced to Lecomte’s through Dos Passos, presumably after the tourist influx (see Baker Life 127; Ludington A Twentieth 224; Stoneback 127)
Condescending distinctions between the Barnes group and other tourists continue in Pamplona with the “English and Americans from Biarritz in sport clothes scattered at the tables. Some of the women stared at the people going by with lorgnons” (SAR 183). These tourists are conspicuous in appearance (sports clothes) and actions (staring at the crowds with the operatic-like glasses that make the festival a mere spectacle or drama). The lorgnons serve a similar function as the lithographs of Maera in “A Banal Story” and the “moving pictures” in “Pamplona Letter;” they further separate or distance the viewers from what is actually happening, even as they pretend to a closer look. For this, the tourists become another part of the spectacle, scorned by the group:

“Let’s go and look at the English,” Mike said. “I love to look at the English.”

“They’re awful,” Bill said. “Where did they all come from?”

“They came from Biarritz,” Mike said. “They come to see the last of the quaint little Spanish fiesta.” (SAR 184)

Like the Americans looking for “quaint” Parisian restaurant, these tourists came for the “quaint little Spanish fiesta.” A little while later, at the end of the festival, Barnes notes the:

Big motor-cars from Biarritz and San Sebastian kept driving up and parking around the square. They brought people for the bull-fight. Sight-seeing cars came up, too. There was one with twenty-five Englishwomen in it. They sat in the big, white car and looked through their glasses at the fiesta. (SAR 209)
Conspicuous in the big motor cars and again seeing the festival only through lenses and from a distance, the sight-seeing tourists are at first a distinctly foreign entity in the Spanish town.

Barnes even affirms that “The fiesta was solid and unbroken, but the motor-cars and tourist-cars made little islands of onlookers,” as though the tourists break up the natural flow of the whole event. But like the group’s earlier discussion, the tourists also become part of spectacle itself:

When the cars emptied, the onlookers were absorbed into the crowd. You did not see them again except as sports clothes, odd-looking at a table among the closely packed peasants in black smocks. The fiesta absorbed even the Biarritz English so that you did not see them unless you passed close to a table. (SAR 209)

“Odd-looking” cuts both ways: how the tourists look to others and how the tourists themselves look or stare at others. But their presence is also exemplifies the sheer fervor, intensity, crowdedness, and power of the fiesta itself, which can absorb something so strikingly conspicuous and out-of-place. Moving out from the Joseph’s concentric circles, the crowd literally becomes part of the whole festival through Pedro Romero’s technique: “Romero did always, smoothly, calmly, and beautifully, what he, Belmonte, could only bring himself to do now sometimes. The crowd felt it, even the people from Biarritz, even the American ambassador saw it, finally” (SAR 219). In short, no matter who you were you could not escape the power of the festival; even a lost, near-blind foreigner would see it (learn from it) eventually.
The ignorance of Spanish culture by American and European expatriates was a creative point of departure, and as Svoboda observes the real summer events of 1925 were less an “outline” than an “initial impulse” (112). Some of his initial scorn was certainly toward real people and real events. When drafting the novel back in Paris, Hemingway supposedly told Kitty Cannell (the model for Frances), “I’m writing a novel full of plot and drama… I’m putting everyone in it and that kike Loeb is the villain” (qtd. in Baker Life 154, my ellipses). In the end, the character of Robert Cohn turned out to be less the novel’s villain (if he was at all; early manuscript passages show the narrator specifically saying Cohn at one point was the “hero” [Reynolds PY 320]) than an ironic counterpart to Barnes. As Reynolds asserts of the Hemingway-Loeb connection (on whom Barnes and Cohn are generally modeled), “Ernest was a different man in Spain, a man Loeb never met in Paris. In Pamplona he became Spanish, wearing his black Basque boina and speaking as an insider with Quintana, the manager and owner of their hotel on the plaza. Loeb stayed Loeb, refusing to pretend to what he did not feel and irritating Ernest even more” (PY 304). If Barnes and Cohn reflect Hemingway’s own professed insider status in Spain in relation to Loeb’s supposed ignorance then it would be easy to paint Barnes as a hero; but Barnes’ complicity in corrupting Romero and the bullfight undermine such a straightforward reading, and ultimately submerge the real events of 1925 (or previous summers) into a more comprehensive fictional narrative (see Svoboda, 163).

For Reynolds, the pattern continues in other Hemingway works: “Frederic, fluent in Italian, is an insider” in A Farewell to Arms (“A Farewell to Arms” 110).
especially Chp. 7 for a discussion of SAR’s “significance” given Hemingway’s comprehensive revisions).

As Peter Messent suggests, because Hemingway walked an often blurred line between tourist and native Spaniard, his art and writing demonstrate a blurred relationship between objective and subjective representation. He depicts real events and details with care but always from a precarious, undefined perspective. The effect thus evokes a certain “fictional and subjective version of ‘reality’” (137). Messent also emphasizes the challenges Hemingway encountered when attempting to represent the “real thing”—the real essence and feel of Spain and bullfighting. Hemingway needed to translate or transfer not just Spanish language to the non-Spanish audience but the rhythm and feel of Spanish culture. Because this nature of translation is, in fact, impossible, the subjective and fictive qualities of the writing are further emphasized.

In SAR, the “real thing” had to be balanced against a story that began as pseudo-fictional satire. Where he initially attempted to ridicule American images of Spain, he ultimately conceptualized the story as a more meaningful and “telling” tragedy. As he explained to Perkins shortly after the book’s publication, “The point of the book to me was that the earth abideth forever—having a great deal of fondness and admiration for the earth and not a hell of a lot for my generation and caring little about Vanities... I didn’t mean the book to be a hollow or bitter satire but a damn tragedy with the earth abiding for ever as the hero” (*TOTTC* 51, my ellipses). In fact, both satire and tragedy could work within the same fictional mechanism. As he tried to explain about the bull’s goring of horses in *DIA*,

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
disembowellings, that is the worst word, when, due to their timing, they
were very funny. This is the sort of thing you should not admit, but it is
because such things have not been admitted that the bullfight has never
been explained. (7)

For SAR, the purpose was not necessarily to explain the bullfight (though Barnes does do
an awful lot of explaining to others [171]) but have it serve as an analogy. “In a complete
burlesque of tragedy,” the “novel full of plot and drama” was to show how “one dignity
after another” would be destroyed. Its two epigraphs—Stein’s “lost generation” comment
and the Ecclesiastes quotations—speak to both genres. In the same letter to Perkins he
had noted it was “refreshing” to see early readers “have some doubts that I took the
Gertrude Stein thing very seriously—I meant to play off against that splendid bombast”
(TOTTC 51). The bombast and banality were less SAR’s theme than its “initial impulse,”
but he needed both satire and tragedy for the story to be “explained;” the latter spoke
more to bullfight, the former to its reception and audience. But just as the bullfight
contained elements of satire (the horses), the expatriates were also tragic figures, not just
to be ridiculed but to learn from.

As Donaldson points out, the epigraphs are an “inside joke” (“Humor” 23) to a
small group of artists who could grasp the novel’s tragedy, irony, contradiction, satire,
and ridicule. The Rotonde crowd—made up of Mikes and Cohns—were a lost generation
because of their purposelessness but also because of their ignorance: they failed to learn anything about their world or, if artists, their art. In the words of James Nagel, SAR thus became “a novel of character [rather] than of event, [where] the action would seem empty were it not for the rich texture of personalities that interact throughout the book” (90). The rich texture of Spain would be lost on a lost group; but if Hemingway could “do the country” and culture well enough, the “inside joke” (and possibly some deeper meaning of Spain) might not be lost on intelligent or observant readers. In a way, Hemingway aimed for what Svoboda argued was a “subtle simplicity:” a style that submerged an “underlying complexity” (112).

The underlying, inside joke was to be played out against the expatriate group in Pamplona. But for Barnes and Gorton, this meant being in on part of the joke. For starters, they have a genuine appreciation of Spain: “This is country” (SAR 122), Gorton says as they travel out to fish the Irati. The whole northern Spanish countryside is described in vivid, laudatory detail in the fishing chapters and as the group crosses the border. But like Paris, only Barnes and Gorton fully appreciate it (or are even aware of it). As they drive over the border, Barnes notices that “For a while the country was much as it had been; then, climbing all the time, we crossed the top of a Col, the road winding back and forth on itself, and then it was really Spain… I was up in front with the driver and I turned around. Robert Cohn was asleep, but Bill looked and nodded his head” (SAR 99, my ellipses). Barnes and then Gorton notice what is really Spain. But Cohn—who had wanted to leave both Paris and his fiancé (aptly named Frances) in the first place—fails to appreciate “the real thing.”
First, Cohn’s image of Spain had been ruined by reading “splendid amorous adventures of a perfect English gentleman in an intensely romantic land, the scenery of which is very well described. For a man to take it at thirty-four as a guide-book to what life holds is about as safe as” a man to move to Wall Street from a French Convent (SAR 17). Having fallen into the trap of accepting the images of a country over its actuality, Cohn appears deaf, dumb, or blind to his Spanish surroundings. As they cross the border, he must resort to “pointing with his finger” when asking questions (SAR 98). During their first meal in Spain, “Robert Cohn tried to say he did not want any of the second meat course, but we would not interpret for him, and so the waitress brought him something else as a replacement, a plate of cold meats” (SAR 100). Later, when Barnes and Gorton are in Burguete, Cohn’s telegram arrives from Pamplona:

The telegram was in Spanish: “Vengo Jueves Cohn.”

I handed it to Bill.

“What does the word Cohn mean?” he asked. (SAR 132)

As Svoboda suggests, “Cohn is justifiably ridiculed by Bill and Jake for failing to use the ten words that he could have sent for the same price as his pompous-sounding message ‘I come Thursday’” (28-30). Gorton’s sarcastic question also suggests Cohn did not know enough Spanish to make the telegram longer. But Cohn’s needless appropriation of Spanish sounds silly and pretentious to two fellow English-speakers. Cohn is further confused about his place in Spain during the fiesta’s parade, when a group of dancers hold up a banner with, “Hurray for Wine! Hurray for the Foreigners!” “Where are the foreigners?” Cohn asks, to which Gorton tells him bluntly, “We’re the foreigners” (SAR
Thus, where Barnes’ pretensions’ stem from his eventual betrayal of the “very special secret” he shares with Montoya and other aficionados, Cohn’s pretensions (like many other tourists and expatriates) stem from not just his ignorance of Spanish culture but his ill-perceived role in it and, more significantly, his preference for the romantic, false image of it.

Part of the friction between Cohn and Barnes revolves around Ashley. During their first meal at the Montoya, Barnes mentions the anticipated arrival of Brett and Mike that evening. “I’m not sure they’ll come,” Cohn says, to which Bill responds, “Why not?... Of course they’ll come” (SAR 101, my ellipses). When Cohn affirms “they’re not coming,” Barnes notes, “He said it with an air of superior knowledge that irritated both of us” (SAR 101). Challenging Cohn about the arrival time, Gorton makes a bet, one he regrets immediately. “But I had to call him. He’s all right, I guess, but where does he get this inside stuff?” (SAR 101). Cohn’s “superior knowledge” is, of course, his brief affair with Brett Ashley. In this, many view the novel as a conflict between Barnes and Cohn over the love of Ashley. But what most angers Barnes and Gorton at this moment is not that Cohn has had the affair. As Barnes mentions just shortly afterward, “I was blind, unforgivingly jealous of what had happened,” admitting “I certainly did hate him.” But he adds, “I do not think I ever really hated him until he had that little spell of superiority at lunch” (SAR 105). Cohn’s posturing—not just the affair itself—creates a conflict over who has the “inside stuff” concerning Ashley (and in fact, both the literal / sexual and symbolic implication of “inside stuff” should be clear, especially as Barnes’s wound makes it impossible for him to physically experience what Cohn has). In a way, Barnes’s
retribution is his narration of SAR, which attempts to reclaim him as an insider in Spain: flawed, complicated, and tragic as that story becomes.

For a myriad of reasons, Barnes’ inside status in Spain drives the narrative forward. As we learn throughout, he goes “to Spain in the summertime” (SAR 18), often putting in “extra time at the office” so when Gorton arrives they can “shove off to Spain the end of June” as planned (SAR 75). Given the routine, the trip and Barnes’ connection to it appear natural, inherent. But Barnes’s connection is also from his knowledge of bullfighting. Responding to Cohn’s complaints that “my life is going so fast and I’m not really living it,” Barnes assures him: “Nobody ever lives their life all the way up except bull-fighters” (SAR 18). Barnes knows bullfighting because of the routine trips and his reading. The “bull-fight papers” arrive in his Paris apartment, and “I took their wrappers off. One was orange. The other yellow. They both had the same news, so whichever I read first would spoil the other. Le Toril was the better paper, so I started to read it. I read it all the way through, including the Petite Correspondance and the Cornigrams” (SAR 38). On one level, the reading is a personally revitalizing act, as it occurs immediately after seeing himself naked in the mirror, a reviewing of his war wound that left him without a penis. The sense of emasculation is then countered or challenged by the bullfight and the bulls, known for their potency and symbolic masculine qualities.

164 Although Hemingway, many years later in an interview with George Plimpton for The Paris Review, would state that Barnes’ “wound was physical and not psychological and that he was not emasculated” (“An Interview” 31), both the theme of bullfighting and Barnes’ own predicament suggest a more
another level, the reading proves he is not just a frequent traveler to Spain but a student of it.

In fact, much about the bullfight experience offers a ritualistic participation, and Barnes’ reading not only informs his intelligence but validates his eventual authority on the matter to others. The expats are respectful of Barnes’ position and, in essence, humbly ask for invitations to Spain. Although Mike had already been to Pamplona, he is cautious about infringing on Barnes’ territory: “Would you mind if we came down with you?” Mike wants to assure Barnes he will not be “a bloody nuisance,” another inference that the group are about to invade Barnes’ territory (SAR 87-88). Barnes’ response (“It would be grand” [88]) may carry an embedded sarcasm given the conversation is being retold, after the trip, which he knows turned out to be a disaster. Regardless, the conversation shows Barnes ability to occupy both positions: student of Spain, as well as teacher and guide. Mike asks for instruction and guidance regarding preparations: “Tell me what tackle to send for,” and when Jake instructs him and the plans are set, Brett exclaims, “Spain! We will have fun,” importing into the scene the tourist’s excitement and anxiousness (SAR 88). Ashley, like Cohn, represents the basic tourist whose interest in Spain is superficial, deriving from romantic associations. But through Barnes’ complicated physical and psychological trauma. On a basic level, a man without a penis but in love with a sexually active woman would suffer through psychological strain; and Barnes’ final statement to Brett Ashley—“Isn’t it pretty to think so?” (SAR 247)—encapsulates all the sexual, physical, and psychological (“to think so”) frustration of their relationship.
guidance, she will become an inside initiate (to Spain, bullfighting, and Pedro Romero), if only briefly and in a contested fashion.

Thus begins a course in Spanish culture for the Barnes expatriate group. But Barnes has the most to learn we find out. Barnes’ ultimate corruption of Romero is a serious infringement on that “secret” understanding he shares with Spaniards and bullfight enthusiasts. His first test is in reference to the ambassador, whose presence threatens less from ignorance (what many of the expats suffer from) than from influence.

When the Montoya asks Barnes if he knows the ambassador, Barnes confirms,

“Everybody knows the American ambassador.”

“He’s here in town now.” [Montoya responds]

“Yes,” I said. “Everybody’s seen them.”

“I’ve seen them, too,” Montoya said. (SAR 175)

Like the tourists, the ambassador’s presence cannot be missed. However, where tourists are to be laughed at (as well as scorned over), the ambassador’s wealth, society and fame more seriously threaten bullfighters like Romero and Marcial Lalanda. So Montoya embarrassingly and indirectly asks Barnes for advice:

Montoya stood embarrassed. He wanted me to say something.

“Don’t give Romero the message,” I said. (SAR 176)

Pleased, Montoya affirms, “They don’t know what he’s worth. They don’t know what he means. Any foreigner can flatter him. They start this Grand Hotel business, and in one year they’re through… He ought to stay with his own people. He shouldn’t mix in that stuff” (SAR 176, my ellipses). The ambassador, like the Americans at Madame
Lecomte’s, is certainly a compatriot to Barnes, and Montoya acknowledges as much: “I wanted to ask you because you were an American” (SAR 176). However, Barnes’ response, “That’s what I’d do,” does not mean that is what he would do as an American. Montoya wants to know the perspective from an American, but his question seeks out what a Spaniard—or better, a true bullfight aficionado—should do. Thus Barnes, who in this moment still bridges both Spanish and American culture, helps to avert disaster because he is in on the “secret:” he knows what Spaniards would do and what the bullfight is “worth.”

The move is an ironic foreshadowing of Barnes’ eventual corruption of Romero, where Barnes literally becomes the ambassador’s true “compatriot” by betraying the secret code among aficionados. When Ashley tells Barnes (after no more than a full day’s meeting), “I’m a goner. I’m mad about the Romero boy. I’m in love with him, I think,” Barnes tells her “I wouldn’t be if I were you… Don’t do it… You ought to stop it” (SAR 186, my ellipses). Initially, his responses are similar to what he had told Montoya regarding the ambassador: that’s what I’d do to I wouldn’t if I were you; and don’t give Romero the message to don’t do it. However, after Ashley’s pleadings, Barnes relents: “What do you want me to do?” Now, instead of giving the orders and instruction, Barnes is accepting them, and Brett’s immediate response is, “Let’s go find him” (SAR 188). Their initiation happens through Barnes, who serves as a different (more dangerous) type of bridge or guide now. When Barnes is about to leave Romero and Ashley alone, he stands up, telling Romero to sit back down with Ashley: “[Romero] looked at me. It was a final look to ask if it were understood. It was understood all right.” As he leaves, he
notices the “hard-eyed people at the bullfighter table watched me go. It was not pleasant” \((SAR\ 190-91)\). A different type of “understanding” emerges between Spaniard and American, and the betrayal of \textit{afición} is complete.

Hemingway may not have ever imagined himself as Barnes (or as someone who would have betrayed bullfighting), but he certainly saw himself as a promoter of bullfighting and of Spain. And he had certainly come to love it immensely that summer of 1925. As he wrote to Fitzgerald from Burguete on 1 July,

\begin{quote}
I’m feeling better than I’ve ever felt… God it has been wonderful country… To me heaven would be a big bull ring with me holding two barrera seats and a trout stream outside that no one else was allowed to fish in and two lovely houses in the town… Then there would be a fine church like in Pamplona where I could go and be confessed… and I would get on my horse and ride out with my son to my bull ranch named Hacienda Hadley… \((SL\ 165-66, \text{my ellipses})\)
\end{quote}

To Stein, he wrote out paragraphs of details about bullfights and bullfighters, but also train rides, priests, Guardia Civiles. “Spaniards are the only people,” he concluded \((SL\ 167-68)\). Like Stein would write a decade letter, Americans and Spaniards seemed to understand one another. With his newfound knowledge, he had learned that Spain and Spaniards would abide forever, regardless of any foreign influence or outside circumstances. Writing to Strater from Valencia during his 1926 trip, he was complaining that “everything is all shot to hell in every direction but in the meantime there are eight bull fights here starting tomorrow” \((SL\ 212)\). It was reminiscent of his complaints from
Toronto, where Spain was “only fourteen days by water” away; however, the difference was that he was no longer “a very long way from the sunbaked town of Pamplona.” And he would book that return passage nearly every single summer for the next thirteen years.

4.8 1925-1934: Nada Y Pues Nada

After the publication of The Sun Also Rises, Hemingway had at least one other important Spanish project to tend to and finish: his “big bull fight book” he had mentioned to Perkins and others. Between 1926 and 1931, he traveled to Spain every year except two (1928 and 1930), though even these years his cross-Atlantic journeys made stopovers in the country (coincidentally, Vigo was one port stop in both cases; Capellán 269). That latter 1931 trip was the culminating piece of a near 10-year preparation for Death in the Afternoon. However, even that trip shows his interests in and learning from Spain developed into something far more than just bullfighting. To Dos Passos in June, his letter was not full of the bullfight images, stories, and commentary he would later put into the book but Spanish politics (in fact his only mention of bulls was in reference to the politics of the situation [see SL 341]). The elections were a mess, the government had halted transportation, Andalucia was “coming to a boil,” and with the King “permanently out,” everything seemed upended, crazy: “as soon as any one takes power—Lenoux etc. they shift from left to right faster even than in France” (SL 341). He was learning fast, he felt, the best way he could. Although he joked with Dos Passos that it was really he, Dos Passos, who was the “great writer of Spain,” who knew all the “dope” (SL 342), Hemingway also knew he was staking his own claim to what he had learned. In essence, his letter was the very exhibition of that.
Although his fascination with Spain had intensified after hearing of and seeing Spanish bullfights, in many ways, there was always more to know, more to learn, and more that could be said about the country—hard as that was to articulate or write down. Perhaps words could not do it justice. Revising *The Sun Also Rises* in the fall of 1925, Hemingway had contracted to buy a large painting by Juan Miró, called *The Farm* (it was, in fact, so large that dealers recommended Miró cut it up to sell in parts, and it was a challenge to move). As he stated later, Miró “was the only painter who had ever been able to combine in one picture all that you felt about Spain when you were there and all that you felt when you were away and could not go there” (qtd. in Baker *Life* CB 158).

*The Farm* speaks to Hemingway’s developing conception about Spain. It is surrealist in nature yet realistic enough to give a fairly colorful and descriptive rendering of a Spanish farm and landscape. It is also telling that the painting does not picture a bull or have any demonstrative reference to bullfighting. While Hemingway and bullfighting will be forever linked—and rightly so to some extent—Spain meant much more to him as the years progressed, and his writing expressed much more about Spain than just one theme.

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165 How Hemingway came to own *The Farm* is just one of the many anecdotes of the Hemingway legend. As Sean O’Rourke has argued, Evan Shipman, a friend of Hemingway’s, had originally bought the painting in 1925. But when he found out that Hemingway had desperately wanted the painting (after apparently seeing it in 1924), he chose to give it to him (even after the two men rolled dice or flipped a coin for it). Since he did not have the money to pay for it, he convinced his friends to help him buy it as a birthday present for Hadley (see O’Rourke).
Even *DIA*, with its explicit intent of being a “bull fight book,” was ultimately something much more. “If I could have made this enough of a book it would have had everything in it,” Hemingway begins in the last chapter (*DIA* 270). “Everything” included the places and buildings like the Prado, Burgos, Valencia, the Pardo Road, the road to Pontevedra (270-71). “It should, if it had Spain in it” (*DIA* 273), also have the Spanish people, like the boy carrying jugs of wine on the train, the Guardia Civil who drank with him and Hadley, the “tall thin boy” advertising the Empastre (musical show), or the whores and dwarfs of the feria de ganado (country fair) (*DIA* 270-73). For Meyers, *DIA* is a much stronger work than *GHOA* because in *GHOA* “Hemingway was interested in the African landscapes and animals, but not in the customs and the people” as he had been in *DIA*. Thus *GHOA* “lacks the artistic and cultural context of bullfighting” (264). The last chapter is then an integral part of the whole, where landscape, people, animals, and customs are not separate entities but culturally interrelated.

Soon after the book was published he wrote to Arnold Gingrich in December of 1932 about Gingrich’s admiration for the final chapter. “It is what the book is about but nobody seems to notice that. They think it is just a catalogue of things that were omitted. How would they like them to be put in? Framed in pictures or with a map?” (*SL* 378). He was trying to provide “in one picture all that you felt about Spain when you were there and all that you felt when you were away and could not go there” but readers simply believed the last chapter was an addendum of afterthoughts. In Stanton’s view, such refrains—“If I could,” “If it were more of a book,” “It should, if it had Spain in it”—“bind together the dozens of memories from the past, evoked in an actual present”
For Mandel, “neither the past nor the present was a tool for constructing a brighter, more hopeful future. For him, the vanishing past was always replaced by a much diminished present. And that present was, in turn, threatened by the approach of the grimmer future” (Hemingway’s DIA 1).

Ironically, looking for everything in the past he came to sense a nothingness in the present and future. The two ideas seemed to epitomize the timeless dimensions of his life and writing. In Spain, he found the perfect expression in the Spanish word nada—literally translated as nothing or nothingness, the Spanish counterpart seems to hold a more ethereal and timeless evocation. He explored the idea in “A Clean Well-Lighted Place,” where a partially deaf old man sits at a café drinking brandy late into the evening as two waiters look on. For Meyers,

The illuminated café represents a kind of peace, order, security and refuge that stands in opposition to the old client’s deafness, isolation, loneliness and despair. The war, the destruction of idealism and the loss of God have led inevitably to the concept of nada: no tangible thing, but a palpable and overwhelming sensation of nothingness. The theme is subtly expressed through a series of suggestive polarities: light and shadow, sleep and insomnia, confidence and despair, courage and fear, dignity and degradation, faith and skepticism, life and death. (259)

James Joyce felt the story had “bite,” proclaiming it “one of the best short stories ever written” (Power and Joyce 123).
Hemingway had also long considered “A Clean” to be one of his very best stories. Hoping to emphasize the story’s prominence, he originally intended the story to be first in *Winner Take Nothing* (1933)—an apt title choice that further explored or complicated the *nada* theme. However, Perkins “found it dangerously depressing for 1933” (Monteiro 111). Five years later, when “reading [his short stories] over” for the publication of *The First Forty-nine*, he listed “A Clean” as one of the seven he “liked the best” (*CSS* 3). Decades later, he reportedly told A.E. Hotchner “A Clean” was “May be my favorite story” (164). The reason, he suggests, is that it was “the story that tops them all for leave-out… I left everything out of that one” (Hotchner 164, my ellipses). Despite these favorable admissions, after Hemingway’s death Scribner’s emended a part of the story’s dialogue, a contentious move for later critics (as the dialogue was fundamentally the most important examples of “leave-out” in the story), many of whom set off a firestorm of public criticisms and rebuttals in the coming decades. James Phelan observes “The attribution matters because it affects our understanding of the attribution of nineteen lines of dialogue (among other things, it affects our answer to the question of which waiter introduces the concept of ‘nothing’ into their first conversation about the customer)”

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166 Hemingway repeated the praise and assessment in “The Art of the Short Story,” which he wrote from Málaga, Spain in June 1959. This “leave-out” idea is widely known as his “iceberg theory,” which he articulated in *Death in the Afternoon* as a process of omission where “If a writer of prose knows enough about what he is writing about he may omit things that he knows and the reader, if the writer is writing truly enough, will have a feeling of those things as strongly as though the writer had stated them. The dignity of movement of an ice-berg is due to only one-eighth of it being above water” (192).
(155). For many of these reasons, the question of the waiters’ dialogue was considered, in Bruce Stark’s 1989 opinion, “The Great Crux of Hemingway Studies” (412). But the reaction to the story exemplifies its lasting power. What is more ironic or noteworthy than leaving out *something* in a story so focused on the word *nothing*?

Decades later, he returned to the theme of *nada* when composing his memoirs. The last passages of *A Moveable Feast*—most likely the last written as well—are entitled *Nada Y Pues Nada* (Nothing and Well Nothing). Although that book was certainly about Paris, Spain kept creeping in. Talking to Evan Shipman, a poet friend, either Hemingway or Shipman (text leaves the speaker ambiguous, though it is probably Shipman) state that “You know Paris was a happy time and Key West was quite wonderful too. But Spain was much the best” (*MF-RE* 223).
CONCLUSION

“The Time Now, the Place Spain”

The Spanish Civil War, which erupted in July 1936 after military leaders staged a coup, changed the shape of Spain and Spain’s relationship with the world. For this reason, Spanish-American relations shifted dramatically. Officially, as early as September 1936, twenty-six countries had accepted a French proposal for non-intervention, a stance the United States soon later adopted (along with an arms embargo) and one in which President Roosevelt later regretted (Tierney 46). As he reportedly told Claude Bowers, the American Ambassador to Spain and a sympathizer of the Republic’s cause, after hearing that Nationalists had claimed victory in the spring of 1939: “We have made a mistake. You have been right all along” (qtd. in Tierney 1).

Public opinion

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167 Dominic Tierney charts Roosevelt’s sympathies from disinterested party to ardent supporter of the Republic, and indeed the official stance was complex (most agree that Roosevelt’s sympathies leaned toward the Republic, however some are less sympathetic towards Roosevelt’s “nonchalant” concerns [see Preston The Spanish Civil War 144-45]). Regardless, many observers point to the politics of losing the Catholic vote in the 1938 congressional and then 1940 presidential elections; as Roosevelt reportedly told Harold Ickes, Secretary of Interior, in May 1938, “to raise the embargo would mean the loss of every Catholic vote next fall and that the Democratic members of Congress were jittery about it and didn’t want it done” (qtd. in Tierney 100). In a way, doing nothing was safer politically as support to any side would alienate a certain group or cadre of voters.
polls in America shifted throughout the war, but while many indicated support for the Republic there was also significant wariness regarding any overt involvement (for one example of polls, see Guttmann 96). For their part, Hemingway and Dos Passos coordinated (although fractiously at times) on a film entitled *The Spanish Earth*, which, to garner more official support for the Republican cause, was later shown at the White House to the Roosevelts and then further broadcasted within Hollywood circles.\(^{168}\)

Despite much official support, thousands of writers and volunteers traveled to Spain to witness and take part in the conflict. And that so many would risk their lives in foreign lands and in barraged downtown hotels where food was often scarce suggests the conflict’s importance, especially its international appeal, a point that historians and critics do not dispute. Many view the conflict either as prelude or even the very beginning to World War II, and several of the major players in World War II used Spain as a testing ground for troops, artillery, and technology.\(^{169}\)

But the interest in and attraction to the conflict was inherently tied to the interest in and attraction to Spain, which was not sudden or even a surprise. As I have argued, such an appeal or fascination had been formulated by many American writers, including Gertrude Stein, John Dos Passos, and Ernest Hemingway in the opening decades of the

\(^{168}\) *The Spanish Earth* was shown at the White House in July 1937. The President and First Lady were especially pleased and hoped it would gain appeal for the war (see Reynolds *Hemingway: The 1930s*, Chapter 10 and Baker *Life*, Chapter 43).

\(^{169}\) See, for instance, Preston *The Spanish Civil War* 153-35.
twentieth century. As these three writers traveled across borders and cultures, their experiences and livelihoods became transnational. And as their conceptions about their own place in the world developed, they often shared a cosmopolitan vision. It is this growing sense of a cosmopolitan ethic which drew Americans, especially writers, to Spain when war broke out in 1936. Although Madrid was bombed and raided constantly during the war (in ways historian Hugh Thomas describes as “the first of their kind to occur” [Thomas 373; Preston *The Spanish Civil War* 283]), because Americans could both sympathize with and “understand” Spaniards and Spanish life, they often felt that “their” cause was “ours.” Thus, residing in Madrid was not just worth their time but worth their lives.\(^{170}\)

\(^{170}\) Americans were not ignorant of the dangers before arriving. Josephine Herbst, friend and fellow writer of Hemingway and Dos Passos, recalls a conversation with Max Perkins in New York just prior to leaving. He asks her, “Why do you want to run out in the rain and get all wet?... What’s the matter with you?... Hemingway’s gone off, Dos Passos is there, Martha Gellhorn’s going. And now you. Don’t you know that Madrid is going to be bombed out?” (Herbst 132). Despite these warnings and her own admitted envisioning of Spain in “flames and falling balls of fire” (132), she willingly made the trip. And for those in Madrid, the risks were particularly immediate and constant. Shortly after arriving, Langston Hughes remembers jumping from one night’s shelling that sounded like “a terrific explosion, like a thousand tons of dynamite” (340). Herbst recalls the Madrid bombings as “terrifying,” and at one point during an intense shelling wonders to herself if she had “come [to Madrid] to die like a rat in a trap” (152). And although she remarks on Hemingway’s “breezy” sort of grace-under-pressure demeanor (152-3) during such bombings, Hemingway acknowledged the specific brutality of the war and especially on Madrid. In his 4 June 1937 speech to the American Writers’ Congress in New York, he characterized the Nationalist war on Madrid
When Hemingway traveled to Spain in 1937, he was contracted as a correspondent for the North American Newspaper Alliance (NANA). Although Baker suggests that Hemingway’s original “intent in working for the NANA would be to serve as ‘anti-war war correspondent,’ seeking to keep the United States from becoming involved in the future conflict” (Life 300), his correspondences, like “The Time Now, the Place Spain,” seem to suggest something more involved and forceful. There and in other projects, he is clearly petitioning the United States to come to Spain’s rescue. Investing his money into the war, he donated to the Friends of Spanish Democracy’s ambulance fund in late 1936 (Reynolds Hemingway: The 1930s 242). Investing his time, he first worked with Prudencio de Pereda on a documentary called Spain in Flames (spearheaded by German artillery) as “highly efficient murder,” “murder on a large scale we saw everyday for nineteen days during the last bombardments of Madrid” (qtd. in Trogdon Ernest Hemingway 194-5).

Hemingway was just one in a large group of media representatives during the war. Partially following José Mario Armero, Paul Preston notes that the war brought nearly one thousand newspaper correspondents from around the world (We Saw 15).

The title of that feature also poignantly articulated Hemingway’s approach to both art and Spain. As Carlos Baker aptly explains in The Writer as Artist, “The primary intent of his writing, from first to last, was to seize and project for the reader what he often called ‘the way it was…’ At the core of the concept… one can invariably discern the operation of three esthetic instruments: the sense of place, the sense of fact, and the sense of scene” (48, my ellipses). One should also add to this core concept of “the way it was” the sense of time. During his many ventures through Spain, Hemingway explored and attempted to craft in his writing several dimensions across time and place, ultimately projecting a more transnational or cosmopolitan perspective in the process.
(which Baker has noted was “Frankly propagandistic” [Life 299]); and then came the paid position as war correspondent for the NANA and *The Spanish Earth*, which he developed with Dos Passos, Joris Ivens, Lillian Hellman, and others. From his experiences and notes, he published several short stories and his only venture into drama (*The Fifth Column*), as well as what is perhaps his most extensive if not also his most complex novel, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, which charts not just the political complexity of the conflict but the rich appeal of Spanish culture and people, especially to Americans.

Robert Jordan, the American protagonist, is not Ernest Hemingway, but both the character and the writer felt a certain if also hard-to-articulate connection between Americans and Spaniards, one that each had spent a lifetime working out. As Jordan admits his fascination, he also speaks to the limitations of his own understanding: “What a people they [Spaniards] have been. What sons of bitches from Cortez, Pizarro, Menendez de Avila all down through Enrique Lister to Pablo. And what a wonderful people. There is no finer and no worse people in the world. No kinder people and no crueler. And who understands them? Not me…” (*FWBT* 354-55). Amidst such generalizations, he also has to remind himself, “Don’t go romanticizing them, he [Jordan] thought. There are as many sorts of Spanish as there are Americans” (*FWBT* 205). From the 1920s onward, Hemingway recognized a special (yet still unromanticized appeal) for the country and people he loved (“more than any other than” his own), and attempted to project this complex American-Spanish relationship in much of his writing.

However, the Spanish Civil War precipitated a slightly different approach for each writer. Both Hemingway and Dos Passos were in touch as war broke out in 1936,
but by the end of the war their friendship had been almost completely severed (some light correspondence occurred years later but they never regained any trust or closeness that developed in the 1920s and 30s). Dos Passos wrote Hemingway in August 1936 that “Civilization seems to be going in for one of its richer phases of butchery” and when fascism had “properly massacred the Spaniards they’ll start on the French” (FC 486-87). He admitted in October that “Everything I hear from Spain sounds pretty goddamn horrible—but things are always different if you see them—” (FC 492). For many reasons, both personally and as writers, both were anxious to see the war for themselves, and Hemingway made his first trip in March 1937 (staying for roughly six weeks; he returned in September for almost four months; Capellán 269). Dos Passos arrived in late March, but a falling out with Hemingway soon occurred over first the whereabouts then assumed death of Dos Passos’ good friend José Robles. Much has been said about this fallout, but it is telling that Dos Passos’ informal memoir The Best Times (written many years later) ends with a final trip to Spain—not the 1937 trip but his 1933 trip. Hemingway did not return for another fifteen years; Dos Passos for another twenty. Although both men continued to love and admire many aspects of Spanish life and culture, the whole landscape and politics had taken a turn for the worse in the Spanish Civil War.

Stein, meanwhile, appeared to take little or disconnected interest in Spain or the war. As Janet Hobhouse suggests, “Although she was upset by the Civil War in Spain, she tried not to think about it. She reassured herself by repeating that Europe was too small to have another war, and that in France revolution was merely a ‘matter of habit’ and therefore not to be taken seriously” (206). Comparing the French situation to the
Spanish through the Civil War, Stein observed, “what is the use, after all, after all their shooting each other up they are going to have their king again any way the king’s son” (*Paris France* 22). Although the killing seemed on the one hand futile and meaningless given the suggested outcome, there was a subtle nonchalance to the lost lives in such futility. In *Everybody’s Autobiography*—written during the war—she had commented that “I suppose sooner or later everybody has had a war. Well anyway the Spanish revolution obtrudes itself because I know Spaniards so well and all the things they are destroying” (89). The war seemed to be more an obstruction to art rather than lives. For Hobhouse, “The deaths of great numbers of people did not affect her because she was incapable of thinking people in large numbers” (211). Incapable of thinking critically beyond individuals and those she knew, Stein’s Spain was mainly connected to and through Picasso (or other select Spaniards, like Gris).

Yet, this very nonchalance or indifference to the greater conflict at-hand ultimately created a further rift between herself and Picasso in the coming years. As Madeline explains, “she made no protest at Franco’s uprising against the Republic, nor did she condemn the murderous bombardment of Guernica. She was slow, too, to grasp the nature of the Vichy regime, and even considered publishing a translation of Marshall Pétain’s speech *Paroles aux francais* in the United States… and this just as Picasso’s politics, on the contrary, was swinging to the left” (358, ellipses in text). Stein rarely took a political stance that was not, in some way, connected to her life or art. For this reason, her politics were ambiguous—or perhaps ambivalent at best, traditionalist at worst. As Berman explains,
Her friendship with Bernard Faÿ, her written appreciation of Pétain, and her ability to remain in France unscathed during the Second World War have led to speculation that she was friendly to fascism. Yet she was published in the resistance magazine *Confluences* along with Jacob, Aragon, Sartre, Gide, and Malraux; several sources point to her disdain for Hitler and her sympathy for the opposition; and after the war she was awarded a citation for her service to the French Resistance. Still, beyond liberation of her beloved France, Stein seems to have had little use for the politics of the left; throughout her life she generally embraced bourgeois political values, even if she rejected the patriarchal restrictions of marriage and heterosexuality. (183)

Yet all of this only further suggests the importance of Picasso in Stein’s conception of Spain. She was always interested in “people,” but the “struggle” she found so interesting was more about the individual struggle not always the collective struggle. To this extent her views were far less cosmopolitan than Dos Passos or even Hemingway, even if her life and writing still demonstrated a certain transnational or “cosmopolitan condition.”

Following the war of 1898, Spain and the United States seemed to chart two different courses. This is not to say that differing paths began in the 1900s, but they were certainly accelerated. Under Theodore Roosevelt and then Woodrow Wilson, America moved toward progressive reforms and became significantly involved in the First World War. A wave of isolationism returned afterward, but no one can doubt the emergence of the United States as an active world power as the twentieth century moved forward.
Spain, meanwhile, had its reformers throughout the early decades of the twentieth century, but a pesky sense of decadence was always a hindrance in the background. As Balfour argues, “The theme of national decadence was a favourite topic amongst the reading public in many parts of late nineteenth-century Europe… In Spain, the sense of national decadence was part of an old tradition stretching back to the vogue in the early seventeenth century for blueprints to restore the ailing Spanish economy” (*The End* 65, my ellipses). In a way, America marched forward while Spain arched backward. Yet both nations had overlapping interests and histories. While America passed through an economic boom in the 1920s, which then shifted into a decade of depression in the 30s, Spain, too, saw an early boom in the war and then shifting political and economic waves, first a tempered advance (and fall) under a monarchical dictatorship in the 20s and then radical swings between liberal and conservative governments in the 30s (the back-and-forth changes which, in a sense, ignited the civil war).

Specifically in America, the 20s and 30s also represent a sort of renaissance period in literature, from the Harlem Renaissance and Paris expatriate movements of the 1920s to the more socially and politically involved movements of the 1930s. On a global scale, the period also marks an upsurge in recognition for American writers and arts. Malcolm Cowley noted in the 1930s that America’s rising importance in global politics heavily influenced America’s literary reputation on a global stage “In December 1930, when the Swedish Academy gave [Sinclair] Lewis a prize that it hadn’t offered to Mark Twain or Henry James, it wasn’t really saying that it regarded Lewis as a great writer; it was chiefly acknowledging that the United States was a more powerful country than it
had been in 1910” (297). As powerful as America had become in these opening decades and inter-war years, the American literary production of the 1920s and 30s also stands on its own literary value. Thus, America’s rising global importance also reflected and was shaped by America’s maturing literary movements.

In this light, America’s growing connection to and relationship with Spain—on a literary or even popular level—ultimately reveal what Americans conceptualize as both “American” and “Spanish” (or “foreign”), and a fascination with how “Spain is different” ultimately fostered a close relationship that demanded more critical attention. In the process, a specifically unique hybrid American-Spanish perception emerges, one loosely similar to what W.E.B. Du Bois termed at the turn of the twentieth century in reference to the “The Souls of Black Folk” as “a double consciousness, this sense of always looking at one’s self through the eyes of others… One ever feels his two-ness… two souls, two thoughts, two unreconciled strivings” (102, my ellipses). Although Du Bois’ reference certainly occurred within a different historical paradigm, in the twentieth century many Americans such as Stein, Dos Passos, and Hemingway have encountered the “unreconciled strivings” of “two-souls” when venturing outside of the United States, especially when visiting, imagining, or writing about Spain. In the words of Khagram and Levitt, such a duality is key to the transnational experience… In a world of clearly bounded nation-states, a patriotic identity is the only true and legitimate option. But in this current post-national stage, people constantly reformulate, adapt, and abandon categorizations. Individuality is a result
of overlaps and conflicts with other identities. Each individual is a creative achievement (215).

As Stein, Dos Passos, and Hemingway sought out a better understanding of the world, specifically Spain, around them, they likewise discovered a creative world within, one that inspired, fueled, and carried much of their writing in and through the major stages of their careers.
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