**The Last Serious Thing: Modernist Responses to the Bullfight**

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Submitted in partial fulfilment of the requirements of the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy

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## Thesis abstract

This thesis investigates the ways in which literary and artistic modernism interpreted the Spanish institution of the corrida, or the bullfight. The sheer volume of modernist intellectuals who engaged with the corrida is startling. From Joyce to Picasso, Stein to Hemingway, Leiris to Lawrence, the bullfight provided inspiration to so many of the writers and artists of canonical modernism. Indeed, the relevance of the corrida to modernist intellectuals is perhaps captured best by Michel Leiris's lucid metaphor of the bullfight as a mirror revealing 'certain dark parts of ourselves'. In other words, in addition to providing the content of literature of the early twentieth century, many of the writers we identify as modernist used the corrida in a metaphorical capacity too. In light of this, it seems significant that the peak of modern interest in the corrida occurred in the context of a cultural crisis in western civilization in the first half of the twentieth century. Thus the key questions that this thesis seeks to address are as follows: why did the modernist gaze rest so intently upon the corrida? Why did so many European intellectuals cling to bullfighting and insist upon its enduring relevance given the apparent paradox between its own lack of adaptation to modern conditions and the very 'newness' that modernism championed? To what extent did the corrida act as a mirror to many of the cultural tensions problems addressed by modernism? How did modernism's engagement with bullfighting, and the easy manner in which Hemingway's body of work came to stand alone for that rich engagement, affect subsequent works that focussed on the bullring? These phenomena are examined in the context of the anomic cultural landscape of the era, taking into consideration the artistic, sexual and archaeological revolutions that informed and affected writers of the time.

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## Introduction

> 'Anything capable of arousing passion in its favour will surely raise as much passion against it.'[1]
> - Ernest Hemingway

> 'It is not a question of being a fan or disliking it[...]there is no choice but to elucidate it.'[2]
> - Jose Ortega y Gasset

The bullfight is a divisive spectacle, and this study examines the responses of individuals who, coincidentally, fall on both sides of that divide. In the reading and interpretation I offer here, I have always attempted (and, in my opinion, succeeded) to place my own personal feelings about the *corrida* aside. The purpose of this study is to consider the value of bullfighting to the existing understanding of certain branches of literary and visual modernisms, not to furnish the reader with a polemic from either side of a debate that is bigger than the study itself. Though what follows in the first half of this introduction is an autobiographical narration of my own encounter with bullfighting, it serves no other purpose than to provide a contextual framework for the genesis of this project.

Making the decision to attend a bullfight is not easy; remaining in the arena to see it through is infinitely more difficult. Indeed, there are very few contemporary cultural practices more contentious than bullfighting – or as the Spanish term it, the *corrida* – and it is rare to encounter an unemotional, detached attitude towards it. In part, the violent nature of responses to bullfighting can be attributed to the semantic irony inherent in its name. After all, the bullfight – as it is termed in the English-speaking world – is not really a fight in any sense of the word. If what happens in the *plaza de toros* can be termed a fight, it is one which is rigged from the start. There is, realistically, no chance that the bull will emerge 'victorious' from the bullring. Even if, in the rare instances that it does occur, a *matador* received a serious or fatal goring, the chances are that the bull would still be slaughtered.[3] Given the undeniable one-sidedness of the *corrida*, it is no surprise that the bullfight is such a contentious practice.

Indeed, the *corrida's* capacity to polarise opinion is remarkable; even in Spain, where the practice still holds much currency, opinion is vehemently divided on its enduring relevance. Beginning the project coincided with the banning of the practice in Catalonia in July 2010, in a move seemingly motivated both by its own separatist agenda and more specific concerns pertaining to animal welfare.

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[1] Ernest Hemingway, *Death in the Afternoon* (London: Vintage, 2000), p. 11.
[2] José Ortega y Gasset, quoted in Rosario Cambria, 'Bullfighting and the Intellectuals', in Timothy Mitchell, *Blood Sport: A Social History of Spanish Bullfighting* (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1991), p. 214.
[3] Pardons for *toros bravos* do exist, but these are extremely rare. Often they are granted in response to the *matador's* inability to dispatch it rather than in cases where the bull manages to cause significant physical damage to the *matador*.

The ban came into force on 1 January 2012, with the last bullfight having been held in the region in September of the preceding year. Within mainland Spain too, there is undoubtedly an increased internal hostility towards the *corrida*. This hostility is discernible in a number of ways: it is not uncommon to visit a bullring in any of Spain's major bullfighting centres to find that the city's bullring has been daubed in graffiti such as 'homocida' or 'asesino' [murderer]. Indeed, the growing ambivalence towards the practice is borne out in the statistics; in 2008 there were some 3,295 *corridas* held across the country, and by 2012 this figure had dropped to 1,997 – a plummet of over 40%.[4] Notwithstanding the difficult economic conditions in which Spain found itself during that particular timespan, such a downward trend surely at least implies the distinct possibility that bullfighting might not last another century, nor even another fifty years. Of course, some of the domestic antipathy directed against the *corrida* can be attributed partly to its symbolically significant role in the socio-political history of Spain. As Carrie B. Douglass points out, the Franco regime took pains to carefully associate the practice of *toreo* with the landed gentry;[5] this task was not difficult given that many landowners already had *ganaderias* within their estates.[6] Bullfighting represents not only violence and cruelty against animals then, but had also become a symbol of an autocratic dictatorship that used violence as a means of gaining and preserving its power. Put simply, in Spain, the *corrida* question is one anchored by the weight of history, and Spanish attitudes to the bullfight cannot be understood in the same way as perceptions that are not stimulated by the cultural specificity of the country.

Despite this cultural specificity, the *corrida* remains a source of fascination for many foreign observers; significantly, anecdotal evidence cited in support of Catalonia's ban on the practice suggested that the overwhelming majority of contemporary visitors to its bullrings were tourists. The question that begs to answered, then, is why this might be the case. A simple answer is that *Los toros* are so ingrained into the cultural fabric of the Spain that it is seemingly impossible to avoid the issue in any engagement with the country. This is insufficient, however, and what is clear is that there is a certain morbid fascination with a practice that seems so utterly anachronistic, a practice that would be deemed unacceptable at home but is entirely plausible *elsewhere*. That is not to say that every tourist who attends a *corrida* accepts it unquestioningly; indeed quite the contrary is the case. As is

[4] Evgeny Lebedev, "Will bullfighting survive in modern Spain?", *The Independent,* 23 August 2013.
Available at: [http://www.independent.co.uk/news/world/europe/will-bullfighting-survive-in-modern-spain-8779064.html]

[5] Carrie B. Douglass, *Bulls, Bullfighting and Spanish Identities* (Arizona: The University of Arizona Press, 1997), p. 84.

[6] The *ganaderia*, ostensibly ranches run with the specific intention of breeding bulls for the *corrida*, are analogous to contemporary horseracing stables in other parts of the world. Just as thoroughbred horses exchange hands in this micro-economy for tens of thousands of pounds, so can a bull sold out of a reputable *ganaderia* command a fee in the region of €20,000. Whilst the thoroughbred horse is brought into existence with the sole intention of it competing in lucrative races, so the *toro bravo* is bred for no other purpose than to be killed as part of a public spectacle.

made clear in the quotation above, taken from the most famous foreign *aficionado* of all, Ernest Hemingway, the spectacle is fundamentally divisive, arousing revulsion and marvel in equal measure.

People who have never attended a *corrida* are often at a loss to comprehend the precise nature of enjoyment one might glean from the sight of the public killing of an animal whose fate has been decided long before it exists, let alone enters the *plaza de toros*.[7] I have attended several bullfights, and seen even more recordings of them. The first bullfight I ever saw was in Seville; I was fourteen years old and I had absolutely no idea what I was about to witness. Of course I had seen cameos of anthropomorphic woodland creatures wearing the *traje de luces* in generic cartoons, but the encounter had been peripheral; I had never for a moment attempted to comprehend what bullfighting might be, what it might entail. It was a grey day and the sky was heavy with potential rain but, despite some heated exchange between several official-looking men on the sand, there was clearly no possibility that the *corrida* would be cancelled. Sat high in the stands, on the 'sombra' side of the arena, the scene on the ground seemed to me, even then, quite surreal.[8] As I look back on it now, trying to recall the impression to my mind, the best I can muster is an image of a table game I played as a child, Subbuteo;[9] several grape-sized figures being moved around, almost imperceptibly, by invisible hands, with occasional bursts of velocity. The bull didn't move as I thought it might: clumsily, unbridled, without intention. Rather, it too seemed controlled, purposeful, the only clue to its bewilderment being revealed each time one of the Subbuteo-men pivoted and changed stance, the bull simultaneously charging to a halt and turning awkwardly. When it ran, it moved as if the ground was too hot for its hooves to accept; back then, of course I did not realise that every movement was excruciating on account of the cervical damage already inflicted, that the lilting gait of its run was caused by a process of targeted muscle-weakening undertaken by the Subbuteo-men, some of whom were, inexplicably, on horseback. Partly because the distance was so great and my perspective somewhat restricted, I saw little that moved me. It was only at the culmination of the *corrida*, when one of the grape-sized figures met the bull in the centre of the ring long enough for me to realise what was happening, that my nerves responded. The sight of the little bull slumping to the ground,

[7] A note on ethics. The irony of suggesting that objectivity is impossible in discussions about bullfighting, whilst simultaneously attempting to distance this study from the realm of ethics, is not lost on the author. However, the focus of this project is not the ethical implications of bullfighting, nor is the aim to arrive at an ethical judgment. By drawing attention to the fact that *toros bravos* are bred specifically for the *corrida* – that they would not exist if bullfighting were not practiced – is not an attempt to provide a defense of the practice. Rather, the intention is simply to furnish the reader with as many of the elementary facts relating to bullfighting as are necessary to gain a full understanding of the discussions that will follow.

[8] Depending on the time of the day at which the *corrida* takes place, different parts of the arena will be classified as either 'sol' or 'sombra' [sun or shade]. Tickets in the shade are invariably more expensive than those in direct sunlight, and these are often the seats taken by tourists.

[9] Subbuteo is a series of tabletop games based on popular sports such as football, cricket, rugby and hockey. The form to which I refer here is the football variety, the participatory pieces of which comprise twenty 'outfield' players no taller than an average grape and two 'goalkeepers' permanently fastened to a plastic rod.

no longer purposeful, no longer awkward, was pitiful. The majority of the crowd cheered; we did not.

Though in the years that followed I visited Spain on several occasions, I never watched another *corrida* prior to beginning this project. This was not so much a direct consequence of my feelings about my first experience, but rather a fact borne out of my sense of having experienced one bullfight and that having been enough. Indeed, the next time I encountered the *corrida* was during my undergraduate degree when taking a module focussing on the period between the ends of the two world wars. Aptly named "The Crisis of Culture: Literature and Politics 1918-1948", all of the prescribed reading for the module had some engagement with or contribution to the political milieu of the period. Reading D.H. Lawrence's *The Plumed Serpent* (a central text in this thesis), which opens with a bullfight, it struck me as particularly interesting that Lawrence's bullfight was set in Mexico.

Prior to this point I hadn't fully considered the cultural transference that was engendered by Spanish imperialism, nor that bullfighting might still be practiced in its former colonies. As with the ban in Catalonia, former Spanish colonies in South America are only just beginning to move towards wholesale bans on bullfighting; Ecuador set the ball rolling in this regard in 2011, banning the killing of bulls during *corridas*. It is expected that the removal of this, at once the most divisive and culturally invested aspect of the spectacle, will all but force the practice into extinction. Coincidentally, Lawrence's depiction of the bullfight does not contain the *faena* or the *estocada* (the final acts of the *matador*), not because they do not take place in Mexican *corridas*, but rather because the protagonist leaves the bullfight in disgust at what she witnesses in the early exchanges.

I had read plenty of Hemingway in my youth – encouraged by the combination of the seemingly rugged nature of his novels' subject matter and my own search for an identity reconcilable with both cultural norms of masculinity and a growing predilection for literature – and was familiar with his preoccupation with Spain and its cultural eccentricities. Finding a reference to a bullfight in the work of Lawrence, however, was something of a surprise. Although the contrast in his response compared to Hemingway's was not quite so unexpected, the discovery kindled within me a desire to see if a more thorough interrogation of writers of the period might yield further discoveries of references to bullfighting. I was aware – given Hemingway's anecdotal reference to the fact in *Death in the Afternoon* (1936) – that Gertrude Stein had been a spectator at at least one *corrida* in her life, and began there accordingly. Indeed, I found that Stein had engaged explicitly with bullfighting in her writing when composing the piece "I Must Try To Write The History of Belmonte", a short vignette

published in the 1922 collection *Geography and Plays*.[10] Given the eccentricity of Stein's 'rigorously anti-mimetic' style, there really isn't much direct discussion of bullfighting at all, though this, as we shall see in the third chapter, is largely beside the point.[11] Having located references to bullfighting in the work Hemingway, Lawrence and Stein, the discoveries kept coming: mentions of bullfighting and bullfighters seemed to abound in the work of prominent modernist writers and artists. Quite apart from the aforementioned trio, traces of the bullfight – both overt and covert – can be seen in a plethora of works produced by some of the most celebrated intellectuals of the twentieth century: James Joyce, Wyndham Lewis, Laura Riding, H.D., Michel Leiris, Aldous Huxley, Virginia Woolf, Georges Bataille, Federico Lorca, Pablo Picasso and Juan Miro are just a selection of those, now canonical, writers and artists who perceived in the bullfight something worthy of their artistic attention. Aside from the latter three, each of these individuals was non-Spanish and each, with the questionable exception of Hemingway, did not hold a comfortable grasp of the cultural grammar of Spain. Whilst bullfighting had provided a stimulus to art and literature long before the advent of modernity – think Byron and Goya to name just two examples – the persistence of its manifestation in the work of so may canonical modernists seemed to isolate it as a distinct motif of modernist endeavour.

The idea that bullfighting might be a motif of modernist art sounds paradoxical upon first hearing. Clearly, the conceptual incongruity of finding a bullfight within a modernist text warrants some exposition. Surely a practice so heavily reliant on ritual and tradition, so seemingly archaic and barbaric, would have been viewed as an anachronism in the modern world. The answer to this latter question, of course, is far more complex than a simple yes or no; as will become apparent over the course of this thesis, the *corrida* often meant very different things to different writers and artists at contextually and situationally specific moments. Put in simple terms, the *corrida* possessed varying resonances and diverse uses for each of the individuals considered in the chapters that follow. Indeed, this variability, coupled with the sheer volume of modernist voices inspired by the *corrida*, demands rigorous examination. Ask an average person with a modicum of knowledge about twentieth century literature what they know about bullfighting, for instance, and you may very well find yourself embroiled in a discussion about Hemingway. His is the first – and often only – name mustered when a discussion of the place of bullfighting in literature is broached, let alone when one attempts to discuss its relevance to modernism. Part of the motivation behind completing this project, then, sprang from an overwhelming conviction of the necessity to reclaim bullfighting from

[10] Though all of the work appearing in *Geography and Plays* was produced between 1908 and 1922, it is difficult to pinpoint the exact date that this particular piece of writing was composed. It is clear, however, given the receptive attitude to nouns displayed in the piece that it very definitely belongs to the latter phase of her writing. For a full account of this turn, see Randa Dubnick, *The Structure of Obscurity* (Urbana & Chicago: University of Illinois Press, 1984).

[11] Peter Nicholls, *Modernisms* (Basingstoke: Macmillan, 1995), p. 207.

its abandonment to the literary legacy of Hemingway. Modernism's engagement with the *corrida* is simply far too broad and rich for studies of its relevance to be confined to parochial, single-author studies.

Where possible, I try to avoid all discussion of my doctoral research in social situations. There are a number of reasons for this, not least of which is that the mere mention of bullfighting has the inescapable capacity to provoke impassioned ethical debate of the type in which I have no wish to engage, but there are occasions when such discussion is unavoidable.[12] For example: when I find myself cornered at the birthday party of a relative stranger by a person who is at least two degrees stranger to me, or more inexorably, at drinks receptions following academic conferences. In such instances, I find myself speaking in an inappropriately loud voice and an increasingly defensive tone; when the pressure to reveal my particular area of research becomes irresistible, that is to say when I speak, the immediate reaction elicited from my interrogator is almost always the same. These responses are often premature, spat out before I have even finished explaining the scope and nature of my research. But the responses are not really responses; they are not so much responses than they are a kind of linguistic riposte, an attempt to pre-empt what I am about to say. In short, in most of these scenarios, I need only arrive at the utterance of the word 'bullfighting' before I am interrupted by the word 'Hemingway'. On the first few occasions that this happened, I assumed my listener had mistaken the nature of what I had said, had assumed that we were now deeply involved in a particularly recherché game of word association. Indeed, in such situations, even though the intonation of the utterance occasionally rises at its end to indicate an inquiry, more often the word is pronounced declaratively, with an air of finality, as if the subject requires no further explanation, as though the question of my research ends there. People assume, and sometimes they inform me, that I have spent four years of my life researching and writing about Ernest Hemingway. They assume that to write about bullfighting is synonymous to writing about Hemingway. When I protest, placing my work in the context of modernism, their assumptions are only sharpened still further. I am fixed, formulated by a phrase, a word, and the word is 'Hemingway'.

However, this kind of monolithic response is not exclusive to those literary types from outside of the academy who might be familiar with *The Sun Also Rises*, or have seen *Midnight in Paris*. When I have spoken about my work to colleagues and peers who are engaged in researching modernism, their response is equally predictable. Admittedly they have often pointed me to some obscure reference that I might not yet have discovered, some mention of bullfighting in the work of another modernist writer, but their first reaction has almost always involved some mention of Hemingway. Giving a

[12] I hope to have made clear the reasons for withdrawing this study from the ethical debate surrounding it. My discussion of the practice outside of my research reaches towards a similar objectivity.

paper on *Midnight in Paris* at my home institution, I was surprised when, at the drinks reception, an eminent member of the faculty asked me: 'How can you hang out with those guys?' By 'those guys' they could only have meant Mailer and Hemingway, since these were the only authors whose names I had mentioned, but the only 'Hemingway' I quoted at any point in the paper was the 'Hemingway' of *Midnight in Paris*. Perhaps the faculty member, familiar only with a version of Hemingway created by critical and popular discourse, had assumed that those lengthy quotations were indeed actual extracts from his novels or other parts of his writing.

That being said, even Hemingway's relationship with bullfighting has at times been misunderstood in modernist criticism. The familiar hackneyed interpretations of the place held by bullfighting in Hemingway's oeuvre have been trotted out with such regularity that they began to lose meaning: bullfighting as a paradigm for Hemingway's conception of masculinity; bullfighting as a direct physical representation of his style; the bullfighter as the embodiment of anxieties he was unable to acknowledge. All such arguments are invoked with an air of the axiomatic, a process which denies each – eminently justifiable – interpretation its full complexity. Only in recent years has there been a move to consider more sensibly the place of bullfighting in Hemingway's legacy. The publication of Thomas Strychacz's *Hemingway's Theaters of Masculinity* (2003) did much to advance this belated reconsideration of the author's complex relationship with gender and the manner in which it is played out in his writing. It is expected that the on-going publication of his collected letters will add further nuance to critical scholarship on the author.[13] Strychachz's study, which is discussed in depth later in the thesis, represented a kind of apotheosis in Hemingway studies which sought to re-contextualise his work in the light of posthumous publications *The Dangerous Summer* (1985) – itself a bullfighting text written between 1959 and 1960 – and *The Garden of Eden* (1986). The publication of these texts, followed immediately by the 1987 Kenneth Lynn biography of Hemingway, represented a watershed moment in Hemingway criticism. In part, this was due to Lynn's psychoanalytic reading of the explicit androgyny of the protagonists in *The Garden of Eden*. Using Jeffrey Meyers's 1985 biography as a starting point, in which it was claimed that Grace Hemingway (Hemingway's mother) dressed her son and daughter as twins in line with the contemporary fashion of dressing boys in girls' clothing, Lynn reads the novel as a projection and manifestation of Hemingway's latent anxieties around gender.[14] Though dressing boys in girls' clothing was a common practice at the time, Lynn claimed that Hemingway might have been dressed in such a manner until far later than most boys – perhaps until he was three and a half years old.[15] As Lynn puts it, 'caught between mother's wish to

[13] At the time of writing, Cambridge University Press has published only two of a planned seventeen volumes of Hemingway's letters. The delay in collecting the correspondence is partly due to the absence of a vast collection of the author's papers that, until recently, had been under embargo in Cuba.

[14] Jeffrey Meyers, *Hemingway: A Biography* (New York: Harper & Row, 1985), p. 9.

[15] Kenneth Lynn, *Hemingway* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1987), pp.38-40.

conceal his masculinity and her eagerness to encourage it, was it any wonder that he was anxious and insecure?'[16] Mark Spilka began to advance this branch of reading in his 1990 study of the author, arguing that Hemingway found himself reaching towards an ideal of Christian manliness through 'separation from women, love of sport and animals, ability to withstand pain [. . .] religious devotion and [. . .] mighty action'.[17]

In just a few years, the ideational wires connecting Hemingway's exploration of the *corrida* and his notion of masculinity were forged. Two further works attempting to reconstruct the critical landscape of Hemingway studies, Robert Scholes' and Nancy Comley's *Hemingway's Genders* (1994) and Debra Moddelmogg's *Reading Desire: In Pursuit of Ernest Hemingway* (1999) followed, with the former providing an eminently sensible and convincing account of the significance of Hemingway's androgynous bullfighters. Scholes and Comley's book, in particular, succeeded in counteracting feminist criticism of the author, whilst the latter work perhaps overstretched the plausibility of this particular branch of the renaissance in Hemingway criticism. Indeed, if Moddelmogg stopped short of explicitly labelling Hemingway homosexual, it was merely a restraint of degree. Moddelmogg writes: 'I am not positing a gay Hemingway […] although surely my Hemingway is gayer and queerer than most Hemingways'.[18] A quite extraordinary sentence, but the key here, as Moddelmogg goes on to explain, is this notion of multiple Hemingways. For Moddelmogg – and this is where her study redeems itself – one of the fundamentally limiting problems with Hemingway criticism had been that critics had been central in the construction of the author's image, which is to say that they constructed it themselves. Her own take on this is the application of the word 'androgynous' into the critical lexicon of Hemingway scholarship, which she views as simply an abstraction designed as a buffer to his masculinity, ignoring the possibility that the term might allow for a new critical idiom that defeats the need for gender polarisation when writing about Hemingway's work. Too often, his interest in bullfighting had been advanced as a metonym for the stability of a supposed underlying masculinist agenda. By beginning to destabilize the symbolism of bullfighting and bullfighters, Scholes and Comley opened a space for thinking about Hemingway's writing outside of the realm of what Moddelmogg considers the critic's subjectivity, but might be better understood as received mythology. In so doing, and in combination with the work done by Strychacz, the bullfight was partially liberated from the shackles of Hemingway's legacy. No longer was it a stable signifier, but rather one that might be considered infinitely resonant and polysemic.

Perhaps the extent of this polysemy can be seen in the range of authors who have, at some point in their careers, found themselves drawn to the *corrida*. One such writer who found herself, quite

[16] Ibid., p. 41.
[17] Mark Spilka, *Hemingway's Quarrel With Androgyny* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1995), p. 21.
[18] Debra Moddelmogg *Reading Desire: In Pursuit of Ernest Hemingway* (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1999), p. 4.

unexpectedly, writing about bullfighting at the turn of the millennium was the Scottish author A.L. Kennedy; not male, not American, Kennedy might be viewed as a surprising name on the list of artists and writers whose work has been affected by the *plaza de toros*. Kennedy's account of following the taurine circuit in Spain falls on the very borderlands of the aims of this project, but she is nonetheless extraordinarily useful in her unintentional ventriloquizing of one particular aspect of the allure of the *corrida* during the early twentieth century. Written at the conclusion of an acutely turbulent period of her life (indeed the book opens with Kennedy perched on a window-sill, contemplating suicide) Kennedy's journey to Spain is undertaken in response to a self-diagnosed emasculation and impotence:

> The inadequacy of my misery hasn't escaped me, the fact that I'm literally boring myself to death. This all started with such utterly commonplace stuff, things other people can manage and that I should have managed, too: a man that I loved has died and another has hurt me, I am not in good health and don't sleep, I have a rather averagely broken heart and no more need for the flat someone else will be glad of, or for its study, because I don't write. I'm a writer doesn't write and that makes me no one at all. I don't look very different, but I have nothing of value inside.
>
> So why stay here, when I have no further use.[19]

Despite Kennedy's claim to have been commissioned to write the book, despite her insistence that the book 'does not come form any prior interest or enthusiasm on [her] part', one cannot help but think of her situation as a microcosm of the cultural malaise of the early twentieth century, particularly in Europe. The dissatisfaction engendered by this malaise, the feelings of impotence and vacuity it prompted, led directly to a 'primitivist' turn in modernist cultures. Of course, primitivism had been present in literary and artistic culture prior to the modernist period, but the extent to which the contemporary civilization was questioned during the early twentieth century (and particularly in between the two world wars) was unprecedented. Consequently, modernist primitivism was, in part, an effort to enliven and rejuvenate a cultural landscape that appeared to have squandered the richness of its inheritance by turning in on itself. Ezra Pound is the oft-quoted voice of rancour in this regard, making Britain a synecdoche for Europe, lamenting the 'myriad' killed in the Great War 'For an old bitch gone in the teeth,/For a botched civilization.'[20] However, perhaps Sigmund Freud captured the mood best in 1930, though, writing that 'our so-called civilization itself is to blame for a great part of our misery, and we should be much happier if we were to give it up and go back to primitive conditions.'[21] Indeed, it is a paradox of modernism that, as Gill Perry puts, it 'many artists [and writers] whom we now label "modern" were in fact opposed to the processes of

[19] A.L. Kennedy, *On Bullfighting* (London: Yellow Jersey Press, 2000), p. 3.
[20] Ezra Pound, *Hugh Selwyn Mauberley* (London: Ovid Press, 1920), p. 13.
[21] Sigmund Freud, *Civilization and its Discontents* (London: Hogarth Press, 1930), p. 41.

modernization.'[22] This opposition manifested itself as an active interest in the artefacts of so-called "primitive" subjects and cultures and, particularly in the visual arts, an appropriation of their techniques. In literature, primitivism instead took the form of an overt fascination with *other* cultures and modes of living, but there often existed a distinct ambivalence in attitude towards such cultures. Primitivist writing often stages a conflict between fascination and revulsion, indicating both an irresistible attraction and a profound repulsion. In other words, 'for Westerners to study the "primitive" meant to return to their origins, where the search for identity inevitably passed through definitions of the other', and not always to positive effect.[23] Perhaps the example par excellence of this ambivalent fascination exists in Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* (1899), published at the turn of the century and very much a touchstone of modernist primitivism. Conrad's prose captures perfectly the tense ambivalence of the twentieth-century Western subject looking towards the primitive for answers to the urgent questions his contemporary surroundings posed. The answers are not always enlightening, nor always welcomed, as is made clear in Marlow's narrative:

> The earth seemed unearthly. We are accustomed to look upon the shackled form of a conquered monster, but there—there you could look at a thing monstrous and free. It was unearthly, and the men were—No, they were not inhuman. Well, you know, that was the worst of it—this suspicion of their not being inhuman. It would come slowly to one. They howled and leaped, and spun, and made horrid faces; but what thrilled you was just the thought of their humanity—like yours—the thought of your remote kinship with this wild and passionate uproar. Ugly. Yes, it was ugly enough; but if you were man enough you would admit to yourself that there was in you just the faintest trace of a response to the terrible frankness of that noise, a dim suspicion of there being a meaning in it which you—you so remote from the night of first ages—could comprehend.[24]

From the opening paradox of the passage to its constant use of dashes to signify cerebral malfunction, Conrad succeeds in rendering the liminal space occupied by the modern subject in contact with the 'primitive'. The experience is at once 'thrill[ing]' and 'ugly', both incapable of being denied and yet utterly incomprehensible. Indeed it is perhaps the closing sentence of the passage above which comes closest to capturing the drive of modernist primitivism; ultimately, the primitivist urge wants to be satisfied by a sense of remote familiarity, it demands to be at once a part of and apart from that with which it comes into contact, simultaneously kin and stranger. Untethered by the anomic conditions of contemporary European culture, for modernists the 'primitive' became 'a sort of mirror to better understand one's own identity, a place upon which to project one's needs and

[22] Gill Perry, introduction to Charles Harrison, Francis Fascina and Gill Perry, *Primitivism, Cubism, Abstraction: The Early Twentieth Century* (New Haven & London: Yale University Press, 1993), p. 3.
[23] Vita Fortunati and Zelda Franceschi, "Primitive Art in Modernism"in Astradur Eysteinsson and Vivian Laska eds. *Modernism: A Comparative History of Literatures in European Languages*,(Amsterdam and Philadelphia: John Benjamins, 2007), p. 662.
[24] Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness* (Ware: Wordsworth Editions, 1995), p. 63-64.

fears, a territory on which to practice one's political-cultural-dominion.'[25] Although prevailing criticism of modernist primitivism tends to focus overtly on engagement with and appropriation of non-European forms of culture, bullfighting might also be read in these terms. Certainly the mirror metaphor advanced above can be applied justifiably to the *corrida* and, indeed, one of the writers to be considered in this thesis made the very same comparison. Writing in his 1938 essay-turned-book, *Miroir de la Tauromachie*, Michel Leiris wrote with striking lucidity of the *corrida's* capacity to act as a 'mirror' revealing 'certain dark parts of ourselves'.[26] In so doing, Leiris seemed to speak not just for himself but for a generation of artists and writers when he argued that bullfighting possessed the ability to 'put [us] in touch with what is most intimate, and usually most turbid, if not most impenetrably hidden, about ourselves';[27] in many respects, this is very same internal conflict that the extract from *Heart of Darkness* is speaking to. Where interest in the *corrida* differs from other forms of modernist primitivism is that it was specifically European in contrast to the proliferation of non-European, and particularly, New World primitivist interest. Perhaps the bullfight was, in many respects, a largely non-threatening form of primitivist culture; its distinct European heritage made it somewhat less unsettling, less difficult to admit to that 'dim suspicion of there being a meaning in it which you […] could comprehend.' Indeed, irrespective of the wild contrast between the attitudes expressed towards the *corrida* by the individuals under discussion in the pages that follow (Lawrence, for instance, detested bullfighting), the *corrida* seemed to encapsulate or symbolise many of those cultural tensions which sat at the core of modernist discourse: the battle between reason and lack of reason, the attempt to impose form on chaos and the apparent proximity of eroticism, ritual and violence.

The primitive aesthetic perceived to be at work in the *corrida* made it a clear target for those intellectuals who possessed what Michael Bell has termed 'primitive sensibility';[28] Lawrence and Hemingway may be well placed under this umbrella in the field of literature. Meanwhile, the blurring of the *corrida* and the Minotaur myth in Picasso's oeuvre and Surrealist discourse more generally is an interesting facet to the appeal of the *corrida*. The apparently atavistic nature of the *corrida* seemed, at least on the surface, to provide these individuals with a subject that was both ancient and culturally authentic. This study will therefore make an important intervention in primitivist criticism, which until now has neglected the bullfight as an important facet of modernism's engagement with the primitive. Moreover, I will illustrate how the rise of *corrida*-art in the first half of the twentieth century is inextricably linked to a resurgent interest in ancient mythology, seeking to interrogate and

[25] Fortunati and Franceschi, "Primitive Art in Modernism", p. 662.
[26] Michel Leiris, *Mirror of Tauromachy*, trans. Paul Hammond (London: Atlas Press, 2007), p. 27.
[27] Ibid., p.23.
[28] Michael Bell, *Primitivism* (London: Methuen, 1972), pp.7-8.

re-evaluate the validity of Elisabeth Hardouin-Fugier's claim that 'by means of a simple metonymy, people claimed that bullfighting was as old as time.'[29]

Hardouin-Fugier, one of the few contemporary critical voices to appreciate the transcultural import of the *corrida*, makes muted mention of its place in the topography of modernism. Whilst there exists in her work moments of profound insight into the relationship between literature and bullfighting, for a work packaged as a cultural history of the practice, its scope is far too narrow. Moreover, the work is coloured by a stated and violently explicit opposition to the *corrida;* consequently, Hemingway, a writer who should provide a fulcrum for sustained critical discussion, is treated with thinly-veiled disdain. Moreover, D.H. Lawrence, another writer key to this project, is not mentioned at all, whilst any mention of Georges Bataille is perfunctory. Ultimately, Hardouin-Fugier's project fails to achieve its aims for two central reasons. Firstly, in attempting to author a cultural history – and the claim that such a succinct study could ever be considered as such is contentious to say the least – the narrative route taken is far too perimetric to offer a sustained, contextualised, investigation of the peculiarities of modernism's engagement with the practice. Secondly, Hardouin-Fugier's membership of CRAC (Comité Radicalement Anti Corrida), an organisation drawn together with the intention of lobbying for the abolishment of bullfighting in France, renders impotent her interpretations of an historical moment so contextually specific as modernism.

Nevertheless, the animal question is one that looms large over both this study and any effort to write about bullfighting and its place in literature. In recent years, critical theory and literary studies has seen the emergence of a new field of inquiry driven by questions of animality and its relation to Western metaphysics – so-called 'animal studies'. The development of the field over the past decade has been expansive, culminating in a critical introduction to the discipline authored by Paul Waldau in 2013.[30] Unsurprisingly, the impact of animal studies has not missed modernist literature; a cursory search of the combined terms 'animals' and 'modernism' in an internet search engine reveals that two notable modernist critics, Maud Ellmann and Marianne DeKoven, are teaching undergraduate modules in "Modernism and Animality" and "Modernist Literary Animals" at their respective institutions. Off the back of this development, several book-length analyses of the place of animals in modernism have been published, many of which have contributed usefully to both the development of the discipline they begin to define and the reframing of existing critical discourse surrounding modernism. Philip Armstrong's 2008 *What Animals Mean in the Fiction of Modernity* and Carrie Rohman's *Stalking the Subject: Modernism and the Animal* (2009) both seek to elucidate the idiosyncratic relationship between modernism and animality by placing this dynamic in the context of

[29] Elisabeth Hardouin-Fugier, *Bullfighting: A Troubled History* (London: Reaktion Books, 2010), p 136.
[30] Paul Waldau, *Animal Studies: An Introduction* (Oxford and New York: Oxford University Press, 2013).

Darwinian evolutionary theory and resultant anxieties over the precise contours of the species barrier.[31] Though both works contain short passages on bullfighting in the work of Lawrence (Rohman) and Hemingway (Armstrong), neither work offers a sustained critical inquiry into its broader relevance to the movement. The facts are plain enough, however; with the exception of the domestication of animals as pets or as a corollary to the development of twentieth century agriculture, in no other modern human-animal encounter did the human come into such close proximity with the animal. Moreover, the *corrida* was an encounter charged with the possibility of death, however skewed, for either party. It would be platitudinous to suggest that this encounter was invested with additional magnitude in a post-Darwinian world; nevertheless, it was undoubtedly the case that Marx, Darwin and Freud had recalibrated the intellectual topography of the early twentieth-century. Moreover, technological advances meant that the boundary between man and machine seemed ever narrower. Thus, as Rohman notes, 'Western identity was pitched somewhere between "natural" bodies and "artificial" bodies, between animals and machines, naturally given ontological differences and historically contingent and exterior techné.'[32] In chapter two, we will see this conflict played out in the violently opposing depictions of the human participants in the *corrida* offered by Hemingway and Lawrence.

Another key aspect to the relevance of any modernist project operating on the margins of animal studies is the concomitant rise of modernism and psychoanalysis. Prior to the explosion of bullfighting in modernist culture, the myth of the Minotaur emerges as a prevalent motif in both literature and the visual arts. In part, its pertinence was historically contingent and motivated by the 1900 archaeological discoveries made by Sir Arthur Evans at Knossos, Crete, an event that had wide-ranging ramifications for modernism. More tellingly, the hybridity of the Minotaur spoke to prevailing concerns surrounding questions of human origin agitated by Darwinian thought. Key to the Minotaur myth, given his parentage, was also the suggestion of regression, the idea that humanity could debase itself and return once more to the animality it had escaped from. Other modernists utilised the concept of the Minotaur for its figurative resonance to represent the rupture between the conscious and unconscious mind that Freud's writings had embedded into the contemporary intellectual landscape. Writing of the child's inability to distinguish him or herself from animals he claims that a child 'can see no difference between his own nature and that of animals', whilst elsewhere claiming that 'organic repression' is the agent of separation between the animal instincts of the unconscious mind and the ego.[33] Indeed, Freud's work maps neatly onto modernism's

[31] Philip Armstrong, *What Animals Mean in the Fiction of Modernity* (London: Routledge, 2008);
Carrie Rohman, *Stalking the Subject: Modernism and the Animal* (New York, Columbia University Press, 2009).
[32] Rohman, p. 21.
[33] Sigmund Freud, quoted in Lucille B. Ritvo, *Darwin's Influence on Freud: a Tale of Two Sciences* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1990), p. 76.

preoccupation with the animal question; time and again in his work he places the unconscious mind into a position of analogy with animality, maintaining that the human unconscious is brought into being through a suppression of instinct. Put in simple terms, Freud suggested that humanity's concerted effort to subdue its own animality led directly to the development of the unconscious.

It is from this post-Darwinian, post-Freudian juncture that the thesis begins. Indeed the opening chapter considers the relationship between bullfighting and ancient bull-myths that were also prominent in the art and literature of the early twentieth century. After outlining the context of the findings made by the British archaeologist, Sir Arthur Evans at the turn of the twentieth century, the chapter aims to establish a direct link between modernism's fascination with myth and the concurrent rise of *corrida* art. Central to this effort is a detailed account of the archaeological zeitgeist of the era, an effort to contextualise the methodological process undertaken by Evans and his subsequent interpretation of the findings made. In the nineteenth century, archaeology was not the scientific practice we think of today, but rather a field of inquiry open to the wealth and whims of men like Evans and his archaeological predecessor, Heinrich Schliemann. Schliemann and Evans presided over a so-called 'heroic age' of archaeology, practicing a method of investigation motivated and guided by Greek mythology. Both Schliemann and Evans arrived at their excavation sites with blueprints, provided by Greek mythology, for what they might discover. Evans in particular made concerted efforts to historicise the Homeric myths through a skewed interpretation of what he had found. Irrespective of the validity of such claims, there is little doubt that the Knossos excavation caused a stir in both the popular press and amongst the artists and writers of the period. The chapter goes onto consider the ways in which those myths permeated into modernist discourse through the likes of Freud, Joyce and Picasso. It suggests ways in which those myths came to be symbolic for some of the most pertinent questions posed by the anomic cultural milieu of early twentieth century Europe. I consider the importance of Arthur Evans's Knossos accounts in fostering a perceived link between the bull-myths of Crete and the *corrida* through his appropriation of the latter's distinct lexicon in his description and analysis of Cretan bull-games. The chapter ends by considering the way in which an interest in bullfighting may be seen as an extension or variation of the modernist obsession with myth as a paradigm for the present.

In addition to making a new contribution to a previously neglected area of modernist criticism, this research refigures some of the questions posed by modernist primitivism. Existing studies of modernist primitivism have focussed almost exclusively on the ways in which European modernism engaged with non-European cultures. Recent studies on the relevance of Minoan myth to modernist intellectuals have opened up new avenues of interest in modernist primitivist studies, showing Europe's relatively recent primitive past and the importance of that past to canonical modernist

authors. Both Theodore Ziolkowski's *Minos and the Moderns* (2008) and Cathy Gere's *Knossos and the Prophets of Modernism* (2010) succeeded in illustrating the importance of Arthur Evans's discoveries at Knossos in 1900 to the cultural climate of the era, showing how the findings stimulated a renewed interest in Cretan bull-myths in art and literature of the period.[34] What both works ignore, however, is the abundance of art and literature engaging with the bullfight that emerged during the same time frame. The research presented here addresses this lacuna, showing how the early twentieth-century obsession with bullfighting might be viewed as a distinctive variation of the type of mythopoeia that formed such and integral part of modernist art and literature.

In the same way that myth became a resonant space into which they could project contemporary cultural concerns in the hope of finding answers, so the similarly polysemic spectacle of the *corrida* became a semantic touchstone for many of the writers and artists for whom it became a point of interest. Advancing from a chapter that suggested that the Minotaur became symbolic of the divide between cerebral and carnal modes of ontology, the second chapter, focussing on Hemingway and Lawrence, draws a stark contrast between the way both writers interpreted the *corrida's* presentation of sex and gender. Drawing on the excellent work done by Strychacz, I attempt to reframe the debate around Hemingway's presentation of masculinity in the *corrida* by suggesting that it provided him with a model through which to conceive of an idea of 'professional masculinity'. Hemingway worked hard to carve a reputation as a staunchly 'masculine' writer: from the choice of subjects to the short, declarative sentences, Hemingway's writing seemed to bear a harshness not present in the prose of his contemporaries. There are two mythologies at work here: firstly, that Hemingway's writing style *is* masculine (one can insert any number of seeming synonyms here – hard, lean, muscular and so on) and secondly that in bullfighting, the aesthetics of which Hemingway famously admired, he saw an ideal form of masculinity that he hoped to replicate. By renegotiating the terms of Hemingway's relationship with his subject matter in *Hemingway's Theaters of Masculinity*, Strychacz succeeded in advancing the notion that Hemingway's supposed masculinist agenda was actually performative, thereby going some way to explaining his interest in practices that relied so heavily on the display of physical acumen. The second chapter of this thesis takes this discussion further, proposing the the view that Hemingway's conscious crafting of his own persona was commercially motivated, that the bullfight, rather than presenting him with an almost Platonic ideal of masculinity, instead offered a mode of masculinity that had been professionalised. Therefore, my chapter suggests that what Hemingway saw in the bullfighter was a professional practitioner of masculinity. His efforts to equate writing with bullfighting thus reveal the extent to which Hemingway, through his writing, became himself a practitioner of professionalised masculinity.

[34] Theodore Ziolkowski, *Minos and the Moderns: Cretan Myth in Twentieth Century Literature and Art* (Oxford and New York: Oxford University Press, 2008); Cathy Gere, *Knossos and the Prophets of Modernism* (Chicago and London: Chicago University Press, 2010).

Although material dealing with Hemingway's interest in bullfighting abounds in critical studies of his work, the same cannot be said of D.H. Lawrence, whose novel *The Plumed Serpent* opens with a scene from a bullfight. Though the volume of Lawrence's taurine prose cannot compare to Hemingway, the precise nature about *what* he wrote about the *corrida* provides an almost perfect counterpoint. If Hemingway saw in the bullfight a version of twentieth-century masculinity he could work with, to Lawrence the *matador* represented its nadir. Hemingway has been criticised ruthlessly for his depiction of masculinity through the prism of the bullfight, but it is perhaps Lawrence, who came to see the bullfight as a spectacle that revealed a modern crisis of masculinity, who utilised the bullfight as a paradigm for a far more rigidly orthodox interpretation of gender. For Lawrence, the work undertaken by the *matador* in the bullfight was the very antithesis of the return to an instinctual mode of living that he so craved. It is important to note that Lawrence encountered bullfighting in Mexico rather than Spain, a fact that illuminates an important debate in relation to the postcolonial issues arising from the relationship between bullfighting and modernism. Spain's colonization of South America meant an inevitable transference of culture that included the export of the *corrida*. Like Hemingway, then, Lawrence's own search for cultural authenticity had led him directly to the *corrida*, but within the context of the New World as opposed to its European origin. For a man desperate to escape what he considered to be the degeneration of European culture, this type of cross-cultural pollination was anathema.

If the *corrida* seemed to reflect contemporary anxieties over gender, then this is due to its capacity to act as a sounding board for the concerns of writers and artists who treated it. The idea that Hemingway saw in the bullfight a model for twentieth-century masculinity has been seamlessly interwoven with the parallel notion that it acted as a blueprint for his aesthetic model. The third chapter of this thesis interrogates that idea, placing Hemingway's interest in the aesthetics of bullfighting in the context of the pedagogical relationships he had with both Ezra Pound and Gertrude Stein in the early part of his career. The overriding focus of this chapter, then, centres on the development of a particular branch of modernist aesthetics. I argue that the aesthetics of bullfighting in the modernist period cannot be considered in isolation from other forms of art. It departs from the premise that, in the early twentieth century, bullfighting, like most other European art forms, was undergoing an aesthetic revolution comparable to literary and visual modernisms. The famed *matador*, Juan Belmonte, whose appearance on the cover of *Time* magazine in 1925 announced him as a global celebrity and heretic, led the vanguard of the modernist *corrida.* The revolution led by Belmonte was underpinned by an increasing obsession with line and proximity. Put simply, Belmonte's revolutionary act was to get closer to the bull than had previously been thought possible; as proximity between man and bull became the chief aim of the *matador's* work, the aesthetics of bullfighting took a decidedly geometrical turn.

This turn is perhaps encapsulated by Hemingway's insistence that Pedro Romero, the acclaimed *matador* of *The Sun Also Rises* (1926), keeps an 'absolute purity of line' as the bull passes him.[35] Indeed, it is this phrase 'purity of line' that so often rears its head in descriptions of Hemingway's prose style, but large swathes of modernist literature not produced by Hemingway relied on a similar credo. Hemingway's aesthetic was heavily influenced by what he perceived as the simplistic, classic beauty of the *Plaza de Toros*, but invoking the bullfight as the sole model for his writing ignores the complexities of a network of influence that began with Ezra Pound and Gertrude Stein, both practitioners of particular brands of modernism that seem to be variations of this kind of will to purity. In an otherwise brilliant pluralisation of modernism, Peter Nicholls contends that 'Stein developed a modernism at odds in almost every respect with that of Pound'.[36] Whilst there can be little doubt that Stein and Pound took different trajectories and eventually arrived at opposing extremities on the map of modernist aesthetics, the impulse behind their starting points was much the same. Nicholls argues that where Pound's imagism concerned itself with chipping away at extraneous detail in order to get nearer to the object under its scrutiny, Stein looked to move away from the world of objects, to focus instead on the texture and function of language itself. However, by viewing both writers through the prism of both *corrida* aesthetics and their respective impact on Hemingway, this chapter suggests that they may be closer than Nicholls imagines.

The final chapter of the thesis poses pertinent questions about how bullfighting has come to be viewed through the eyes of writers in the second half of the twentieth century. In addition to providing an interpretation of how Hemingway's association with bullfighting has dictated subsequent writing on the subject, I consider the extent to which Woody Allen's 2011 film, *Midnight in Paris*, demonstrates Hemingway's place in contemporary culture. Indeed, though literary interest in the *corrida* narrowed somewhat in the aftermath of modernism's peak between the two world wars, a particular group of male, American authors still found themselves drawn to the bullring in search of inspiration. Referring back to the question of Hemingway's dominant taurine legacy, I consider how post-modernist – or perhaps more fittingly, post-Hemingway – writers sought to deal with the problems posed by his spectral presence in any work of literature seeking to engage with the *corrida*.[37] Drawing on the writing of Norman Mailer, Charles Bukowski and Raymond Carver, I suggest that to be male and American in a post-Hemingway American literary scene seemed to necessitate addressing Hemingway in some way. I argue that for some of these authors, Hemingway becomes an obstacle to overcome, an obstacle which is surpassable only through direct engagement with the

[35] Ernest Hemingway, *The Sun Also Rises* (New York: Scribner, 2014), p. 134.
[36] Nicholls, p. 202.
[37] The invocation of the term "post-modernist" here is intended only to make a convenient chronological distinction and not to propose any of the authors mentioned as proponents of postmodernism.

bullfighting theme. Indeed, so closely had Hemingway become associated with the practice that, in the case of these three writers at least, bullfighting became a metonym for Hemingway, and writing about the *corrida* became a mode of tackling a legacy that seemed to haunt his successors. I suggest that, in metaphorical terms, Hemingway becomes analogous to the bull that must be overcome for the matador to prove his artistry.

At the heart of this thesis lies a desire to understand the resonances of bullfighting for modernism. As I have alluded to above, it seems significant that the peak of modern interest in the *corrida* occurred in the context of a cultural crisis in Western civilization. Indeed, though the *corrida* had long been a subject of literature and the visual arts, the breadth and depth of its appropriation by modernism warrants a degree of critical attention not previously conferred upon it. Consequently, this *is* a thesis pertaining to modernism, one that works within the boundaries of set by existing critical discourse on the movement. The aims of this project can therefore be isolated into four different, but mutually illuminating, strands of inquiry. Primarily, then, the opening three chapters of the thesis attempt to identify the various aspects and precise nature of the *corrida's* allure in the early twentieth century. To express this in another way, why and how did bullfighting become such a fertile source of inspiration to so many writers and artists we deem 'modernist'? Attendant to this question, then, is a desire to analyse the extent to which the *corrida* acted, in the words of Michel Leiris, as a 'mirror' to many of the cultural tensions and concerns addressed by modernism. In order to answer this question, I consider the way in which modernism invoked myth in many of its defining works. The link forged between the Minotaur myth and bullfighting in Picasso's work, for instance, provides a telling example of the functional similarities between the way myth and bullfighting were used to articulate contemporary anxieties.

Whether personally motivated or collectively felt, so contextually evocative was the *corrida*, modernism seemed to find in it a paradigm for its own concerns. For several modernists, the *corrida* provided answers to questions to a variety of historically contingent questions they too sought to answer. Of these, perhaps the most pertinent is borne from the uncertainties induced by an unprecedented shift in gender boundaries. Given the androcentric nature of the bullfight – all of its participants, human and animal, are male – the spectacle was consistently read as a performance of contemporary codes of masculinity: the man as hero, hunter, killer; the man as independent subject in control of his own fate. And yet, though these codes are being rendered repeatedly, the act of rendering them simultaneously reveals their vulnerability. This thesis explores the presentation of gender in the bullfight through the antithetical perspectives of these two writers, subtending their polarity with the insight of Virginia Woolf, who provides a telling third lens through which to examine the complex relationship between bullfighting, gender and modernist literature. Woolf's

observations about the relationship between bullfighting and gender are doubly interesting for the way in which she implicates the question of modernist aesthetics. For Woolf, bullfighting is analogous to writing, and her insistence on excluding Hemingway from the realms of 'modern' writing is explained in tauromachic terms. Since Woolf's review of *Men Without Women*, it has become a critical commonplace to describe Hemingway's aesthetic programme in terms of bullfighting, but the penultimate chapter thus asks to what extent the aesthetics of bullfighting can be mapped against broader experimental tendencies in modernist literature. Moreover, the chapter also seeks to promote the idea that bullfighting, in its own right, was undergoing an aesthetic revolution contemporaneous and analogous to those in literature and the visual arts. The final aim of the project, extrapolated in its culminating chapter, is to investigate the scale of modernism's impact on representations of bullfighting in the second half of the twentieth century, focussing particularly on the impact that the critical reception of Hemingway's bullfighting texts had on a group of male, American authors who followed him. The seeming synonymity between Hemingway and bullfighting can be felt not only in literature, but also in popular cultural representations of the bullfight. This is a question, ultimately, of the legacy of modernism. As has been made clear in this introduction, very little has been written about the way in which other modernists dealt with bullfighting, and Hemingway is often regarded as a lone voice on the practice. Although this study will illustrate the remissness of this assumption, and that Hemingway's relationship bullfighting was far more complex than many subsequent readers of his taurine works might initially comprehend, it is clear that Hemingway's relationship with bullfighting had a profound effect on the manner in which the *corrida* was written about in a post-modernist literary landscape. The question at hand here then is how the treatment of bullfighting in literature, particularly in America, was affected by the culturally constructed persona of Ernest Hemingway. To what extent did the closeness of the *corrida's* association with Hemingway exhaust it of its polysemic nature, making it not a mirror but a synecdoche of masculinity. I will examine these phenomena in the context of the anomic cultural landscape of the first half of the twentieth century, taking into consideration the political, sexual and cultural revolutions that informed and affected writers of the era.

Given both the specific nature of the context of this research and the potential for its relevance outside of modernist literary criticism, this dissertation is aimed at a wide range of possible readers. A distinct and inexplicable lack of literature exists on the relationship between modernism and bullfighting, and to this end the thesis will provide a timely intervention into modernist criticism. Moreover, it makes an important intervention into critical discourse surrounding the specificities of modernist primitivism due to its focus on a European, or old world, cultural phenomenon that might be deemed primitive. Due to its multifocal nature, the work will be useful to a wide range of researchers: from those interested in both modernism in its broadest sense to those whose critical

attention falls more explicitly on one or more of the figures explored during the course of the work. There exists a dearth of literature on the use of bullfighting in the work of D.H. Lawrence ad Gertrude Stein, for instance, and this thesis will hopefully give rise to new research in these areas. The penultimate chapter of the work unlatches a hitherto parochial line of inquiry into the aesthetics of modernism, diminishing Hemingway's claim to dominion over the *corrida* as an aesthetic model and asking whether it might provide a prism through which to draw seemingly disparate experimental trajectories (Pound and Stein) closer together than previously seemed possible. Finally, the work fits into a trend within modernist studies to incorporate an increasingly transnational outlook, scrutinizing as it does the cultural exchange between Spain and Anglophone modernisms.[38] Aside from its relevance to scholarship pertaining exclusively to modernism or modernist studies, the work presented here is also intended to provide a delimited cultural history of bullfighting that will be of interest to both those holding an existing interest in the role of bullfighting in the contemporary world as well as those curious about its reception at contrasting, historically contingent moments. Indeed, it is hoped this thesis will be of interest to cultural historians concerned specifically with Spain, but also more broadly with the processes of twentieth-century transnational cultural exchange. Elsewhere, readers and critics of post-war and contemporary fiction may be intrigued to read more about the manner in which the legacy of modernism dictated the manner and style in which bullfighting has been rendered in the work of authors and artists who came afterwards. Researchers and students interested in the work of Norman Mailer, and particularly those holding a particular intellectual investment in his troubled relationship with Ernest Hemingway, will be intrigued by the uncovering in this thesis of unpublished archival material suggesting that Mailer had planned to write his own novel utilizing the *corrida* at its thematic epicentre. It is hoped, finally, that the work will be read, enjoyed and responded to by as wide a range of readers as possible.

In light of the paucity of existing literary criticism exploring the relationship between bullfighting and literature, let alone any with a focus defined enough to consider its impact on modernism, the foundation of this thesis is provided by the close reading of primary texts. Moreover, in the absence of distinct theoretical or critical perspectives from which to interrogate engagement with the *corrida*, much of the textual analysis is done through juxtaposing authorial responses and primary texts. Throughout the course of both the research and writing of the thesis, each chapter necessitated a distinct methodological approach. The first chapter relies heavily on research into the history of the archaeological landscape of the nineteenth century, whilst also incorporating a close analysis of Arthur Evans's multi-volume account of the discoveries he made at Knossos. These texts were read in conjunction with other historical documents including contemporary journalistic reports of the

[38] For a comprehensive account of the transnational turn in modernist criticism, see Douglas Mao and Rebecca L. Walkowitz, "The New Modernist Studies", *PMLA*, no. 3 (May 2008): 737-48.

excavations and advertisements motivated by the findings. The second and third chapters, in addition to providing similar close textual analysis of primary texts, rely heavily on biographical detail and were composed in the wake of extensive research into the letters and non-fiction writing of both Hemingway and Lawrence. These interpretations are informed and underpinned by existing critical insights into both authors and, particularly in the case of the former, the interpretations offered attempt to amplify and extend the secondary criticism expounded. The final chapter relies heavily on archival research pertaining to the unpublished papers of Norman Mailer. Held at the Harry Ransom Center, University of Texas, the Mailer archive holds an extraordinarily vast collection of papers collected over a period of sixty years. In addition to holding Mailer's papers, the archive also boasts the manuscript version of Hemingway's *Death in the Afternoon* and hundreds of books on Spanish bullfighting known as the Rex Smith bullfighting collection. During the summer of 2011 I spent a month in the archives looking at the aforementioned materials, finding myself particularly engrossed by the sheer volume and pertinence of the materials in Mailer's collection. It was during this process that I discovered a notebook containing an extensive plan for an unwritten novel on bullfighting, composed during the summer of 1954, the very same year in which Hemingway would be awarded the Nobel Prize for literature. Reading the contents of this notebook in conjunction with Mailer's published writings and other unpublished manuscripts, the chapter contends that this simultaneity is no mere coincidence.

## Chapter I

### From the Labyrinth to the Bullring: The Myth of the *Corrida*

One of the most curious aspects of Carrie Rohman's 2009 study of modernism's obsession with animality, *Stalking the Subject: Modernism and the Animal*, is the conspicuous lack of attention paid to the recurring image of the bull as an important modernist trope.[39] Indeed, whilst texts and works of art dealing with bullfighting alone proliferate in the output of modernism, much of the resonant appeal for those writers and artists dealing with the figure of the bull lay in the anthropological, religious and mythical importance of the animal. Its image has been identified as far back as the Upper Palaeolithic period, dominating the cave paintings at Altimira in northern Spain and – even to the present day – remnants of bull-cults exist in sacred-cow worship in India. Such is the enduring relevance and significance of the image of the bull throughout cultural history, that the argument put forward by Michael Rice – that no other divine manifestation has had neither: 'the persistence nor the power of the bull in grasping and holding the imagination of men' – is not without considerable merit.[40]

Anthropological investigations into ancient civilizations, in addition to the archaeological discoveries that have both underpinned and reframed them, have confirmed that bull-cults prospered throughout ancient history. The reach of the bull's symbolic resonance extends across the globe, not least in Anatolia, Mesopotamia, Persia, Egypt, the Eastern Mediterranean region, Arabia, Mycenae and, perhaps most significantly when considering the way that bullfighting was interpreted and employed in modernist art and literature, Crete. The latter has a special place in the development of modernism for a number of reasons, but not least due to its chronological proximity to the inchoate stages of modernism's development. Certainly the discoveries made in Crete by Arthur Evans in 1900, and those made half a century earlier by Heinrich Schliemann at Mycenae, provide an important contextual reference in the generally resurgent literary and artistic interest in bull-myths and bullfighting during the early twentieth century. It is also true that many of the images uncovered at both sites depicted human beings involved in what seemed to be acrobatic or athletic displays with bulls. These depictions of 'bull-leaping' entailed an acrobat vaulting over the back of a bull whilst grasping its horns to gain leverage and assist with the somersault. The idea that these superhuman feats actually took place seems fantastical but nevertheless, the proliferation of such imagery gave stimulus to an emergent theory that these scenes depicted a prototypal form of the modern *corrida*

[39] Rohman does mention the bullfight in the opening scene of D.H. Lawrence's *The Plumed Serpent*, but does not interrogate the consistent and broad-ranging modernist engagement with the bull or the bullfight. In an otherwise enlightening study, neither is the mythical significance of animals ever taken into consideration as a stimulus for modernism's renewed interest in the animal.
[40] Michael Rice, *The Power of the Bull* (London: Routledge, 1998), p.5

that endured in Spain. In light of this, and as interest in the bull-myths of Crete intensified, so too did the focus of Modernist intellectuals on the bullring begin to sharpen. Discussing the impact of archaeology on the treatment of Homeric myths, Hugh Kenner argues that "'Troy" after Schliemann was no longer a dream, but a place on the map'.[41] We might apply this same sentiment to Evans, after whom the palace of Minos was no longer the setting of a fable, but a material landmark now capable of becoming a fertile cultural landscape, and after whom bullfighting was no longer a cultural eccentricity, but a gradually adapted vestige of ancient civilisation.

The significance of the bull-leaping scenes discovered at Knossos directly stimulated a renewed interest in bullfighting that would not become entirely clear until the publication several years later of Evans's *The Palace of Minos*: a four-volume account of the excavation which recounted, described and interpreted the discoveries made. However, the immediate news of the excavation and its ostensible confirmation of the existence of Minos's palace and the fabled labyrinth led to an explosion of interest in Cretan bull myths. And whilst this rejuvenated interest in what were to be known thenceforth as the Minoan bull myths was significant in its own right, the corresponding revival of interest in bullfighting was surely no coincidence. Both the bull-myths of Crete – particularly the Minotaur – and the *corrida* seemed to encapsulate or symbolise many of those tensions which sat at the core of modernist discourse: the battle between reason and unreason or the attempt to impose form on chaos, coupled with the apparent proximity of eroticism, violence and ritual. Certainly there were writers and artists for whom both the labyrinth, the bullring, and their inhabitants became an attractive subject and both the labyrinth and the bullring became prominent and recurring motifs in the art and literature of modernism.

Perhaps the most notable modernist cognoscente of both the bullfight and the Minotaur was Pablo Picasso. For him, the metaphorical utility of each bled into the other; his engagement with the *corrida* cannot be fully understood without also considering his use of the Minotaur, which was frequently employed as a personal totem. The connection between bullfighting and Cretan culture was one that seemed natural at the time, given the context of the era. Indeed in her 2010 anti-*corrida* publication *Bullfighting: A Troubled History* Elisabeth Hardouin-Fugier argues, without making explicit reference to influence of the Knossos excavations on the rise of twentieth century *corrida*-art, that ancient bull myths were taken as a proof and justification of the relevance of bullfighting, of its enduring importance, claiming that 'by means of a simple metonymy (shifting the bull's ancientness onto the practice of bullfighting), people claimed that bullfighting was as old as time.'[42] Thus in Hardouin-Fugier's reading, to transfer the ancientness of the bull onto the bullfight was to claim that

[41] Hugh Kenner, *The Pound Era* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1973), p.42.
[42] Elisabeth Hardouin-Fugier, *Bullfighting: A Troubled History* (London: Reaktion, 2010), p.136.

bullfighting had its origins in the ancient world, thus imbuing it with a greater significance than it perhaps deserved, tantamount to treating it as a living and present relic of a forgotten and distant world. It was precisely the possibility that bullfighting sprang from ancient origins and survived into the modern world that made it so fascinating to modernism, and precisely the ancient resonance of the bull and the arcane nature of bull-games that made the idea of bullfighting possessing ancient origins a plausible one. When the work of Schliemann, and particularly Evans, began to bring ancient bull-myths to the forefront of modern public consciousness, it seemed that evidence of the archaic roots of bullfighting had been provided. Hardouin-Fugier's assumption that all those who claimed bullfighting was remnant of a distant past were consciously or deliberately guilty of this 'simple metonymy' ignores the weight and assumed substance of the proliferating discourse of the period. She makes little effort to consider the Modernist obsession with bullfighting in the context of the ground-breaking archaeological discoveries in Crete, and as such fails to understand the validity with which bullfighting's claim to belonging in the ancient world was invested during the first half of the twentieth century.

What remains clear is that the origins of the *corrida* are so obscure to us even now that there must also be some degree of hesitation in acceding to Hardouin-Fugier's assertion that the *corrida* was in no way connected to ancient bull-games or taurine deification. Certainly it is true that battles between or involving bulls and literal or metaphorical conflicts between man and bull have been broadly referenced in the art and literature of numerous ancient civilisations. To pick just two examples from outside of Mycenae and Crete, Mesopotamian sculptures of bull-men were particularly common, whilst the Epic of Gilgamesh is saturated with references to bulls and bullfights. Indeed in the latter work Gilgamesh is time and again likened to a bull throughout the poem's narrative: he is first 'terrifying like a great wild bull' and then 'strong as a savage bull'.[43] When the narrative begins to reach its crescendo and Enkidu arrives to challenge Gilgamesh, the description of the confrontation compares the men to two bulls facing off against one another:

> He put out his foot and prevented Gilgamesh from entering the house, so they grappled, holding each other like bulls. They broke the doorposts and the walls shook, they snorted like bulls locked together.[44]

Later, when Ishtar has been spurned by Gilgamesh, she implores her father to send the Bull of Heaven to wreak her revenge. Enkidu and Gilgamesh, now allies after their stalemate, take on the bull in a manner reminiscent of the Cretan bull-leaping depicted in Minoan and Mycenaean art and the *corrida*: Enkidu 'dodged aside and leapt on the bull and seized it by the horns' before Gilgamesh

[43] *The Epic of Gilgamesh*, trans. N.K Sandars, ed. Betty Radice (London: Penguin Classics, 1960), pp. 61-62.
[44] Ibid., p. 69.

'seized the thick of its tail' and 'thrust the sword between the nape and the horns and slew the bull.'[45] Such feats of physicality as described here are reflected in the pictorial form in Crete, whilst the point of insertion of the sword is the very same as that which is the matador's target in his final act, the *estocada*. This combination between the acrobatics of ancient bull-games and the sacrificial death blow of the contemporary *corrida* is illustrative of how easy it might have been for those Hardouin-Fugier charges with metonymy to assume that there was a direct link between the bull-myths of antiquity and the ritualised spectacle of the contemporary *corrida*. Perhaps even more revealing is the clear stylistic connection to the Spanish *corrida* expounded in book XII of Ovid's *Metamorphoses,* where the red cape that is used in the modern *corrida* is referred to as Achilles is once more compared to a bull. Indeed, in a note to this section E.J. Kennedy has pointed to the fact that Ovid is the only ancient writer to have mentioned the red rag familiar in modern parlance:

> Achilles raged in fury like a bull
> In the broad ring that with his frightful horns
> Charges the scarlet cloak that baits his wrath
> And finds his wounds eluded.[46]

Whether Ovid is a lone voice referring to the paraphernalia of the bullfight is unimportant, however, since we are entitled to assume that one is enough. What remains clear is that the bullfight, an inaccurate and somewhat typically crude English translation of the Spanish term, *corrida,* captured the attention of a particular but nationally diverse group of Modernist intellectuals at a moment in the early twentieth century when the archaeological discoveries on Crete, which seemed to provide 'proof' of the Homeric myths, were also prominent in the minds of the avant-garde. In particular the Minotaur and other bull myths, with all their symbolism of friction between bestiality and humanity, offer us an illuminating insight into *corrida*-interest in the first half of the twentieth century. As such, it seems clear that the correlative link between artistic and literary interest in the two is more pertinent than a cursory acknowledgement of a similar context between the phenomena allows, and might be more starkly elucidated by considering how the two may be brought closer together by their symbolism, interpretation and shared incongruity between human and animal, man and bull.

This chapter examines the archaeological context of the late nineteenth and early twentieth century, considering the ways in which it informed a resurgent interest in both bullfighting and in bull-myths more generally. This interest in the Cretan and other bull-myths, along with their connection to a concurrent fascination with bullfighting, became an integral and hitherto under-examined facet of the

[45] Ibid., p. 88.
[46] Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, trans. A.D. Melville, notes by E.J. Kennedy (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1987), Book XII, p. 277.

well-documented modernist inclination to look to the deep past for clues about the present and near future.

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Some half a century prior to the artistic and literary revolution straddling the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, the field of archaeology was undergoing a similar period of vicissitude. It is worth noting that the archaeology of the mid-nineteenth century was a much less refined endeavour than we regard it today. Indeed, Arthur Evans's father, John Evans, who made his fortune in the paper industry, was a prime example of the type of individual who might interest himself in archaeology, numismatics, geology or antiques. Rather than being a professionalised pursuit, a curiosity in this type of antiquarianism often took the place of an avocation in the lives of wealthy individuals who had time to spare and currency and influence to expend. Such was the depth of reserves that John Evans possessed in all three of these commodities, his interest in antiquarianism led to his joining several learned societies in the field, the authoring of a number of books on the subject, and his eventual election to the Royal Society in 1862 and the Athenaeum in 1865. That is not to belittle John Evans's achievements, but rather to recognise the peculiar historical context that allowed an individual with no formal training in the earth sciences to become a member of the Royal Society. It was with this latter event that J.A. MacGillivray suggests 'John Evans the papermaker became John Evans the archaeologist' but, in truth, he could have claimed this title much earlier.[47] Certainly the context of the period allowed that a person with no more experience other than what he or she had learned through a personal interest in antiquarianism could stake a claim to the title 'archaeologist'. Indeed in Britain, the Royal Archaeological Institute did not even exist until 1844. Furthermore it was not until 1836 –translated into English twelve years later – that the Danish historian, Christian Jürgensen Thomsen published *A Ledetraad til Nordisk Oldkyndighed,* and in doing so introduced the chronological terms now established as the foundation of archaeological work by putting forward the idea that the European prehistoric could be divided up into three ages: the Stone Age, Bronze Age and Iron Age.

Clearly the concept of archaeology had been around before the nineteenth century, and its development in Europe had been a significant branch of Renaissance culture. But scientific and anthropological developments in the mid nineteenth century led to an escalation in the general public's interest in archaeology, simultaneously stimulating a marked shift in the focus of those archaeological excavations. Prior to the emergence of Darwinian theory, the antiquarians of the eighteenth and early nineteenth century largely preoccupied themselves with the material itself and

[47] J.A. MacGillivray, *Minotaur: Sir Arthur Evans and the Archaeology of the Minoan Myth* (London: Jonathan Cape, 2000), p.32

the descriptive aspects of the excavation process and the documenting and classifying of artefacts, in a style that owed much to the antiquarians of the eighteenth century and earlier. However, whilst the new archaeologists did not wholeheartedly renounce these methods, their approach had been galvanised by Charles Darwin's recently published theories on human evolution in 1859, and their priorities switched to searching for remnants of forgotten cultures and civilizations. Archaeology had taken an anthropological turn. Put simply, their methods became increasingly concerned with interpretation, explanation and speculation whilst, ironically, archaeology was at the same time thought of increasingly as a serious scientific endeavour.

The joint discoveries of Heinrich Schliemann and Arthur Evans in the Mycenaean and Aegean regions fundamentally altered the way archaeological findings were received by a more general public. Indeed the narratives of their careers are seemingly interwoven, and it is true enough that the two men's names are frequently coupled in histories of archaeology. But whilst they shared both a geographical focus and an historical moment, the similarities go even further. What united Evans and Schliemann was the essence and style of their archaeology, which was markedly contrasted to what the contemporary layman may class as archaeology. Certainly neither was trained in archaeological practice, nor was such training either necessary or even widely available at the time. Perhaps most importantly, though, both were motivated by a fervent desire to discover material proof of Homeric legends. This desire may be partly attributable to an urgent need to understand and advocate an alternative to a biblical account of human history undermined by the Enlightenment and now under direct attack from Darwinism. The extent to which Darwin's findings acted as a watershed moment in archaeological pursuit is perhaps best exemplified by the fact that the second phase of the so-called 'Heroic Age' in archaeology is designated as beginning in 1860: a year after the appearance of *The Origin of Species*. Two distinct idiosyncrasies characterised this 'Heroic Age' of archaeology: the first lay in the abundance of wealthy, layman enthusiasts who not only undertook excavations during the period, but who used their wealth, resources and connections to make some of the most astonishing discoveries of the era. The second key characteristic of the 'Heroic Age' of archaeology in this era is that excavations were often impelled by a desire to prove scientifically the contents of literary texts: specifically the bible and the Homeric epics.

Heinrich Schliemann and Arthur Evans were undoubtedly the two main proponents of this 'poetical topography', a term coined first by Evans himself in criticising Schliemann, and later used by MacGillivray to describe the architectural practices of both men.[48] Certainly MacGillivray is right to level this charge at Evans and Schliemann if poetical topography can be summarised as the treatment of a work of literature as a historical document to be relied upon in historical investigations. But if

48 Arthur Evans, cited in MacGillivray, p. 134

we charge them with this, we must also place their methods in the context of the biblical archaeology that also proliferated in the context of a nineteenth-century Western world suffering a crisis of spirituality and historical wisdom.

Indeed, the mid-nineteenth century bore witness to the beginnings of Biblical Archaeology: excavations devoted to uncovering the sites and artefacts of the biblical world. The first such archaeological investigations took the form of surveys in Egypt and the Near East in the late 1830 and early 1840s. The findings of these surveys, undertaken by the American biblical scholar Edward Robinson, who attributed biblical names to modern sites, were published in *Biblical Researches in Palestine, the Sinai, Petrae and Adjacent Regions* in 1841. Two excavations of the Tell el-Hesi site in the early 1890s by Sir Flanders Petrie and Fredrick J Bliss followed a further survey of the area conducted in 1871 by Charles Warren. At the time the site was commonly thought to be the biblical Lachish, but was later identified as Eglon. Further such excavations took place throughout the remainder of the nineteenth century, and indeed continue up to the present day, but their emergence in the mid nineteenth century created a telling contemporary parallel with the excavations of mythical sites in the Mediterranean region. The irony was, of course, that Schliemann and Evans simply replaced the bible with another – albeit older – literary text and engaged in the same type of poetical topography that the biblical archaeologists relied upon. As archaeologists travelled to Egypt and the Near East with a copy of the bible in one hand, so Schliemann and Evans went to Troy and Knossos with a copy of the *Iliad*.

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If a prototype of the successful nineteenth-century archaeologist existed, it would look very much like Heinrich Schliemann. However, Schliemann's background could hardly have suggested a less likely avocation to propel him to fame; indeed, it was not until he was forty-six years old that Schliemann abandoned a successful and lucrative career in business to devote himself to the discovery of Troy. Like Arthur Evans's father though, whose affluence allowed him to enter the antiquarian world, the wealth Schliemann had accumulated afforded him the luxury of pursuing this devotion to uncovering Troy. In pursuing what he believed to be the truth behind the myth that had so gripped his imagination and attention, Schliemann propagated his own personal mythology, speaking of the excavations as being somehow preordained, claiming that he had prophesised to his father that he would one day excavate the walls of the city. Schliemann's childhood account can therefore be seen as a myth in itself, a curious foreshadowing of the conscious myth-creation that would become characteristic of Schliemann's work at Troy and Mycenae. Schliemann's story was one saturated with the mythic staples of fate and destiny, sufficiently romantic to transmit an idea of

him as a heroic figure taking steps to live out his own prophesies for himself. The root of Schliemann's desire to find Troy lay not in his own mythology however, but rather in the Homeric mythologies of *The Iliad,* the potential veracity of which seduced Schliemann sufficiently to invest large amounts of his own money attempting to historicise it. That Troy's very existence seemed to be legitimised only by a work of literature divided opinion into two camps: those who regarded the possibility of its existence in the same manner as they would have the places and characters of a contemporary fairytale, and those who believed the ancient walls lay covered at one of two sites: Bunarbashi and Hisarlik. One individual belonging to the latter camp was an Englishman named Frank Calvert, whose findings from preliminary investigations in the area led him to appeal to the British Museum for financial assistance. When they declined, Calvert approached Schliemann for the funds, persuading him to invest in the project by convincing him of the importance of Hisarlik. In 1870 Schliemann and Calvert began digging at Hisarlik without permission of either the landowners or the relevant authorities.

The results of the first digs were disappointing and, whilst Schliemann gradually began uncovering somewhat banal artefacts including coins, weapons and jewellery in bronze and copper, it was not until 1873 that he made discoveries on the scale that he had hoped. The magnitude of the 1873 findings, including more weaponry, silver and copper vases and cups, jewellery and nearly 9,000 gold ornaments, was remarkable. Even more remarkable, though, was the speed with which Schliemann began to interpret these findings, and the speed with which those interpretations became a part of the public consciousness. Schliemann succeeded in weaving them deftly with the Homeric tales, once more placing him in the role of myth-maker. Indeed these interpretations were eventually published in Schliemann's later account of the excavations in 1874, but were also reported at the time in the German press, causing something of a furore. News of the discoveries was also reaching further than Schliemann's homeland and several foreign newspapers picked up on the astonishing discoveries, printing translated abbreviations of the findings, which were becoming popularly – and perhaps prematurely – known as 'Priam's treasure'. Schliemann had succeeded in capturing both the attention and the imagination of the watching world, but the publicity also led to the Turkish authorities revoking his rights to excavate at the site before suing him for the treasure he had found. Shrugging the controversy off and refusing to let it dissuade him from his pursuit, Schliemann finished the second account of his discoveries at Troy, *Troja und seine Ruinen* before turning his attention to Mycenae in 1874, where his penchant for flouting any kind of rule or regulation preventing excavation reared its head once more.

In the immediate aftermath of the discoveries at Troy, Schliemann and a team of men undertook an unauthorised five-day excavation at Mycenae. The goal this time was not confirm the existence of

the site, since its walls were still visible for all to see, but rather to set about 'proving' the existence of King Agamemnon, another of Schliemann's favourite Homeric characters. Finding enough encouragement from the illegal dig, Schliemann began real work on the site two years later when the Greek Archaeological Society, having been granted the permit to excavate the site but lacking the funds to do so alone, approached him to undertake the work on its behalf and at his expense. Schliemann, it seemed, was above the regulations put in place to prevent individuals from undertaking excavation work in the area. This may have had much to do with his financial clout: he was one of the Greek Archaeological Society's most wealthy and generous benefactors. Irrespective of the controversy and questionable legality of his work, detractors could not question Schliemann's commitment to the cause. Such was the fervour with which he approached the task of attempting to prove the truth of the Homeric works, he was willing to pay any amount of money to do so. The project, after all, would potentially prove to be a lucrative one, and Schliemann would undoubtedly have held out hope that his investments would not go unreturned. Even if he were unable to gain direct financial benefit from the findings, the fame that would be a by-product of the discoveries he hoped to make would surely have opened up any number of financially beneficial opportunities to recoup his outlay.

On 30 November 1876 Schliemann discovered a tomb at Mycenae containing three corpses, two of which were uncovered wearing gold death masks. When Schliemann removed one of the masks the face beneath crumbled away, but the second had been well preserved. It was on the strength of this discovery that Schliemann wrote to King George of Greece that he had found 'the graves of Agamemnon, Cassandra, Eurydemon and their companions, all slain at a banquet by Clymnestra and her lover Aegisthos.'[49] Further correspondence stating that he believed he had uncovered the body of Agamemnon followed, claiming in a telegram that: 'This corpse very much resembles the image which my imagination formed long ago of wide ruling Agamemnon'.[50] This particular comment is particularly revealing in terms of its relation to the subjectivity of Schliemann's archaeological methods. That is to say that he often found what he hoped to find and saw what he hoped see. For Schliemann, the only standard against which to measure the veracity of his findings and interpretations was his own imagination.

The statement suggesting that he had seen Agamemnon was later apocryphally changed to 'I have gazed upon the face of Agamemnon' and attributed to Schliemann; though he never said it, part of the reason for its sticking power lies in the mystique and wonderment that the phrase conveys. He must have been aware of how fanciful his claims sounded, even if he did not suspect – as we know

[49] David Traill, *Schliemann of Troy: Treasure and Deceit* (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1995), p.162.
[50] Ibid., p.163.

now – that the bodies he found in fact belonged to a period some four centuries prior to the probable period in which the Trojan War took place. What really mattered is that Schliemann was believed by a public happy to accept that Homer's 'Lord of Men' was an historical rather than literary figure. Indeed, by 'gazing upon the face of Agamemnon' and in his escapades at Troy, Schliemann had done several things at once. Firstly, he had made a breathtaking archaeological discovery, not least in the vast and spectacular trove of artefacts found. Secondly, he had successfully promulgated the idea that he had witnessed the material form of a legendary figure no longer confined to the murky world of myth. Thus he had achieved a third, final, and perhaps most significant goal in uncovering the tomb of Agamemnon: he had, in his mind, proved the factual basis of some of the Western canon's most important and well-known myths.

In finding the material remnants to support the myth he had, at the very least, succeeded in bringing the possibility of their truth to the forefront of public consciousness. On a more important level, through his own confusion of myth-proving and myth-making, Schliemann had set the tone for the excavations that would later take place at Knossos. Furthermore, the extraordinary claims as to what these discoveries represented had succeeded in drawing the curious gaze of a watching world to the archaeological developments in the region, a gaze that would remain fixed there for many years to come.

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Observing Schliemann's archaeological escapades from the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford University was Arthur Evans: the man who would eclipse even Schliemann's archaeological fame at the turn of the twentieth century. Early signs did not suggest that Arthur would follow his father's trajectory though and, indeed, on matriculation at Brasenose College, Oxford in 1870, Arthur's choice to read modern history over classics was something of a surprise. The irony of Evans's choice of subject began to emerge with his burgeoning interest in anthropology and archaeology, which began with several trips to the Balkan region where he flirted with the idea of conducting excavations, before becoming so involved in the contemporary politics of the place that his long-term presence in the region became untenable.[51] Although Evans frequently indicated that he would like to undertake archaeological work in the Balkans, his motivation for moving away from the region had perhaps as much to do with the attraction and mystique surrounding the work of Schliemann at Hisarlik – in addition to his pre-existing fascination with Cretan mythology – as his own precarious position in the political situation in the region.

[51] See MacGillivray, p. 35-56.

Evans first arrived in the Balkan region in the summer of 1875. His account of a journey along the Neretva River from Metkovic to the Adriatic Coast reveals his fascination with the particular Cretan myth that would stand out in his legacy: the Minotaur. Such is the poetic quality and fantastical, musing tone of the account, Evans could almost have been a character in a Homeric epic, reflecting that: 'Just beyond Fort Opus ever and anon mysterious boomings and bellowings are heard to proceed as from the inmost recesses of the mountain. It is, say those who have heard it, as the bellowing of a bull.'[52] As MacGillivray has argued, the journey itself 'took on mythic proportions' for Evans, whose narrative accounts of the journey would not have looked out of place in a modern prose version of the epic.[53] Writing about the legend which fascinated him most, he narrated feeling as if 'a veil of mystery hangs over the whole...nothing but the portent is certain; and fearful as I am of giving publicity to ill-omened words, I cannot refrain from breathing a suspicion that this unhallowed bellowing may proceed from some hideous Minotaur, caverned in his labyrinthine den.'[54]

Even prior to any overt sign of a development of his interest in Crete as an archaeological site, Evans was clearly spellbound by Cretan myth. That he later met Heinrich Schliemann in Athens in 1883 would only have increased his curiosity in Mycenae and Crete – and not a little in Schliemann himself – who he later described as an 'odd little man' possessing a 'preoccupation with Homer'.[55] That the same description could quite fairly have been levelled at Evans later in his career tinges this particular observation with no small degree of irony, and events in Crete over the ensuing decade would eventually lead Evans down the same path as Schliemann, on which the boundaries between myth and history became ever more malleable. When writing of the Minotaur in 1875, Evans's fear of ridicule is evident. That he was fascinated by the myth is also clear, but his insistence on being unable to 'refrain' from uttering his fanciful imaginings, that he even thought he should refrain, illustrates the fact he felt any suggestion that the Minotaur belonged outside the realms of fantasy would seem ludicrous. That is not to suggest that Evans was afraid to confess his belief in the legend, but rather that he was acutely aware at this point in time of the disparity between myth and history, respecting the boundaries between one and other. His desire to be taken seriously and obtain respect can be attributed to the standing of his father John, and Arthur's own wish to match or perhaps exceed the reverence with which his father was regarded. Indeed when Evans mocked Schliemann's preoccupation with Homer this same fear of ridicule was present, with Evans making an effort to distance himself from the type of archaeology that Schliemann was engaged in. But when Schliemann was made an honorary fellow of Queen's College soon after, Evans's attitude may

[52] Evans cited in MacGillivray, p. 46.
[53] MacGillivray, p. 46.
[54] Evans cited in MacGillivray, p. 46.
[55] Arthur Evans, Introduction to Emil Ludwig, *Schliemann of Troy: The Story of a Gold Seeker* (London: G.P. Putnam's and Sons, 1931), p. 21.

well have begun to soften. He published a review of Schliemann's book *Troja* for the *Academy*, which praised Schliemann's work in the region even if insisting that 'archaeology has perhaps little call to concern itself...with poetical topography.'[56]

Clearly the cultural landscape was shifting, and the wonderment Schliemann's discoveries had garnered was indicative of the revivified role of myth in the public consciousness. When the Italian archaeologist Federico Halbherr discovered what was thought to be the oldest legal code in Europe at Gortyna, Crete in 1884, Evans's interest in the region and its myths was similarly revivified. The tablet became widely known as 'The Law Code of Gortyn and seemed to outline ideals for proper conduct in ancient Crete. The potential significance of a possible ancient legal code in the land of the mythological King Minos was not lost on Evans, providing the stimulus for his decision to begin laying the groundwork for a major excavation of Knossos. Halbherr had similar ideas and began preliminary digs at Knossos the following year. But in fact in 1879, even before Halbherr arrived on the scene, a Greek archaeologist named Minos Kalokairinos had begun digging at the site and found traces of a building which he later claimed was 'le Palais Royale du Roi Minos'.[57] The political situation in Crete at the time had prevented Kalokairinos from completing his investigation, though; at the time Crete remained under the control of Turkish authorities, and the Cretan Assembly expressed concerns that any significant finds would be taken to Constantinople.

The combination of Halbherr's discoveries, the knowledge Evans possessed of the work Kalokairinos had already done, and the latter's visit to Athens in 1883, soon led to Evans taking a more active interest on Knossos. Similarly, Schliemann's attitude to the region had altered, and he made several attempts to acquire the rights to excavate at Kephala over the ensuing years, all of which failed due to his inability to agree the acquisition of the land from its owners. His death in 1890 signalled the opportunity for an individual to fill the sizeable gap left in the archaeological world, paving the way for Evans to fill that void and to bring the secrets he increasingly believed Knossos held to the world. As Evans's intentions regarding Crete began to take shape, so his attitude to what he had previously criticised as no more than 'poetical topography' undertaken by Schliemann began to alter. In notes made around February 1893, Evans was clearly ready to accept the historical veracity of King Minos, writing 'All points to S. W.A. Minor as origin. Source of Myk. Pop. Crete as centre of Earliest Greek state. Minos may have played great part in spreading this culture.'[58] And when Evans's wife Margaret died after a three-year battle with tuberculosis just a month after this entry, Evans's professional aspirations seemed galvanised by this personal trauma. The loss, though devastating, offered a level of freedom that Evans had not previously had. Quickly,

[56] Arthur Evans, "Review of Schliemann's *Troja*", in *Academy*, no. 24, December 29 1883: 437-439 (p.439).
[57] Cited in MacGillivray, p. 93.
[58] "Notes on the Origins & Affinities of Mycenaean Cultutre," unpublished ms. in Evans Archive, Ashmolean Museum 0009.

he filled this void in his life by devoting himself entirely to his archaeological endeavours. Soon enough he returned to the island intent on acquiring the land at Kephala and finishing the work begun by Kalokairinos.

Arriving on Crete in March 1894 to pay his first visit to Kephala, Evans would not secure the land until over five years later. However, in a strategic decision reminiscent of the business-savvy Schliemann, Evans's purchase of one quarter of the land in 1896 made his eventual acquisition of the site all but a bureaucratic formality. In fact, one of the most potent catalysts in his pursuit of the remaining land turned out to be new laws passed by the Cretan authorities preventing archaeological finds being taken off the island. This law meant that the landowners who had resisted Schliemann's overtures so doggedly were now in a far weaker bargaining position, and Evans bought up the remaining three quarters for approximately £235, having earlier paid £200 for just a quarter of the site. When excavations at Knossos began in the spring of 1900, it marked the end of Evans's six-year struggle for the acquisition of the land, the beginning of his archaeological notoriety, and the explosion of Knossos into contemporary art, literature and culture.

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The first and perhaps most important decision Evans made prior to undertaking work in 1900 was to employ a field archaeologist to assist in the organising and running of the dig. Though he was initially reluctant to bring in an outsider, Duncan Mackenzie had come with the recommendation of David George Hogarth and held a Ph.D. in classical archaeology. Mackenzie was charged with, amongst other things, keeping the daybooks that chronicled the excavation finds. These daybooks provide an understated counterpoint to Evans's fantastical musings and, indeed, the contrast between Mackenzie's rather dry but meticulous recording, and Evans's overblown, hyperbolic aggrandising represented the relationship between the men. Such a clash of styles and background (Mackenzie was very much working-class) led inevitably to occasional strains on the cohesion of their rapport, but the working relationship was a mutually beneficial and startlingly fruitful one. With the benefit of Mackenzie's expertise on-board, it soon became apparent that the initial season of excavations would go some way to vindicating Evans's decision to expend so much energy and finance on obtaining the land at Kephala. The initial plan to use the walls of the building that Kalokairinos had previously found, before digging to the highest floor level, quickly revealed somewhat banal artefacts including jars and vases. But when a bath chamber was discovered on April 13, Evans announced that 'it was the Queen's – Ariadne's bath' and the chamber soon became

known as the 'Queen's Megaron'.[59] Tellingly, Mackenzie made no mention of the mythical queen, and Evans's initial interpretations of and responses to the findings made clear his desire to treat the excavation as an exercise in a kind of mythical forensics.

As evidenced from his Balkan diaries, Evans had long been fascinated by the Minotaur myth, indeed was perhaps even more enchanted by it than by Ariadne's chamber. When the workers began discovering scores of representations of bulls all over the site, Evans put two and two together, taking these discoveries as a vindication of his belief in the importance of the myth. The palace consisted of hundreds of separate rooms interlocking with one another, evoking the legendary labyrinth, a fact that served only to entrench this belief still further. However, though bulls were abundant at Knossos, in actual fact, the most significant Minotaur-related finding of the era was not made by Evans, but by Hogarth. In 1901 Hogarth had arrived on Crete in search of the palace of the so-called 'Eteocretans (aboriginal Cretans) which Homer and others had located in the east of the island. Hogarth began excavating a site at Kato Zakros, finding little at first before stumbling across a vast collection of up to five hundred clay nodules bearing monstrous images. Excited by their existence but unable to explain them, Evans insisted that 'the Minotaur himself makes his first appearance in their company.'[60] In a telling sign of how quickly and deeply the myth became interwoven into modern Cretan identity, in 1905 the Cretan government chose to represent the Minotaur on the 3-drachma stamp, choosing one of the most unsettling images Hogarth had unearthed.[61]

Aside from the lure of the Homeric myths, another of Evans's motivations for deciding to excavate Crete was his fervent belief that the island may have been the birthplace of a language that had been lost to the world, a language that contemporary historians were not yet aware of. The scripts, which were found etched on over 3000 tablets, became known as Linear A and Linear B. Evans believed that both were Minoan languages that preceded any other known form of language, and spent the rest of his life trying and failing to decipher their meaning. Just prior to the Second World War, when samples of the Linear B script were discovered in mainland Greece in 1939, his claim seemed to be undermined. Indeed in 1953 Michael Ventris, who later proved that the script was in fact an early form of Greek that we now recognise as Mycenaean, successfully deciphered the 'B' script. But Linear A has never been successfully deciphered, and though the import of Evans's verification of written language existing on Crete was later diluted somewhat by Ventris's work, at the time of the discoveries Crete was seen – in its legal system, language, art and architecture – to be the cradle of

[59] MacGillivray, p. 180.
[60] Arthur Evans, *The Palace of Minos at Knossos vol. I* (London: Macmillan, 1921) p. 707-708.
[61] W.H. B Poole, *The Postage Stamps of Crete* (Beverly, Massachusetts: Severn-Wylie-Jewett, 1922), p.14.

European civilisation. What is more, that Evans seemed to be uncovering validations of the Homeric myths lent both the site of Knossos and the findings themselves a mystical air.

The discoveries represented not only a fascinating insight into a distant culture, but seemed also to contradict that distance, illustrating the proximity of the ancient and the modern. In many ways, it was a defining moment in the relationship between the modern and the ancient, and later, between modernism and myth. Modernism, it seemed, could find its perfect mythology through Evans's discovery of Knossos – it was at once both ancient and contemporary and its resonance was both close and distant. Truly, Cretan mythology had not been entirely absent from cultural discourse prior to Evans's discoveries, but the renewed interest in the myths, encouraged by their perceived novelty and the rejuvenation that this most contemporary of discoveries had imbued them with, made them the perfect mythological foil for a movement that strove for originality and innovation, but could not help itself from looking back to antiquity.

Though Evans never explicitly claimed to have uncovered the Minotaur's labyrinth, much of the attention on the findings focussed predictably on the myth. The furore surrounding what was thought to be the discovery of the fabled Minotaur's lair is exemplified in an article published by the *New York Times* on September 14, 1902. Indeed, one of the most striking aspects of the article is that it treats the possibility that the Minotaur may have existed without a hint of irony. Writing that the Minotaur had 'hitherto been classed among the choicest specimens of Grecian mythology', the author goes on to suggest that in light of Evans's recent discoveries, 'the prevailing attitude must now be amended'.[62] The 'prevailing attitude' – one of seemingly intense scepticism, bordering on scorn – cannot, with any degree of certainty, be said to have fully dissipated, but the findings at Knossos must surely have cast sufficient doubt in the minds of many observers, and at least caused enough uncertainty for a wholesale reconsideration of the historical value of Minoan myth more generally. Even the future Prime Minister Lord Asquith was moved to comment on the undertakings at Knossos, remarking that 'the palace in which Minos invented the science of jurisprudence, [is] being brought out of the region of myth into the domain of possible reality'.[63] Even Britain's political class, it seemed, was caught up in the mystique of Evans's findings, willing to accept his Homeric version of history.

The blurring of boundaries between myth and reality was the concordant note of the era, to which Evans took plenty of opportunity to add his now considerable voice. If the 1902 *New York Times* article seemed to hint at the possibility of truth in Minoan myth, Evans made concerted attempts to

[62] Anon., "Found Minoatur's Lair?", *New York Times*, 14 September 1902, p. 26.
[63] Cited in MacGillivray, p. 198.

present the myths as historical fact. In his contribution to the eleventh edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* on 'Crete', Evans attempted to restore Minos and Daedalus from myth into history. Where the *New York Times* had called for a reconsideration of the veracity of the myths claiming that, 'the existence of the Minotaur itself can no longer be lightly dismissed as a mere fable', Evans went even further, arguing that the Palace of Knossos 'executed for Minos by the craftsman Daedalus, has ceased to belong to the realms of fancy.'[64]

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In order to understand fully the significance of bull myths in modernism, we might first consider the ways in which an interpretation, or use of myth more generally in relation to contemporary culture, was a distinctly proto-modernist trope. It is imperative to note, therefore, the depth to which the proto-modernist duumvirate of Sigmund Freud and Friedrich Nietzsche engaged mythology in their writing, making use of it variously as rhetorical, analytic and interpretive tool. Bearing in mind the influence that both men exerted on an entire generation of Modernist thinkers in Europe, Freud and Nietzsche very much set the tone for modernism's relationship to myth. Both men were well read in classical mythology, and shared a propensity for leaning on its horde of references in their examination of contemporary problems.

The fact that the archaeological world was undergoing a revolution at the same moment as Freud and Nietzsche began shaping the cultural discourse of modernism is fitting. In the case of Freud, this is particularly so, given that he made the analogy between psychoanalysis and archaeology on several occasions, not least when comparing his practice of 'clearing away the pathogenic psychical material layer by layer,' to 'the technique of excavating a buried city.'[65] For Freud the goal of the psychoanalytic process was to dig deep into the recesses of the psyche in order to reveal a truth that was not simply personal, but rather a universal truth about the human race, and he saw this reflected in the goal of archaeology. In this respect, Freud felt that the impetus of his work has a clear and profound similarity to the stratigraphical sciences of archaeology and anthropology.

This claim is difficult to palate, however, unless one accepts Freud's even more fantastical notion of 'inherited memory'.[66] Nevertheless, the link that Freud detects between his work and stratigraphy is never more apparent than in his use of myth, since in using myths as examples of universal truths

[64] Quoted in Theodore Ziolkowski, *Minos and the Moderns: Cretan Myth in Twentieth-Century Literature and Art* (New York: Oxford University Press, 2008), p. 12.
[65] Sigmund Freud, *The Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud: vol. 2,* trans. James Strachey (London: Vintage, 2001), p. 139.
[66] See Freud, *Moses and Monotheism* in *The Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud: vol. 23*, trans. James Strachey (London: Vintage, 2001).

about human nature (as in the case of the Oedipus complex, as the most obvious example), Freud was able to link the modern to the ancient, thus making the role of the psychoanalyst analogous to the role of the archaeologist – digging through the layers of the individual modern psyche in the present moment to reveal the truth which resides in the past. Clearly, by equating psychoanalysis with archaeology Freud was abstracting what is an inherently tangible stratigraphical mode of investigation, or more likely, attempting to hypostasize his own inherently intangible practice. However, Freud's method of utilising myth as a window to the most turbid aspects of human nature revolutionised not only the way people thought about the human mind, but also had significant ramifications in the realms of art and literature. Indeed, whilst the course of time has made the reliance of both archaeology and psychoanalysis on myth as either a driving force or explanatory tool somewhat outrageous, it is difficult to imagine some of the most characteristic concerns and outputs of modernism in a cultural milieu not influenced by Evans, Schliemann and, in particular, Freud. But as much as Freud influenced his contemporaries, he was also subject to influences from other cultural fields, and in addition to his own characterisation of his work as a kind of psychical archaeology, his own private and personal interest in archaeology is also palpable. Freud collected the complete volumes of *The Palace of Minos* that Evans published with Macmillan between 1921 and 1936; indeed the volumes remain viewable in the Freud archive in Hampstead, London. Though his copies are sadly without annotations, we know that Freud read Evans's accounts and, more importantly, that they had a profound influence on his thinking.

In gauging the level of influence that the Knossos discoveries exerted over Freud, Cathy Gere has expounded on the dialogue struck up between the modernist poet H.D. and Freud over Evans's discoveries at Knossos in her *Knossos and the Prophets of Modernism*.[67] Of course Freud was not alone in the gravity with which he regarded the discoveries on Crete, and though he never visited the site himself, his response to the findings seeming to capture the mood of his contemporaries, setting a precedent for the veneration with which the excavations came to be regarded. Writing to Wilhelm Fliess in April 1901, Freud asks: 'Have you read that the English excavated an old palace in Crete, which they declare to be the real labyrinth of Minos? [...]This is cause for all sorts of thoughts too premature to write down.'[68] If 1901 felt too premature to articulate what the Minoan discoveries had stirred in Freud, no such temporal constraints existed in 1939, the year that marked both the beginning of the Second World War and the publication of *Moses and Monotheism*.

Like many other intellectuals who had now had time to digest the initial furore of publicity surrounding the discoveries – whilst also being prompted, no doubt, by Evans's publications –

[67] See Gere, pp. 160-171.
[68] Sigmund Freud to Wilhelm Fliess, letter dated April 7, 1901, in Sigmund Freud, *The Complete Letters of Sigmund Freud to Wilhelm Fliess*, 1877-1904, trans. Jeffrey Masson (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1985), p. 445.

Freud's thoughts on the implications of the findings began to take shape, finding their fullest expression in that study. One facet of his argument in *Moses and Monotheism* contends that with his 'present psychological insight' he could, 'long before Schliemann and Evans's, have predicted the existence of such sites as Knossos and Mycenae. Psychoanalysis, he claims, could have found the answer to the questions raised by the work of 'Homer and the great Attic dramatists', an answer which 'would have had to be that this people had probably experienced in their prehistory a period of external brilliance and cultural efflorescence which had perished in a historical catastrophe and of which an obscure tradition survived in these legends.' The archaeological work of Evans and Schliemann, Freud claims, have now 'confirmed this suspicion, which in the past would have been pronounced too daring.'[69]

Where Freud perceived myth as a lens through which to observe fundamental truths about humanity and used it as an explanatory tool, Nietzsche's use of myth centred on his personal conception of the nature of true art, which he claimed to be the product of a friction between two antithetical forces. In his inaugural publication *The Birth of Tragedy* (1872) Nietzsche outlined his perception of an aesthetic in Greek drama that would have a profound influence on modernism, namely that Attic tragedy was an amalgamation of two seemingly antithetical forces which he characterised as the Apollonian, associated with dreaming and individuation, and the Dionysian, which was linked to intoxication and unreason. That the Dionysian principle became an oft-leant-upon aesthetic model in modernism is significant, and not least in its later appeal to the Surrealists who saw in the Minotaur that same battle between the Apollonian and Dionysian as between man and bull.

At the same time, Nietzsche imagined that a 'rebirth of German myth' could be brought about through contemporary German culture, specifically in the music of Wagner. As Christian J. Emden has noted, in *The Birth of Tragedy* 'historical knowledge...is relegated into the background by a new emphasis on foundation myths.'[70] It is true that after *The Birth of Tragedy,* Nietzsche becomes increasingly suspicious of myth. His critique of 'monumental history' can thus be seen as an attack on the championing of myth over modern or of any attempt to converge them. The fact remains, however, that *The Birth of Tragedy* remained one of his most influential text and his aesthetic legacy to modernism. In Nietzsche, modernism possessed a predecessor who not only interpreted myth and contrasted it to contemporary history, human behaviour and cultural output in the way that Freud did (as in *The Birth of Tragedy*). Moreover, Nietzsche also restored, reinterpreted and modernised mythological figures, as in Dionysus, and *created* mythological figures in both the protagonist of *Thus Spake Zarathustra* and his latterly misappropriated concept of the *ubermensch.*

[69] Freud, *Standard Edition vol. 23*, pp. 70-71.
[70] Christian J. Emden, *Friedrich Nietzsche and the Politics of History* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2008), p.141.

What Freud and Nietzsche shared was the propensity and ability to cast the light of myth on distinctly modern problems, using it as a tool capable of engendering a deeper and clearer understanding of modern problems and concerns. So encompassing was their influence on a generation of modernists that this propensity became a defining characteristic of a particular, primitivist branch of modernism. Moreover, in a more general, historical sense, Freud and Nietzsche succeeded in reinventing the Bronze Age as the prehistory of modernity. Just as it seemed that the body of myths that Nietzsche and Freud had relied upon for their cultural prophecies were now being historicised by archaeology, the latter profession was, in a stark contrast between truth and perception, being viewed increasingly as a precise, methodical and exact science. The wider attribution of these qualities to archaeology became one of the most powerful ways of entrenching the significance of myth to modernism.

The use of myth in literature and art during the first half of the twentieth century can be thought of in similar terms. But where myth had previously been used as an interpretive or analytic tool by the likes of Freud and Nietzsche, and then later representatively by the symbolists who directly preceded and at times overlapped with modernism (W.B. Yeats, for instance), intellectuals of the latter movement increasingly sought to combine these two uses: making myth simultaneously functional and self-consciously symbolic. That is to say that myth was used as both a semantic and structural tool, at times simultaneously and at others independently, to both order and make sense of an increasingly fragmented and anchorless modern experience. At other times Modernists who seem to fit snugly in the bracket of 'primitivists' were engaged in an exercise of myth-creation, a Modernist mythopoeia.

All too often mythopoeia is read to be a metaphysical method of escaping the present, of attaining a release and escape from contemporary history. A more helpful way to consider the relationship between myth and modernism is to consider the ways in which myth allowed the intellectual to access and perceive what he or she considered to be basic truths about human nature – as Freud did – but also as a means of comparing contemporary and ancient cultures, of illustrating the proximity of the ancient to the modern. Indeed the paradox of modernism's relation to myth is most apparent in many of its most celebrated and characteristic works. When Ezra Pound sounded the cry to Modernist poets to 'make it new', he set the tone for the perception of not simply a literary movement, but an entire artistic epoch. Here was an artistic earthquake, the type of which the world had not seen since the Renaissance, and which would irrevocably alter the ways in which art was created, and the criteria against which it would be judged. And yet, one of the central paradoxes of

modernism lies in its unexpected and enduring desire to return to the past in order to resurrect it, to in turn map it onto the present, deciphering meaning from its resonance.

As mythologically challenged readers of *The Waste Land* or *Ulysses* – perhaps the Modernist epitomes of their respective literary forms – would testify, the referential nuances, and therefore ultimate understanding of the Modernist period, cannot be grasped fully without first recognising and investigating the significance of their reliance on classical mythology. If Freud and Nietzsche set the tone for modernism's engagement with myth, then Eliot and Joyce were two of the most fervent *users* of myth in modernism's literary output. Such a statement may seem an obvious one, but it is important to reiterate the fact that modernism's pioneering writers not only referenced myth, or used it symbolically, but in some cases relied on it fundamentally in the very construction of their work.[71] Joyce, Eliot and their contemporaries had indeed been 'making it new', but were doing so in a manner that relied heavily on mythology of the past, which in itself seemed to represent the very antithesis of newness or modernity.

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However important and renowned Evans was to his contemporaries, he has become an increasingly controversial figure of late. The legitimacy of Evans's portrait of Minoan culture, or more pertinently the alleged illegitimacy of that portrait, has shrouded several recent works concerned with the Minoan discoveries of 1900. Without exception they have, to varying degrees, suggested that Evans was guilty of pursuing a personal agenda in undertaking and commissioning inappropriate restorations, placing the importance of providing material evidence to myth above accuracy of representation, and, in the publication of his Knossos accounts against the backdrop of a war-torn Europe, engaging in a conscious deception by portraying a contextually attractive idea of Minoan society as a peace-loving utopia overseen by a benevolent ruler in King Minos.

Evans's motivation for doing so is not always clearly defined, but it has been suggested that it was in part a response to the anomic cultural milieu of contemporary Europe, and that portraying Crete – which in the light of his discoveries was now regarded the cradle of Europe – in this way acted as an antidote to the negativity shrouding Europe at the time. Crete was eulogised and became a point of focus for nostalgia, a reminder that Europe had once been a better place and could be once more. Cathy Gere argues that Evans chose to ignore those aspects of Minoan culture which became apparent from the discoveries that contradicted his interpretation – for instance, the ruins of watchtowers and fortification walls that he had uncovered elsewhere in Crete were conveniently

[71] See Gere, MacGillivray and Ziolkowski.

overlooked, since these did not sit well with Evans's proposed ideal of the Minoans as pacifists.[72] Evans was painting a picture of a lost utopian society, and this idealised society seemed appealing to contemporary intellectuals increasingly disillusioned with modernity, looking anxiously for something worthy of nostalgia. Knossos seemed to be a material proof of the continuing relevance of ancient cultures in a rapidly modernising Europe and America. Myth, it seemed, was everywhere and in everything; it was only natural therefore, that it should extend its reach into the art, literature and culture of the era.

Recent years have seen a multitude of critical-historical works examining the nature and impact of Evans's archaeological work, none of which shy away from pointing out the transgressions he made. The common charge in the work of MacGillivray, Ziolkowski and Gere is that Evans's desire to propagate an idealised version of Minoan culture led him to commission restorations that were impartial, and in some instances, deliberately inaccurate. Certainly it is true that Evans pursued a particular agenda in his 'restoration' of the palace ruins, and that his subsequent diaries and journals painted a portrait of a pre-Christian society that had enjoyed the freedoms and excesses associated with the kind of utopian society that offered increasing appeal in the early twentieth century. Without exception, all three of these studies have called into question the validity of Evans's restorations, claiming rightly that he essentially rebuilt parts of Knossos. In the first instance, this rebuilding was necessitated by the fragility of the structural remains: rotten wood was replaced with new timber to support the structures where needed, so that excavation work could take place safely. Evans and Mackenzie were also conscious of the potential damage from weather erosion over the winter when the site stood unattended, since excavation could clearly only take place during the warmer months. Many of those who were so enthralled by Evans's discoveries never actually visited the site or saw the material reality of the restoration, but Evelyn Waugh is one who did. When Waugh visited the palace in 1930, his disappointment was palpable, writing in his travelogue *Labels* that 'Sir Arthur Evans...is rebuilding the palace'.[73] That he chooses to call the process one of 'rebuilding' and not 'restoring' is significant, since it implies a starting anew. Of course, the advanced decomposition of a site that had been neglected for thousands of years necessitated this rebuilding, but what offended Waugh most, however, was the flagrant manner in which Evans set about 'rebuilding' the palace to the extent that it became inauthentic. Waugh's criticism of the restorations undertaken to the artwork is even more damning:

> It is less easy to come to a firm decision about the merits of Minoan painting, since only a few square inches of the vast area exposed to our consideration are earlier than the last

[72] Gere, p. 67.
[73] Evelyn Waugh, *Labels* (London: Duckworth, 1974), p. 136.

> twenty years, and it is impossible to disregard the suspicion that their painters have tempered their zeal for accurate reconstruction with a somewhat inappropriate predilection for covers of *Vogue*.[74]

Waugh's charge lends weight to the claim that Evans was engaged in something of a falsehood, a process of pulling the wool over the eyes of the general public and modernist intellectuals, who were intrigued by Crete from afar, but never saw the reality. What is of interest is how far those interpretations became accepted notions of thought in Modernist discourse, and to what extent they helped to encourage an interest in the Cretan myths, which in turn helped foster a cultural environment where bullfighting could be viewed as ancient. It is true that much of what Evans purported to be authentic and genuine about Knossos may well have been inaccurate. It is also the case that many of his restorations and ideas about Minoan culture have been broadly criticised of late. But this question of accuracy is not overly pertinent to a study of influence since, to invoke Theodore Ziolkowski, 'writers and artists of the early twentieth century were usually reacting to the initial publicity, which was dominated by Evans's romantic image of Minoan Crete,'[75] whilst Gere calls Knossos 'one of the sensations of the age.'[76] This must be correct; whatever the veracity of Evans's claims, what is important is that they were believed and, more importantly, that they were profoundly influential on Modernist discourse. Even Waugh could not resist describing Candia, the port town at which he disembarked, as possessing 'one main street and a labyrinth of divergent alleys.'[77] That Evans saw fit to present what in many cases were mere interpretations as fact goes some way to explaining the gravity with which his findings were regarded. Indeed, the tangibility – however distant – of the palace seemed to confirm the most fantastical of the Cretan myths, whilst, as we have seen, Evans endeavoured to have both the palace of Knossos and the myths that he saw it as confirming committed to history.

Regardless of the accuracy of his interpretations, Evans's discoveries had made archaeology interesting once more – to the extent that he had taken antiquity and 'made it new' – and the excitement generated by his findings ought not to be underestimated. Indeed this renewed interest was not limited to news coverage, and can be seen perhaps most famously in the writings of Freud, who consistently drew parallels with archaeology and psychoanalysis, and whose obsession with the discoveries at Knossos directly informed some of his later work. Though Evans's influence on other modernist intellectuals is perhaps less direct and certainly not always overtly referenced, it existed nevertheless. Such was the magnitude of the discoveries Knossos became embedded at the forefront of public and intellectual consciousness. As MacGillivray rightly says, 'public interest in archaeology

[74] Waugh, p. 136.
[75] Ziolkowski, p. 13.
[76] Gere, p.5.
[77] Waugh, p. 135.

rarely endures beyond the initial, startling discovery of a unique monument or brilliant artifact', but in the case of Knossos this did not ring true.[78] Evans continued to contribute articles on Knossos not only to specialist archaeology magazines and encyclopaedias, but also to national newspapers. In 1908, some eight years after the initial excavation season, Evans wrote in the *Times* that 'the real work of exploration begins where wholesale excavation ends'.[79] Perhaps he should have substituted the word 'exploration', with the more appropriate 'restoration', however, since much of the ensuing time between the end of the main excavations and the subsequent writing and publication of his personal accounts of the excavation was spent doing just that. In both the material restoration of the palace (which at times bordered on construction) and the composition of the four-volume account of *The Palace of Minos* published during the 1920s and 1930s, Evans was engaging in the type of mythopoeia that Michael Bell identified in prominent literary and artistic modernists with an interest in myth or the primitive.[80] Indeed, in many ways, Evans set a precedent for this type of mythopoeic endeavour. In an introduction to the second edition of Leonard Cottrell's *The Bull of Minos*, Alan Wace described the work and influence of Schliemann and Evans as being 'epoch-making': this may not be an overstatement.[81] Following in the footsteps of Schliemann, Evans was steadily and consciously creating a myth for modernity, offering a muse for the some of the most notable proponents of modernism.

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Given the claims that Evans made mistakes – sometimes deliberate – when restoring paintings and frescoes, and if those charges of inaccuracy at the physical restorations are true, then his written accounts of the excavations also require fresh consideration. In the introduction to *Minos and the Moderns*, Ziolkowski sets out his reasoning for undertaking the study of Cretan myth and modernism as being:

> […] based on the underlying conviction that the transfiguration of classical myth in general constitutes one of the principal characteristics of classical modernism, without a grasp of which that period of twentieth century culture cannot be fully appreciated.[82]

There is an extent to which the above notion ought to be applied to an even more specific concern of modernist literature, namely, its multi-faceted and recurring treatment of the Spanish bullfight. We have already seen how interest in bullfighting and Cretan myths may be linked thematically and temporally. But a closer examination and wholesale reconsideration of Evans's written accounts of

[78] MacGillivray, p. 242.
[79] Arthur Evans, untitled, *Times*, August 27, 1908, p.6.
[80] Michael Bell, *Literature, Modernism and Myth* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1997).
[81] Alan Wace, introduction to Leonard Cottrell, *The Bull of Minos* (New York, Rinehart and Company, 1958), p. xvii
[82] Ziolkowski, preface, p. ix.

the project at Knossos suggests that this perceived link between the Cretan myths and bullring may be in part attributable to Evans. In the works published during the 1920s and 30s, Evans makes direct comparisons between the type of bull-games he saw painted on frescoes and walls at Knossos and the modern bullfight, to the extent to which he appears to suggest implicitly that the former may in fact be a progenitor of the latter. The vocabulary he employs throughout the volumes brings this implication to the fore, since his description of the findings relies heavily on terms that are indigenous to the language of the *corrida*. One chapter is entitled "The Taureador Frescoes", a somewhat misleading label in itself given that the frescoes depict scenes of bull-leaping as opposed to bullfighting. Indeed the term 'taureador' – or *toreador* as it is correctly spelt in the Spanish language from which the word originates – refers specifically to a bullfighter and stems from the word *torear*, meaning the act of fighting a bull. The frescoes became widely known by the name, and whilst Evans is clearly attempting to describe an ancient practice within the limitations of a contemporary vocabulary, his linguistic imprecision has the consequence of creating a direct anachronism.

Later in the third volume, Evans refers to the existence of a 'palace bull-ring' situated on 'the river flat immediately below' the main site.[83] His depiction of this Cretan 'bullring' is far removed from the contemporary perception of the term 'archaeological', which treated archaeology as a scientific, methodical investigation. Rather, Evans speculates on what the atmosphere may have been like during bull-leaping ceremonies, something that could not possibly have been deduced through the excavations. These 'ceremonial shows', Evans imagines, were 'full of thrills' leaving the 'Minoan onlookers of both sexes...stirred with much the same sensational uncertainty about the fate of the performers as once excited the Roman throngs in the Amphitheatre or that still hold breathless the spectators of the Plaza de Toros'.[84] And indeed, Evans seems to pre-empt critics of his seemingly easy anachronistic style by pointing out that 'the Spanish *Corridas*, of their very essence, fundamentally differed from the Cretan shows'.[85] However, if nothing else, Evans's use of the past tense appears to suggest that the *corridas* were performed contemporaneously with the Cretan shows. Indeed in the next breath Evans is once more highlighting the similarities, citing the scene depicted on a gold bead seal that 'shows an obvious resemblance to the closing episode of the *Corrida* in which the matador steps forward and dispatches the animal with a thrust of his sword.'[86] Perhaps once more wary of any critical riposte to this analogy, Evans goes on to point out the fundamental difference in the finishing blows of the human participants, whilst at the same time referring to them both as 'matadors': 'the classical Spanish stroke, however, was above the shoulder blades, so as to

[83] Evans, *The Palace of Minos* vol. III (London: Macmillan, 1930), p. 204.
[84] Evans, vol. III, p. 226.
[85] Evans, vol. III, p. 226.
[86] Evans, vol. III, p. 226.

penetrate between the joints. The Minoan matador strikes at the cervical vertebrae.'[87] This constant setting up and undermining of the bull-leaping/*corrida* link is a common theme of the work, but it is his use of the language of modern tauromachia to describe ancient bull-games which makes clear Evans's own belief in the validity of a direct relationship between the two.

In an earlier passage describing the delight of the ancient Minoan Goddess at the bull-game spectacle, he specifically uses the Spanish term '*corrida'* to describe the event, despite having already seemed to recognise the inappropriateness of applying the term. Further analogies are drawn throughout the work, which are clearly attempts at forming a direct link between the Cretan bull-games and the contemporary *corrida.* Even the bulls themselves are compared. Those bulls that take part in the *corrida* are specially bred as fighting bulls, an eccentricity that Evans attempts also to apply to the bulls of Crete, arguing that 'like the bulls of the Spanish arenas they may often have been of established pedigree and reared in special herds or *ganaderias*.'[88] What is striking about all of these parallels is not only Evans's apparent obliviousness to the anachronisms of his interpretations, but the way in which he consistently appropriates the language of bullfighting. As has been well documented elsewhere, Evans did indeed have a penchant for presenting interpretation as fact, and in using the lexicon of *toreo* in his study of Minoan culture, Evans seemed not to be merely suggesting a link between the Spanish *corrida* and Minoan bull-games, but objectively observing its factual existence.

Certainly there can be little doubt that Evans's findings and subsequent interpretations are significant to an understanding of resurgent interest in the modern bullfight, for all of the reasons outlined above. Significantly, despite broad contemporary scholarly disagreement over its exact origins, Evans's discoveries succeeded in his time in advancing Crete as a legitimate site of the emergence and development of the *corrida.* Such is the reach of his influence in this regard that scholars continue even today to disagree over the Cretan origins of bullfighting. Michael Rice has argued against any effort to equate bullfighting with ritual bull-sacrifice, or indeed with Crete, advocating the now largely discredited theory that the bullfight originated from the Roman circus.[89] Conversely, Mari Womack argues that Minoan culture provides the keystone to the underlying artistic value of the contemporary bullfight in Spain, not because proto-bullfighting existed in Crete, but rather since it is here that the sacrifice of bulls began to develop into a spectacle. According to Womack the sacrifice of bulls in Crete included both 'stabbing them and allowing them to bleed to death', and an acrobatic performance in which 'young men and women seized the horns of a charging bull and

[87] Evans, vol. III, p. 226.
[88] Evans, vol. III, p. 217.
[89] Michael Rice, *The Power of the Bull* (London: Routledge, 1998), p. 5.

somersaulted over the back of the animal'.[90] Evans's influence can be read even here; Womack's description of the Minoan bull-sacrifice sounding as though it could well have been copied verbatim from *The Palace of Minos*. Womack goes on to underline the significance of the vault being performed in public, suggesting that this marks the transition from ritual to sport. It has to be said, however, that the classification of bullfighting as sport seems slightly misguided. Such a distinction between 'ritual' and 'sport' – whilst perhaps helpful in locating the premise of modern bullfighting – has the potential to be somewhat reductive, since it implies that the modern *corrida* is fundamentally detached from ancient bull rituals and sacrifice. In reality the modern *corrida* possesses many ritualistic aspects, not least in the fact that the slaughtered (or sacrificed) bull is ultimately eaten by the local community.[91] In this light, the bullfight itself can thus be seen to echo a kind of 'primitive paganism which honors and reveres the animal that must be sacrificed for the sustenance of the people.'[92]

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That the *corrida* should appear at the end of James Joyce's *Ulysses* – a novel also teeming with Cretan references, like *Stephen Hero* and *Portrait*– and that Joyce should have chosen Gibraltar as Molly Bloom's birthplace is important. Both are equally significant factors to be taken into consideration when thinking about the link between any possible link between modernism's preoccupation with classical – and specifically Cretan – myth and its interest in bullfighting. Both Ziolkowski and Gere name Joyce as one of the chief proponents of Minoan modernism in their respective works, though neither chooses to go much farther than pointing to the connotations of the name given to Joyce's alter-ego, Stephen Dedalus. To consider Joyce's use of Minoan myth more fully, let us first refer back to T.S. Eliot on the question of why both *Ulysses*, and by implication *The Waste Land*, lent so heavily on mythology. The answer expounded by Eliot in his now seminal essay "*Ulysses*, Order and Myth" is what he perceives to be Joyce's effort to utilise myth in an organising fashion. Under this interpretation Joyce and Eliot succeeded in using myth as: 'a way of controlling, of ordering in *Ulysses* and *The Waste Land*, as a way of giving a shape and a significance to the immense panorama of futility and anarchy which is contemporary history.'[93] According to Eliot then, this method of ordering can be considered as a way of containing the modern experience within the constraints of past texts: a method which makes the modern experience more intelligible, more tolerable, and less disquieting.

[90] Mari Womack, *Sport as Symbol* (Jefferson, North Carolina: McFarland, 2003), p. 77.
[91] In both Greek and Mithraic bull-cults the sacrificed animal was eaten by those present at the ritual. See Michael Rice, *The Power of the Bull*, p.113.
[92] Kristine A. Wilson, "'Black Sounds':Hemingway and Duende", *The Hemingway Review*, Vol. 27, No. 2, (Spring 2008): 74-95 (p. 81)
[93] T.S. Eliot "*Ulysses*, Order and Myth", *The Dial*, July-Dec. 1923, p. 483.

If we accept Eliot's reading of Joyce's method, then myth in *Ulysses* is used to bring a semblance of order to what would otherwise have been a chaotic and incomprehensible series of impressions and experiences of its protagonists, Leopold Bloom and Stephen Dedalus. Eliot's message is clear: myth allows us, the inhabitants of modernity, to make sense of things, and to contain the multitudinous and overwhelming nature of modern experience, but whether Eliot is correct in his interpretation of Joyce's use of myth is questionable. After all, the temptation to recognise his own method – employed so expertly in *The Waste Land* – in *Ulysses* must have been great. But in mythical terms, what is most interesting in both *Ulysses* and the novels that precede it, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and its prototype *Stephen Hero*, are the ramifications of the specific choice of name given to Joyce's alter-ego, Stephen Dedalus, the role that the artisan Daedalus played in Cretan myth, and the extent to which Joyce took advantage of the semantic quality of that body of Cretan myth. The presence of Daedalus appears on the surface to support Eliot's claim that myth is an agent of order, since the Daedalus from Cretan mythology was the architect of the labyrinth that contained the Minotaur. If Stephen Dedalus is Joyce, then the parallel can be stretched to arguing that just as Daedalus constructed the labyrinth to contain his Minotaur, then Joyce too creates a labyrinthine text to control his own monster, modernity. This idea of containing and ordering something which is beyond comprehension, something which is *other*, is thus reflected in both the myth itself and in Joyce's use of it in *Stephen Hero, A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and *Ulysses*. But where Joyce diverges from the myth is that whilst Daedalus constructed the labyrinth to contain the unconscious, carnal bull-man, Joyce's Dedalus is trapped within his own hyper-intellectual consciousness.

Certainly in naming his alter-ego after Daedalus, Joyce made a mindful choice to parallel Stephen with the Cretan artificer. Moreover, in *A Portrait of the Artist,* Joyce's decision to use an extract from Ovid's passage on Daedalus as the novel's epigraph is doubly significant. The use of another work of literature as an epigraph is a conscious choice by the author to create a parallel, allowing the reader to explore a comparative framework, seeking other points of reflection between the texts. We might then compare: Stephen with Daedalus, Ireland with Crete, Dublin with the labyrinth or its inhabitants with the Minotaur. The deliberate creation of this parallel between works makes a novel polysemous in nature. The work of the reader is subsequently analogous to that of the psychoanalyst, or the archaeologist, stripping back each layer of meaning, examining its significance, and hoping to find some fundamental similarity. There is no doubt that Joyce consciously uses myth in his Dedalus novels, but Eliot's argument must ultimately be wrong, since it certainly cannot be seriously suggested that *Ulysses* is a text that has had clarity, rationality and order imposed upon it. Rather the use of the labyrinthine imagery and the imprisonment of his alter-ego within the text is surely a gesture to the incoherent nature of modernity, and the impossibility for the artist to escape from that confusion. In this respect, Joyce's use of myth becomes characterised by a comparison

between the obscure and polysemic nature of myth and the garbled and protean experience of the modern.

In the case of *A Portrait of the Artist* and *Stephen Hero*, Joyce's interest in the labyrinth as a figurative device is particularly evident. Indeed, H.M. McLuhan argued that *Stephen Hero* was so named because 'the artist in that work confronts and slays scores of minotaurs'.[94] McLuhan's conception of a Joycean minotaur – 'anything which interferes with cognition, whether concupiscence, pride, imprecision or vagueness, is a minotaur ready to devour beauty,' – entails that the artist's battle is one against unreason and dull instinct. In slaying McLuhan's definition of a Joycean Minotaur, the artist – who represents the antithesis of that unreason and instead embodies order and intellect – is installed as a hero. Thus McLuhan concludes that *Stephen Hero* is a book that 'swarms with labyrinths of many kinds and levels'.[95] However, frequently the mazes that proliferate in *Stephen Hero* seem to hold the protagonist at their centre: 'At the door he had to resign her to others and see her depart with insignificant courtesies and as he came home alone he led his mood through mazes of doubts and misgivings.'[96] In this instance the maze not only holds Stephen but is also his own mental creation: a clear allusion to the numerous accounts of the Daedalus myth which have Minos confining the artisan to the labyrinth that he had built to contain the Minotaur as a punishment for his collusion in Pasiphae's bestial coupling.

Nor is the labyrinthine imagery restricted to *Stephen Hero*; certainly there are even earlier signs that Joyce intended to make the labyrinth an important motif in his oeuvre. In *The Epiphanies*, composed prior to any attempted or actual publication of either *Stephen Hero* or *Portrait*, we can see the labyrinth and its Minotaur beginning to emerge in Joyce's artistic consciousness. One particular example, dating from around 1903, some three years after initial excavation work began at Knossos, is remarkably evocative in the maze-like quality of the 'intricate streets' and the unseen, threatening presence that cries 'for an iniquitous abandonment':

> Here are we come together, wayfarers; here we are housed, amid intricate streets, by night and silence closely covered. In amity we rest together, well content, no more remembering the deviousness of the ways that we have come. What moves upon me from the darkness subtle and murmurous as a flood, passionate and fierce with an indecent movement of the loins? What leaps, crying in answer, out of me, as eagle to eagle in mid air, crying to overcome, crying for an iniquitous abandonment?[97]

[94] H.M. McLuhan, "Joyce, Aquinas and the Poetic Process", in Thomas Connolly ed., *Joyce's Portrait* (London: Peter Owen, 1967), p.252.
[95] McLuhan, p.257.
[96] James Joyce, *Stephen Hero* (Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions, 1944) p. 159.
[97] James Joyce cited in Robert Scholes and Richard Kain eds., *The Workshop of Daedalus: James Joyce and the Raw Materials for A portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (Evanston: Northwestern University Press, 1965), p. 41.

One may be tempted to argue that the 'intricate streets' of this particular epiphany bear no more relevance to the labyrinth than those of any other modern metropolis, but the extension of the labyrinthine imagery in the 'passionate', 'fierce' and 'indecent' unseen presence, suffering its 'iniquitous abandonment' is more difficult to dismiss as coincidence. Joyce's alter-ego is clearly working through a crisis of identity, unable to recognise or reconcile the strange otherness that 'leaps' out of him from the 'passionate', 'fierce' and 'indecent movement of the loins'. That this otherness should make itself audible – if inarticulately so – in the animal cry of 'eagle to eagle' is telling, since it implies that the otherness that struggles for release is carnal, bestial, and animal. Indeed Robert Scholes and Richard M. Kain have suggested that this particular epiphany originates from a distinctly 'Daedalian phase' in Joyce's consciousness, which Stanislaus Joyce dates to around 1903, just three years after Evans's initial discoveries.[98] It certainly does not require an advanced degree of hermeneutic acumen to recognise in the above example the iniquity of the Minotaur's abandonment by Minos and Pasiphae. A modified version of the epiphany survives in *Portrait*, where the labyrinthine language is intensified still further and in this instance Stephen seems to take on the role of the Minotaur:

> Such moments passed and the wasting fires of lust sprang up again. The verses passed from his lips and the inarticulate cries and the unspoken brutal words rushed forth from his brain to force a passage. His blood was in revolt. He wandered up and down the dark slimy streets peering into the gloom of lanes and doorways, listening eagerly for any sound. He moaned to himself like some baffled prowling beast. He wanted to sin with another of his kind, to force another being to sin with him and to exult with her in sin. He felt some dark presence moving irresistibly upon him from the darkness, a presence subtle and murmurous as a flood filling him wholly with itself. Its murmur besieged his ears like the murmur of some multitude in sleep; its subtle streams penetrated his being. His hands clenched convulsively and his teeth set together as he suffered the agony of its penetration. He stretched out his arms in the street to hold fast the frail swooning form that eluded him and incited him: and the cry that he had strangled for so long in his throat issued from his lips. It broke from him like a wail of despair from a hell of sufferers and died in a wail of furious entreaty, a cry for an iniquitous abandonment, a cry which was but the echo of an obscene scrawl which he had read on the oozing wall of a urinal.
>
> He had wandered into a maze of narrow and dirty streets. From the foul laneways he heard bursts of hoarse riot and wrangling and the drawling of drunken singers. He walked onward, dismayed, wondering whether he had strayed into the quarter of the Jews. Women and girls dressed in long vivid gowns traversed the street from house to house. They were leisurely and perfumed. A trembling seized him and his eyes grew

[98] Scholes and Kain, p. 41.

> dim. The yellow gas-flames arose before his troubled vision against the vapoury sky, burning as if before an altar. Before the doors and in the lighted halls groups were gathered arrayed as for some rite. He was in another world: he had awakened from a slumber of centuries.[99]

Here, contrary to McLuhan's analysis of Stephen's role as minotaur-slayer, the protagonist is himself transformed into an inhuman creature reduced to 'inarticulate cries' and 'unspoken brutal words', wandering aimlessly down 'dark slimy streets' and 'moaning to himself like some baffled prowling beast'. The articulacy and clarity of thought that denotes Stephen's status as a cerebralist is vanquished, replaced by the basest instincts and urges that can only find expression through incomprehensible, animalistic utterances. We learn that Stephen's transformation is borne from his feeling as though 'he was hardly of the one blood with them but stood to them rather in the mystical kinship of fosterage, fosterchild and fosterbrother.'[100] His bafflement once more invokes the confusion with which the Minotaur was afflicted upon being imprisoned in the labyrinth: his crime, like Stephen's, is in his difference from those around him. The reference to the 'rite' that seems about to unfold and the sense that Stephen is 'in another world: he had awakened from a slumber of centuries' lends the passage a consciously mythical air, as though Joyce is casting Stephen as a figure borne from the distant past, as a hybrid, as the minotaur.

Hybrid creatures seemingly stalked the corridors of Joyce's unconscious, and in another of the epiphanies that found its way into *Portrait*, Joyce recounts a dream that several half-man, half-goat creatures surround him. In the passage below, taken from another of Joyce's dream-epiphanies, Stephen must face the horror of being enclosed in a labyrinth of hybrid creatures, the 'slow circles' echoing the traditional composition of a labyrinth:

> Creatures were in the field: one, three, six: creatures were moving in the field, hither and thither. Goatish creatures with human faces, hornybrowed, lightly bearded and grey as india-rubber. The malice of evil glittered in their hard eyes, as they moved hither and thither, trailing their long tails behind them. A rictus of cruel malignity lit up greyly their old bony faces. One was clasping about his ribs a torn flannel waistcoat, another complained monotonously as his beard stuck in the tufted weeds. Soft language issued from their spittleless lips as they swished in slow circles round and round the field, winding hither and thither through the weeds, dragging their long tails amid the rattling canisters. They moved in slow circles, circling closer and closer to enclose, to enclose, soft language issuing from their lips, their long swishing tails besmeared with stale shite, thrusting upwards their terrific faces...
>
> Help![101]

[99] James Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (London: Penguin, 1965), pp. 104-105.
[100] Joyce, *Portrait*, p. 103.
[101] Joyce, *Portrait*, p. 147.

Though there is no specific reference to a bull-man hybrid here, Joyce's overt interest in hybridity, in addition to the plethora of references to bulls, cows and oxen in *Ulysses,* reveal his attraction to the dialectic between human and animal, corporeal and cerebral. Indeed, if hybridity represents one of Joyce's chief concerns in *Stephen Hero* and *Portrait*, then his treatment of the theme is altered in the separation and reification of the bodily and the cerebral into the characters of Bloom and Stephen in *Ulysses*. When we meet Stephen Dedalus again in *Ulysses*, however, the labyrinth motif remains as relevant as ever. Daniel R. Schwarz has interpreted Stephen's labyrinth as being self-made and self-imprisoning.[102] In this reading, Stephen's is a labyrinth of the imagination, leaving him trapped in a recurring loop of hyper-intellectualism, unable to escape into the corporeal world. Dublin itself becomes a figurative maze to both Bloom who walks through a 'maze of graves', and Stephen who traverses across a 'maze of dark cunning nets'.[103] Gere takes the idea of Dublin as labyrinth to an altogether more holistic level of interpretation, claiming that Joyce's 'prose – his ear for the exact cadence of people's speech, his memory for the precise texture of everyday life, and his powers of description' are capable of carrying 'the reader back one hundred years to experience the labyrinth of modernism in its living, breathing actuality.'[104]

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There is little doubt that Evans was guilty of misappropriating the language of the *corrida* in his descriptions of the Minoan "Taureador Frescoes", or that the frescoes themselves often owed more to modern craftsmanship than ancient. The extent to which this misappropriation and misrepresentation affected the subsequent treatment of bullfighting by modernist writers and artists is both significant and complex. When Hardouin-Fugier criticises those who attributed archaism to bullfighting, she fails to take these anachronisms into account. But if we accept the fact that Evans is at least partly responsible for the archaic perception of the *corrida*, then what should we make of those individuals for whom both bullfighting and Cretan bull-myths were important? What of those who, attracted to bull myths by their symbolism, saw the same potential for symbolic reference in the *corrida*?

The myth of the Minotaur was particularly important in this regard, and attracted unprecedented artistic attention during the 1930s, principally in the realm of Surrealism. Two of the most prominent surrealists, Georges Bataille and André Masson, drew inspiration from the myth when naming the multi-disciplinary journal *Minotaure*, which was in circulation from 1933 to 1939 and published by Albert Skira. Under the editorship of André Breton, the journal was unsurprisingly

[102] Daniel R. Schwarz, *Reading Joyce's Ulysses* (London: Macmillan, 1987), p.74.
[103] James Joyce, *Ulysses* (London: Penguin, 2000), p. 141 & p.50.
[104] Gere, p. 144.

avant-garde in its content. The cover of each issue featured an image of a bull, Minotaur or labyrinth, but aside from the various cover illustrations the journal offered little that alluded to the myth directly. Indeed, the only bull-related content ever published in the journal was a piece by Michel Leiris on an Abyssinian bull-cult that appeared in the second issue. However, there can be no doubt that the magazine was conscious of both the discoveries at Knossos and Evans's published accounts. Indeed Crete was of such interest to all involved with the magazine – including its readership – that the first and second issues carried full-page adverts for trips to a list of Greek destinations, the first of which was Crete. The company in question, Neptos, identifies itself as an organisation that 'organise pour les artistes, pendant l'été, des voyages à bord du PATRIS II.'[105] That the agent placing the advert was engaged in targeting artists specifically illustrates the importance of Greece, and indeed Crete, to the avant-garde Modernist. As further confirmation of the importance of Crete, when Skira opted to begin a new publication in 1944, Bataille and Masson suggested *Labyrinthe* as a name; this journal's circulation lasted for a further two years. The fact that none of the content dealt directly with the Minotaur, or indeed any other Western bull-myth, demonstrates the extent to which the image had become multiply figurative: the mere act of naming the journal *Minotaure* was one that immediately indicated the subversive and modern nature of the magazine's subject matter. Indeed, as Tom Holland has argued: 'so potentially resonant is a figure like the Minotaur, for instance, and yet so lacking in culturally sanctioned signification, that it seems that he can be made to stand for almost anything.'[106] Far from being the subject of an arbitrary appropriation though, the myth bore a particular relevance to prevailing concerns about the relationship between human beings and animals, the hitherto neglected association between sex and violence, and the labyrinth as an emblem of the human psyche.

To surrealist thinkers, the Minotaur imprisoned in the labyrinth stood symbolically for the repressed subconscious of humankind. So responsive was the journal to the zeitgeist that Jean-Francois Revel observed that 'at no moment is the inquietude in which political Europe of the years 1933-1939 lived absent from *Minotaure*.'[107] Surrealist artist and writer Marcel Jean suggested that in slaying the Minotaur, Theseus became representative of the conscious mind's victory over the unconscious, which was embodied by the Minotaur. This analysis corresponds with a more general surrealist tendency to identify those two worlds with Friedrich Nietzsche's conception of the Apollonian and Dionysian.

[105] *Minotaure*, no. 2 (Paris: Albert Skira, 1933), p. 2.
[106] Tom Holland, "Modernist Minotaurs", *Times Literary Supplement*, June 3 2009.
[107] Jean-Francois Revel, "Une revue qui, en trente ans, n'as pas vielli," *Minotaure* (Paris: L'Œil galerie d'art, 1962), [unnumbered pages].

It was perhaps this fascination with the battle between the rational and irrational in the figure of the Minotaur which stimulated Pablo Picasso's interest in the myth, and in his absorption into the world of the *corrida*. Francis Frascina also invoked Dionysus when alluding to the significance of this conflict in Picasso's use of the Minotaur, arguing that 'The head of a bull, suggesting the Dionysian, the irrational and the hedonistic, has replaced the supposed rational, Apollonian, intellectual human head.'[108] Picasso produced a collage for the inaugural edition of *Minotaure*, depicting the man-beast in an alarming repose: nude, baring his muscular back and holding a dagger threateningly. The hyper-sexualised creature looks back over one shoulder, with legs apart, his sex only concealed due to his facing in the opposite direction. (Fig.1) This Minotaur is strikingly more visceral and threatening than the others that Picasso had rendered in the same year for the journal's publisher, Albert Skira, who had asked him to produce some sketches for an edition of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. In many of the images from the *Suite Vollard*, the Minotaur is figured existing in peaceful symbiosis with his human companions. In the first of the examples below (Fig.2), he reclines with two nudes and a human male, whilst in the second he is watched over by a beautiful woman as he sleeps behind a veiled curtain (Fig. 3). Martin Ries argues rightly that 'this is not the monster of Crete but a sympathetic and pampered pet.'[109]


**Fig.1: Pablo Picasso, *Maquette for the cover of the journal Minotaure*, 1933.**

[108] Francis Frascina, "Picasso, Surrealism and Politics in 1937" in Silvano Levy ed., *Surrealism: Surrealist Visuality* (Edinburgh: Keele University Press, 1997), p. 135.
[109] Martin Ries, "Picasso and the Myth of the Minotaur", *Art Journal*, Vol. 32, No. 2 (Winter, 1972-1973): 142-145 (p. 143).

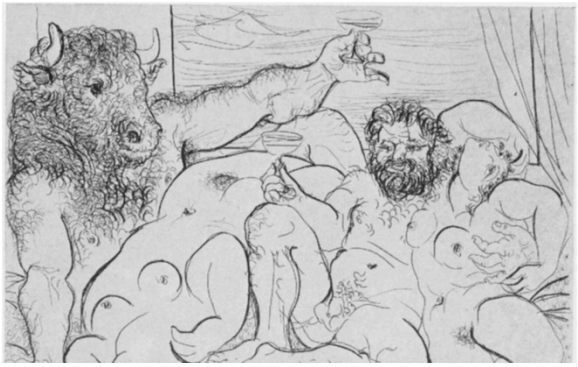

**Fig.2: *Minotaur*, by Pablo Picasso, 18 May 1933, etching, Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Fund, Museum of Modern Art, N.Y.**

**Fig. 3: *Minotaur*, by Pablo Picasso, 18 May 1933, etching and aquatint, Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Fund, Museum of Modern Art, N.Y.**

However, another image produced around the same time provides a telling insight into Picasso's conception of the symbolism in the bull-horse combat in the *corrida*, and the subsequent eroticisation and humanisation of the Minotaur. Plate 87 (Fig.4) from the *Suite Vollard* depicts a Minotaur ravishing what at first glance appears to be a girl: nothing particularly new in Picasso's oeuvre, or indeed surprising given the subtly lustful reposes of the Minotaur in other etchings from the collection. However, closer inspection of the etching reveals that the 'girl' is in fact, only a girl in the top half of her body, her bare breasts and feminine countenance belied by the lower half of her body, which is unmistakably that of a horse. Therefore, in this picture of the copulation between a Minotaur and a Centaur – two of the most mythically significant human-animal creatures – Picasso depicts his perception of the essential animality of human sexual intercourse.

**Fig.4: Pablo Picasso, *Vollard Suite Plate 87*, 23 May 1933, etching,** 19.4 X 26.8 cm. Musee Picasso, Paris.

That Picasso saw classical myth as pertinent to modern life and culture was revealed no more clearly than in his 1923 interview with the American critic, Marius de Zayas for *The Arts*. Considering his aversion to discussing the evolution or development of his art, Picasso claims that 'there is no past or future in art.'[110] For Picasso, all art should be continually relevant. His specific reference to Greek art, which he claims 'is not an art of the past; perhaps it is more alive today than it ever was', prefigures the intensification of his focus on Cretan myth in the following decades, but also seems to gesture towards the archaeological developments of the era, which had brought Cretan art back to life.[111]

At some point during the 1930s, Picasso's interest in the Minotaur became conflated with his longstanding admiration of the *corrida* and it is crucial to note the highly personal role played by the Minotaur myth in his oeuvre, just as it had in Joyce's. Whereas Joyce's minotaur, Stephen, is trapped within a hybrid body that is an inversion of the classical Minotaur, whose animal intellect undermines and places carnal limits upon his human body (Stephen's intellect imprisons his base carnality), Picasso's adoption of the Minotaur as a doppelgänger is under more conventional terms. The creature begins to appear in Picasso's work around 1928, just a year after he met his much younger lover Marie-Therese Walter. Clearly Picasso experienced intense anxiety over the age difference between his middle-aged self and his new lover, who at the time of their meeting was still in her teens. His consistent figuring of the Minotaur, often in sexually provocative or sexually active poses, can be viewed as a manifestation of that anxiety. Critics have disagreed over the legitimacy of identifying Picasso the man with the Minotaur he depicts so obsessively, but the identification was

[110] Pablo Picasso, cited in Charles Harrison & Paul Woods eds., *Art in Theory 1900-2000: An Anthology of Changing Ideas*, 2nd edition (Malden: Blackwell, 2003), p.216.
[111] Picasso, cited in Harrison & Woods, p.216.

substantiated to some degree by Picasso himself, as a photograph taken in 1949 of him wearing the wickerwork mask of a bull's face shows (Fig.5). As Holland says, the Minotaur myth is so potentially resonant that it can be and was made to stand for almost anything. Because of this potential resonance, writers and artists were able to create their own versions of the myth, to reinterpret and reinvent it, to appropriate it and make it stand for whatever interested them the most, which in the case of Picasso, was himself.

**Fig. 5: Gijon Mili,** *Pablo Picasso Wearing a Cow's Head Mask on Beach at Golfe Juan Near Vallauris.* 1949

Whilst Picasso's interest in the Minotaur is on the one hand profoundly personal, on the other it has potential for a much broader relevance in context of Europe's social, cultural and political situation of the 1930s. Martin Ries is correct when he argues that 'as a Spaniard it was inevitable that the bull, the bullfight and eventually the Minotaur, would concern Picasso.'[112] It is also true that Picasso's early depictions of bullfights are very much depictions in an 'athletic spirit' and devoid of any concern over the bull's mythic status in either Spain or Crete. But it is undeniable that the peak of Picasso's Minotaur fixation occurred between 1928 and 1937: a period during which turbulence and trauma in the painter's personal life was reflected and even magnified in Europe's socio-political landscape. It is this timing which is of interest when unpicking Picasso's use of the Minotaur figure.

[112] Martin Ries, "Picasso and the Myth of the Minotaur", *Art Journal* Vol. 32, No. 2 (Winter, 1972-1973): 142-145 (p. 142).

We might think of monsters or hybrids as symbolic of a time out of joint; they are borne from the anomic and become symbolic of the dystopian, and it is in this respect that the Minotaur can be used to symbolise at once Picasso as the self-loathing individual and the self-destructive contemporary European populace. Picasso's figuring of himself as the Minotaur can, and has been, interpreted as an expression of his anxiety over his relationship with Marie-Therese. Certainly when Picasso moves from the symbolism of the labyrinth to that of the bullring, his depiction of a female *torero* seems to bear a stark resemblance to his lover. She is at times ravished, at others in mortal danger, but almost always depicted in a countenance suggesting her sexual fulfilment. Perhaps by imagining himself as the Minotaur, Picasso can begin to attribute to himself the carnal and virile qualities of the bull. More compelling, though, is the idea that, in imagining himself as the Minotaur, Picasso is being self-critical, perhaps imagining himself – the violator of a young woman – as somewhat inhuman. It is in this inhumanity, this half-human state, which Picasso can see his own situation mirrored in Europe during the 1930s as he and others came to terms with the sense of animal brutality in the modern world. Just as the 'inquietude in which political Europe of the years 1933-1939 lived' was never absent from *Minotaure*, it never absents itself from Picasso's work of the same period. Indeed, if the journal *Minotaure* became a vessel in which to advance on some of the most pressing and disturbing concerns of contemporary Europe, the same might be said of the Minotaur myth itself. In this respect, the journal's allegorical quality is actually no more than a fleeting reification of the more powerful and enduring symbolism of the myth from which the journal took its name. Whilst *Minotaure* was in circulation during the most pivotal years of twentieth-century European history, the significance and influence of the Minotaur myth spanned a period beginning in 1900 with the discovery of Knossos, and lasting up until well after the end of Second World War.

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We have seen how modernism's obsession with classical mythology as a paradigm for the present reached its peak in the wake of Arthur Evans's discoveries at Knossos and the subsequent rejuvenation of Cretan myth. We have seen, also, how the notion that bullfighting was descendent of mythical and arcane bull-man encounters was perceived contemporaneously as highly plausible, how ancient texts, paintings and artefacts seemed to suggest as much, and how Arthur Evans accounts of the excavations at Knossos seemed to suggest overtly that Crete was the birthplace of the modern *corrida*. In this context the bullfight seemed to have survived not just the modernisation of Spain but also the long historical development of European culture. Thus the *corrida* served as a pertinent reminder of the country's, and by extension Europe's, relatively recent primitive past. Much the same can be said of Knossos, the very currency of the findings and the site's reconstruction made it a tangible and physical vestige of an ancient past. Thus the bullring and the

labyrinth became arenas in which, and through engagement with, one could access a primitive authenticity, sites at which modernist intellectuals sought answers to 'some of the most urgent political, spiritual and aesthetic questions' of the period. The tendency to find those answers in the labyrinth or bullring might best be understood through what Michael Bell has termed 'primitive sensibility', defined as follows:

> The fundamental characteristic of primitive sensibility from which its other features can logically be derived is the absence, from a modern scientific standpoint at least, of a firm and rational distinction between the inner world of feeling and the external order of existence.[113]

In the labyrinth this distinction between the rational and irrational world is blurred symbolically by the presence of the Minotaur within that space: the labyrinth itself thus being a world characterised by the confrontation between rational and irrational forces. In the bullring, this symbolism is existential in the confrontation between the man and bull, and the blurring of the boundary between the two forces is internalised by the spectator or viewer of the *corrida.* Though we will come to discuss Ernest Hemingway's relationship to the *corrida* in much greater detail in later chapters, he provides us with a particularly evocative take on the depth of feeling elicited by the *corrida*, which reads like a précis of Hemingway's perception of its spiritual significance:

> The faena that takes a man out of himself and makes him feel immortal while it is proceeding, that gives him an ecstasy, that is, while momentary, as profound as any religious ecstasy; moving all the people in the ring together and increasing in emotional intensity as it proceeds, carrying the bullfighter with it, he playing on the crowd through the bull and being moved as it responds in a growing ecstasy of ordered, formal, passionate, increasing disregard for death that leaves you, when it is over, and the death administered to the animal that has made it possible, as empty, as changed and as sad as any major emotion will leave you.[114]

Kristine A. Wilson has suggested that Hemingway's theoretical foundation for his descriptions of emotional responses to the *corrida* align closely to Lorca's seminal bullfighting exegesis, *Play and Theory of Duende* (1933). According to Lorca, *duende* is not strictly an aesthetic, but rather an emotional intensity produced by the distilment of the struggle between 'consciousness and unconsciousness, darkness and light, intellect and emotion', found in its purest form in the *corrida* but also perhaps present in the Minotaur myth, and indeed in myth more generally.[115] Lorca defines *duende* as a raw and unmediated irrational force, closely associated with death, contending throughout the argument that it is this type of force which should provide the basis for the artistic impulse. This inherent

[113] Michael Bell, *Primitivism* (London: Methuen, 1972), p.7-8.
[114] Hemingway, *Death in the Afternoon*, pp. 182-183.
[115] Kristine A. Wilson, "'Black Sounds':Hemingway and Duende", *The Hemingway Review*, Vol. 27, No. 2, (Spring 2008): 74-95 (p. 76).

attack on traditionalist modes of artistic representation is not out of place in the generic ambience of modernism, but fits most comfortably within the branch of the movement most concerned with the primitive and/or myth.

Indeed, in many respects Lorca aligns himself closely with Nietzsche in his theoretical conception of *duende*. Certainly the most apt analogy for *duende* would be Nietzsche's notion of the Dionysian expounded in *The Birth of Tragedy* whilst, moreover, his advocating of Spanish folklore echoes the calls for a rejuvenation of Germanic myth made by Nietzsche in the same text. The fact that Lorca specifically invokes Dionysus means that the comparison is quite natural, even perhaps intended. Indeed, by hypostasizing *duende* in the *corrida* and flamenco, Lorca creates a parallel with Nietzsche's conception of the role of Wagner's operas in German culture: that they were able to engender a rebirth of tragedy, to reconnect man with the primitive value and mystique of myth, and to draw creative inspiration from the sufferings of life. Through the emotional intensity and state of liminality that *duende* invokes, the individual is able to reconnect momentarily with a premodern sense of self uninhibited by socially constructed identity boundaries, to access an emotional purity or natural state consistent with primitive sensibility. By championing the *corrida* as the exemplar of *duende* Lorca articulated the appeal of the *corrida* to a generation of modernist intellectuals who, whilst often incongruent and always distinct in their responses, came to the bullring to witness something arcane and turbid, who saw in it the same infinite potential for symbolism that Freud, Joyce and Picasso saw in the Minotaur, and for whom the *corrida* became as much a paradigm for the present as classical myth itself.

## Chapter II

### Professionalised Masculinity: Fighting and Writing Like a Man

One of the central themes of modernism's reading of the bullfight was its assumption that the spectacle represented a paradigmatic space in which to work through issues of gender and sexuality. Interpretation of the nature and significance of gender in the bullfight certainly varied – much in the same way that the *corrida* provokes wildly different moral and ethical arguments – but it was always a prominent aspect of any reading or interpretation of the spectacle. Given that the bullfight seemed to offer a mortal encounter between man and bull, the focus of many modernist interpretations of the *corrida* was on the notion of masculinity and, specifically, the way in which this construct could be analysed in the bullring. This chapter, then, explores the various ways in which the bullfighter was read, analysed, interpreted and objectified by a number of different writers and artists of the period.

One of the most shocking examples of this focus on the sexual allegory of the *corrida* can be seen in the surrealist writer Georges Bataille's 1928 novella, *L'histoire de l'oeil.* In this interpretation the *matador* presented to us is far from the paragons of masculinity that popular discourse surrounding Ernest Hemingway's writing on the bullfight would have us believe proliferated in bullrings in the first half of the twentieth century. In Bataille's story, the teenage protagonists – Simone and the unnamed male narrator – are introduced to a variety of extreme situations from which they obtain intense sexual satisfaction and pleasure. One such situation occurs at a bullfight, in which there is a clear and concentrated focus in the narrative on the *matador* Granero's aesthetic vigour. He is presented in androgynous terms initially, looking 'like a very manly Prince Charming with a perfectly elegant figure'. His innocence and youth are contrasted to the rest of the *matadors*; he is judged to possess 'a still childlike simplicity', and, unlike the rest of the *matadors*, to have 'nothing of the butcher about him'.[116] The very substance of what constitutes masculinity is compromised here: he is praised not for his brute force or muscularity, but the subtlety of his virility and the deftness of his movement. His 'childlike simplicity' and 'elegant figure' do enough to undermine the 'very manly' aspect of his mien – if a contemporary definition of manliness can be viewed as being diametrically opposed to this – and set up an ideal of unviolated beauty to be debased in a spectacle that gratifies the most lurid and sadistic sexual desire. Indeed, it is made apparent that Simone craves to see the *matador* gored in the first bout of the bullfight; if we are correct in reading this as displaced sexual desire, then it can be read as a desire to subvert gender roles, through vicarious identification with the bull, and sexually penetrate Granero herself:

> She was on tenterhooks from start to finish at the bullfight, in terror (which of course mainly expressed a violent desire) at the thought of seeing the toreador hurled up by one

[116] Georges Bataille, *Story of the Eye,* trans. Joachim Neugroschal, (London: Penguin, 2001), p. 49.

> of the monstrous lunges of the horns when the bull made its endless, blindingly raging dashes at the void of colour and cloth.[117]

Simone's desire is eventually sated, and her most powerful sexual climax occurs at the exact moment that Granero's eye is gored from his head. That this should occur at the precise moment at which she both bites into a bull's testicle and inserts the other into her vagina creates an anthropomorphic bond between her and the bull in the ring as it penetrates Granero's body. Gender roles are subverted here, as the bull (which has come to represent Simone) literally penetrates Granero:

> Simone bit into one of the raw balls, to my dismay; then Granero advanced towards the bull, waving his scarlet cloth; finally, almost at once, Simone with a blood-red face and a suffocating lewdness, uncovered her long white thighs up to her moist vulva, into which she slowly and surely fitted the second pale globule [...] Granero was thrown back by the bull and wedged against the balustrade three times at full speed; at the third blow, one horn plunged into the right eye and through the head. A shriek of unmeasured horror coincided with a brief orgasm for Simone, who was lifted up from the stone seat only to be flung back with a bleeding nose.[118]

As the eye leaves Granero's skull, another globular object in the bull's testicle enters Simone's vagina, thus making a direct link between violence and sexual satisfaction. For Bataille then, the *corrida* served to reveal, among other things, the possibility that sexual pleasure could be derived from the sight of violence. The description of Granero in Bataille's story is strikingly similar to Rudolph Valentino's portrayal of Juan Gallardo in the 1922 Paramount Pictures adaptation of the 1908 Vicente Blasco Ibanez novel, *Sangre y Arena*. Like Granero, Gallardo is presented as being at once 'manly' and 'effete', strong and vulnerable. One of the most disturbing scenes sees Dona Sol goading Gallardo, expressing her desire that he hit her, asserting that 'one day [he] will beat me with those strong hands! I should like to know what it feels like!' Sol then proceeds to bite his hand, at which point Gallardo satisfies her masochistic curiosity, the next shot depicting him standing over her, his hand still raised and face contorted in fury, more in the vein of bull than bullfighter. This scene seems to have been taken directly from a particularly erotically charged passage in the novel, during which Sol declares that that the scent he wears is 'unworthy of him' and that she wishes for Gallardo to 'smell of bulls and horses'. But the intimation of bestiality goes even further:

> One night in the soft semi-darkness of her bedroom he felt almost afraid as she said: "I should like to go down on all fours. I should like to be a bull, with you standing in front of me sword in hand. I'd give you a fine goring! Here....and here! And in her excitement she struck him several violent blows with her clenched fist on his chest, which was covered only with a thin silk vest. Gallardo drew back, not wanting to admit that a woman could hurt him so much. "No, not a bull. No, now I want to be a dog - a

[117] Ibid., p. 47.
[118] Ibid., p. 53.

> shepherd's dog with long sharp teeth, to leap out and bark at you and say: "You see that conceited fellow who kills bulls, and everyone thinks so brave? Well I'm going to eat him up! Like this! Mmmm!"[119]

Not only could sexual gratification be drawn from the sight of violence then, but the bullfight offered up a space in which the desire to administer violence to other human beings could be given legitimate catharsis. Both Gallardo and Granero are objects of this desire, a desire that seeks to witness their physical injury and symbolic emasculation, which stems crucially from female spectators. The symbolic emasculation of the bullfighter during modernism, then, became a thinly veiled code to express the pressing consternation over a fundamental shift in gender roles in the inter-war period.

Indeed, many more modernist responses to the bullfighter attempted to hold him up as a figure to be emasculated than to be venerated. In Djuna Barnes's interview of Lou Tellegen in 1915, Barnes discloses Tellegen's past career as a bullfighter before asserting the opinion that bullfighting is 'the most inartistic thing in the world'.[120] Tellegen's response to this statement is interspersed with a series of descriptors that act almost as stage directions to dramatise his concurrent movements:

> Wrong again. … It is a horrible spectacle. But you begin to play the thing like a game of chess – so (making a clear space on the dressing table and putting two articles out). The toreador makes a move – so (moving the nail polish to the right of the cold cream jar). The bull acts on the move – so (following up the move of the nail polish with the cold cream). The mind of the man is the active force of the bull. What the man does, the bull is probably more than likely to follow.[121]

Tellegen's defence of the practice is consistently undermined by these descriptors as they make pointed reference to the irony of the feminine objects he chooses. The initial wilful obfuscation of the 'articles' Tellegen selects to undertake his demonstration makes their revelation all the more comic when it arrives. Indeed, the nail polish and cold cream suggest a hollow and superficial nature of the toreador's performance, the former speaking to the garish and flamboyant costumes worn by the human participant and the latter to the dull simplicity of the animal he ostensibly 'fights'. As Daniela Caselli puts it, the description of this 'puppet theatre' is reminiscent of a sort of 'camped up Hemingway' and successfully debunks the myth of the 'manly mastery of the bullfighter'.[122]

This idea of manly mastery, or as we might like to think of it instead, mastery of man, became the central issue for two of the loudest masculinist voices in modernist literature in Ernest Hemingway and D.H. Lawrence. Indeed, of all the modernists who engaged in their work with bullfighting,

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[119] Vicente Blasco Ibañez, *Blood and Sand*, trans. Frances Partridge (London: Paul Elek Ltd, 1959), p.137.
[120] Djuna Barnes, "Lou Tellegen on Morals and Things" (16 May 1915), in Alyce Barry ed., *I Could Never Be Lonely Without a Husband* (London: Virago, 1987): 152–159 (p. 156).
[121] Barnes, "Lou Tellegen", p. 157.
[122] Daniela Caselli, *Improper Modernism: Djuna Barnes's Bewildering Corpus* (Farnham: Ashgate, 2009), p.23.

Ernest Hemingway was the most prolific and significant. In the first half of the twentieth century, no other writer in the English language could match Hemingway for his impassioned defence and advocacy of bullfighting, and he is– undoubtedly – the one writer who became, and remains, most synonymous with a practice that seeped into the artistic consciousnesses of both writers who came before Hemingway and those who followed him. The causality behind this synonymy can be attributed in part to the sheer volume of work that Hemingway produced on the taurine world; it is frequently deployed as the central motif in many of his short stories, and provides a central thematic touchstone to the two novels set largely in Spain, *The Sun Also Rises* (1926) and *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1940). The former, Hemingway's first novel, was preceded by the publication of the short story collection *In Our Time*, in which the short stories and sketches are punctuated with short bullfighting vignettes. By employing the bullfight from the very inception of his writing career, Hemingway made a conscious effort to position himself as an authority not just on the subject of the bullfight but also on the practice. Indeed, following the publication of *Death in the Afternoon* (1932), his landmark exegesis on the subject, Hemingway became, and to the majority of layman *aficionados* and literature readers remains today, the preeminent authority on bullfighting in the English-speaking world.

The synonymy between the writer and bullfighting eventually reached the point in Hemingway scholarship where his entire aesthetic programme became associated with the aesthetics of the bullfight, a point where Hemingway's bare, factive mode of written expression was assumed to have its tangible, physical equivalent in the visceral but strictly governed artistic discipline of tauromachia, where bullfighters are required to adhere to strict aesthetic guidelines in their performance with, and in their preparation and killing of, the bull. This relation itself seems to be an extension of the long-standing temptation in the literary academe to characterise Hemingway's style as masculine, to place the immediacy of its expression and its resistance to ornateness of any kind into a 'masculine' opposition to other, more 'feminine' writing styles. As Thomas Strychacz, the best contemporary critic of Hemingway's treatment of masculinity, shrewdly observes, few ideas have become as deeply ingrained in both Hemingway scholarship and his popular image as that which supposes that 'his style is masculine or represents his predilection for virile masculinity in a variety of metonymic displacements: lean, hard, muscular, tough, hard-boiled, and so on.'[123]

Several recent works examining notions of gender in Hemingway's body of work have attempted to redraw the boundaries in which we, as critics, have previously attempted to contain his rendering of masculinity. After the publication of Kenneth Lynn's 1987 biography, a study which undertook a psychoanalytic reading of Hemingway's work and came just a year after the posthumous publication of the androgynously themed novel *The Garden of Eden* (1986), a plethora of academic work re-

[123] Thomas Strychacz, *Hemingway's Theaters of Masculinity* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana University Press, 2003), p. 125.

examining gender in Hemingway's oeuvre began to appear over the ensuing two and a half decades. Nancy Comley and Robert Scholes's, *Hemingway's Genders* (1994), Debra Moddelmog's *Reading Desire: In Pursuit of Ernest Hemingway* (1999) and many more scholarly journal articles have all succeeded in this regard, moving towards a mode of thinking about Hemingway's treatment of gender in his writing in seemingly more complex and careful ways. The general direction of these works seemed to reach their intended destination, or some kind of apotheosis, in the publication of Strychacz's *Hemingway's Theaters of Masculinity* (2003), a study that has perhaps done more than any other work of criticism about Hemingway to unpick the strand of masculinism woven into the fabric of his legacy. In this landmark study, Strychacz argues convincingly that what we encounter frequently in both Hemingway's work and his public image is not an attempt to hold onto and propagate an outdated mode of thinking about masculinity in essentialist terms, a way of thinking that poses masculinity as a stable, predetermined quality innate to men. Rather, according to Strychacz, what is visible in Hemingway's writing is a body of work that is forever rendering masculinity as a performative and self-dramatizing phenomenon, a rendering of performative masculinity that is mirrored in his public-persona. It should be noted that our concern here is not to add a consenting voice to this reclamation of Hemingway in a general sense, but rather to think about the particular implications of such readings for the way in which we might approach Hemingway's bullfighting texts.

Hemingway's interest in the bullfight has provided one of the most frequently invoked examples of his supposed fascination with an imagined form of primitive masculinity. This view, it seems, has not been confined entirely to literary criticism, and has instead been intricately worked into a wider cultural discourse. Let us take, for instance, a January 2000 broadcast of the BBC Radio 4 programme, *In Our Time*, in which the host Melvyn Bragg discusses the theme of "Masculinity in Literature" with the renowned feminist cultural critic and theorist, Cora Kaplan and the celebrated English novelist, Martin Amis. Discussion of 'Hemingway's heroes' anchored the programme, which opened with a direct quote from *The Old Man and the Sea* in which Hemingway gnomically stated that, 'a man can be destroyed but not defeated'.[124] This, we are informed, sounds 'like a sentiment from a strangely distant past', and indeed Hemingway is used as a 'point to depart from' in discussing the evolution of the way masculinity has been rendered in twentieth-century literature, as though Hemingway's notion of masculinity were as natural a point of departure as any other. During the course of the debate Amis made a comment that seems to typify many of the preconceived notions about Hemingway's treatment of masculinity, particularly in relation to the way he writes about bullfighting. Invited to comment on Hemingway's place in this broad thematic discussion, Amis responded as follows:

> One of the reasons I don't read much Hemingway is this, to me, no longer tenable

[124] Ernest Hemingway, *The Old Man and the Sea* (New York: Scribner, 1952), p. 103.

> notion of what a man is. You know, "grace under pressure" and all that rubbish. The idea of a man [...] as a mountaineer, a performer, a bullfighter [...] I now find that a very uneasy mixture of vaunting and sentimentality.[125]

Amis's response here is telling and perhaps a good deal more insightful (and a great deal less dismissive) than he intended it to be. To begin with, the first statement, namely that Amis's reason for not reading more Hemingway is because he finds in Hemingway a 'notion of what a man is' that has become 'no longer tenable' seems to imply simultaneously that, whatever Amis considers Hemingway's notion of masculinity is, it was, at one time, a notion that was tenable. It must be said that, even if Hemingway is writing of a masculinity that is vaunting and sentimental, the question of whether this image of a man fit comfortably in the moment at which Hemingway produces it is, in itself, highly debatable. Moreover, whilst it also implies that Hemingway writes solely about one type of masculinity, or perhaps of only one type of man (perhaps even one type of man that it is *worth* being), what appears to be crucial here is that Amis seems to have inadvertently attributed a deadline to the tenability of any notion of gender. Indeed, what are the words 'vaunting' and 'sentimentality' doing in a discussion of masculinity in the first instance? Are they not undoing what is being proposed, fundamentally contradicting the point Amis is at pains to make at the very moment he makes it? Ironically, Amis is both right in this respect and far closer than he realises to the way in which Strychacz interprets Hemingway's notion of masculinity. Indeed, the equation of the mountaineer and the bullfighter with performance is, in fact, one that comes extremely close to the very basis of Strychacz's study. What Strychacz suggests here, and I think he is correct, is that in Hemingway's writing we see masculinity theatricalised so frequently that the very process of theatricalisation reveals the transience and instability of any notion of gender. Intentionally or otherwise, rather than reacting against the instability of masculinity, Hemingway's writing and carefully crafted public-persona reveal, intentionally or otherwise, the potentiality of gender construction and transformation.

Where this argument might be advanced is through thinking about bullfighting, and writing, not as exclusively performative acts, but as professional pursuits. Indeed, when Strychacz is discussing the way in which Hemingway sets up a mirror between the bullfighter and writer by relating 'the bullfighter's performance to the writer's work', the key differentiation he makes between the 'performance' of the bullfighter and the 'work' of the writer is, perhaps, slightly offhand.[126] The key problem with this distinction is in the very fact that Hemingway doesn't make it himself. Throughout the text of *Death in the Afternoon* Hemingway writes of the 'work' bullfighters do, and when the word 'performance' does appear in the prose, it is generally used to evaluate the qualitative nature of the work that has been performed in the ring. Hemingway seems concerned not solely

[125] *In Our Time* (BBC Radio 4), broadcast on 21 January 2000.
[126] Strychacz, p. 125.

with equating the performance of the bullfighter with the work of the writer, but rather with the setting up of these two roles as sharing a space in which a certain type of professional masculinity might be pursued. What is meant by this idea of professional masculinity ought not to be confused with any abstract ideal of a male profession, which during the 1920s and 1930s still essentially meant any profession (in the 'traditional' sense) for which a modicum of professional education or training was required; professional masculinity instead refers directly to a variety of work in which existing codes of masculinity were performed in return for financial remuneration. In Hemingway's template of professional masculinity the level of this remuneration is, or rather should, be directly determined by the art with which this masculinity is performed.

Towards the end of Chapter Ten of *Death in the Afternoon,* Hemingway begins to describe the social and sexual lives of bullfighters to the 'Old Lady' character, a character ostensibly inserted into the book to provide a stooge for the Socratic dialogue sections at the end of each chapter. The discussion, which follows a lengthy exposition on the particular nature of the physical work and labour carried out in each of the bullfight's three *tercios*, takes a rather unexpected turn when Hemingway asserts that the 'two occupational diseases of the *matador*' are tuberculosis and syphilis.[127] After a brief description of how the former might pose an enduring threat to the *matador* - who, unlike a boxer, cannot take 'every precaution to avoid catching cold when he is in a sweat' - we are informed that: 'boxers, bullfighters and soldiers contract syphilis for the same reasons that make them choose those professions.'[128] Without making explicit a general-rule for the motivation behind pursuing these three types of profession, the insinuation is that there is some common *weltanschaaung* shared by the professional boxer, bullfighter and solider respectively. Hemingway skirts around this issue, seemingly never quite willing to make overt statements about just what might be unique about this *weltanschaaung.* There are plenty of clues though, and amidst an uncharacteristically periphrastic segment of Hemingway prose, the point that he appears desperate to not-quite make is that these three professions attract certain a type of personality predisposed to risk-taking and a disregard for the potential consequences of these actions. Tellingly, at that moment in history, they were also professions undertaken exclusively by men.

As the chapter approaches its end, the Old Lady is brought into direct conversation with Hemingway as she asks whether the bullfighter's ailments are invariably contracted from 'commercial women'.[129] Swift to refute this suggestion, Hemingway explains instead that venereal disease is just as likely to be caught 'from friends or the friends of friends, or from any one you may bed with here, there or indeed anywhere', despite having put forth earlier in the passage the opinion that syphilis 'is an

[127] Hemingway, *Death in the Afternoon,* p. 89.
[128] Ibid., p. 89.
[129] Ibid., p.91.

industrial accident'.[130] The poorly hidden sub-narrative of this section is thus one of the professionalisation of sex in prostitution as a direct by-product of the division of labour and subsequent professionalisation of other modes of work fostered by modernity. Hemingway is positing the idea of sex as a profession here, but this is neither the most original, nor the most interesting, implication of the passage in question. When the Old Lady, considering the perennial risk of sexual diseases posed to men, states that it 'must be dangerous then to be a man', Hemingway responds that being a man is 'a hard trade and the grave is at the end of it'.[131] This particular reference to the 'trade' of being a man is, I think, telling in Hemingway's conception of what it is the bullfighter stands for. Moreover, the overt discussion of sexual proclivity and its connection to the risk-taking psychological tendencies of bullfighters, soldiers and boxers obfuscates what is at the heart of this whole discussion: that gender has the potential to be professionalised. And indeed, while Hemingway believes the bullfighter may possess a similar set of psychic predispositions to the professional soldier and the professional boxer, the profession of bullfighting is ultimately set apart from these other professions in one key way: the bullfighter is, in Hemingway's view, both an artist and a professional practitioner of masculinity. Thus, for Hemingway, the bullfighter provides a model where masculinity and artistry can go hand in hand, a mode of professionalism where these two qualities may be irrevocably linked.

Earlier in chapter ten the reader is party to an explanation of the particular form of a bullfight, and the chapter opens by introducing the three acts, or *tercios,* which make up the spectacle. The traditions and practices of these *tercios* are stated fairly plainly, with the reader offered an explanation as to the purpose of each section. The second *tercio* - that of the *banderillas* - for instance, involves the placing of 'pairs of sticks about a yard long, seventy centimetres to be exact, with a harpoon-shaped steel point' into the 'humped muscle at the top of the bull's neck as he charges the man who holds them.'[132] The actions of the *banderilleros* here are intended to 'complete the work of slowing up the bull and regulating the carriage of his head', work that we have already learned in earlier chapters is initiated by the *picadors* in the first *tercio.*[133] After the placement of three or 'at the most' four pairs of banderillas the end of the act is signalled by the president and it is at this point that the *matador*, if he has not placed the *banderillas* himself, returns to the ring for the final act, for the killing of the bull. After the dedication of the bull, usually to the president or some other dignitary present in the boxes, but perhaps occasionally to a section or the whole of the public, 'the work of the *matador* with the *muleta'* begins.[134] What is notable about the language used here is Hemingway's overt focus on the 'work' of bullfighting, on the labour of the bullfighters. Besides the frequent repetition of the word

[130] Ibid., p. 91, 89.
[131] Ibid., p. 91.
[132] Ibid., p. 85.
[133] Ibid., p. 85.
[134] Ibid., p. 86.

'work' itself, there is a clear insistence throughout this section - and indeed in the book as a whole - on routine and procedure coupled with an effort to stress the importance of the temporal limits attached to particular parts of the process. The *banderilleros* in particular must work 'quickly' whilst ensuring that their instruments are placed 'in the proper position'; speed and accuracy, perhaps we might say simply 'efficiency', are the paramount concerns in this *tercio*.[135] The importance of speed and accuracy is stressed even if the *matador* chooses to place the *banderillas* himself. In this scenario there is an expectation that the procedure will be more 'picturesque', and it is most likely that the *matador* may 'indulge in a preparation which is usually accompanied by music', but crucially we are assured that '[t]he entire act of the *banderillas* should not take more than five minutes.'[136] The importance of maintaining an efficiency that ought never to be compromised, even when taking into account any minor 'indulgence' from the *matador*, is always linked back to the quality of the work's end-product. This much is stated fairly baldly by Hemingway, whose insistence on the five-minute limit is derived from his resolute position on the need to avoid the bull becoming 'discomposed' and the fight losing its 'tempo'.[137] Read in this way, the bull is forced to take on the aspect of a raw material that must undergo a series of transformative procedures carried out by several specialist craftsmen. The passages that follow seem to indicate as much quite explicitly. At the outset of the bullfight, the bull is 'in full possession of all his faculties, confident, fast, vicious and conquering.'[138] The *picadors* are set to work on their horses and with their lances make the first efforts to remove those aforementioned 'characteristics' and prepare the bull for the *matador*'s work. This preparatory process is continued by the *banderilleros* with a greater focus: they get closer to the bull and are able to utilise their dexterity and coordinate a targeting of the neck muscles with meticulous precision, turning him into 'an altogether different animal' than the one that entered the ring. This enforced transformation, Hemingway claims, initially provoked his resentment in the earliest days of his *aficion*, made him feel that the 'great and cruel change' the *banderillas* engendered in the bull was undesirable, a travesty and an insult to what he perceived as the innate nobility of the *toro bravo*. It is only, we are told, when the author becomes aware of the danger presented by a bull 'on the defensive' that his opinion about the *banderillas* begins to change.[139] However, this insight seems of only secondary importance to Hemingway's realisation that the work of the *banderilleros* transforms the bull into malleable material with which the *matador* is able to exhibit his very best work. Hemingway explains as follows:

> [...W]hen I learned the things that can be done with him as an artistic property when he is properly slowed and still has kept his bravery and his strength I kept my admiration

[135] Ibid., p. 86.
[136] Ibid., p. 86.
[137] Ibid., p. 86.
[138] Ibid., p. 86.
[139] Ibid., p.87

> for him always, but felt no more sympathy for him than for a canvas or the marble a sculpture cuts or the dry powder snow your skis cut through.[140]

Hemingway makes clear an important distinction in this passage, which is to state that while the bull may well be a material, a 'property', it is a material and a property for artistic use. Whether we are inclined to agree with Hemingway in his assertion of the artistic nature of bullfighting or not, if - as he undoubtedly thinks - it is an art, then it is an art in which the work and labour expended to create it is visible throughout the process of its creation. Physical exertion is present in the bullfight, and there is even, in the defined roles and purposes of each *torero*, a division of this exertion; but, at least according to Hemingway, it is ultimately an exertion undertaken in the name of and with the intent to create art. That said, whilst Hemingway frequently uses the same noun 'work' to categorise the actions of the *picadors*, *banderilleros* and *matador*, he distinguishes markedly between the types of exertion carried out. For Hemingway the true art of bullfighting exists most intensely in the final *tercio* when the *matador* undertakes the *faena*, the series of passes with cape and sword undertaken immediately before the kill. Indeed it is when writing about the *faena* that Hemingway is at his most poetic on bullfighting and the point at which he sees the *matador* 'has greatest latitude for expression.'[141]

Hemingway's most famous passage on the *faena,* quoted in full at the end of the preceding chapter, reveals much about the regard in which he holds it and the artistic nature he is keen to ascribe to it; but more perhaps more telling, I think, is the focus again on the notion of work encircling the description of the *faena.* We are told that it is the bullfighter's ability with the *muleta* that ultimately 'determines his ranking in the profession' and that it his ability to give 'a complete, imaginative, artistic and emotional performance' that determines his financial remuneration.[142] But this link between remuneration and performance is qualified, since the ordering of the way bullfighters are 'categorised, classed and paid' is only ever reassessed if the bullfighter fails to produce his best work under what Hemingway cites as the ideal working conditions for bullfighting; that is to say, if the *matador* fails to show his best work in a *faena* when he himself is in good health and when the bull is identified as 'good' and 'brave', then the 'bullfighter's chance of a successful career' is finished.[143] Provided the audience believes that a *matador* remains capable of giving a great *faena*, they will willingly endure 'mediocre work, cowardly work [and] disastrous work' because the promise of artistry remains.[144] In short then, a *matador* is paid not according to the work he does but the work he is capable of doing at any given point. Those who have shown themselves incapable of producing an artistic *faena* when conditions are right, who show a lack of 'artistry and genius, even though they are

[140] Ibid., p. 87
[141] Ibid., p. 182.
[142] Ibid., p. 182.
[143] Ibid., p. 182.
[144] Ibid., p. 182.

'brave, honorable, skillful and not lacking in knowledge of [their] work, will always be one of the day laborers of bullfighting and paid accordingly.'[145]

Perhaps the most interesting chapter of Comley and Scholes's *Hemingway's Genders* examines the way in which notions of gender and sexuality are rendered in Hemingway's bullfighting work through the specific portrayal of the figure of the *matador*. The chapter begins with a long excerpt and explication of one of the entries in the glossary to *Death in the Afternoon*, that relating to the noun '*maricón*,' which is reproduced below.

> *Maricón*: a sodomite, nance, queen, fairy, fag, etc. They have these in Spain too, but I only know of two of them among the forty-some *matadors de toros*. This is no guaranty that those interested parties who are continually proving that Leonardo da Vinci, Shakespeare, etc., were fags would not be able to find more. Of the two, one is almost pathologically miserly, is lacking in valor but is very skillful and delicate with the cape, a sort of exterior decorator of bullfighting, and the other has a reputation for great valor and awkwardness and has been unable to save a peseta. In bullfighting circles the word is used as a term of opprobrium or ridicule or as an insult. There are many very, very funny fairy stories.[146]

As the authors ask, 'in 1931, who else was counting the number of homosexual males in any sport or contest of life and death?'[147] Placing aside what seems rather an odd equation between 'sport' and 'contest[s] of life and death', the authors do seem right to interrogate what they perceive to be Hemingway's 'extraordinary interest in homoeroticism'.[148] The way in which this interest is expressed is informative also. The descriptions of the two 'types' of *maricon* are antonymous: one is parsimonious, elegantly dexterous, and cowardly, and the other is profligate, awkward and courageous. As Scholes and Comley figure the comparison: 'Both men are described in terms of the same three qualities - and each man is the opposite of the other on all three counts.'[149] Comley and Scholes continue this line of argument to a telling conclusion, that Hemingway's fictional bullfighters all - with the exception of Pedro Romero, the central *matador* of *The Sun Also Rises* - fit snugly within one of these two character moulds. They cite the cowardly 'artist' Gavira of the unfinished story "A Lack of Passion" and the cumbersome, impoverished and reckless Manuel Garcia of "The Undefeated" as the two quintessential examples of these variants. 'Bullfighting,' write Comley and Scholes, 'was a skill that required both the grace of a dancer and the attitude of a killer.'[150] Yet the potentialities of this fact play no more than a supporting role to their central concern, which is that the bullring was a peculiar space that allowed Hemingway 'to explore aspects of manliness, including

[145] Ibid., p. 183.
[146] Ibid., p.283-284.
[147] Nancy Comley and Robert Scholes, *Hemingway's Genders* (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1994), p. 107.
[148] Ibid., p. 107.
[149] Ibid., p. 107.
[150] Ibid., p. 109.

male desire toward other males, to an extent that no other cultural context available to him could have provided.'[151] For the purposes of this analysis, the first statement is rather more interesting than the second. Indeed, the exclusion of Pedro Romero from the Comley and Scholes analysis (in addition to the absence of any mention of Villalta, one of the bullfighters from the vignettes of *In Our Time)* might be viewed as rather convenient. Plainly, neither of these two *matador*s appears to fit comfortably within either of these moulds and seem, instead, to represent a hybrid combination of the two. However, before considering the implications of this hybridity for Hemingway's rendering of masculinity, it might be prudent first to examine the stories invoked by Scholes and Comley.

In "The Undefeated", Hemingway presents an ageing *matador* Manuel Garcia, whose return to the *plaza de toros* following a serious goring seems doomed from the start. One of the most unusual aspects of this particular story is that in its opening Hemingway offers a detailed insight into the business of bullfighting as Manuel visits his former promoter, Retana, looking for work. Entering the office, Retana asks Manuel what he wants, to which the latter replies simply, 'I want to work' and the scene that follows is, ostensibly, a business negotiation.[152] Retana's opening gambit is to ask 'How many *corridas* you had this year?' and, after hearing that Manuel has only fought one *corrida* in the specified time period, his second question is to ask 'Just that one?'.[153] The stress placed on 'that' bullfight is important, as it quickly becomes apparent that in the one *corrida* to which both men refer Manuel was seriously injured and Retana confirms that he had read about the *corrida* in the papers. Retana then diverts the discussion to the latest set of bulls he has been given for his upcoming *corridas*, stating that they 'will make a scandal' since they are 'all bad in the legs', before asking Manuel what the other *matador*s say about the bulls in the cafes.[154] When Manuel responds that he doesn't know, that he has just arrived in town, Retana states baldly 'Yes, [y]ou still have your bag.'[155] The entire scene is one in which Retana subtly manipulates Manuel as he prepares to make a derogatory offer for his services. Retana first reminds Manuel of his most recent failure in the ring and points out that this failure has been well publicised in the press. Retana then follows up by pointing to the suitcase in an attempt to reveal both Manuel's detachment from the inner circles of the bullfighting circuit, since Manuel has heard nothing of the new bulls in the cafes, and his awareness that Manuel's desperation for work has led him immediately to the office without first storing his things. The narrative insists several times that Manuel is leaning back in his chair throughout the negotiation. It is, in fact, when he gets Manuel to confirm the fact he already knows, that Manuel's only *corrida* of the year resulted in a serious goring, that Retana first 'leaned back in his chair and looked at

[151] Ibid., p. 109.
[152] Ernest Hemingway, "The Undefeated" in *The First Forty-Nine Stories* (London: Arrow Books, 2004), p. 223.
[153] Ibid., p. 223.
[154] Ibid., p. 224.
[155] Ibid., p. 224.

Manuel.'[156] Confident that he has Manuel in a vulnerable negotiating position, Retana then begins mocking him, asking 'Why don't you get a job and go to work?'[157] When Manuel responds that he is a bullfighter, that this is his work, Retana states that 'there aren't any bullfighters any more', to which Manuel can only state again 'I'm a bullfighter.'[158]

Manuel is told that his stock has fallen so low in the bullfighting world that he is no longer an attractive enough proposition for an afternoon *corrida*. He has become so anonymous that he is offered a 'nocturnal', an evening bullfight, and even this offer is made only due to the inability of another *matador* to fulfil his own contractual obligations. Manuel's reluctance to accept centres on his superstition over substituting for another *matador*: a prospect that is anathema to the torero's superstitions since 'that was the way they all got killed.'[159] When Manuel asks if he can be put on the following week, Retana tells him 'you wouldn't draw...All they want is Litri and Rubito and La Torre. Those kids are good.'[160] Manuel's negotiating position has been decimated, and the dealings play out as follows:

> 'They'd come to see me get it, Manuel said hopefully.
>
> 'No they wouldn't. They don't know who you are any more.'
>
> 'I've got a lot of stuff,' Manuel said.
>
> 'I'm offering to put you on tomorrow night,' Retana said.' You can work with young Hernandez and kill two *novillos* after the Charlots.'
>
> 'Whose *novillos*?' Manuel asked.
>
> 'I don't know. Whatever stuff they've got in the corrals. Whatever the veterinaries won't pass in the daytime.' '
>
> I don't like to substitute,' Manuel said.
>
> 'You can take it or leave it,' Retana said.
>
> He leaned forward over the papers. He was no longer interested. The appeal that Manuel had made to him for a moment when he thought of the old days was gone. He would like to get him to substitute for Larita because he could get him cheaply. He could get others cheaply too. He would like to help him though. Still he had given him the chance. It was up to him.[161]

At this point Manuel asks how much he is going to get paid, 'still playing with the idea of refusing'

[156] Ibid., p. 223.
[157] Ibid., p. 224.
[158] Ibid., p. 224.
[159] Ibid., p. 225
[160] Ibid., p. 225.
[161] Ibid., p. 225.

but knowing he 'could not refuse'.[162] Despite having 'thought of five hundred', when Retana opens his mouth he offers Manuel two hundred and fifty pesetas.[163] Protesting, Manuel reminds Retana that he pays Villalta seven thousand pesetas for a *corrida*, only to have Retana retort: 'You're not Villalta.'[164] Manuel asks for three hundred and is granted it, but is then informed that he must pay for any additional cuadrilla out of his own fee. Without the crowd-pull of an artist like Villalta, Manuel is exploited, forced to pay for his one trusted *picador* from his own pocket. As he leaves the office with Retana once more leaning back in his chair, we are told that Manuel 'knew it was over.'[165] In a world where artistry defines one's masculinity, and where artistry is rewarded with financial remuneration, Manuel has been emasculated before he even enters the ring. Manuel Garcia is, as Hemingway would have it, 'one of the day laborers of bullfighting and [is] paid accordingly'. The nocturnal plays out as expected, with Manuel struggling to overcome the bull and suffering a *cogida* [horn wound]. The crowd's reaction is to express their disgust through the throwing of cushions that begin 'spotting the sand'.[166] One spectator seated in the more expensive seats close to the barrera throws a champagne bottle that strikes Manuel on the foot. Though Manuel does eventually kill the bull, he has done so without artistry, the *estocada* and the *faena* have been poor. In the infirmary the threat of the removal of Manuel's *coleta* at the hands of his friend and *picador* Zurito that has provided a constant undercurrent to the story returns. Though the story's end does not make clear whether or not Manuel's *coleta* is eventually shorn, or indeed whether he survives the goring, there is a clear insinuation that Manuel's bullfighting days are over.

The removal of the *coleta* is a symbolic unmanning of the bullfighter, but crucially the threat is only present when the *matador* fails to create art in the ring. In Hemingway's eyes the man is entirely at the *matador*'s disposal, regarding it, as we have seen previously, as an artistic material like any other. Thus the artistic skill of the *matador* is measured by the way in which he handles the bull, not determined by whether or not he kills the bull, but by the style with which he does so. Hemingway's assertion that the *corrida* is a tragedy, and 'not an equal contest or an attempt at an equal contest between man and bull' is equally important in considering his take on the role of *torero* as artist.[167] Victory for the bull is not an option within the realms of the art of bullfighting. Indeed, any danger that the *matador* may face in the *corrida* should be utterly at his own control, and the death of the bull should never be in question. As Hemingway elaborates:

> The danger of goring, which the man creates voluntarily, can be changed to certainty of being caught and tossed by the bull if the man, through ignorance, slowness, torpidness,

[162] Ibid., p. 225.
[163] Ibid., p. 225.
[164] Ibid., p. 225.
[165] Ibid., p. 226.
[166] Ibid., p. 249.
[167] Hemingway, *Death in the Afternoon,* p. 14.

> blind folly or momentary grogginess breaks any of these fundamental rules for the execution of the different suertes.[168]

For a bull to be victorious over a *matador* is something that Hemingway presents as ignoble. Victory for the bull is not achieved by its goring or killing of the *matador,* but rather by the *matador*'s inability to slay the bull in such a way that is aesthetically pleasing, in a manner that corresponds to the laws of the bullfight and which simultaneously displays both 'art and valor'.[169] The bull can therefore only be successful in the failure of the man, in the failure of masculinity.

We see this idea emerging in Hemingway's taurine works as early on in his career as *In Our Time.* In the short sketch of Villalta, one of the first bullfighters Hemingway admired and after whom he named his son, the estocada recalls the majesty of a fine sculpture, 'his hand up at the crowd and the bull roaring blood, looking straight at Villalta and his legs caving'.[170] In contrast, the vignette of chapter XI of *In Our Time* presents another bullfighter in the mould of Manuel Garcia, who is unable to dispatch the bull correctly and who does have his *coleta* shorn:

> The crowd shouted all the time and threw pieces of bread down into the ring, then cushions and leather wine bottles, keeping up whistling and yelling. Finally the bull was too tired from so much bad sticking and folded his knees and lay down and one of the cuadrilla leaned out over his neck and killed him with the puntillo. The crowd came over the barrera and around the torero and two men grabbed him and held him and someone cut off his pigtail and was waving it and a kid grabbed it and ran away with it. Afterwards I saw him at the café. He was very short with a brown face and quite drunk and he said after all it has happened before like that. I am not really a good bullfighter.[171]

The emasculating effect of having his pigtail shorn by someone from the crowd is a symbolic and public castration, an experience that he hints to having undergone before. The crowd, who attend in order to witness the *matador*'s artistry, and in doing so subscribe to respecting the boundary between artist and viewer, invade the *matador*'s artistic realm because of the absence of any artistic skill. Their presence lends meaning to the event, since theirs is a role of evaluation of worth; without their approval the *matador* cannot be said to have created art.

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This stratification of the bullfighting profession - and Hemingway does seem intent on figuring the practice as a profession, and a distinctly masculine one at that - is interesting for a number of

[168] Ibid., p. 14.
[169] Ernest Hemingway to Ezra Pound July 19, 1924 in *Ernest Hemingway: Selected Letters 1917-1961*, ed. Carlos Baker (New York: Scribner, 2003), p. 119.
[170] Hemingway, *In Our Time* (New York: Scribner, 2003), p. 105
[171] Ibid., p. 95

reasons. Superficially, it draws a clear distinction between what Hemingway regards as the everyday 'labour' of the journeyman bullfighter and the exalted 'work' of the artist bullfighter. Clearly this casts further doubt over the popular and platitudinous assumption that the bullfighter presents Hemingway with an idealized version of masculinity. Instead, we might read the Hemingway bullfighting text as presenting the reader with a series of subdivisions: of bullfighters within bullfighting, of men within men, of masculinities within masculinity. This subdividing presents a resistance to what have until recently been formalized readings of Hemingway's bullfighting fiction. But perhaps the most instructive ramification to draw from all of this is the extent to which it affects the way Hemingway's writing style has been thought to mirror his perception of the aesthetics of bullfighting.

There can be little doubt that this stylistic association, intimated by Hemingway and wielded - often violently - against him by critics of his work, has done much to ingrain the preconceived idea of his style as 'masculine'. The effort to express this perceived masculine aesthetic, so heavily dependent as it seemed to be on its laconic nature, on its terseness and resistance to rhetoric, has been consistently likened to the 'purity of line' that Hemingway described in the bullfighting technique of the *matador* Romero in *The Sun Also Rises*. In his ground-breaking 1987 biography of the author, Kenneth Lynn went as far as to argue that 'by saying of Romero's work that "he had the old thing, the holding of his purity of line through maximum exposure," [Hemingway] was tacitly enunciating a literary ideal.'[172] This reading recurs frequently in several, perhaps most, works examining Hemingway's taurine literature. Peter Armstrong offers another more recent voice advocating this idea in his 2008 study of *What Animals Mean in the Fiction of Modernity*. Armstrong contends that rather than 'tacitly enunciating a literary ideal' Hemingway was already practicing this ideal. For Armstrong '[r]eality of emotion and purity of line are the highest values in Hemingway's aesthetic'.[173] Indeed, some two years before the appearance of Lynn's controversial biography, Edward Said made a similar assessment of Hemingway's early prose in his 1985 essay, "How Not to Get Gored", which first appeared in the 21 November issue of the *London Review of Books* and would later be included in his 2000 collection of writings *Reflections on Exile and Other Essays*. In this essay, which was ostensibly a review of the posthumous Hemingway bullfighting publication *The Dangerous Summer*, Said laments the disturbance of Hemingway's early style, which he saw characterised by an 'almost incredible purity of line and severity of vision', by unsettling 'displays of knowledge' and 'showy bundles of information'.[174] This time there are what Derrida would refer to as 'invisible quotation marks' around Said's use of the phrase 'purity of line'; so closely aligned has this phrase, taken from Hemingway's first novel, become associated with the critical and public reception of his work, it is as

[172] Kenneth Lynn, *Hemingway* (Harvard University Press, 1995), p. 334.
[173] Armstrong, *What Animals Mean in the Fiction of Modernity,* p. 150
[174] Edward Said, "How Not to Get Gored", *London Review of Books*, 21 November 1985: 19-20 (p.20).

though Hemingway's 'purity of line' is an objectively observed quality of his writing and not a phrase he once used to describe the work of a fictionalised *matador*. Moreover, where Said's lamentation differs from the more commonplace scholarly umbrage with Hemingway's later work is in the terms used to criticise the change in Hemingway's style. Said is not concerned with what Strychacz identifies as the 'time honored' assessment that Hemingway's style "'fall[s]" into rhetoric in the early 1930s', a fall which 'denotes a failure or crisis of style and masculinity together', and instead sees in Hemingway another manifestation of the long-standing 'how-to-ism' that he sees peculiar to and prevalent in American writing.[175] Whilst Said observes correctly that Hemingway regards bullfighting as 'an exclusively male art form', no attempt is made at all to gender the style of the 'early' Hemingway, to transfer Hemingway's specific gendering of one form of art onto a general treatise on his own writing style.[176]

Much scholarship tends to identify *Death in the Afternoon* as the source book for Hemingway's aesthetic program, to posit the text as a kind of manifesto on writing. But a rather surprising reader, in the shape of Virginia Woolf, identified this parallel between bullfighting and writing in one of Hemingway's much earlier works. Writing for the *New York Herald Tribune* in October 1927, Woolf reviewed Hemingway's second short story collection *Men Without Women*, published the very same month, in rather antagonistic fashion. Woolf's opening gambit is to claim that the 'vague rumours' attaching themselves to Hemingway's name, and particularly the one circulating which seemed to suggest that he might be an "'advanced" writer', are unfounded.[177] This is a point of great importance, since, in claiming that 'if Mr. Hemingway is advanced, it is not in the way that is to us most interesting', Woolf denies Hemingway membership of the 'movement' to which she herself claims to be a part: modernism.[178] Woolf's refusal to grant Hemingway 'modern' or 'advanced' status is stated as being founded on his predilection for bringing into his writing characters that 'come before us shaped, proportioned, weighed, exactly as the characters of Maupassant are shaped and proportioned.'[179] This, Woolf contends, amounts to a portrayal of characters who are 'seen from the old angle', a method which upholds 'the old reticences' and in which 'the old relations between author and character are observed.'[180] All such 'oldness' stands in opposition to Woolf's notion of the necessarily permeable boundaries between author and character in modernist fiction. Thus Woolf presents an ideal of modernism where to 'make us aware of what we feel subconsciously' is the truest source of 'excitement' that can be drawn from fiction, an ideal which, the cynic might argue, comes conveniently close to her own style, most recently exhibited in her own 1927

[175] Ibid., p. 20.
[176] Ibid. p. 20.
[177] Virginia Woolf, "An Essay in Criticism" in *Granite and Rainbow* (New York and London: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1975), p. 86.
[178] Ibid., p. 86.
[179] Ibid., p. 86.
[180] Ibid., p. 86.

publication, *To the Lighthouse*.[181]

Woolf's discomfort with any effort to draw an association between Hemingway's name and the modernist project is felt profoundly throughout this piece. Her confession to readers of the review that 'the critic is a modernist' is offered, ostensibly, merely to ensure that her readers are aware of what she calls the inherent 'prejudice' of her preference for formal experimentation.[182] This statement could be read in another, more combative tone, though. In stating her own membership of the movement of modernism, Woolf is also outlining the validity of her own credentials for judging what is and - more pertinently - what is *not* 'modern' writing. Her persistent use of the term 'rumour' to classify the developing discourse around Hemingway's work serves to undermine its credence. The 'rumour of modernity' in Hemingway's writing, we are informed, 'must have sprung from the subject matter and his treatment of it rather than from any fundamental novelty in his conception of the art of fiction'.[183] Here Woolf is referring directly to *The Sun Also Rises*, a book in which she finds the lives of people living in contemporary Paris described 'openly, frankly, without prudery, but also without surprise.'[184] Indeed, given that this review is purportedly of *Men Without Women*, Woolf spends no small part of the review discussing the faults and merits of Hemingway's first novel, and having spent the first few paragraphs informing the reader of the intricacies of what Hemingway does not do in his writing, she then begins to outline some of the present characteristics of Hemingway's style. Hemingway's prose is judged to made up of 'little facts...chosen with the utmost care', so much care, in fact, that the effect is to ensure that 'each word pulls its weight in the sentence.'[185] It is at this point that Woolf makes the direct comparison between the way that Hemingway writes and the way that his character, Pedro Romero, fights bulls, asserting that:

> [I]f we had to choose one sentence with which to describe what Mr. Hemingway attempts and sometimes achieves, we should quote a passage from his description of a bullfight: 'Romero never made any contortions, always it was straight and pure and natural in line. The others twisted themselves like corkscrews their elbows raised and leaned against the flanks of the bull after his horns had passed, to give a faked look of danger. Afterwards, all that was faked turned bad and gave an unpleasant feeling. Romero's bullfighting gave real emotion because he kept the absolute purity of line in his movements and always quietly and calmly let the horns pass him close each time.[186]

Woolf finds Hemingway's descriptions of places and things to be admirable, then. Places, things and situations: these are bulls against which Hemingway consistently manages to retain his 'purity of line',

[181] Ibid., p. 86.
[182] Ibid., p. 86.
[183] Ibid., p. 87.
[184] Ibid., p. 87.
[185] Ibid., p. 87.
[186] Ibid., pp. 87-88.

bulls with which he is able to work without resorting to fakery, without tricks and without overall failure. It is, however, in his depiction of character where Woolf feels that, 'brilliantly and enormously skillful' as he is, as 'competent' and 'efficient' as the stories in *Men Without Women* are, Hemingway ultimately falls short.[187] And so Woolf tells her readership that 'the thing that is faked is character; Mr. Hemingway leans against the flanks of that particular bull after the horns have passed.'[188] The criticisms of Hemingway's characters are really a criticism of his style. For Woolf the brilliance of a 'long, lean phrase which goes curling round a situation like the lash of a whip' in Hemingway's writing fails too frequently to 'evoke a character brilliantly'.[189] The whip-like action of Hemingway's writing, which produces phrases that curl around situations and scenes, is thus not suitable for a profound depiction of modern character. This particular achievement requires a style that allows the writer not merely to curl phrases around the subject, but rather to permeate and penetrate, to reveal, as Woolf has already stated, 'what we feel subconsciously'. It is not simply, however, that what Woolf feels to be the absence of 'firmly and solidly elucidated characters' places Hemingway in the superseded position of an outmoded, realist writer.[190] Furthermore, according to Woolf, the characters that Hemingway produces in both his first novel and in this volume of stories are inferior to those written by both Chekhov and Maupassant; against the 'people' of these two great champions of the realist short story, Hemingway's own characters are figured as being as 'flat as cardboard' and as 'crude as a photograph' in respective comparison.[191]

Perhaps the most striking aspect of this review, though, and certainly the most pertinent for any discussion of Hemingway and gender is that, despite making an overt metaphorical connection between Hemingway's writing and bullfighting, Woolf does not cite the latter thematic concern of Hemingway's writing in any effort to attribute a gender to Hemingway's writing. In a passage that foreshadows the type of argument Woolf outlines more fully and forcefully in *A Room of One's Own*, while Woolf states that she sees a self-conscious display of virility in Hemingway's fiction, she sees it is displayed 'much less violently' than in the work of 'Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Douglas and Mr. Joyce.'[192] However, Woolf does take issue with the title of the collection, suggesting that the publisher's note that 'the softening feminine influence is absent [from the stories] - either through training, discipline, death or situation' carries with it the implication that women may be construed as being 'incapable of training, discipline, death or situation'.[193] This type of emphasis on sex, on the presentation of men without women, is, according to Woolf, 'dangerous':

[187] Ibid., pp. 90-91.
[188] Ibid., p. 89.
[189] Ibid., p. 88.
[190] Ibid., p. 89.
[191] Ibid., p. 89.
[192] Ibid., p. 90.
[193] Ibid., p. 89.

> Tell a man this is a woman's book, or a woman that this is a man's, and you have brought into play sympathies and antipathies that have nothing to do with art. The greatest writers lay no stress upon sex one way or the other. The critic is not reminded as he reads them that he belongs to the masculine or the feminine gender. But in our time, thanks to our sexual perturbations, sex consciousness is strong, and shows itself in literature by an exaggeration, a protest of sexual characteristics which in either case is disagreeable.[194]

From here Woolf gives a brief summary judgement of the some of the collection's more notable stories, stories that teem with tales of 'the sordidness and heroism of bull-fighting and boxing', but stories which leave one 'look[ing] about for something' and ultimately 'fail[ing] to find something'.[195] Indeed, Woolf tells us that most of the stories in *Men Without Women* are 'so competent, so efficient, so bare of superfluity that one wonders why they do not make a deeper dent in the mind than they do.'[196] The source of this failure to 'make a deeper dent' is never fully elucidated by Woolf. However, she then contradicts her earlier assertion that the stories in *Men Without Women* are 'bare of superfluity' by referring directly to the 'superfluity' of Hemingway's employment of dialogue.[197] This failure of dialogue employment is compounded by Woolf's rather more vague, but seemingly more grievous, contention that fundamentally, these short stories lack 'proportion', a failing that 'baffles the reader'.[198] So it is, according to Woolf, that Hemingway's fiction is 'flood[ed]' with extraneous dialogue, that his stories leave the reader stranded, without 'sharp, unmistakeable points by which we can take hold of the story'.[199] The analogy to the bullfight here is almost too obvious to bear pointing out, but the implications of its making are crucial to understanding Woolf's problem with Hemingway. The absence of the 'sharp, unmistakeable points' onto which the reader can hold is, of course, Woolf's attempt to argue that Hemingway writes stories without horns, stories without danger. These problems, Woolf contends, are elicited by a more fundamental problem in Hemingway's style, a problem Woof feels it necessary to return to the language of bullfighting to explain. Hemingway is, in Woolf's opinion, both 'brilliantly and enormously skilful', whilst also having the unfortunate habit of allowing 'his dexterity, like the bullfighter's cloak, get between him and the fact.'[200] This line of argument then allows Woolf to perform an about face in her analysis, moving from a comparison between Hemingway's writing and bullfighting to a more general comparison between all writing and bullfighting.

> For in truth story-writing has much in common with bullfighting. One may twist one's self like a corkscrew and go through every sort of contortion so that the public thinks

[194] Ibid., p. 90.
[195] Ibid., p. 91.
[196] Ibid., p. 90.
[197] Ibid., p. 90, p. 91.
[198] Ibid., p. 91.
[199] Ibid., p. 91.
[200] Ibid., p. 91-92.

> one is running every risk and displaying superb gallantry. But the true writer stands up close to the bull and lets the horns - call them life, truth, reality, whatever you like - pass him close each time.'[201]

This is clearly an intentionally damning verdict on Hemingway, and one that Woolf would have made with a secure understanding of its implications. We see Woolf first set up the parallel between Hemingway's writing and the aesthetic of the bullfight, an aesthetic which is captured rather vaguely by the phrase 'purity of line', taken from *The Sun Also Rises*. It is the purity of the line that most concerns Woolf, a purity that must be retained in all writing, a purity that must not be contaminated, undermined or compromised by mere 'display'. Thus the position that Woolf arrives at from here is that an avoidance of trickery demarcates a 'true writer' from, presumably, a 'false' writer. This distinction is made under the same terms as Hemingway distinguishes between the artist bullfighter and the journeyman. A writer who resorts to 'contortion' and 'corkscrew' is set in direct opposition to the 'true writer' who 'stands up close to the bull and lets the horns - call them life, truth, reality, whatever you like - pass him close each time'. Where then, according to Woolf, does Hemingway fit into this paradigm? The closing paragraph of the review does much to clarify this position, but does, to an extent, remain somewhat elusive. Woolf summarises by informing the reader that:

> Mr. Hemingway, then, is courageous; he is candid; he is highly skilled; he plants words precisely where he wishes; he has moments of bare and nervous beauty; he is modern in manner but not in vision; he is self-consciously virile; his talent has contracted rather than expanded; compared with his novel his stories are a little dry and sterile.[202]

The very structuring of the passage insists upon the independence and importance of each separate assertion; each clause is independent, separated as they are by semicolons. The first assertion, that Hemingway is 'courageous', is perhaps the most perplexing of the series. The preceding paragraph implies, surely, that in Hemingway one faces a writer who does not exhibit the 'courage' (if that is to be the chosen word to describe the quality Woolf is alluding to) that the true writer must possess so that he may 'let the horns...pass him close each time.' Perhaps the implication is that although Hemingway is 'courageous', although he is willing to 'stand up close', he is unable to allow the 'horns' of truth to pass him close every time and does so only on occasion. This reading might be corroborated by the caveat in the initial comparison Woolf made between the style Hemingway's writing aspires to and the technique Romero exhibits in the ring, where Woolf makes clear that this style is only 'sometimes' achieved. With regards Hemingway's candour, the comment seems simple enough to decipher. Here Woolf refers to the directness of Hemingway's prose, to its refusal to take account of prudery in favour of a frank and perhaps almost modernist-realist hybrid mode of representation. Hemingway's skill has already been accounted for in the review: we have been

[201] Ibid., p. 92.
[202] Ibid., p. 92.

informed of the 'dexterity' with which he handles his material, and the reference to the conscious placing of words 'precisely where he wishes' seems, at least, just another way of Woolf saying that in his work 'each word pulls its weight in the sentence'. And this is the point at which Woolf begins to say something of quite special interest. We are informed that occasionally, Hemingway's prose is infused with 'moments of bare and nervous beauty'. In choosing the adjective 'bare', Woolf surely doesn't mean the same type of bareness that so many critics have defined as the 'masculinity' of Hemingway's prose. By the decided coupling of the adjectives 'bare' and 'nervous', Woolf appears to be suggesting something quite different to that hackneyed interpretation, particularly when this coupling is taken in conjunction with the repeated statement that Hemingway is 'self-consciously virile'. When read together these statements seem to point towards a suggestion that the 'self-conscious virility' of Hemingway's writing is no more than a pretense, and an unwelcome pretense at that. Indeed it is, according to Woolf, in these moments of 'bare and nervous beauty' that the merit of Hemingway's art is found, not in the posturing and performing of masculinity that she feels is detrimental to his art.

It is clear then that, for Woolf, Hemingway's writing must inevitably suffer from this display of 'self-conscious virility' and that this display, rather than providing the foundation from which his trade is built, is the central impediment to his artistic achievement as a writer. Earlier in the review Woolf had already made it clear that 'the greatest writers lay no stress upon sex one way or the other' and Hemingway's tendency to do so is fundamentally undermining.[203] It would appear, also, that in pointing out this notion of a 'self-conscious virility' Woolf foreshadows some of the more recent work on Hemingway's performance of his masculinity, exemplified best by Strychacz. In contrast to Rena Sanderson, who sees 'a new and more authoritative Hemingway [...] a he-man of exaggerated virility and masculine expertise' emerge after the publication of *A Farewell to Arms,* Woolf detects this trait as early on in Hemingway's career as his first novel.[204] If Woolf is right, and I think she is, then the idea that the 'stress' upon masculinity in Hemingway's writing is 'self-conscious' would lend weight to the argument pursued above, namely that, through his interest in the bullfight and his own reading of the spectacle, Hemingway comes to see the performance of masculinity as an integral feature of his writing, as a professionalised gesture. What one encounters in Hemingway is a view fundamentally at odds with Woolf's refusal to entertain any conscious emphasis on sex, or as we might prefer to term it 'gender'. Hemingway saw artistry and virility as two halves of a professionalized 'masculine' whole in bullfighting, a vision exemplified best and earliest by his writing to Ezra Pound in 1924 that the *plaza de toros* was the only place left where 'valor and art [could]

[203] Ibid., p. 90.
[204] Rena Sanderson, "Hemingway and Gender History", in Scott Donaldson ed., *The Cambridge Companion to Hemingway* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1996): 170-196 (p. 182).

combine for success.'[205] Hemingway felt this combination of artistry and virility necessary, and possible, to transfer into his own artistic medium of writing.

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Although scholars of primitivist modernism have often attempted to interpret the work of both D.H. Lawrence and Ernest Hemingway together – to discuss them in similar terms – a close examination of their supposedly 'primitivist' writings reveals that their at times reactionary responses to the modern world found voice in very different, often discordant, ways. This much should hardly seem surprising given the fundamental disparity in the geographical location and social contexts from which the two men were writing. Hemingway's search for a pre-American history led him to Paris in the aftermath of the Great War, whilst Lawrence's own response to the War was characterised by an intense nostalgia for an imagined pre-war Britain, a Britain that he realised was inaccessible but failed to realise was imagined, leading him first to Italy and Germany before he abandoned Europe altogether for Australia, the United States, and finally Mexico. Both men submitted themselves to self-imposed exile from their respective homelands, heading in entirely opposite directions in search of some imagined ideal of atavistic redemption. And though Lawrence felt compelled away from Europe as strongly as Hemingway was drawn towards it, both men encountered the bullfight as a direct consequence of their exile, as a direct consequence of their desire for alterity. As we have seen, Hemingway's initial experiences of bullfighting all took place within the geographical context of Spain itself; and, though later in life he could be spotted on a fairly regular basis amongst the crowds of the Mexican circuit, his writings reveal consistently and insistently a preference for the apparent authenticity of the Spanish bullrings, their *matadors*, their crowds, and –perhaps most importantly for Hemingway – their bulls. For Lawrence, though, the bullfight represented not authenticity but its opposite: the very epitome of artifice. Having arrived in Mexico attempting to flee what he perceived to be the degenerate condition of European civilization, it can hardly be surprising that the bullfight, itself a cultural artefact of European colonialism, was anathema to Lawrence's idealised vision of the untouched, uninfluenced, unmodernized utopia that he had hoped to find across the Atlantic ocean.

Lawrence and Frieda had first arrived in Taos, New Mexico in the autumn of 1922 and, though his letters in the ensuing months express frequently the desire to visit 'Old Mexico', their departure for Mexico City was delayed until the final days of March in the following year. Lawrence had been immensely impressed by the picturesque quality of Taos, but the consistent message conveyed in his letters from the date of his arrival in the U.S.A to his departure for Mexico is one of disappointment, of a disparity between his idealised vision of the American continent and the reality that New Mexico

[205] Hemingway to Pound, July 19, 1924 in *Selected Letters*, p. 119.

offered. A prime example of this disenchantment can be seen in a letter written on 18 September 1922. Lawrence wrote that 'America is more or less as I expected: shove or be shoved. But still it has a bigness, a sense of space, and a certain rough sense of freedom, which I like.'[206] In another letter, composed on the following day, Lawrence resolved that he wouldn't stay in New Mexico for more than a month if it didn't '*suit*' him.[207] Given that the Lawrences stayed at Mabel Luhan's ranch for well over half a year, it would seem that America (despite his incessant protestations to the contrary) suited him very well. He loved the vast openness of the American landscapes, but was far less certain of the country's human inhabitants. A letter to Amy Lowell from October in the same year is characteristic of Lawrence's reaction to the American people:

> Of course, humanly, America does to me what I knew it would do: it just *bumps* me. I say the people charge at you like trucks coming down on you – no awareness. But one tries to dodge aside in time. Bump! Bump! Go the trucks. And that is human contact. One gets a sore soul, and at times yearns for the understanding mildness of Europe. Only I like this country so much.[208]

Lawrence's arrival in Mexico on 23 March heralded the onset of a renewed passion for the continent that he had placed so many of his hopes upon, a passion that had been tempered in Taos by his distaste for the American people. The day following his arrival in the country Lawrence wrote that Mexico was 'very free and easy, like Naples' and 'much pleasanter than [the] U.S.'.[209] This positivity coloured his writings about Mexico City over the ensuing fortnight. Again and again Lawrence wrote to his friends of his fondness for the place, of his overwhelming feeling that he and Frieda had finally found a place that – to use his own turn of phrase –*suited* him. Several letters from the immediate aftermath of their arrival repeat Lawrence's conviction that he and Frieda were 'going to like it', and on 27 March Lawrence wrote similarly to Anna von Richthofen, revealing a more telling and personal account of his feelings about the country:

> So we're here again! – and it is much nicer than Uni. States; more like Palermo or Naples, warm, but not hot, and lively. The blood flows free again in the veins, not like in the Land of Freedom, always in prison. All is quite peaceful, and a nice, human folk: no human machines.[210]

Lawrence's letters from hereon reveal a very definite change in attitude towards Mexico, but particularly towards its capital city. His initial reaction to Mexico City had perhaps been overplayed in an attempt to conceal his underlying ambivalence. But even if this is the case, then this ambivalence intensified still further in the wake of his attending a bullfight on Easter Sunday at the

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[206] D.H. Lawrence to S.S. Koteliansky, 18 September 1922, in *The Letters of D.H. Lawrence Volume IV 1921-24*, eds. Warren Roberts, James T. Boulton & Elizabeth Mansfield (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1987), p. 296.
[207] Lawrence to Robert Mountsier, 19 September 1922, Ibid., p. 300.
[208] Lawrence to Amy Lowell, 19 October 1922, Ibid., p. 325.
[209] Lawrence to Ada Clarke, 24 March 1923, Ibid., p. 414.
[210] Lawrence to Baroness Anna von Richthofen, 25 March 1923, Ibid., p. 415.

city's vast bullring: a twenty-thousand capacity arena which, at the time, was the single biggest bullring in the world. Of course, bullfighting had burrowed its way into Mexican culture as an inheritance of Spanish imperialism and, given Lawrence's preoccupation with notions of cultural authenticity, this fact was never likely to sit well with him. Indeed, from hereon, Lawrence articulates frequently his desire to relocate to a more rural part of Mexico; in the aftermath of his exposure to bullfighting in Mexico, the same type of complaint that led him out of Europe and towards the New World to begin with became an ever more prevalent characteristic of Lawrence's attitude to Mexico City. The extent to which his experience of the bullfight directly affected his attitude towards the place is certainly significant, since for Lawrence the bullfight seems to have stood not as a remnant of some primitive, golden age, nor as an example of regressive barbarism, but rather as an example of the worst kind of malign cultural dissemination, as a symptom of Mexico City's degradation, of its openness to the transformative and degenerative effects of modernity. No references to the bullfight appear in any of Lawrence's letters from the days immediately following his attendance at the event, but derogatory statements about Mexico City begin to dominate his correspondence with friends and acquaintances. To Nina Witt on 4 April Lawrence wrote: 'Mexico City not bad, but very American on the one hand, and slummy on the other: rather a mongrel town.'[211] It is at this point that Lawrence begins expressing the desire to live closer to the rural parts of Mexico than its cities since he finds the country to be 'much more attractive'.[212] The attraction of the country for Lawrence, it seems, resided in its apparent authenticity, in its resistance to European culture, which for Lawrence seemed to be a metonym for modernity. Writing of the pyramids of San Juan Teotihuacán, which the Lawrences visited two days after their visit to the *plaza de toros,* Lawrence is revealing in this regard, stating that 'they are impressive still – very', before adding further that they seemed 'to have risen out of the earth.' Writing of the rural parts of the country in such organicistic language allowed Lawrence to create a stark contrast between what he perceived to be the authenticity of rural Mexico, where Spanish colonialism had not overwhelmed native Mexican culture, and the artificiality of Mexico City, where it had. As Lawrence puts it in this same letter: 'all the Spanish stuff is just superimposed, extraneous – and collapsing,' whilst to Thomas Seltzer on 8 April Lawrence wrote similarly and gnomically of Cuernavaca: 'Dead, dead, beautiful cathedrals – dead Spain – dead! – but underneath, live peons.'[213]

This marked turning against Mexico City and the cultural influence of Spain on the country began to take centre stage in Lawrence's letters after his attendance at the bullfight. However, specific reference to the event itself remained conspicuously absent from his correspondence in the days following the event. On 11 April, some ten days after the *corrida*, Lawrence revealed that he had

[211] Lawrence to Nina Witt, 4 April 1923, Ibid., p. 417-418
[212] Ibid., p.418.
[213] Lawrence to Nina Witt, 4 April 1923, Ibid., p. 417-418; Lawrence to Thomas Seltzer, 8 April 1923, Ibid., p. 419.

attended and 'hated' a bullfight in a letter to Achsah Brewster, accompanying the confession with the judgement: 'It's a queer world.'[214] After another ten days Lawrence made yet another passing reference to his distaste for the bullfight in a letter to William Hawk on 21 April, telling Hawk that: 'We saw this bull fight – pretty disgusting.' This particular letter begins with the statement 'Have had about enough of Mexico' and ends with the judgement of the bullfight as 'pretty disgusting'. To use this as definitive evidence that it was Lawrence's experience of that bullfight alone that engendered his desire to leave, that brought forth the feeling that he had 'had about enough of Mexico', would perhaps be too bold a step, but it is clear that the two are inextricably connected and, at least in this letter, literally so.[215]

Despite the clear and profound way that the bullfight affected Lawrence, aside from these two rather curt mentions, he never wrote a fully autobiographical account of his visit to the old bullring of Mexico City. However, two accounts of the episode survive. One was written by Lawrence himself, the event having been fictionally recreated in the opening chapter of his novel set in Mexico, *Quetzalcoaltl*, the novel that was eventually revised and published as *The Plumed Serpent*. Though the version of *The Plumed Serpent* we know was not published until 1925, the first version of the novel was written between May and October 1923 in the immediate aftermath of his attendance at the bullfight with Frieda and his friends Witter Bynner and Willard Johnson. Bynner (who became the model for Owen Rhys in *The Plumed Serpent*) recounted the other surviving version of the event in his 1951 memoir of his time with Lawrence in Mexico, *Journey With Genius*.[216] However, the version of events in *The Plumed Serpent* is of particular interest given its proximity to the event itself and the fact that the latter version was, in part, an attempt by Bynner to rewrite his own role in the event having been unflatteringly portrayed through Rhys's character. The novel's opening scene "Beginnings of a Bull-fight" was completed by the end of May 1923, just a month after Lawrence had experienced the spectacle first hand. Lawrence wrote to his great friend John Middleton Murry on 26 May, informing him of his intention to have "Beginnings of a Bull-fight" typed and sent to Murry's offices in the ensuing days. Lawrence's intention seemed to have been for Murry to publish the scene in one of the early issues of the magazine that Murry was due to launch and had asked Lawrence to contribute to. The magazine ended up being *The Adelphi,* a publication that carried several pieces of Lawrence's work though not, after a veto from his publishers, the bullfighting scene. This was contrary to Lawrence's wishes however, as he seemed keen for the sketch to be published, writing of it at the time:

> I am having the first slight scene of my novel – the beginning of a bullfight in Mexico

[214] Lawrence to Achsah Brewster, 11 April 1923, Ibid., p. 422.
[215] Lawrence to William Hawk, 21 April 1923, Ibid., p. 426.
[216] Witter Bynner, *Journey with Genius: Recollections and Reflections Concerning the D.H. Lawrences* (London: Peter Nevill, 1953).

> City – typed now, and will send it in two days time. It is complete in itself. Use it or not as you like. Curtis Brown is my agent, settle with him.[217]

Lawrence's intention was to have Murry publish "Beginnings of a Bull-fight" in *The Adelphi* on its own, perhaps without any accompanying suggestion that the piece was part of a larger work. The flippancy of the instruction to 'use it or not as you like' is undercut by the final direction to 'settle' with Curtis Brown, this latter statement suggesting Lawrence's confidence that Murry would wish to publish the sketch, and that it did, indeed, stand alone as a cohesive text. This assertion that it was 'complete in itself' implies, surely, that Lawrence saw the piece as both the first chapter of his novel, but also as a short story within itself. Such an implication begs the question of what role Lawrence's encounter with bullfighting had on his creative output. I would contend that it is significant, since the letter to Murry implies that Lawrence wrote the sketch of the bullfight without any conscious idea of how it might fit into the broader narrative of any novel, let alone the one he eventually produced. That is to say that Lawrence wanted to articulate his response to the bullfight first and foremost, and the rest of the novel sprang up out of and in opposition to the bullfighting scene that he had witnessed first hand and then recreated in this sketch.

Where Hemingway saw in the bullfight a primitive riposte to the rapid expansion of modernity, Lawrence was unable to place the two in the same type of opposition, seeing the bullfight instead as a symptom of the problems caused by globalisation, of modernity's ability to hasten cultural transfer. For Lawrence, the bullfight came to represent an example of the modern spectacle that exists only to provide its spectator with a gratuitous, perfunctory thrill. Its inorganic transference from Spain to Mexico was fundamental to this perception of it as an ersatz cultural artefact. *The Plumed Serpent* opens with its protagonist, Kate Leslie, an Irish widower visiting Mexico, and her two male American companions, Owen Rhys and Bud Villiers, arriving at Mexico City's bullring on 'the Sunday after Easter'.[218] Though the book is ostensibly told in the third person, the voice of the narrative is very closely aligned with Kate's own, and Michael Bell has argued persuasively that *The Plumed Serpent,* and its bullfighting scene in particular, is a prime example of Lawrence's occasional tendency to lend his voice 'ventriloquially' to his characters.[219] Given the autobiographical nature of this scene, Bell's suggestion would certainly seem a fair one; at times it is almost impossible to distinguish between Lawrence and Kate in the narrative voice, particularly in this scene. The inflections of the voice seem attuned to Kate's own internal response to the events that unfold. Certainly the narrative does not seem to represent the feelings and reflections of Owen or Villiers in quite the same, intimate manner as it does with Kate, instead seeming to interpret the thoughts of feelings of the two male

[217] Lawrence to John Middleton Murry, 26 May 1923, Ibid., p. 447.
[218] D.H. Lawrence, *The Plumed Serpent,* ed. L.D. Clark (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1987), p. 7.
[219] Michael Bell, *D.H. Lawrence: Language and Being* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1991) p. 168 – 169.

characters through Kate's eyes.

It would seem fair to assume therefore that that the authorial account and Kate's response are 'mutually vindicating rather than just identified.'[220] Thus, we might read Kate's reaction to the entire spectacle as Lawrence's own response transposed onto a female psyche. The significance of implementing this device, of Lawrence speaking through the voice of a female character, is substantial, particularly, as we will see shortly, in the manner in which it affects the presentation of gender both in the bullfight and in the novel as a whole. In Kate's reading of the spectacle the *toreros* of *The Plumed Serpent* come to embody an emasculated, imported and false masculinity that she finds abhorrent. This version of masculinity is thus set in diametric opposition to the organicistic virility that Don Ramon and Don Cipriano stand for and which Kate comes to find so irresistible. When the bullfighters enter the ring, they are instantly emasculated by Kate's reaction to their appearance, presented through free indirect style.

> There was no glamour, no charm. A few commonplace people in an expanse of concrete were the elect, and below, four grotesque and effeminate-looking fellows in tight, ornate clothes were the heroes. With their rather fat posteriors and their squiffs of pigtails and their clean-shaven faces, they looked like eunuchs, or women in tight pants, these precious toreadors.
>
> The last of Kate's illusions concerning bull-fights came down with a flop. These were the darlings of the mob! These were the gallant toreadors! Gallant? Just about as gallant as assistants in a butcher's shop. Lady-killers? Ugh![221]

The effort to demasculinize them is obvious, but the recurring employment of feminine adjectives to describe them disguises the fact that, instead of attempting to present these men as womanly, the emphasis is on their *lack* rather than *what* this lack might make them seem to be. They are 'effeminate-looking' with their 'rather fat posteriors and their squiffs of pigtails and their clean-shaven faces', and these features lead to the judgement that they look like 'eunuchs, or women in tight pants'. The epithet 'eunuch' might well be the most significant one here: no reference is made to the sexual organs of these men despite the fact that their close-fitting attire would, presumably, serve only to accentuate their protrusion. The phallic tone inherent in 'the last of Kate's illusions concerning bullfights came down with a flop', is (perhaps intentionally) comic, but it also symbolises the failure, the impotence of European masculinity that Lawrence and Kate see represented in the bullfighters. Later, when the *matador* comes out to perform some passes with the cape, Kate is frustrated at the bull's refusal to charge the man as the 'toreadors skipped like fat-hipped girls showing off.'[222] Though Kate admits to herself that it probably 'needed skill and courage', she is

[220] Michael Bell, Ibid., p. 194.
[221] Lawrence, *The Plumed Serpent*, p. 14.
[222] Ibid., p. 17.

unable to get away from the fact that under her gaze, the bullfighters 'looked silly'.[223] Indeed, Lawrence's toreadors are presented as emasculated caricatures, their claim to masculinity is both implicitly and explicitly undermined through narrative nuances; the passes they perform are described as 'very pretty', whilst their gait is 'ladylike'.[224] The choice of the adjective 'pretty' deliberately demeans these passes, connoting femininity and falling far short of the profundity that would be attributed to it were they described (as they so often are in Hemingway's writing on the *corrida*) as things of 'beauty'.

There is no doubt that Kate's effort to ridicule the *matadors* sees her resort frequently to questioning their masculinity with recourse to comparison with women, but the issue is more complex than this. Far from the noble show that Kate had been expecting, had been led to believe that the bullfight might be, she finds herself 'almost overpowered' by the 'smell of blood and bursten bowels', but mostly by the '[h]uman cowardice and beastliness' she witnesses in the actions of the bullfight's human participants.[225] The *matadors* are not compared to women because they are not 'real' men, even if Lawrence does view gender in such binary terms; rather, Lawrence denies them either of his ideals of femininity or masculinity because they are perceived to be less than human. Kate sees them as 'mongrel men', as integral parts in a process that seems to unveil the 'human indecency, cowardice of two legged humanity.'[226] This realisation disturbs Kate at the core of her being, outraging her 'breeding and natural pride.'[227] When Owen returns from the bullfight later in the evening he attempts to regale Kate with stories of the aesthetic merit of the *matador*'s work with the cape, informing her that '[o]ne stood on his cloak while a bull charged him.'[228] This new information succeeds only in drawing further indignation from its receiver, though, with Kate stating that: '[t]he longer I live the more loathsome the human species becomes to me', before declaring: ['h]ow much nicer the bulls are!'[229] Unimpressed by these acts of 'daring', Kate considers the bullfight to be of no more aesthetic worth than 'a performance of human beings torturing animals', summing up the *matadors* as '[d]irty little boys maiming flies'. [230]

Bynner's account of Lawrence's reaction to the real-life bullfight reveals that, like Kate, Lawrence and Frieda left before the end of the act of the banderilleros, before the *matador* undertook the *faena* and the bull was killed. Lawrence and Frieda leave at the precise moment Kate does in *The Plumed Serpent*: at the goring of the horse. As Bynner remembers it, Lawrence left the bullring 'excoriating cowards and madmen' in his passable Spanish, enraged by what he perceived to be the injustice and

[223] Ibid., p. 17.
[224] Ibid., p. 18.
[225] Ibid., p. 16.
[226] Ibid., p. 17.
[227] Ibid., p. 17.
[228] Ibid., p. 25.
[229] Ibid., pp. 25-26.
[230] Ibid., p. 26.

cowardice of the entire event, and disregarding any potential consequence of his public display of revolt. Bynner recalls Lawrence being as 'tense as the animal, with whom he was almost identifying himself.' Even allowing for any minor inaccuracies in Bynner's account owing to the length of time that had passed between the event and the publication of the memoir, his memory of what Lawrence said of the spectacle is strikingly similar to Kate's vocalised response. Lawrence first contended that, since the bull had outwitted the *toreros* by vaulting over the *barrera* that '[t]hey should let him go'. He goes on, as does Kate, to dehumanise the *matadors* in an attempt to comprehend their behaviour, stating plainly that the bull is 'the only one among them with a heart or brain.' He makes a similar distinction between himself and the party he is with, telling Bynner that he is 'as bloodthirsty as the rest of them' and declaring that neither Bynner, Frieda nor Johnson are able to 'resist it' in the way that he can. As the bull begins to gore the horse carrying the picador, Lawrence 'sat down again, dazed and dark with anger and shame' before 'his nerves exploded' and he made for the exit. [231]

It is the predictability of the event, its consistency, which both Kate and Lawrence find so objectionable and which forces them to leave. They both identify with the bull, urging it to charge and gore the men, and when it becomes apparent that this will not happen (the bull, after all gores the horse, not the man atop it who has just placed a lance in its shoulder) they are unable to tolerate the spectacle. The entire bullfight thus becomes a process with a definite end result: the death of the bull. As Kate observes in the aftermath of the bullfight: 'they [the *matadors*] know just how a bull will behave.'[232] In Lawrence's view it is this knowledge that undermines any claim to valour or bravery in the actions that the *matadors* undertake. Indeed, hearing Owen's praise for the 'plucky' and 'skilful' nature of the work she missed after leaving, Kate retorts: '[c]all that manliness! Then thank God a million times that I'm a woman, and know poltroonery and dirty-mindedness when I see it.'[233] Kate's incredulity here speaks to the questions of authenticity and artifice that are central to Lawrence's response to the bullfight, questions that extend to the heart of the way in which gender is figured in his portrayal of the bullring. If Hemingway saw the bullring as an arena in which masculinity could be reaffirmed and professionalised through the performance of a codified notion of gender, then *The Plumed Serpent* might be read successfully as a text that attempts to expose any performance of coded gender as something which had obscured an elemental form of the masculine that Lawrence believed had been lost to the modern world. For Lawrence the bullring is an arena in which an artificial masculine code is performed; even worse, it is an arena where the spectators who pay for the thrill of seeing it performed accept this false code of masculinity unquestioningly.

[231] Witter Bynner, *Journey with Genius,* pp. 50-51.
[232] Lawrence, *The Plumed Serpent*, p. 26.
[233] Ibid., p. 26.

The essay, "On Being a Man", which first appeared in the June 1924 issue of *Vanity Fair* before its belated appearance in *The Adelphi* in September of the same year, reveals something of the way Lawrence was thinking about gender at the time. Composed in tandem with the revision of *Quetzalcoaltl* and its transformation into *The Plumed Serpent*, it is undoubtedly a key text in interpreting Lawrence's figuring of the *matador* figure and the way in which he responds to it through his primitive male characters Don Cipriano and Don Ramon. As Lawrence reaches the end of "On Being a Man", he poses what seems to be the question emanating from the very philosophical heart of the essay: 'The German war-machine is broken', writes Lawrence, before asking whether this fact means that the world is now '*less* mechanical, or more'.[234] The survivors of the Great War, Lawrence contends, are encountering a crisis of masculinity. Toward the end of the essay Lawrence maintains that while the 'heroes of the Great War[…] went and fought like heroes, truly, to prove their manhood', they 'never proved it in their own eyes.'[235] To be a hero, then, is not necessarily to be a man in Lawrence's schema; rather, it is a performance of a distinctly modern masculinity. The failure of the survivors of the Great War to recognise their own manhood is simply, according to Lawrence:

> [b]ecause, as a matter of fact, they never really *did* fight, as men. As heroes, as martyrs, as saviours saving Belgian babies from the bayonet, etc etc: as all this they fought and died. But as men, as the old Adam of red earth, they never fought. And the Adam of red earth is manhood to man, not any martyrdom or saviourism.[236]

The soldiers of the Great War, Lawrence tells the reader, were fighting 'from their self-conscious known selves'; they went out to war and 'played with guns and horror and death, and funked realising'.[237] That is to say that they were not acting according to what Lawrence perceived as their true manhood, according to their instinct or the 'touchstone of false and true, good and evil', but rather exercising a performance of a modern masculinity dictated by a greater idea, which in this case, Lawrence identifies as 'democracy'. In the case of Owen Rhys this greater idea is simply replaced by the abstract notion of 'Life!', an abstraction that epitomises what Lawrence sees as the emptiness of ideas. Owen's claims to be a 'great socialist' are revealed as equally empty in his willingness to sacrifice these principles, which are disapproving of bullfighting, because he has 'never seen one': a fact that means he *must* go. But even this disavowal of his socialism is not a triumph for Owen's 'unknown self', since the cause of his *having* to attend the bullfight is merely an expression of another aspect of his 'known self', namely his Americanness.

The discussion of 'Democracy' that precedes Lawrence's posing the question of whether the world is now less mechanical or more, and the intimation that men had fought died unquestioningly for this,

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[234] D.H. Lawrence, "On Being a Man", in *Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine and Other Essays*, ed. Michael Herbert (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1988): 211-222 (p. 222).
[235] Ibid., p. 219.
[236] Ibid., p. 219.
[237] Ibid., p. 222.

an abstract idea, would seem to suggest that Lawrence regarded the very compulsion to break the 'German war-machine' as a mechanical reaction, driven as it is by an idea from outwith. This idiom of the German war-machine is interesting in itself; read as a synecdoche, we assume that the mechanical, efficient character of the German military regime is merely attributed to the soldiers who are under its control. However, Lawrence's reading of the situation is not nearly so straightforward. It is not surprising that an abstract entity such as an army would behave without sentience, but for Lawrence this lack of sentience is transferred to the human beings that work within this entity like cogs in a machine. Their status as individuals is not merely suspended, but eradicated. Advocates of the war effort against Germany, against the efficiency of the 'German war-machine', missed the fundamental point that Lawrence was attempting to articulate here. From Lawrence's perspective, the destruction of this 'war-machine' was not a victory over the mechanisation of human beings by some greater, freer alternative mode of being, but a particularly dangerous and hollow victory: the victory of one machine over another. The men who fought victoriously in the Great War were not, according to Lawrence, heroic and noble figures because they were not fighting from instinct but instruction; they were not impulsive but trained; they fought for one machine against another. And so, for Lawrence, the roles of soldiers in the Great War were that of 'heroic automata'. In the work Lawrence produced during the period, bullfighting, and the men who practiced it, become an emblematic example of this automation, and one all the more abhorrent because of its artificial appeal to antiquity and some adulterated idea of primitive masculinity.

Like many writers of the period, Lawrence developed a predilection for psychoanalytic thinking, which is brought to the fore in this essay, outlining as he does his notion that 'each of us has two selves'.[238] For Lawrence this duality is divided simply between the body 'with its irrational sympathies and desires and passions' and its defiance of the mind, and the second self, the 'conscious ego' or 'the self I *know* I am' to which 'everything exists as a term of knowledge'.[239] The reader is informed that 'a man is what I know he is. England is what I know it to be. I am what I know I am.'[240] According to Lawrence then, the insular, factive nature of the 'known self' creates a situation where, when he encounters a male stranger 'he is, already, in a great measure, known to me.'[241] This great measure of his knowledge about him is built upon the basic recognition of the stranger as, 'in the first place, A Man, and I know what that is.'[242] Despite him knowing that this is a man that he has encountered, despite my knowing *what* a man *is*, 'there remains a tiny bit that is not known to me.'[243] The true nature of this 'tiny bit', this aspect of the stranger that remains unknown to me (that

[238] Ibid., p. 213.
[239] Ibid., p. 213, p. 214.
[240] Ibid., p. 214.
[241] Ibid., p. 214.
[242] Ibid., p. 214.
[243] Ibid., p. 214

is to say, the strangeness of the stranger), is unspecified, abstracted instead as his being 'a combination of certain qualities grouped in a certain way.'[244] This combination might otherwise be described as a wilful arrangement of traits and characteristics that obscure or overelaborate his core manliness, or what Lawrence deems this kind of core masculinity to be. Lawrence's idealised, essentialist view of the primary existence of elemental gender is itself linked inextricably to Christianity and primitive religion. Indeed, Lawrence invokes explicitly here the idea that, as a man, he is 'the son of the old red-earth Adam, with a black touchstone at the centre' of him, whilst 'the column' of woman 'is pure enigmatic Eve.'[245] The stable forces of masculine and feminine that Lawrence believes lie at the core of both men and women have become, in his view, ever more remote from our known selves under the conditions of modernity. The space between the bodily self and the known self has overextended to the point of fissure, a fissure plastered over by 'personality': a combination of certain qualities grouped in a certain way. Thus, as much as anything else, Lawrence's essay is a call on man '[t]o be a man, instead of being a mere personality.'[246] The problem with modern masculinity, as it seemed to Lawrence, might be summarised as follows:

> Today men don't risk their blood and bone. They go forth panoplied in their own idea of themselves. Whatever they do, they perform it all in the full armour of their own idea of themselves. Their unknown bodily self is never for one moment unsheathed. All the time, the only protagonist is the known ego, the self-conscious ego. And the dark self in the mysterious labyrinth of the body is cased in a tight armour of cowardly repression.[247]

The reference to 'blood and bone' is not intended literally here, despite the contextual relevance to the Great War, despite the fact that the War becomes a prominent feature of the discourse towards the end of this essay, and despite the recurrent use of militaristic language throughout this passage. Rather, the author is speaking metaphorically: what is not being risked is an exposure of one's true self, a self that, in Lawrentian terms, is ultimately defined by sex. Instead, men go forth into life – which in this discussion is synonymous with war – 'panoplied' in wilfully constructed personality, 'perform[ing]' that personality under the protection of their own ideas about themselves. Put more simply, Lawrence's quarrel with the modern man is his willingness to supress his elemental masculinity in favour of presenting an alternative version of himself to the world. The performance of this alternative version of the self, of an alternative masculinity, is a performance that, for Lawrence, represses the 'dark self in the mysterious labyrinth of the body' meaning that the 'only protagonist is the known ego, the self-conscious ego.' The seemingly casual allusion to the labyrinth (with all the weight of its mythical relevance), a labyrinth which imprisons the darker self, is suggestive of the type of conflict between the carnal and cerebral in Joyce's figuring of Stephen

[244] Ibid., p. 214.
[245] Ibid., p. 217.
[246] Ibid., p. 217
[247] Ibid., pp. 217-218.

Dedalus, as seen in the previous chapter. The connotation of this argument, then, is that the triumph of knowledge over instinct is no more than 'cowardly repression'.

The *matador* is the apotheosis of Lawrence's conception of the self-conscious man. In every *corrida,* both in the contemporary *corrida* and in those of the early twentieth century when Lawrence witnessed his in Mexico, the *matador* faces an animal that weighs somewhere between five hundred and seven hundred kilograms and is equipped with razor-sharp horns that can reach up to several feet long. His survival in this encounter, an encounter that often takes place in front of, and for the entertainment of, tens of thousands of spectators, relies perhaps most fundamentally on his ability to supress his instinct and instead rely on his prior knowledge of the animal's behaviour. The *matador* knows, has instilled into the very fore of his consciousness, that the bull will always charge the cape rather than the man. When the bull begins his charge, therefore, the *matador* represses his instinct to move away from the line of the charge. The bullfighter's continued existence, his evasion of death, is thus predicated on the necessary and repeated victory of his known self, or his self-conscious mind, over his bodily instinct.

In *Death in the Afternoon* Hemingway recounts an instance of the inability of a bullfighter to manage this repression, regaling the reader with the story of a *novillada* he attended in Madrid where the *matador*, Domingo Hernandorena, was unable to 'control the nervousness of his feet.'[248] Despite Hernandorena's desire to 'stand quietly and play the bull with the cape with a slow movement of his arms' the *matador*'s feet 'were obviously not under his personal control'.[249] The crowd veer between finding the spectacle humorous and mocking Hernandorena because they know 'that was how their own feet would behave' and resenting him for 'making money' despite possessing the 'same physical defects which barred them, the spectators, from that supposedly highly paid way of making a living.' [250] After accomplished performances from the other two *matadors* on the card, Hernandorena's nerves completely and literally disable him, forcing him to his knees in a final, desperate attempt to remain static in the ring. As Hemingway tells it:

> Below us, as he took the muleta and the sword and rinsed his mouth with water I could see the muscles of his cheeks twitching. The bull stood against the barrier watching him. Hernandorena could not trust his legs to carry him slowly towards the bull. He knew there was only one way he could stay in one place in the ring. He ran out toward the bull, and ten yards in front of him dropped to both knees on the sand. In that position he was safe from ridicule. He spread the red cloth with his sword and jerked himself forward on his knees toward the bull. The bull was watching the man and the triangle of red cloth. The bull's tail rose, his head lowered and, as he reached the man, Hernandorena rose solidly from his knees into the air, swung over like a bundle, his legs

[248] Hemingway, *Death in the Afternoon*, p. 15.
[249] Ibid., p. 15.
[250] Ibid., pp. 15-16.

> in all directions now, and then dropped to the ground. The bull looked at him, found a wide-spread moving cape held by another bullfighter instead, charged it, and Hernandorena stood up with sand on his white face and looked for his sword and the cloth. As he stood up I saw the heavy, soiled grey silk of his rented trousers open cleanly and deeply to show the thigh bone from the hip almost to the knee. He saw it too and looked very surprised and put his hand on it while people jumped over the barrier and ran toward him to carry him off to the infirmary. The technical error that he had committed was in not keeping the red cloth of the muleta between himself and the bull until the charge; then at the moment of jurisdiction as it is called, when the bull's lowered head reaches the cloth, swaying back while he held the cloth, spread by the stick and the sword, far enough forward so that the bull following it would be clear of his body. It was a simple technical error.[251]

We might think about the symbolism of the exposed thigh bone in Hemingway's image as being a metaphor analogous to the kind Lawrence is striving towards when he laments the unwillingness of modern men to 'risk blood and bone'. The exposure of Hernandorena's thigh bone is a microcosmic metaphor for the bullfight itself, which exposes the *matador*'s inability to control his instinctive bodily reactions. The crowd's displeasure with Hernandorena and their refusal to sympathise with him in the cafes following the *corrida* centres on their unwavering belief in a conviction that: '[t]he knees are for cowards.'[252] As Hemingway elaborates further, amongst the paying spectators: '[t]here was no natural sympathy for uncontrollable nervousness, because he was a paid public performer. It was preferable that he be gored than run from the bull.'[253] However, it is not the act of taking to his knees alone that produces Hernandorena's ignominy; rather, the ignominy lies in the absence of a technical reason for doing so. Hemingway identifies specifically the *matador* Marcial Lalanda as 'the most scientific of living bullfighters' and the one bullfighter in possession of the technique that 'makes that position honourable.'[254] For Hemingway the bullring is a space in which artistry and masculinity must be performed with 'knowledge and science'.[255] Through his inability to apply both knowledge and science instrumentally, through his inability to use them as tools of repression against the instinctive reactions of his body, Hernandorena commits a 'simple technical error' that emasculates him. In Hemingway's paradigm of the bullfight, success is defined not solely by the ability of the *matador* to master the bull he encounters, but moreover by his ability to be the master of himself.

The uncontrollable spread of this type of self-mastery, or self-repression, lay at the heart of Lawrence's quarrel with modernity. For Lawrence, the conditions of modernity, and – to a large extent, the technological advances it fostered (as evidenced in the Great War) – contributed directly

[251] Ibid., pp. 16-17.
[252] Ibid., p. 17.
[253] Ibid., p. 17.
[254] Ibid., p. 17.
[255] Ibid., p. 17.

to what he perceived to be the automation of human behaviour. Instead of harbouring within him 'that heavy and immutable black stone which is the eternal touchstone of false and true, good and evil', Lawrence felt the modern man to be the owner of 'this awful little tombstone of the knowledge of his own falsity.'[256] This awareness of one's own falsity leads to modern man knowing 'so absolutely that [he is] not a man, that [he dares] almost anything on the strength of it', which is to say that the malaise of modern masculinity manifests itself into a ubiquitous desire to fake daring, to control risk, to ensure that there 'be no danger in life *at all*'.[257] Perhaps the desire to see the bullfight that Owen Rhys seems intent on fostering in *The Plumed Serpent* then, is one of the ways in which his desire for there 'to be no danger in life at all' finds manifestation. It is as though witnessing the bullfight stands in for undertaking any risk himself: an entirely vicarious and sterile experience. Thus, although 'in the depths of him, he too didn't want to go', Owen's conviction that he is seeing 'Life!' at the *corrida* constitutes, in Lawrentian terms, a crisis of his masculinity.[258] This much is made clear in the second chapter of *The Plumed Serpent* when Kate laments the notion that, like all modern men who have a 'soft rottenness of the soul', Owen 'had the insidious modern disease of tolerance.'[259] His self-mastery means that 'he must tolerate everything, even a thing that revolted him': a thing that, in this case, is bullfighting.[260]

Lawrence's pleasure on arriving in Mexico and finding, as he put it, 'no human machines', is fundamentally undermined by his experience of bullfighting in the country. In the novel's opening, the description of the bullring is analogous to the description of a vast machine. The vast 'network iron frame' looms over the city, dictating the behaviour of those within its reach. As the three tourists are driven through Mexico City towards the bullring they pass along a 'wide dismal street of asphalt and stone and Sunday dreariness', a place devoid of character, the epitome of the modern metropolis as Lawrence conceived it: a place of empty sterility.[261] The bullring at the centre of the city is figured as a reification of twentieth-century modernity. It is at once a testament to modern engineering and the reach of global industrialization, and a vestige of Spanish colonialism.

> The taxi drew up in a side street under the big iron scaffolding of the stadium. In the gutters, rather lousy men were selling pulque and sweets, cakes, fruit, and greasy food. Crazy motor-cars rushed up and hobbled away. Little soldiers in washed-out cotton uniforms, pinky drab, hung around an entrance. Above all loomed the network iron frame of the huge, ugly stadium.[262]

The stress placed upon the iron used in the building of the bullring emphasises both its newness and

[256] Lawrence, "On Being a Man", p. 218.
[257] Ibid., p.219.
[258] Lawrence, *The Plumed Serpent,* p. 8.
[259] Ibid., p. 26.
[260] Ibid., p. 26.
[261] Ibid., p. 8.
[262] Ibid., p. 8.

its alien status. Moreover, the iron structure also indicates the stadium's permanence, the threat of its longevity. Mexico City's bullring may well have been 'superimposed' and 'extraneous', but it certainly wasn't 'collapsing' like the rest of the 'Spanish stuff' Lawrence had encountered in the country: in 1923 the bullring in Mexico City was the biggest in the world. When it was eventually demolished and replaced in 1946, its successor was built three times the size of the original and it remains the world's biggest *plaza de toros*. But in 1923 Mexico City's bullring must have seemed to Lawrence somewhat anatopistic; the dominant spectre of the 'network iron frame' stadium loomed 'above all', a mark of the reach and power of global modernity and European colonialism. The panoptic vision of the arena, with its salesmen, cars and soldiers bustling beneath it, lends it the air of an automated system reliant on each single human component carrying out its role. The role of the spectator, for Lawrence, is to 'tolerate' what he sees at the expense of himself. In the case of Owen, who wants to attend the bullfight in order that he may see 'Life!', the spectacle of the bullfight stands in for his having to actually live life himself. Seen through Kate's eyes Owen is filled with the 'American despair of having lived in vain, or of not having really lived.'[263] In order to overcome this ennui Owen is drawn like 'mechanical steel filings to a magnet, towards any crowd in the street', or in this instance, towards the bullring. The description of the bullring is preceded by the transportation to the arena of throngs of spectators in 'frightful little omnibuses called *camiones*' that 'were labelled *toreo*'.[264] This image, of buses called bullfighting speaks to Lawrence's fundamental objection to the spectacle, which is that it represents the commodification and mechanisation of feeling, of life.

When Kate catches sight of the bullring for the first time she feels as if she is 'going to prison', itself a phrase that ought remind us of Lawrence's assertion that Mexico's superiority over the United States was in its dissimilarity to the latter, where one feels 'always in prison'.[265] By making both Rhys and Villiers American, Lawrence is able to invoke the United States in a negative sense once more in his treatment of the bullfight's spectator. The reader is informed that though 'in the depths of him, he [Owen] too didn't want to go', the fact that Owen 'was a born American' meant that 'if anything was on show, he had to see it.' Owen's justification for having to see anything 'on show' is expressed rather gnomically, put simply: 'That was "life."'[266] The ambiguity of the relative pronoun 'that' in this sentence, which resides in the fact it is not made clear whether it is the *desire to see* the bullfight that is 'life' or the spectacle itself that is 'life', reflects the vacuous nature of the utterance and reveals the extent to which the sense of meaning Owen is able to extrapolate from his experiences has become abstracted. Owen's justification is thus one that is self-justifying only in its absence of meaning, in its lack of tethering to a definite subject.

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[263] Ibid., p. 28.
[264] Ibid., p. 7.
[265] Ibid., p. 8; Lawrence to Nina Witt, 4 April 1923, *The Letters of D.H. Lawrence Volume IV*, p. 417-418.
[266] Ibid., p. 8.

The word 'life' is imbued throughout with something at once deeper and more facile than the literal meaning of the word. Curiously the phrase never appears in Owen's direct speech, but returns again and again in the third-person narrative, inflected as it is with Kate's (and Lawrence's) disdain for the bullfight and for its apologists. When Kate leaves her seat directly after the horse is disembowelled, Owen's immediate response is to follow her. But his compulsion to return to his seat leads to him turning 'like Orpheus looking back into hell', retaking his position of spectator.[267] Here again we hear Kate's voice outside of quotation marks, as the narrative insists that Owen, though 'as nearly in hysterics as Kate', feels compelled to watch on 'convinced that this was life.'[268] This lexical abstraction of the word 'life' makes no logical sense. Surely, in turning back to the spectacle, what Owen is compelled to witness is not life but rather death: the death of one or several horses; the almost certain death of the bull; the potential death of one or more of the *toreros*. In turning towards death, Owen in fact turns away from its opposite, life, but fails to realise. The word is reiterated in the subsequent sentence, apparently imbued with further ironic significance by its complete capitalisation as the narrator asks: 'He was seeing LIFE, and what American can do more?'[269] In fact, the only time that the term appears in any direct speech in the opening chapters is when a 'Polish bolshevist' acquaintance of Owen's observes Kate's discomfort at the goring of the horses and announces: 'Now Miss Leslie, you are seeing *Life!* Now you will have something to write about, in your letters to England.'[270] Later, when Owen returns to the hotel and is greeted by Kate, the Americanness that affects and perverts Owen's behaviour is replaced by the more general 'modern disease of tolerance': a more malign permutation of the so-called 'will-to-happiness' possessed by Kate, Owen, and 'most modern people'.[271] Villiers, however, appears to be the target for the harshest treatment in this regard. In the lead up to the bullfight, Owen's and Kate's excitement is tempered by the more equivocal stance of Villiers, who is described as 'non-committal'.[272] The explanation proffered goes as follows:

> But then Villiers was young, he was only over twenty, while Owen was over forty. The younger generation calculates its "happiness" in a more business-like fashion. Villiers was out after a thrill, but he wasn't going to say he'd got one till he'd got it.[273]

The contempt with which Kate regards Owen is obvious; it is clear that, in her view, Owen represses his instinctive reaction to the spectacle in favour of a wilfully enforced tolerance. But the language employed in the description of Villiers here is decidedly more dispassionate, and perhaps more disquieting. Villiers, we are informed, is more 'business-like' in his calculation of his own 'happiness'.

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[267] Ibid., p. 19.
[268] Ibid., p. 19.
[269] Ibid., p. 19.
[270] Ibid., p. 16.
[271] Ibid., p. 8.
[272] Ibid., p. 9.
[273] Ibid., p. 9.

In a similar vein to the capitalisation of Owen's 'LIFE', the quotation marks surrounding Villiers' happiness on the page itself destabilise its meaning. When the first horse is gored, when 'rather vaguely, as if not quite knowing what he ought to do, the bull once more lowered his head and pushed his sharp, flourishing horns in the horse's belly' and begins 'working them up and down inside there with a sort of vague satisfaction,' Kate looks to both of her for their reactions.[274] Whilst Owen looks 'like a little boy who may make himself sick' but who watched on 'knowing it is forbidden', it is Villiers' reaction that causes the most indignation:[275]

> Villiers, the younger generation, looked intense and abstract, getting the sensation. He would not even feel sick. He was just getting the thrill of it without emotion, coldly and scientifically, but very intent.
>
> And Kate felt a red pang of hatred against this Americanism which is coldly and unscrupulously sensational.[276]

The 'cold' and 'scientific' character of Villiers' response calls to mind the 'human machines' Lawrence claimed to have found in such numbers in the United States but hoped to have lost in his departure for Mexico. The shift in tense from 'Kate felt' to 'this Americanism which is' in the sentence is telling here, indicating Lawrence's intrusion into Kate's psyche once again, displaying his tendency to use her 'ventriloquially'. The sense that exposure to the type of visceral spectacle that the bullfight represents creates such human machines is evoked clearly as Kate passes some children on her way out of the bullring, observing in passing that: 'To those children at least bull-fights did not come natural, but would be an acquired taste.'[277] What is an acquired taste, after all, other than a denial of instinct, of a triumph of the mind over the body?

Later in the hotel, as Kate's voice once more reverberates around the acoustics of Lawrence's narrative, the reader is informed that both Owen and Villiers are 'widdershins'. This rather idiosyncratic word choice in particular resonates loudly in the "On Being A Man" essay, serving to reveal more fully the philosophical core at its centre, a philosophical core shared with *The Plumed Serpent*. They are men of their time, products (in all senses) of a world that Lawrence viewed as having been turned upon its head, as having taken an unnatural course. In the essay, Lawrence claims that 'the widdishins [sic] way of being a man' is to 'dare anything, except being a man' and this is a trait he identifies specifically in the modern white man:[278]

> That's the widdishins [sic] way of being a man. To know so absolutely that you are *not* a man, that you dare almost anything on the strength of it. You dare anything except being a man. So intense and final is the modern white man's conviction, his internal

[274] Ibid., p. 16.
[275] Ibid., p. 16.
[276] Ibid., p. 16.
[277] Ibid., p. 20.
[278] Lawrence, "On Being a Man", p. 219.

> conviction, that he is *not* a man, that he dares anything on earth, except be a man. There his courage drops to its grave. He daren't be a man: the old Adam of red earth, with the black touchstone at the middle of him.[279]

One of the effects of modernity on Lawrence, therefore, is the fundamental racialization of his conception of masculinity. The idea that the modern white man had become 'widdershins', was acting out a mode of masculinity that was backward, is set in contrast to the 'dark' and 'primitive' Cipriano and Ramon. By placing the bullfighting scene of *The Plumed Serpent* at the novel's opening, Lawrence is able to use the bullfight as a paradigm through which to criticise a modern masculinity that is personified in both the spectacle's performers (the *toreros*) and its spectators (Owen and Villiers). A strikingly similar passage to the one above appears in *The Plumed Serpent* at the beginning of chapter four as Kate contemplates whether or not to remain in Mexico after Owen decides to return to America. Indeed, so closely aligned are the "On Being a Man" essay and *The Plumed Serpent* in their philosophical perspective, each text seems to carry a palimpsestuous trace of the other. After recalling a rather prolix encounter with Don Ramon, who attempts to educate her on the errors of modern existence, Kate arrives at the conclusion that:

> White men had had a soul, and lost it. The pivot of fire had been quenched in them, and their lives had started to spin in the reversed direction, widdershins. That reversed look which is in the eyes of so many white people, the look of nullity, and life wheeling in the reversed direction. Widdershins.[280]

The bullfight emerges in Lawrence's writing not – as was the case in Hemingway – as an arena in which a man could make or remake himself, but rather as a space in which humanity would undo and degrade itself. Moreover, for Lawrence, one did not even have to take part in the event to be degraded: observers of the bullfight, reluctant or otherwise, are treated with much the same level of indignation and abhorrence. In *The Plumed Serpent*, the bullring is a site of emasculation for both the participants and the spectators. Thus Lawrence's response to the bullfight is fundamentally at odds with the type of reading Hemingway brings to it. Whilst Hemingway's depiction of the bullfight is of a spectacle able to both appeal to our refined aesthetic tastes *and* put us in touch with some subterranean, primal sense of transcendence (or as Hemingway puts it, a kind of 'religious ecstasy'), Lawrence sees it as a distinctly modern form of entertainment, a form that the modern world attempts to force its inhabitants to accept, that our will-to-happiness tells us is enjoyable, but which our 'alter-ego' cries out in protest against.[281]

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[279] Ibid., p. 219.
[280] Ibid., p. 78.
[281] Ibid, p. 78; Hemingway, *Death in the Afternoon*, p. 182.

## Chapter III

### Bullfighting and the Aesthetics of Modernism

The preceding chapters have looked at the ways in which bullfighting recalled and interrogated many of the nineteenth century's prevailing concerns surrounding the chasm, or lack thereof, between animal and human. Such concerns were explored partly through the Cretan myth of the Minotaur, itself entangled in associative connections with bullfighting following the discoveries of Sir Arthur Evans at Knossos in 1900. Following on from this point of departure, the second chapter began to consider the ways in which bullfighting provided two modernists with an outline into which to colour contemporary debates around masculinity and gender. This current chapter operates in different territory; it looks at bullfighting as a mainstay of modernist aesthetic concern and argues for the bullfight as a model for modernist modes of representation. Indeed, the analogy drawn by Woolf in the preceding chapter between bullfighters and writers speaks to this developing phenomenon: writing about bullfighting became a way of writing about the act of writing itself. What it is meant by this is not that bullfighting is in itself a kind of postmodern, self-referential, phenomenon, but rather that many of the ways in which bullfighting became prominent in modernist output can be attributed to its richness as an aesthetic model.

This chapter examines the twentieth-century development in the aesthetics and scientific grounding of bullfighting alongside the modernist revolution in other forms of art. Taking as its point of departure the explosion of Juan Belmonte onto the bullfighting stage, this reframing provides us with a new way of looking at the aesthetics of bullfighting and their relationship with modernism. Bullfighting can be seen not only as the passive subject of modernist art, but rather as a dynamic influence on the development of particular branches of American and European modernism. With this postulation as its central hypothesis, this chapter proposes the notion that bullfighting was undergoing its own particular revolution at the same moment as modernism began seeping its way into the crevices of other artforms in Europe. To put this point another way, the idea being advanced here is that Juan Belmonte was as much of a modernist as Ernest Hemingway; that his method of *torear* can be understood as an aesthetic revolution in its own right. The new form of *torear* being practiced in the early twentieth century was as much an aesthetic revolution as the advent of cubism in the visual arts, the so-called stream-of-consciousness format in prose, or indeed the imagist poem. Bullfighting was, in many respects, the epitome of the modernist artform: at once ancient and arcane and yet utterly modern, responding to the conditions of modernity and contingent upon them.

The chapter begins by examining the way in which Spanish bullfighting was appropriated by *Time* magazine in the early 1920s, using Juan Belmonte as the cover figure in 1925 and running a profile of the famed *torero* in the very same edition. This was a significant and telling signpost in the cultural exchange between Europe and America, and can be viewed as symptomatic of the cross-pollination between previously disparate cultural bastions. From here, the chapter moves on to consider the rivalry between the two most celebrated *toreros* of their time, Belmonte and Joselito, comparing this aesthetic conflict to the struggle for ascendancy between avant-garde writing and visual arts and more traditional artistic outlets in the first half of the twentieth century. This rivalry was important not only for the recalibration of aesthetic standards it catalysed in the microcosm of the taurine world, but also for the ensuing discussions around aesthetics it engendered in those modernists who found themselves stirred by the resonances of bullfighting and attempted to utilise its paradigmatic nature in their own perceptions of the world. This chapter works from the thesis that the evolution of bullfighting in the early twentieth century was an aesthetic overthrow analogous to the modernist revolution across other forms, suggesting that, at times, modernist reading of the aesthetics of bullfighting overlapped with and informed aesthetic experimentation in writing, sculpture and painting.

As we shall see later in the chapter, it was Ernest Hemingway who first drew a parallel between the linear aesthetics of the bullfight and the stripped-back elementalism of the Romanian sculptor Constantin Brancusi's oeuvre, thereby attempting to draw a direct aesthetic link between the linearity of modern bullfighting and high-modernist sculpture. In turn, Virginia Woolf put forth the idea that the prose Hemingway produced was impregnated with abstracted stratagem taken from the work of the *matador* in the bullring, transposed onto writing. Whilst this is a helpful interpretation of Hemingway's work, it is perhaps an oversimplification of the matter. For one thing, Woolf's reading of Hemingway does not take into account the influence that Ezra Pound had on his work in its developmental phase. Hemingway's aesthetic is as much influenced by the bullfight as it was by Pound and Stein, and at stake here is not a question of origin, but rather one of networks of aesthetic influence: bullfighting was a formative influence on Hemingway, but in many respects it was a physical representation of an ideal he had already been working towards. The brand of modernism associated with Hemingway was certainly European in its development and its nature; this chapter suggests that his characteristic prose style may have been influenced as much by the imagist project instigated by Pound as by the taut lines and impossible angles of the bullring. Moreover, Pound was not the only aesthetic touchstone in Hemingway's early career; Gertrude Stein was a patron of Hemingway's writing at the very same historical moment as she was an active proponent of cubism and Picasso in the visual arts. For this reason, Stein represents an important reference point in charting the influence of bullfighting on Hemingway's writing. As a result, the chapter also considers

the extent to which the geometrical nature of both cubism and twentieth-century bullfighting acted as a stimulus for Stein's own art, and in turn impacted upon the counsel she offered to young writers like Hemingway.

Finally, this chapter ends on a consideration of the work of Michel Leiris, the French surrealist writer, who himself had a complicated and prolonged relationship with the aesthetics of bullfighting. Leiris envisioned the *matador* as an apt doppelgänger for the autobiographical writer, making this analogy more explicitly than any of the more famous literary *aficionados* of the era. The significance of the fact that Leiris chooses to explore this line of thinking so thoroughly in an autobiographical work entitled, *Manhood*, is not passed over lightly. Hemingway was not alone in his attempts to calculate the terms of twentieth century masculinity through the arcane traditions of the *corrida*, a seemingly enduring vestige of the ancient world. Furthermore, like Hemingway, Leiris perceived and exploited the metaphorical resonances of the bullfight. Not content with using the bullfight as a metaphor in and of itself, Leiris employed the language of metaphor to explain the relevance of such a seemingly ancient spectacle to modern culture. In what is perhaps the most lucid metaphor of any to be articulated regarding the place of the bullfight in modern culture, Leiris argued that his contemporaries' obsession with bullfighting may indeed be attributed to its capacity to act as a 'mirror' for our deepest, darkest and most turbid desires, wants and atavisms. If the labyrinth – and the Minotaur it sought to contain – served as a metaphor for an attempt to exert control over modernity's chaotic and entropic nature in a private and hidden way, the bullfight became an attempt to turn that exertion of control, that desire to contain chaos, into a public spectacle, to draw them out into the open in a potentially cathartic space. In addition to mapping the ways in which the aesthetics of modernism are translatable to the aesthetics of bullfighting, Leiris' reading of the bullfight suggests that it represented and encapsulated many of the concerns of modernism itself.

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> It is impossible to believe the emotional and spiritual intensity and pure, classic, beauty that can be produced by a man, an animal, and a piece of scarlet serge draped over a stick.
>
> - Hemingway, *Death in the Afternoon*[282]

The quotation above, taken from Ernest Hemingway's 1936 book *Death in the Afternoon* and admittedly rather late on in his relationship with Spain and its customs and traditions, speaks to the

[282] Hemingway, *Death in the Afternoon,* p. 183.

esoteric and aesthetic quality that he perceived in bullfighting. Indeed, *Death in the Afternoon* in particular is often held up as the work that best explains Hemingway's aesthetic concerns. Such interpretations of *Death in the Afternoon* have been pursued both in this thesis and in other works examining Hemingway's interest in bullfighting and his understanding of masculinity. Many of these critical projects have sought to read *Death in the Afternoon* as a retrospective manifesto for what Hemingway hoped to achieve his writing. Hemingway's passion for bullfighting – and the way in which he seemed to wilfully blur the boundaries between his interpretation of the art and a meta-analysis of his own aesthetic programme – seem to encourage such readings. The key adjective in this particular extract is, of course 'pure'; the notion of purity, of an aesthetic stripped of all extraneous adornment, was key to Hemingway's aesthetic vision and central to his relationships with other modernist writers, particularly Gertrude Stein and Ezra Pound. However, in terms of the manner in which modernism engaged with bullfighting in a more panoptic sense, what is striking about this quotation – what is even more interesting – is its relative belatedness. In terms of bullfighting's arrival in popular culture, and indeed modernist art and literature, *Death in the Afternoon* was less a work that announced the importance of bullfighting to modernist endeavours than one that represented the apotheosis of that relationship. It may well have been 'impossible' for the popular reader of Hemingway's work to believe 'the emotional and spiritual intensity and pure classic beauty' of bullfighting, but Hemingway was certainly doing his utmost to make it believable. Even here, we see Hemingway stripping bullfighting itself back to its bare bones; making the bullfight nothing more than its constituent parts, removing extraneous detail, scything away at the metaphorical layers surrounding the practice – mythologies that he himself had helped to contrive in an attempt to imbue the practice with enigma. In this, almost imagistic, declaration, Hemingway presents his reader not with a *matador*, but simply a man; not a bull, but simply an animal. Gone is the specialised language of the taurine world; gone are the knowing asides and the loaded terms meaningful only to those familiar with the intricacies of the Spanish language or the obscure taurine publications bundled into the bibliography, however haphazardly they had been read. This is Hemingway applying the principles of his own prose aesthetic onto the apparatus of the bullfight, rather than the other way around. By stripping bullfighting of its cultural specificity, of its subjectivism, Hemingway was seeking to promote it as a form of art with universal resonance: something pure and classical, something multiply resonant.

As I attempted to make clear in the introduction to this chapter, but which will be a familiar mythology for any reader with a modicum of knowledge about Hemingway's critical reception, bullfighting had, by 1932, become an important critical lens through which to read his work. Whilst modern critics have argued that *Death in Afternoon* 'doubles as Hemingway's "Baedeker of the bullfight" and as his most important aesthetic manifesto', such a claim is not particularly

pioneering.[283] By 1932, Virginia Woolf had already perceived the relationship between Hemingway's writing and bullfighting, whilst contemporary reviewers were just as concerned with the informative nature of the publication as they were within its philosophical pondering. However, Hemingway had not been the first writer to present bullfighting to the American reading public, even *The Sun Also Rises* was relatively late to that party. Seven years prior to the publication of *Death in the Afternoon*, bullfighting had been introduced to the mass American public in a decidedly less literary – but decidedly more modern – manner. Certainly the significance of the January 5, 1925 issue of *Time* magazine, the first of that year, extended further than could have been imagined at the time of its publication.[284] Given that it entered circulation in the US a full year before Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises* (1926) – indeed, even before the American publication of his first collection of stories and vignettes, *In Our Time,* later in the same year – the issue points to the presence of a burgeoning interest in the practice of bullfighting outside of Spain, and particularly in the English-speaking world. Not only did the issue contain an extended essay on the bullfight – itself a pivotal moment in the rapidly expanding cultural exchange between Spain and America – but the cover of the issue also featured a rather surprising figure in the form of the contemporary *matador*, Juan Belmonte. The appearance of Belmonte on the cover of *Time* is surprising for several reasons, not the least of which is that it seemed to be in direct conflict with the magazine's stated manifesto. In what has become an historical document revealing the conception of the magazine, its mission statement is articulated as follows: '*Time* collects all available information on all subjects of importance and general interest.'[285] The issue contained articles on subjects ranging from the situation in Congress to a change in divorce law in France; in the theatre section, readers could research current Broadway shows, whilst in the economics section an article appeared on the disparity between sterling and the dollar. Consequently, a reader perusing the contents page of the issue would surely have been surprised at discovering, having found themselves at the sports section, an article focussing on a "toreador". It is worth noting at this juncture that the source of this surprise would not have been the classification of bullfighting as a sport. At this point in time, bullfighting was still very much considered to be a sport, not the artform Hemingway would attempt to posit it as in his own exegeses on the practice. Rather, the inclusion of an article on such a recherché practice would surely have been somewhat controversial for a magazine with a populist target audience.

Indeed, it is difficult to imagine what interest an American audience might have had in Belmonte at this time, and even more difficult to envision the possibility that his face would have been recognisable to the average *Time* reader. The uniform may have stirred a certain familiarity (Rudolph

[283] Thomas Strychacz, p. 125.
[284] *Time*, V.1, January 5 1925.
[285] cited in Norberto Angeletti and Alberto Olivia, *Time: The Illustrated History of the World's Most Influential Magazine* (New York: Rizzoli International Publications, 2010), p. 21.

Valentino had of course starred as a bullfighter in the 1922 film *Blood and Sand* just a few years earlier), but Belmonte himself would have been an unknown quantity. Perhaps the preceding issue of the magazine, which had cited the *matador* as 'Spain's great bullfighter', had stoked a certain degree of curiosity in both the practice of bullfighting and the man himself amongst the magazine's readership. This panegyric statement appeared in an article covering an exhibition of Ignacio Zuloaga's work taking place at the Reinhardt Galleries, New York.[286] As the new standard bearer for the art of *torear*, Belmonte was always likely to be the first name invoked in any discussion of it, but Zuloaga's lionization of the *matador* was telling. By that point in his career, Zuloaga had painted Belmonte on three separate occasions: a fact made much of within the article in question. The author was keen to point out the artist's willingness to discuss the popularity of his subject, a willingness that saw him prioritise the discussion of this popularity over and above what the author regarded as seemingly more pressing issues. The magazine's desire to stir interest in the *matador* can be seen in the fact that the article, ostensibly about Zuloaga's exhibition, made any reference to Belmonte at all, let alone one so pointed. Belmonte, they revealed, would soon be visiting the US directly following a prearranged visit to Peru, where, presumably, he was busy fighting the bulls of South America. Indeed, in the subsequent issue, which features Belmonte on its cover, much again was made of the bullfighter's imminent arrival on American shores. In an article entitled simply, 'Toreador', Zuloaga's advocacy of the bullfighter in the previous issue is highlighted once more:

> A fortnight ago, in Manhattan, Painter Zuloaga of Spain would not talk to the newspapermen about Spanish politics (TIME, Dec.29). He talked of the paintings he was about to exhibit in the U.S., and particularly he talked of a dark young man whom he has painted three times – Juan Belmonte. Juan is a bullfighter. He is now in Peru, taking the Inca-fortune that is his due for being a bullfighter – the best bullfighter in all of Spain. Unnoticed in Manhattan, where he stopped on his way a few weeks ago, Juan's advent in Peru nearly caused a national holiday. When he comes back to Manhattan to spend some of his Inca-gold before returning to Spain, he may or may not become a U.S. fad. It matters not. At home, and in South America, he is a hero, a Pizarro, something of a god.[287]

'Juan is a bullfighter', writes the author. Indeed, to the American audience of *Time* in 1925, Juan was no more and no less than a bullfighter; this was the sum total of his character, and even this aspect of it was shrouded in mystery. What, the readers of *Time* might have asked, is a bullfighter? Written before Hemingway had made paragons of bullfighters and paradigms of bullfights, first in his journalism and later in his fiction, the image of the bullfighter, though invested with a certain amount of exotic 'otherness', was a perplexing signifier in the first two decades of the twentieth century.

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[286]Anon. "Zuloaga", *Time*, vol. IV, no. 26, December 29, 1924, n.p.
[287] Anon., "Toreador", *Time*, vol. V, no. 1, January 5, 1925, n.p.

Whilst reading this issue of *Time*, one is given the impression that the publishers were equally unsure of what it meant to be using the image of a bullfighter on the cover of the magazine, or to be publishing journalism about bullfighting at all. It seems strange, contrived even: an effort to exoticise and sensationalise the publication, perhaps for commercial reasons. If, as is clearly the case, their inclusion of Belmonte in this issue did not fit with the prescribed mission statement of the magazine – since he is clearly neither a 'subject of great importance' nor one of 'general interest' – one is left to contemplate the question of why the decision to use Belmonte on the cover was taken at all. I would suggest that there is a clear attempt here to present Belmonte as a celebrity, a move towards positioning him as a potential darling of Manhattan's elite and fashionable. In noting that Belmonte has already been to Manhattan and received little attention there, the magazine seems to be engineering a set of circumstances in which Belmonte will be unable to visit anonymously on his way back through New York.

Belmonte may well become a fad in the U.S., notes the author, but the permanence of his celebrity in Spain and South America is assured; in that part of the world, the reader is informed, he is 'something of a god.' But Belmonte's deification in the popular Hispanic imagination was not always quite so irrefutable. Indeed, the article makes reference to the professional rivalry between Belmonte and Jose Gomez Ortega (also known as Gallito, or Joselito) prior to the latter's death in 1920. Up until this point, bullfighting *aficionados* had been split into two opposing camps, each supporting one of either Gallito or Belmonte, each advocating the prepotence of the other. Certainly Gallito had been much admired in his lifetime, and then not unexpectedly somewhat idealised in death. Even Hemingway, who could never have seen Gallito fighting bulls in the *plaza de toros* (the first bullfight Hemingway attended took place in 1923), eulogized him in *Death in the Afternoon* as 'probably the greatest bullfighter that ever lived'.[288] However, despite such praise from the man who 'introduced' America – if not the English-speaking world – to bullfighting, seven years earlier, *Time* had taken a decidedly different view, arguing that the sheer breadth of bullfighting's popularity across Spain served to ensure that 'the prowess of a dead man' could not eclipse the popularity of a 'reigning favourite'.[289] Although Belmonte may have been both controversial and divisive, he was current. Indeed, the essence of Belmonte's appeal to both the Spanish and a wider global audience, then, was, according to *Time*, predicated upon the same thing. Belmonte's popularity, they seemed to be suggesting, was contingent upon his contemporaneity. The fact that he was the 'reigning favourite' in Spain alone made him worthy of media attention, whilst Belmonte was also practicing a wildly different mode of *torear* than had previously been seen in any bullring. Belmonte's modernity – that is to say the novelty value of his brand of *torear* in Spain and South America – may well have been

[288] Ernest Hemingway, *Death in the Afternoon*, p. 60.
[289] Anon., "Toreador", *Time*, vol. V, no. 1, January 5 1925, np.

lost on the audience of *Time* magazine and the authors of the articles written about him and his profession, but they would surely have been under no illusion about his claim to novelty as an outsider to their culture. In this sense Belmonte was the very essence of modern in two separate, and seemingly disparate, cultural spheres. Whilst in America Belmonte was perceived as the poster child of an obscure and archaic practice entering the public consciousness for the first time, in the Spanish-speaking world (and parts of continental Europe), Belmonte was the harbinger of change and a revolutionary heretic.

Notwithstanding its importance as a cultural signpost, Belmonte's appearance on the cover of *Time* was doubly important for what it said about the contemporary reception of bullfighting outside of Spain and its former colonies. Although the article inside the magazine still invoked archaic bullfighting terminology, a fact demonstrated most palpably by its title, the appearance of a bullfighter on the cover of a decidedly modern publication spoke to the conceivable relevance of bullfighting to a modern, globalising, technologically advancing world. Indeed, the issue highlighted a central paradox at the heart of the primitive turn in certain branches of modernist creation: the very agent of this turn was modernity itself, without which the frantic cultural exchange that induced such a close focus on the primitive would simply not have been feasible. More tellingly, though, it succeeded in positioning bullfighting as a subject of interest for the *type* of cosmopolitan reader who might be perusing a copy of *Time*. There can be little doubt that *Time* magazine was a break from the established modus operandi of periodical production and publication in its time, and it was a magazine with a distinctly modern ideology and mission. The magazine's prospectus, composed by co-founders Briton Hadden and Henry Luce during the inchoate stages of its development, made specific reference to the need for a periodical that was suited to the temporal constraints being placed on readers of such publications. Such constraints on the time of individuals were a symptom of modernity: a symptom increasingly aggravated as the spread of that modernity became ever more pervasive. The title of the magazine was a direct and volitional nod to this distinctly modern problem of haste. Quite simply, people no longer had time to keep up with the events that were relevant to them, since the number of events that seemed relevant was constantly multiplying. In an increasingly globalised world, ever more relevant events were occurring in ever more remote corners of the globe. This problem fed directly into the thinking behind the manifesto of *Time*, the overarching mission of which was therefore to keep its cosmopolitan modern readership well informed of such developments in a succinct fashion. The name of the magazine alone is testament to this fact, but, in a tone and typography reminiscent of the trademark manifestos of modernism, the prospectus stated explicitly that 'people are uninformed BECAUSE NO PUBLICATION HAS ADAPTED ITSELF TO THE TIME WHICH BUSY MEN ARE ABLE TO SPEND ON

SIMPLY KEEPING INFORMED.'[290] *Time* magazine set itself the pressing task of addressing this lack of informedness, simultaneously drawing Belmonte and bullfighting into the forefront of the consciousness of cosmopolitan America. The extent to which bullfighting would become embedded into the tapestry of American literary history could not have been anticipated at that moment, but the portentousness of Belmonte's *Time* cover would soon become apparent.

Belmonte was not merely a bullfighter after his *Time* debut, then, but also – and perhaps more importantly – a potential global celebrity. In an era when novelty and spectacle were increasingly prominent in art, bullfights and bullfighters became the events and the people to see; at the same time, bullfights also became the events at which to *be seen*. The reasons behind this are numerous, but at a most superficial level of interpretation, it might be said simply that something seismic had happened in the world of bullfighting in the early 1920s to make this transition from eccentric parochiality to voguish globalisation possible. The rivalry that had developed between Joselito and Belmonte in the preceding decade, and which ended with Joselito's tragic death in the ring in 1920, had marked a kind of 'golden age' in the practice. Sports historian Andrew McFarland notes that, though bullfighting had been a form of mass entertainment in Spain since the eighteenth century, it reached 'new heights of popularity' during the 1910s and 1920s largely thanks to the performances of these two *toreros*.[291] This boom in popularity was not limited to Spain, where the art already enjoyed a broad and tremendously fervent following. Rather, the boom also began to extend abroad, a process that saw the practice become the subject of increased interest in transatlantic spheres. Though it was both Joselito and Belmonte who were the chief practitioners of this new method, it was specifically the latter's arrival in the bullrings of Spain that had precipitated that crucial change. Indeed, the unconventional methods employed by Belmonte heralded the arrival of a new form of bullfighting that was distinctly modern in its approach. Heresy was the order of the day, and Belmonte's *torear* could be considered nothing short of a revolution in the art form. Though narratives of their parallel careers have them considered as direct rivals, in many respects Joselito simply followed suit in an effort to keep pace with the changing tastes of established *aficionados* and to appeal to the new audiences being drawn to the *plazas*. Bullfighting, then, was reaching global audiences for the first time whilst, concurrently, the practice was undergoing something of an aesthetic insurgency. Thus the practice began to seem both ancient and modern all at once. Something of the mystical ritual of bullfighting remained in overseas perceptions of the *corrida*, but the celebrity of the bullfighter – and, in particular, the manner in which that iconography was beginning to be disseminated – served also to suffuse the practice with an air of the modern. This is notwithstanding the simple fact that

[290] cited in Norberto Angeletti and Alberto Olivia, *Time: The Illustrated History of the World's Most Influential Magazine* (New York: Rizzoli International Publications, 2010), p. 21. [Original capitalisation retained]
[291] Andrew McFarland, "Spanish Sport and the Challenges of its recent Historiography", *Journal of Sport History*. 38.2 (2011), 211-221 (p. 212).

technological advancements in travel were making tourism a more viable and widespread phenomenon. Simultaneously, the development of the publishing industry ensured that information about overseas practices was more readily available to a much wider audience. Put simply, increased access to bullfighting was a direct consequence of the technological conditions of modernity. Whilst on a superficial level the bullfight may have seemed an anachronism, far from being a threat to the practice, in fact early twentieth-century globalisation was popularising the bullfight in an unprecedented manner.

This popularisation was reflected in the literature of the period, culminating in Hemingway's 1932 bullfighting exegesis, *Death in the Afternoon*. The fact that the book was a financially viable publication pointed not only to the breadth of the audience to which such a book could appeal, but also to the fact that the practice had gained a foothold in the contemporary cultural consciousness. Indeed, bullfighting itself was in the throes of change and modernisation, a process documented and (to some extent) lamented in *Death in the Afternoon*. Writing of the change wrought by Belmonte on the taurine world, Hemingway observed that his career was built upon heresy:

> He did not accept any rules made without testing whether they might be broken, and he was a genius and a great artist. The way Belmonte worked was not a heritage, nor a development; it was a revolution.[292]

It is not difficult to perceive here a certain parallel to the popularised and pithy interpretations of modernism in more traditional artforms. Many conventional readings of modernism position it as a cultural revolution rather than a process of evolution; indeed, in many critical works on modernism there is a tendency to want to think about it as a complete break with what had come before it, to envision modernism as a recalibration of the terms of artistic endeavour. Modernists themselves, who 'asked us to believe in a break with the past, to believe they were writing in a way that was wholly new', naturally, encouraged such readings.[293] Even if we think such readings reductive, there is a striking resonance between this type of account of modernism as a whole and Hemingway's analysis of how Belmonte altered the face of the art of bullfighting. There is little doubt that Belmonte – or a least the rivalry he had kindled with Joselito – had helped to engender a process of aesthetic heresy in bullfighting. At the same time that the sovereignty of nineteenth-century aesthetic values was being questioned in both literature and the visual arts on a transnational level, the very same process of subversion was being advanced on a more localised scale in individual national

[292] Hemingway, *Death in the Afternoon*, p. 60.
[293] Anne E. Fernald "Modernism and Tradition" in Astradur Eysteinsson and Vivian Liska eds., *Modernism*: *A Comparative History of Literatures in European Languages* (Amsterdam & Philadelphia: John Benjamins Publishing Company), p. 157.

cultures. In Spain, this process of change was affecting even the most immutable of cultural phenomena in the Spanish bullrings, and Belmonte was leading the vanguard.

Here we see Hemingway as historian and not revolutionary, not the bearer of change but the documenter and protector of tradition. Indeed, in *Death in the Afternoon*, the evaluation of this process of modernisation is by no means unquestioningly lauded. In fact, much of Hemingway's discussion of the developments in *torear* effected by Belmonte focuses on the idea of decadence, of a decline in traditional practice and heritage that he laments. Decadence, as defined by Hemingway in relation to bullfighting, is 'the decay of a complete art through a magnification of certain of its aspects.'[294] The suggestion is that Belmonte's revolutionary method of *torear* precipitated a decline in the practice of traditional technique, which was ultimately detrimental to the art. That being said, there is an undoubted ambiguity shrouding Hemingway's attitude to Belmonte and the change he engendered. No such ambiguity can be read in his comments on another aesthetic revolutionary, James Joyce, whom Hemingway praised for releasing writers from the shackles of nineteenth-century manners. In a 1954 interview with *The Paris Review,* Hemingway denied any Joycean influence on his writing other than the indirect influence caused upon reading *Ulysses*. In response to a question asked by the interviewer about whether Hemingway found himself influenced by what he was reading when he composed his works, he responded:

> Not since Joyce was writing *Ulysses*. His was not a direct influence. But in those days when words we knew were barred to us, and we had to fight for a single word, the influence of his work was what changed everything, and made it possible for us to break away from the restrictions.[295]

Consequently, the new way of writing catalysed by Joyce's work was not decadence but, rather, liberation. Moreover, in many respects the revolution that Hemingway perceived Joyce to have kindled was similar to the one Belmonte started in the world of bullfighting. Just as Hemingway detected in Joyce's writing a closer relationship between the author and the language at his disposal, so in Belmonte's form of bullfighting, the proximity of the *matador* and the bull was valued above all other concerns. The 'magnification' of 'certain aspects' of bullfighting that Hemingway perceived Belmonte undertaking, then, can be translated as being a newfound focus on the feasibility of particular degrees of proximity. Though such an obsession with ensuring the closeness of man and animal increased the danger for the human participants in the spectacle, the possibility of such a change in approach was only made possible by an increasing awareness and understanding of the

[294] Hemingway, *Death in the Afternoon*, p. 62.
[295] Ernest Hemingway. Interview by George Plimpton, "An Interview with Ernest Hemingway", in Linda Wagner-Martin ed., *Ernest Hemingway's The Sun Also Rises: A Casebook* (New York: Oxford University Press, 2002), p. 22.

scientific and mathematical nuances involved in, and integral to, the very notion of a man coming into close physical proximity with a powerful and unpredictable animal force. The rivalry between Belmonte and Joselito may well have engendered, as McFarland calls it, a 'golden age' in bullfighting, but the latter's triumph (by virtue of his physical survival) was indicative of a modernisation of bullfighting that was, by the time he appeared on the cover of *Time*, irreversible. Hemingway is unequivocal in his judgement of the effect this rivalry had on the bullfight, stating clearly that 'bullfighting had for seven years a golden age in spite of the fact that it was in the process of being destroyed.'[296] On Belmonte himself, however, he was more ambivalent; he frequently praised Belmonte as a 'genius', but there are distinct tones of lament, for instance, in his explanation of the transformative effect Belmonte's style exerted on that of Joselito and the contrast he sets up between the two men. Joselito is exalted as the acme of classical bullfighting: he was 'strong', 'healthy', with an 'athlete's body' and a 'gypsy grace'. In stark contrast, Belmonte was 'weak', 'sickly', with a 'lack of stature' and 'feeble legs'.[297] In Hemingway's view, Belmonte represented a physical deterioration of the *matador* as an aesthetic component of the bullfight. He was thus the physical manifestation of bullfighting's decadence, a human reification of its weakening. At the same time, however, Belmonte did seem to be placing a greater aesthetic importance on the action of the event, on the trueness of the lines and the polish of the passes. By placing a greater emphasis on the propinquity of the man's torso to the bull, bullfighting naturally took a turn towards geometric aesthetics. In other words, the *matador*'s concern was no longer with the decorative flourish of passes, but with their form and precision.

In the past two decades a burgeoning interest in the relationship between modernism and mathematics and science has developed. A book-length academic study examining the mathematical stress in the Vorticist movement authored by Miranda Hickman, for example, has made an important intervention in modernist criticism in this regard.[298] The belatedness of this type of inquiry is somewhat surprising: it is inconceivable that the scientific discoveries of the nineteenth century would not have had a profound impact on the artistic and cultural landscape of the early twentieth century; as distances between places were increasingly narrowed by technological advancements, exactness of measurement on a macro level became ever more paramount in increasingly microcosmic ways. On a human level, the sheer number of lives lost in the Great War had made the quantification of human existence paradoxical: it was simultaneously beyond comprehension and yet utterly ineluctable. Of course, poetry had always relied on a metrical system to underpin and

[296] Hemingway, *Death in the Afternoon*, p. 61.
[297] Ibid., p.60.
[298] See Miranda B. Hickman, *The Geometry of Modernism: The Vorticist Idiom in Lewis, Pound, H.D. and Yeats* (Austin: University of Texas Press, 2005) and Michael H. Whitworth, *Einstein's Wake: Relativity, Metaphor and Modernist Literature* (New York: Oxford University Press, 2001) for particularly insightful takes on the interrelation between mathematics, science and literature in the early twentieth century.

underlay its construction, but the spatial and topological scaffolding of art, so painstakingly hidden in nineteenth century realism, was becoming increasingly visible as the arts became less representational. Perhaps the prime example of this early twentieth century tendency can be identified in cubist painting. By carving up an image and rearranging its constituent parts, Georges Braque and Picasso brought the calculations required in the construction of an artwork ever closer to the surface and ever more directly into the consciousness of its viewer. A particularly serendipitous and perhaps pertinent example of this – given its subject matter – can be seen in Picasso's 1912 composition *The Aficionado* (fig. 5).

**Figure 5** Pablo Picasso, *L'Aficionado*, 1912, oil on canvas, 135x82cm. Kunstmuseum, Basel.

Composed during the period of synthetic cubism that dominated Picasso's output after 1910, *The Aficionado* is a painting that seems to capture the very essence of the aims and ideals of cubism. The work is typical of the period in which it was created, meaning that its subject is initially almost impossible to discern at first glance. Any identification of what is being represented is made possible

only by fragments of words or objects strewn across the surface of the canvas, often at seemingly arbitrary and improbable angles and positions. However, even these clues and tags, disparate as they seem to be, sometimes succeed in fooling viewers of the work. So obscure is the figure of the *aficionado* that the painting is often referred to as *Le Torero* (the bullfighter) on account of the presence of those words in the bottom left corner of the painting. The meaning of those words may not be immediately obvious to the casual viewer of this painting; they may be misconstrued as a title, either of the artwork or the figure it 'depicts', leaving some readers of the painting under the impression that what Picasso has attempted to capture here is indeed a bullfighter. A true *aficionado*, however, would make no such elementary mistake, since they would be well aware that what is significant about those two words is not the words in and of themselves, but rather the rectangular paper surface on which they are rendered. What reveals the identity of the figure in the painting is the fact that these words appear to be printed on a document, held in the right hand of the human subject of the painting. In truth, the *Le Torero* was a popular taurine publication of the era, which documented and reported on all things related to all things bullfighting. Established in 1891, the magazine was published weekly during the bullfighting season in the summer, and monthly during the close season in the winter.[299] A typical *aficionado* attending the bullfight in 1912 would undoubtedly have been carrying a copy of this publication, whether in Spain or otherwise. Indeed, this particular painting is not of an *aficionado* in Spain: in the top left-hand corner of the picture it is possible to make out the name of the city 'Nimes', which is situated in the South of France and whose bullring still hosts bullfights to this day. We know from Picasso's letters to friends in the same year that the painting was produced after he had visited Nimes and seen a bullfight there. Moreover, a letter dated 10th July that year made clear that *The Aficionado* was a transformation of an already existing painting. Picasso wrote that he had 'transformed an already begun painting of a man into an aficionado; I think he would look good with his banderilla in hand and I'm trying to give him a real southern face.'[300] Certainly he had taken pains to ensure that his *aficionado* was typical of the day: his hair, his smart dress, the newspaper clutched in hand, his bowtie and bearded face. Just what is this spectator doing, however, with the *banderilla*? The accoutrement of the participant of a bullfight, not the spectator, it is difficult to comprehend what Picasso hoped to achieve by giving this object to his spectator subject. Just a day before he had also written to Kahnweiler: 'I have been to Nimes and I saw the bullfight. It's something rare to find the intelligence peculiar to an art in an art. Only Mazantinito did anything of note […]'. [301] As with the decision to depict an *aficionado* with a *banderilla*,

[299] Miriam B. Mandel argues that this is 'probably the unknown paper that Jake Barnes reads in *The Sun Also Rises*. She also notes that Hemingway had read this publication and saved several copies, many of which now reside in the JFK library.
Miriam B. Mandel, *A Companion to Hemingway's Death in the Afternoon* (Ney York: Camden House, 2004), p.104.
[300] Cited in J. Cousins, "Documentary Chronology" in William Rubin, *Picasso and Braque: Pioneering Cubism* (New York: Harry N. Abrams, 1989), p.399.
[301] Cited in Francis Frascina et al., *Primitivism, Cubism, Abstraction: The Early Twentieth Century* (London: Yale University Press, 1993), p.159.

Picasso does not elaborate on what he means by this judgement. It is not entirely clear what he deemed 'the intelligence' of bullfighting to be, nor how that 'intelligence' was manifested in the action of the bullring. However, perhaps what Picasso saw in the bullfight that day was the exposure of its aesthetic skeleton: that is to say that the geometry underpinning the bullfight, its precision and its mathematical intelligence, was identifiable to an artist himself increasingly concerned with lines, planes, and the tessellation of shapes and area.

Belmonte, who had begun his fledgling career in 1908 and killed his first bull two years before Picasso had begun painting *The Aficionado*, intensified this focus on tessellation. Though clearly bullfighting had previously relied upon a certain rational 'intelligence' (to put it in Picasso's words), Belmonte's way of working drew attention away from the pageantry and paraphernalia of the ritual and forced it towards the spatial technicalities of *torear*. According to Hemingway's account, Joselito, 'the heritor of all great bullfighters', was forced to adopt this new style in order to continue to appeal to a paying public who had seen Belmonte do things with the bulls that they had never seen done before, and who wanted more of the same. The adoption of Belmonte's way of working was not a choice, therefore, but a necessity effected by a change in aesthetic taste that had been roused into being by Belmonte. Without adapting their style, bullfighters would be adversely affected in economic terms. As Hemingway puts it, 'once [Belmonte] had done it all bullfighters had to do it, or attempt to do it since there was no going back'.[302] Part of the reason behind this is the change in taste that such revolutions in artistic practise tend to engender. As Peter Gay has noted, in literature and the visual arts 'expressionist poems, abstract paintings, incomprehensible compositions, plotless novels were together making a revolution in taste.'[303] The same was true in the Spanish bullring, where spectators now flocked to see the 'decadent, the impossible, the almost depraved style of Belmonte', where he was doing 'the wonderful things that the public wanted to see'; Belmonte had made it so that all *matadors* had to follow his lead, he had forced *matadors* to, as it were, 'make it new'. In so doing, he had also forced *matadors* to work closer to the bull, to create a more intense sense of danger, and to give the art a more intense sense of frisson than it had previously possessed. Joselito's fatal goring in 1920 may well have been no more than a coincidence, but this newfound obsession with paring away the space between the *matador* and the bull may also have contributed to the tragedy. Clearly Joselito felt uncomfortable with the changes being propagated, and his criticism of Belmonte revealed his uneasiness with Belmonte's practice. According to Hemingway, the former would often defend his own technique by pointing out what he perceived to be the simulated effect of Belmonte's work close to the bull, saying: 'They say that he, Belmonte, works closer to the bull. It

[302] Hemingway, *Death in the Afternoon*, p.60.
[303] Peter Gay, *Modernism: The Lure of Heresy* (London: Heinemann, 2007), p. 9.

looks like he does. But that isn't true. I really work closer. But it is more natural, so it doesn't look so close.'[304]

Despite his reservations over the changes wrought by Belmonte, Hemingway thought that the brilliance and artistry of the bullfight relied heavily on the proximity between man and beast, writing that 'all brilliance is impossible unless the matador has the science and valor to get so close to the bull that he makes him confident'.[305] Whilst also chiming clearly, if discordantly, with Lawrence's objections to the rationally scientific advantage held by men over bulls in the fictional Mexican bullring of *The Plumed Serpent*, the reference to science here is doubly important, I feel, for the way it speaks to Belmonte's conception of his own work. Certainly he had his own ideas about what his method was based upon, and what it might look like to a spectator. Joselito may have thought him an illusionist, Hemingway may have been keen to cast him in the role of artist, but Belmonte's reflections on his own practice reveal that he saw himself more closely aligned to a mathematician. Indeed, in his ghost-written autobiography, *Killer of Bulls, Juan Belmonte*, there are a number of references to mathematics in his descriptions of his method. Recounting his attempts to execute the 'ideal' *faena*, for instance, he recalls attempting the *faena* which he had 'seen in so much detail in my dreams that every line of it was drawn in my brain with mathematical exactness.'[306] This dream, though, always ended with the bull's horn catching Belmonte's leg as he passed over and in between the horns in the *estocada,* until eventually this dream was replicated in reality. Indeed, later in the book Belmonte provides a theoretical exposition of his technique in the following, striking terms:

> I went to the ring like a mathematician going to the blackboard to prove a theorem. At that time the art of bullfighting was governed by the picturesque axiom of Lagartijo which said, "You stand *there*, and either you move or the bull moves you." I was there to demonstrate that this was not as self-evident as they thought. My theory was, "You stand there, and the bull does not move you – if you know how to fight.[307]

Knowing how to fight, then, was predicated upon the privileging of mathematics and science over established and culturally received systems of knowledge and understanding. Belmonte did not feel that he had been consciously revolutionsing the art of bullfighting, but rather simply applying logic to a practice that had that had previously been the province of the sovereignty of heritage. Reluctant to be called 'an earthquake, a cataclysm, a phenomenon', Belmonte saw this application of logic as his 'whole contribution to the art.'[308] The apotheosis of this approach is outlined in the latter part of the memoir, where the bull has yielded so fully to the method that he 'passed and passed around my

[304] Hemingway, *Death in the Afternoon*, p.60.
[305] Ibid., p. 128.
[306] Juan Belmonte, *Juan Belmonte*: *Killer of Bulls*, trans. Leslie Charteris (New York: Doubleday, 1937), p. 166.
[307] Ibid., p. 183.
[308] Ibid., p.184.

body with mathematical exactness'.[309] Nature, which in this case is metonymically represented by the bull, has come so fully under the control of the human intellect that it is as if 'instead of being hurled on by the commands of its blind instinct it were moved by clockwork'.[310] The bull is forced into mathematical exactness, then, into a true and unswerving line, by the *matador's* own occupation of the centre.

This geometrical metaphor has been pursued elsewhere in modernist writing on the bullfighting, and notably in the work of Michel Leiris. Born in Paris in 1901, Leiris became an influential member of the Surrealist movement in France under the guidance of the celebrated surrealist artist, André Masson. Leiris was also a known bullfighting *aficionado*, an interest that percolated into his writing and led to the writing and 1939 publication of *Miroir de la Tauromachie.* The book, ostensibly borne out of the author's response to the Spanish Civil War, has been viewed as an attempt to propose the notion that 'rituals dissipate the violence inherent in human social structures.'[311] This much may be true, but what is undeniable is that, in the bullfight, that violence is aestheticized. As such, one of the book's main concerns is with the nature and function of those aesthetics. It is in the consideration of this question with which Leiris finds himself fixated throughout the text, despite any superficial attempt to divide the book into topical segments. Consider, for instance the closing aphorism of the opening section: the bullfight, writes Leiris, is 'summed up perhaps in a piece of red fabric nailed to a whitewashed wall: a tatter of blood burning against the prison of bones.' [312] This summation seems to speak to the essentialist reading of the bullfight provided by Hemingway and used as an epigraph to this section of the chapter. Like Hemingway, here Leiris is stripping the bullfight back to (perhaps too literally in this case) its bare bones. The key contrast in their two respective foci is that, whilst for Hemingway the scarlet serge was a symbol of 'pure, classic beauty', for Leiris the violence of the spectacle was both inescapable and fundamental in any understanding of what the bullfight could possibly represent in the twentieth century.

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> I know no modern sculpture, except Brancusi's, that is in any way the equal of the sculpture of modern bullfighting. But it is an impermanent art as singing and the dance are, one of those that Leonardo advised men to avoid, and when the performer is gone the art exists only in the memory of those who have seen it and dies with them. Looking at photographs, reading descriptions, or trying to recall it too often can only kill it in the memory of an individual. If it were permanent it could be one of the major

[309] Ibid.
[310] Ibid.
[311] Robin Adèle Greeley, *Surrealism and the Spanish Civil War* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 2006), p. 129.
[312] Leiris, p. 17.

> arts, but it is not and so it finishes with whoever makes it, while a major art cannot even be judged until the unimportant physical rottenness of whoever made it is well buried. It is an art that deals with death and death wipes it out. But it is never truly lost, you say, because in all arts all improvements and discoveries that are logical are carried on by some one else; so nothing is lost, really, except the man himself.
>
> - Hemingway, *Death in the Afternoon*[313]

It is clear that Hemingway thought bullfighting was one of the most significant artforms of the twentieth century. Readers of twentieth-century literature know this so well by now that, keen to make aesthetic comparisons between Hemingway's prose and the *corrida* he wrote about, literary critics have consistently deployed Hemingway's own descriptions of the bullfight in their analysis of his brand of modernist prose. Writing and bullfighting were often equated, with the later cited frequently as the artistic model from which Hemingway developed his literary technique. We saw in the previous chapter how these comparisons came from the most unexpected sources, with Virginia Woolf in 1927 comparing the work of all writers to bullfighting. For her, writing was a perilous dance with truth, a constant engagement with risk in which the horns of life should pass the writer close each time they laid down a sentence. In the quotation above, we see Hemingway compare the bullfight to modern sculpture. In much modernist output, then, bullfighting became a model, or a point of reference for other art forms. In part this was due to its unfamiliarity, indicative of a need to understand its aesthetic qualities without an established glossary of meaningful terms with which to describe it. However, we might then ask ourselves what the nature of the art of bullfighting was, and how this art form lent itself to, or became comparable with, some of the most vigorously pursued aesthetic pathways of modernism? Certainly Hemingway didn't see it as a throwback, a relic of some forgotten past. From his point of view it had not resurfaced in the twentieth century, but rather had endured and adapted. Bullfighters were not primitive men engaging in atavistic ritual, but artists borne from a suddenly vanishing past, struggling to make bullfighting new, striving to be modern.

The passage above, mined from that rich source of pithy Hemingway aphorisms, *Death in The Afternoon* (1932), provides no shortage of clues about why this may have been the case. The most useful, at least for the purposes of thinking about the relevance of the aesthetics of bullfighting in direct relation to the aesthetics of modernism, is the claim that bullfighting might be thought of in similar terms to the aesthetics of modern sculpture. Or rather, what Hemingway actually claims is that the aesthetic value of bullfighting surpasses that of any modern sculpture: 'no modern sculpture',

[313] Hemingway, *Death in the Afternoon*, pp. 87-88.

writes Hemingway, 'is in any way the equal of the sculpture of modern bullfighting.'[314] That is to say that Hemingway sets up a direct aesthetic comparison between bullfighting and contemporary sculpture and finds the latter wanting. Bullfighting, then, is posited as *the* nonpareil form of modern sculpture, an ideal of modern sculptural aesthetics that is yet to be attained. The artistic qualities of the bullfight, then, surpass those of modern sculpture and, indeed, Hemingway claims that all that prevents bullfighting from claiming its rightful place in the canon of 'major' arts, he contends, is its impermanence, its transience. By pointing explicitly to the impermanence of the *corrida* in the very same moment as he compares it to sculpture, itself perhaps the most permanent and present of all art forms, Hemingway was re-circumscribing the parameters of modern art, redefining its characteristics. Here was a transient art form that was felt to be more powerful and more affecting than contemporary sculpture: the epitome of art's propensity to monumentalise.

The impermanence of bullfighting is predicated on two closely interconnected factors: one perceptive and the other documentary. The perception of the viewer in this live art form is always contingent on the momentary, on the specificities of the instant in which it is perceived. Of course, this is true of almost any art form, but in bullfighting the significance of these factors is amplified considerably. This is partly due to the velocity of the performance: the speed at which the action unfolds. But it is also due to the visual concentration required to see the intricacies and technicalities of the performance. No sooner does the observer think they have discerned the geometry of a *suerte,* than the next pass is under way and another set of calculations are required. The bull gathers such speed in its charge that it is almost impossible to perceive fully the *matador*'s movements to evade it. After each *suerte*, the viewer is left with little more than an impression of what they have witnessed, a fragment of understanding. This type of transience is, of course, a key aesthetic component of other forms of modernist art. Writing about the dislocating effect of Hope Mirlees' *Paris: A Poem*, Peter Howarth has suggested that the work came to stand as a prime example of, amongst other things, modernism's predilection for 'zipping between an ancient past and a modern present'.[315] This 'zipping', this discordant arrangement of past and present, is never more extremely apparent in the modernist spectacle than it is in the *corrida.* The ancient ritual, played out in front of swathes of spectators –many of whom were tourists generated by the emerging phenomenon of globalisation – seemed to speak to both the past and present simultaneously. I mean this not only in the grandest conceptions of time. Watching a bullfight is very much like reading a modernist poem; each action undertaken by the *matador*, like each line laid down by the poet, can only be held in the mind of its perceiver for a short period of time before it is usurped by the next. Consider the following take on

[314] Hemingway, *Death in the Afternoon*, p. 87.
[315] Peter Howarth, *The Cambridge Introduction to Modernist Poetry* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2011), p.3.

the experience of reading modernist poetry; a take I believe could just as easily be applied to the experience of reading a bullfight:

> Since your working memory can only keep a few unattached lines in play at once, reading is tiring and makes you uncomfortably aware that meanings are always shooting past or being buried. […Y]ou are also unable to predict what is going to come next, and what is going to be important.[316]

The reference above to the process of *reading* the bullfight is entirely intentional and intended to carry all of the potential weight of meaning inherent in that verb. Looking from the outside in, non-Spanish modernists were forced to read meaning into a spectacle they had no immediate cultural attachment to. This lack of cultural anchoring denied such writers and artists the requisite familiarity with the practice that would allow them to grasp fully the culturally-specific import of the *corrida*. As with other forms of modernist art, the bullfight required audiences to be equipped with new codes of reading. That is not to say that lazy atavistic readings did not proliferate, because they did, but there also existed an emergent tendency to read the bullfight as a text that spoke to the concerns of modernity, or at least to attempt to do so. For spectators at the *plazas de toros* in the early part of the twentieth century, meaning was always 'shooting past or being buried'. Such experiential confusion forces the viewer to make projections onto the spectacle, to express an understanding of the event in terms readily available.

The American writer Laura Riding, in a 1936 essay and response to *Death in the Afternoon*, provides one such reading of the bullfight. For Riding, the significance of the bull in the *corrida* is heavy with the weight of its mythological resonances; so, writes Riding, 'the bull is the most incorrigibly male of animals, and as a sacred animal it embodies the uncritical maleness of physical life – the 'strong' qualities.'[317] One reading Riding imposes on the *corrida*, then, is that the vanquishing of the bull is a symbolic victory of man's intellect over 'his own stupid, insane obstinacy', that the *matador* is 'punishing the bull in himself'.[318] Clearly, this reading harks back to the existential conflict both Joyce and Picasso saw at stake on the Minotaur myth; at the same time, Riding's quasi-anthropological reading of the *corrida* does not preclude her from detecting parallels with modernist invention in the spectacle. Recounting an occasion when she witnessed the work of the *matador* Ortega – who, incidentally, is a target for opprobrium in *Death in the Afternoon* – Riding suggests that he is 'the critical modernist amongst contemporary bullfighters.'[319] Her reasoning for this is linked to the prior interpretation, that the bullfighter's victory in the bullring is not only exacted over the

[316] Ibid., p.5.
[317] Laura Riding, "Marginal Themes: The Bull-fight", in Laura Riding and Robert Graves eds., *Epilogue Vol. 2.* (London: Constable, 1936): 193-207 (p.195).
[318] Ibid., p. 195.
[319] Ibid., p. 206.

physical bull he faces in the bullring, but also his internal animal instinct. Given her insistence that Ortega's claims to modernism are founded on the fact that he 'both does his job and, while he is doing it, knows with analytical precision the meaning of what he is doing', Riding evidently sees this suppression – or perhaps we might say shaping – of disorder through conscious, analytical and precise action as fundamental to the modernist project.[320] Indeed, though she states her keenness not to 'mix metaphors', to veer into the territory in which Virginia Woolf found herself ten years before, Riding claims that Ortega's work gave her a 'sense of learned simplicity' that few books ever had.[321] This notion of the bullfight's simplicity is translated in the closing passages of the essay as a kind of universalism; as Riding puts it 'the bull-fight is not a foreign subject', and indeed she is critical of what she perceives to be Hemingway's efforts to codify and obfuscate the practice.[322] For Riding, it is the arcane nature of the bullfight's mythical symbolism that constitutes the very essence of this universalism, and Ortega is the modernist artist consciously working through the mythologies of his inheritance.

Whilst he may elsewhere have compared the spectacle to Greek tragedy, it is clear in the quotation that opens this section that Hemingway sees the *corrida* as a fundamentally modern form of art which surpasses that of contemporary sculpture. Of course, though he asserts that he knows of no modern sculpture that is the equal of the sculpture of bullfighting, there is an exception to this. The exception to this evaluative judgement is offered up in the form of the Romanian sculptor Constantin Brancusi, and it is an exception that is intriguing for its aesthetic implications. One is forced to question why Hemingway insists on extending to Brancusi a distinction denied to any other modern sculptor, and yet the reader is left waiting for this explanation, which never comes. Indeed, after this extraordinary claim, Brancusi surprisingly receives no further mention at all. Clearly, though, Hemingway saw a direct similarity between the aesthetics of Brancusi's sculpture and those of bullfighting. That is to say that there was some inherent quality in both that Hemingway perceived as being imperative to the aesthetics of modernity. Both, it seems, depended heavily on, and were augmented by, a quest for a seemingly impossible purity of line. In the *corrida*, the *matador*, having worked the bull to the point where he can be sure that the line of its charge will be straight and true, must seek an absolute purity of line in his own body, a line devoid of contortions, to ensure that the bull passes him extraordinarily close but without contact. Brancusi too was obsessed with the concept of line and this obsession surfaces time and again in his work. In the series of sculptures that ended with the 1938 version of *Endless Column*, commissioned for the ensemble at Târgu Jiu, the sculptor seemed to achieve this ideal through the creation of a self-repeating, pulsing line. This sculpture, described by the British sculptor Anthony Gormley as an 'axis mundi', is a continuous

[320] Ibid., p. 207.
[321] Ibid., p. 207.
[322] Ibid., p. 207.

reproduction of a singular unit, each approximately the size of a man.[323] Each individual unit might be thought of as a line in itself, exactly and mathematically identical to the one preceding it. The aesthetic quality of this piece then, relies on the continual repetition of the single line, of the regularity and reliability of its reproduction. The success of the *matador* in a bullfight relies on a similar consistency and a similarly relentless reproduction of line, both in how he holds himself and the line charged by the bull he fights. Indeed, Hemingway maintains that the 'sculptural art of modern bullfighting' has been produced by the ability of a *matador* to hold his line against the straight charge of a bull. If he is unable to do this throughout the course of the fight, if he or the bull does not maintain their line, then the art is diminished.

We might view Brancusi's sculpture *Fish*, at least the version produced in 1926, as the epitome of Hemingway's seemingly insatiable obsession with linear aesthetics. This obsession, inherited from imagism and effected by the avuncular relationship Hemingway and Pound shared during the former's early years in Paris, became the single most important objective in Hemingway's aesthetic program. Indeed, it is eminently possible that Hemingway garnered his admiration for Brancusi from Pound, who had written on the importance of the sculptor's work in the autumn 1921 edition of *The Little Review*. For Pound, Brancusi's treatment of form seemed to drift into the realm of Platonic ideals, towards the notion of 'pure form free from all terrestrial gravitation'.[324] He saw this particularly in the case of the sculptor's ovoids, which, from certain angles, seemed to Pound to 'appear ready to levitate'. However, Pound also saw this as a more general characteristic of Brancusi's sculpture, which he perceived as being 'an approach to the infinite *by form* [original emphasis], by precisely the highest possible degree of consciousness of formal perfection'.[325] Art historian Alex Potts has argued that Pound perceived Brancusi's work as a mirror that reflected back 'his own ideal of a perfectly formed, self-contained art work', and that the 'visual concreteness' of the sculptures was attuned to Pound's 'imagist aesthetic'.[326] And indeed, what was imagism if not one of the prime examples of modernism's susceptibility to the 'lure of purity', as Michael Levenson described it in his most recent exegesis of modernism.[327] This lure did not exist solely in the province of literature however, and indeed, David Spurr has written cogently on the interconnections between modernist architecture's growing inclination towards a kind of purity and the poetic impulses of Pound. Spurr notes rightly that, in his 1923 collection of essays *Vers une architecture*, Le

[323] Anthony Gormley, "Brancusi's Endless Column", on *The Essay* (BBC Radio 3), broadcast on Tue 16 Jun 2009.
[324] Ezra Pound, "Brancusi", *The Little Review*, (Autumn, 1921), 3-7 (p.6).
[325] Ibid.
[326] Alex Potts, *The Sculptural Imagination: Figurative, Modernist, Minimalist* (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 2000), p. 135.
[327] Michael Levenson, *Modernism* (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 2011), p. 153.

Corbusier called for 'order, geometry, and purity of form'.[328] In literature, Pound's insistence on economy of expression and the privileging of clarity in poetic form was undoubtedly reflected in Hemingway's prose. Likewise, in Brancusi's sculptures, Pound perceived this same drive towards purity. The key difference in the concrete modernisms, though, was that neither sculptor nor architect was confined by the seemingly limitless potentiality of language in the same way as modernist writers were. Metaphor, after all, is generated through 'the possibility of substitution, and the perception of similarity' produced by the selection of words.[329] Brancusi's pursuit of 'pure form' in sculpture is thus able to avoid such linguistic traps, and comes closer to what Le Corbusier envisaged in architectural terms as *plan libre*, where 'the exterior is the result of an interior.'[330]

Tracing the concerted interest taken by Pound in the work of both Brancusi and Hemingway, one can see a marked parallel in the root of attraction to these very different forms of modernist art. While Brancusi's work appeared to him as the material manifestation of art striving towards 'formal perfection', in Hemingway's prose the pursuit of a similar ideal was something that Pound attempted to guide. Certainly Pound had been an important and formative influence on the young Hemingway when he first arrived in Paris, advising him regularly during the composition of the debut collection, *In Our Time*. A letter dating from August 1923 reveals that Hemingway had taken detailed advice from Pound on the composition of the latter work. In a footnote to this letter, the editor of the collection and seminal biographer of Hemingway, Carlos Baker, argues that the content of the letter reveals that Hemingway 'has been consulting Pound about content and order.'[331] And indeed, whilst Gertrude Stein has been cited consistently as one of the defining early influences on Hemingway's style, the impact of Poundian and imagist tenets should not be underestimated. Writing to Pound in March of the following year, Hemingway was effusive in his praise of the older man's knowledge and judgement, stressing his admiration for Pound's aesthetic philosophy:

> I am writing some damn good stories. I wish you were here to tell me so, so I would believe it or else what is the matter with them. You are the only guy who knows a god damn thing about writing.[332]

Perhaps significantly, the burgeoning relationship between Hemingway and Pound – and the stylistic influence it engendered – coincided with the former encountering the *corrida* for the first time. Hemingway may well have seen 'absolute purity of line' for the first time in the *plaza de toros*, but Pound provided him with the stimulus to find it. It is tempting, given the subject matter under

[328] David Spurr, "An End to Dwelling: Reflections on Modern Literature and Architecture", in Astradur Eysteinsson and Vivian Liska eds., *Modernism: A Comparative History of Literatures n European Languages.* (Amsterdam and Philadelphia: John Benjamins Publishing Company, 2007): 469-486 (p. 470).
[329] David Lodge, "The Language of Modernist Fiction: Metaphor and Metonymy" in Malcolm Bradbury and James McFarlane eds. *Modernism: A Guide to European Literature 1890-1930* (London: Pelican, 1976): 481-496 (p. 482).
[330] Le Corbusier, *Towards a New Architecture*, trans. Frederick Etchells (John Rodker, London, 1931), p. 5.
[331] Carlos Baker, *Selected Letters,* p.92.
[332] Hemingway to Pound, *Selected Letters*, p. 113.

discussion, to see Pound cast in the role of sculptor here, shaping the work of a younger writer according to an ideal he had spent the preceding years striving towards. The impact was not met with recalcitrance; indeed the tone of Hemingway's reflections on Pound is the opposite of reticent in its expression of admiration. Writing of the effect Pound had on his work in the late autobiographical publication, *A Moveable Feast*, Hemingway recalled that Pound:

> was the man I liked and trusted the most as a critic…, the man who believed in the *mot juste* – the one and only correct word to use – the man who taught me to distrust adjectives as I would later learn to distrust certain people in certain situations.[333]

Clearly it was Pound who had taught Hemingway to 'distrust' adjectives, then, if not to eschew them completely; and yet this anecdote speaks to the kind of 'purity of line' that Hemingway saw in the movements of the *matador* and that critics would later perceive in his writing. This idea of 'the one and only correct word' leaves open the possibility of a form of writing which is free from error, free, if you like, from contamination; it leaves open the possibility of an ideal where purity in the writing of a single line is possible. This notion of purity of line, and the way in which it can be mapped across the modernist arts, is perhaps captured in part by Mina Loy's observation, in an essay on Gertrude Stein, that the latter 'has given us the Word, in and for itself.' Again Brancusi's name appears alongside a member of this Parisian network, with his eggs being invoked in the same sentence, praised for their 'evangelistic import', as Loy wonders if life might not be lovelier should the individual not be 'constantly overjoyed by the sublimely *pure* [my emphasis] concavity of your wash bowls. The tubular dynamics of your cigarette?'[334] This focus on form, writes Loy, has led to modernism having 'democratized the subject matter […] of art' by leaving open space for interpretation and 'making a demand for a creative audience'.[335] It is how this demand is made which is the primary concern of the essay, which, while ostensibly focussed on Stein, is better read as a reflection on what modernism is doing through what is commonly perceived as a process of abstraction. Stein, argues Loy, achieves the 'unsheathing of the fundamental' through a process of 'dexterous discretion in the placement and replacement of her phrases, of inversion of the same phrase sequences'.[336] The effect, according to Loy, is to achieve an aesthetic comparable to primitive art and sculpture, an aesthetic in which rephrasing, restating, and repetition, are employed in an act of atavism. Loy sees in modernism the desire to wonder what kind of meaning anything at all can possess without the reliance by its perceiver on pre-existing knowledge. This desire, she imagines, manifests itself in an aesthetic effort to 'track intellection back to the embryo', to arrive at a state of purity.[337]

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[333] Hemingway, *A Moveable Feast* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 2009), p.102
[334] Mina Loy, "Gertrude Stein" in Lawrence Rainey ed. *Modernism: An Anthology* (Oxford: Blackwell, 2005): 432-437 (p. 437).
[335] Ibid., pp. 437 & 436.
[336] Ibid., p. 432.
[337] Ibid., p. 436.

Returning once more to Hemingway's invocation of Brancusi in relation to the aesthetics of the *corrida*, it should be of little surprise that it is the linearity of Brancusi's sculptures that interests Hemingway, since it is a linearity that he saw mirrored in the lines and geometry of bullfighting. This is exemplified in the sculpture invoked above, *Fish*, comprised of an irregular, bronze oval standing impossibly upright on a mirror (itself mounted on a wooden plinth reminiscent of the totemic sculptures of Brancusi's earlier work) which seems to defy viewing from a certain angle. In addition to the seemingly impossible angle at which the oval balances on the mirror, when regarded from this certain angle, the sculpture seems almost to disappear. So true, so taut are its lines, and in particular *the* line of the 'fish', that the sculpture causes its viewers to question the veracity of their vision, to adjust their own line of sight. So true is the line of Brancusi's *Fish*, then, that it becomes *the* line against which viewers must set their own, *the* line against which all others are measured. This is a line intended to evade, too; a line cast in bronze which, under the play of light the material effects, makes it seem like the fish is constantly slipping away.

The beauty of Brancusi's *Fish* then, lies in the perception of that deviation, in the implicit suggestion of imperfection within the perfect line. It is this internalisation of its own imperfection, of the potential for its own destruction, which Leiris cites as the fulcrum on which the beauty of any artform rests. Taking Baudelaire as his point of departure in this regard, Leiris argues that the idea of beauty based upon 'a static mix of contraries' is defunct. Instead, the presence of beauty is contingent upon not only the 'bringing into contact of opposed elements, but their very antagonism'.[338] In other words, the thing that is beautiful must contain within it that which threatens the integrity of that beauty; beauty cannot be conceived of without the potential for its defilement. Leiris conceives of this through the dichotomy of right and left: the right representing the 'immortal, sovereign, plastic beauty' and the left being comprised of that which is 'sinister, siding with misfortune, accident, sin.'[339] Leiris conceives the dissolution of this dichotomy in the bullfight as the tangency of two lines, 'an equivocal struggle' between 'the straight line and the curved, a marriage of the rule and its exception.'[340] In the bullfight there is a union of opposites, made clearly distinct from the notion of a simple contrast. The beauty of the bullfight does not depend upon the contrast between man and bull then, but rather on the coming together of what Leiris categorises as the left and the right, on a brief moment of tangency between man and bull.

Central to Leiris' understanding of the meaning and importance of the bullfight is the position it holds outside of the realms of both sport and aesthetics. For Leiris, the *corrida* is elevated above both

[338] Leiris, p. 34.
[339] Ibid., p. 35.
[340] Ibid., p. 36.

by its quasi-religious aura, and he rejects lazy invocations of an early twentieth-century turn towards the 'aesthetics' of bullfighting: '[a] good deal of ink has been spilt,' writes Leiris, over the 'aesthetic torero'. The problem created by this obsession, according to Leiris, is in the very fact that it attempts to situate bullfighting as an art by encouraging the 'idea of a tauromachy in which the strictly aesthetic element predominates'. He considers such readings dangerous, since they hold the potential to diminish the *corrida*, to make it analogous with the shallow performance that Leiris considers contemporary dance to have become since it 'lost all religious meaning.'[341] The verb 'spilt', here, speaks to the carelessness with which the aesthetics of bullfighting had been written about, the disregard with which bullfighting's ability to 'sink its roots in a terrain foreign to the strictly aesthetic realm' is treated.[342] In attempting to elucidate the nature of this duality Leiris turns to that oft-heralded harbinger of modernism, Charles Baudelaire, for whom beauty must be comprised of the appearance of an ideal in which a flaw or a defect is concealed but remains extant. That is to say that, in the bullfight, beauty is called into being by the threat of its potential destruction; as Leiris puts it 'for Baudelaire, no beauty would be possible without something accidental intervening (a misfortune, or a contingency of modernity) which extricates the beautiful from its glacial stagnation.'[343] It is here that Leiris invokes the concept of line as representative of the ideal placed under threat. This ideal appears repeatedly, at every pass the *matador* makes, if he makes it correctly; indeed, the precision of the contortions effected by the *matador* makes him seem otherworldly. As Leiris expresses it, more succinctly than possible through any paraphrase:

> In the tauromachic pass the *torero*, in short, with his calculated twists and turns, his skill, his technique, represents a superhuman geometric beauty, the archetype, the Platonic idea.[344]

Hemingway spoke to this existence of the Platonic in bullfighting, arguing that the bullfighter himself was a 'paragon'. Though Hemingway was, as has been thoroughly explored in an earlier chapter, gauging the bullfighter's value as a man in this statement, there is undoubtedly significance in bullfighting being so repeatedly cited as a locality in which Platonic paragons are on display. That these citations were made in an artistic period characterised in part by a preoccupation with the need 'to refine, to clarify, to intensify' is doubly symbolic.[345] Frequently, bullfighting seemed to be invoked as a metaphor not only for the subjects that pervaded artistic and literary production in the modernist era, but often as a template for the abstract hallmarks of the creative process itself. Indeed, if the labyrinth served as a pertinent metaphor for Joycean modernism's attempt at

[341] Ibid., p. 30
[342] Ibid., p. 33.
[343] Ibid., p. 34.
[344] Ibid., p. 38.
[345] William Carlos Williams, "Spring and All", in *The William Carlos Williams Reader*, ed. M.L Rosenthal (New York: New Directions, 1966), p.322.

containing the entropic nature of modernity, the bullfight became a reflection of more taut mode of modernism. Its lines, its repetition, its recasting and reordering of passes, made it a reification of a type of written practice that was more concerned with controlling than containing.

Literary cubism, a strand of modernism closely associated with Gertrude Stein, is a prime example of a mode of writing that bears close analogy to the abstract aesthetics of bullfighting. Given its emergence out of the fertile modernist soil of Paris in the first two decades of the twentieth century, and her own conductive role in its development, Stein and her brother Leo were closely associated with the movement from its nascent stages, in part due to her affinity with Picasso. The exchange of influence was reciprocal, with Picasso seemingly having as much influence on Stein's writing as she exerted over his painting. Perhaps Stein's delight in reordering fragments of sentences, recalibrating the cadences of phrases, and refining the intricacies of speech, can be partly attributed the influence of cubist framing and fragmentation. As cubism exploded modes of representation, rejecting prevailing nineteenth century standards of pictorial syntax, so Stein experimented with and fundamentally altered the way in which words were ordered on page. Randa Dubnick, writing in her landmark study of Stein *The Structure of Obscurity*, argued that Roman Jakobson's analogy between language and cubist painting can aid readers in attempting to understand Stein's work. Jakobson drew a distinction between two modes of figurative language: metaphor and metonymy. For Jakobson, 'the predominance of one or the other of these two processes is by no means confined to verbal art.'[346] Jakobson argued that the same conference and struggle occurred in systems other language and proffered the most 'salient' example in visual arts as being 'the manifestly metonymical orientation of cubism, where the object is transformed into a set of synecdoches.' This analysis of cubist art could be applied to bullfighting just as readily; there are a number of pertinent examples of this, but perhaps the most recognisable is the *matador* (a specific *type* of bullfighter) comes to stand for all *toreros* (comprised of picadors, banderilleros and *matadors*). Dubnick goes on to argue that Jakobson's hypothesis can provide an analytical lens through which to examine the 'two kinds of obscurity Stein produced in *The Making of Americans* and *Tender Buttons* phases'.[347] She proceeds to extend the limits of Jakobson's utility by suggesting that these two distinct forms of verbal obscurity in Stein are mirrored in the discrete phases of analytic and synthetic cubism, drawing a direct correlation between Stein's emerging style and the development of cubism.

The body of critical discourse around Stein and her aesthetic relationship with cubism is heavy, perhaps bloated. However, the point is nonetheless useful for thinking about how bullfighting might help to understand Stein's aesthetic project. Like the cubist artist, the *matador* seeks to arrange his

[346] Roman Jakobson, *Studies on Child Language and Aphasia* (The Hague: Mouton, 1971), p. 69.
[347] Randa Dubnick, *The Structure of Obscurity: Gertrude Stein, Language and Cubism* (Urbana and Chicago: University of Illinois Press, 1984), p. 15.

movements (the equivalent of a painter's brushstrokes) into geometrical units. The very same thing occurs in Stein's prose: to put it in mathematical terms, if a sentence can be analogous to a simultaneous equation, Stein showed her working out; she laid out each variation, and in so doing provided the reader with a quite literal multi-perspectival view of her language. So cubism aimed to give its viewer multiple perspectives. Its painting did not attempt to reproduce or imitate familiar pictorial conventions. The relationship between proportion perspective and chiaroscuro, for example were fragmented, whilst mimetic representation was eschewed in favour of an attempt to present the world experientially. Just as cubism was, in part, an effort to encourage new ways of seeing, so in many ways was Stein writing a nudge towards new ways of reading. David Antin has argued, 'of all the writers in English only Gertrude Stein seems to have had a thorough understanding of how profoundly Cubism opened up the possibilities of *representation*'.[348] This assertion is countered in Dubnick's consideration, which argues instead that Stein's relationship with cubism is better understood as one of shared concern rather than direct influence. Put simply, she argues that for Stein the attraction of cubism lay in its concern (which she already shared) 'about what art was and should be for the twentieth century', but we could just as easily apply this sentiment to any of the writers and artists treated in this thesis. What is clear, however, is that both Stein and her cubist counterparts saw the need for an art that was interested in and driven by the process of direct perception. Stein's understanding of the individual moment of perception became a preoccupation, which was often identified in her work as repetition. Despite the term's easy application, Stein took umbrage with any effort to describe her style as being founded upon a process of repetition, preferring the term 'insistence'. In her opinion, this was a question of the extent to which experience was dictated by perception, which she hoped to capture in isolation, devoid of the vagaries of memory; for Stein, repetition was simply not possible in the reception of art. For one thing the artist and his object were, however minutely, always changed in each individual moment; consequently, no moment of perception could ever be repeated, since repetition implies a precise copy. In her lecture "Portraits and Repetition", she outlines the way in which the perceived and the perceiver undergo minor alterations in each moment of perception, thus always creating a new point of emphasis, a new particularity to the moment of perception. This particularity, this emphasis, is what Stein termed 'insistence'.

> Is there repetition or is there insistence…. There is no such thing as repetition. And really how can there be … repetition… once started expressing this thing, expressing anything there can be no repetition because the essence of that expression is insistence, and if you insist you must each time use emphasis and if you use emphasis it is not possible while anybody is alive that they should use exactly the same emphasis….[349]

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[348] David Antin, "Some Questions About Modernism", *Occident*, n.s. 8 (Berkley: University of California, Spring 1974): 7-38 (p.13).
[349] Gertrude Stein, "Portraits and Repetition" in *Lectures in America* (Boston: Beacon Press, 1935): 165-208 (p. 166-167)

Perhaps this interest in the nature of direct perception, then, is the source of Stein's interest in bullfighting. After all, the bullfight was the very essence of an immediate art form; it was, and is, a spectacle that moved at such velocity that no reflection or dwelling on individual moments could occur. Moreover, the *corrida* emphasised its own immediacy through the potential of oblivion in each and every artistic flourish. That is to say that immediacy is brought into conflict with its opposite: nothingness. Indeed, even in the intricate passes made by the *matador* during the cape work, the importance of the artist's perception of his object is paramount for the integrity of the artist, both in a corporeal and an artistic sense; a perception that is contaminated by external factors, or by the inaccuracies of memory, could prove fatal. The *matador* perceives the movement of the bull at the very moment it charges, before adjusting his line in an attempt to force it into a geometrical syntax.

The repeated lines and rearranged syntax that became the signature of Stein's writing spoke to multi-perspectival visual art that cubism had engendered. Stein's work sought to repeat and vary the line, searching for new ways of expressing the same thing, searching for the absolute perfection of line. The effect produced is comparable to that created by a hall of mirrors: the same line repeated back with sight variation in each reflection of the original. Thinking back to Brancusi's Fish sculpture mentioned earlier, we might consider it a tangible representation of this very phenomenon. The mirror upon which the sculpture rests serves no other aesthetic purpose than to reflect back the line of the fin, to multiply the perspectives from which the same line can be viewed. Stein's writing is characterised by a reordering of syntactical arrangements and repetition of sentences at different vantage points within narratives – sometimes verbatim, but more often than not with just mild variations. Simultaneously, there seemed also to be a cleansing of individual linguistic units, the purification of the word (as Loy put it) in itself. It would be fair to say that in the early part of her career, Stein's reputation outside of the Paris coteries she orchestrated was unstable to say the least, but by the mid-1930s when *Death in the Afternoon* was published, she was beginning to enjoy a more widespread and concrete reverence from both her contemporaries and a wider audience. One example of this can be seen in William Carlos Williams' 1934 review of the *Four Saints in Three* Acts opera composed by Virgil Thomson, for which Stein had composed the libretto. Though Williams was largely unimpressed by Thomson's efforts with the music, he found himself profoundly moved by the clarity and effulgence of Stein's language, describing it as 'smashing every connotation that words have ever had, in order to get them back clean.'[350] Call it cleanliness, call it purity, Stein's reworking and refining of language and its syntax spoke to the same conceptual concern of linearity that became a hallmark of modernism's engagement with the *corrida*.

[350] William Carlos Williams, *Selected Essays* (New York: Random House, 1954), p. 161.

Given Stein's influence over Hemingway in the early phase of his career, it is unsurprising that many critics have detected in the latter's work a penchant for the aesthetic principles of cubism. It is certainly true that Hemingway admitted Stein's influence into his work. It is almost impossible *not* to discern her influence in his first book, *In Our Time*, whilst one of his first published short stories "Up in Michigan" appears to be consciously imitative of what has been called her 'repetition', but what Stein herself maintained constituted a form of 'insistence'. Writing about Stein's formative influence on Hemingway in a 1984 article, Ann B. Moore uses a passage from *The Sun Also Rises* read alongside Stein's "Melanctha" to examine their respective use of repetition. What Moore argues is that 'whereas [Stein] experiments for different ways to phrase a sentence, Hemingway searches for different angles from which to project an idea.'[351] According to Moore, then, Stein's is a mode of repetition that seeks to be *read* in different ways, to be received in different ways, whilst Hemingway's is a mode of writing that strives towards an absolute, towards an ideal, and attempts to find that ideal from a number of varying angles. This is an interesting distinction for a number of reasons, but not least for the illuminating it effect it has when attempting to read these two authors in light of the parallel artforms that were supposedly influential to their work. If we look at Moore's interpretation of Stein's writing, it is clearly imbued with a preoccupation with Stein's interest in cubism, arguing as it does that Stein's is a mode of writing that attempts to force the reader into a multi-perspectival encounter with the text. Hemingway, on the other hand, is constantly on the search for different angles from which to project an idea. The invocation of geometrical language here is uncanny, striking as it does to the heart of the mathematical precision with which both Hemingway supposed he approached the page and Belmonte claimed that the twentieth-century bullfighter approached the sand of the *plaza de toros*. To restate the mantra Belmonte made regarding the attitude of the *matador* in the bullring in authorial terms: "You stand there, and the language does not move you – if you know how to write.' It is impossible not to mention here the bizarre coincidence that Hemingway produced all of his writing standing up, making the bastardization of Belmonte's words all the more fitting, all the more resonant.

There is a direct link back to Leiris here, whose own understanding of the power relations in the bullfight seemed to indicate a tendency to analogise the writer's relationship to language to the *matador*'s relationship to the bull. Considering the symbolic role the *corrida* played in Leiris' career as a writer, Nathan Guss's 2009 article argues that the *matador's* struggle to establish dominion over the bull in the ring 'prompts [Leiris] to 'think about language as a system whose meanings ultimately exceed the writer's command.'[352] Such a reading, Guss contends, speaks to the tendency of both

[351] Ann B. Moore, "Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises* and Stein: A Stylistic Approach", *Kanina: Revista de Artes y Letras de la Universidad de Costa Rica*, 8.1-2, 1984: 111-117 (p.112).
[352] Nathan Guss, "Danger and Literature: Michel Leiris and The Corrida", *Modern Language Notes*, 124:4, September 2009: 951-969 (p. 953).

bullfighting and autobiographical writing to 'threaten the boundaries of the self'.[353] The relationship is premised on the risk inherent in both practices: for the bullfighter this risk is corporeal, of course, whilst for the writer there is an intellectual risk inherent in the process of writing, particularly autobiographically. Guss goes on to suggest that, rather than 'sculpting the self, writing explodes it'.[354] The Dionysian undertones of such a statement are self-evident, but what is perhaps most interesting is Guss' choice of the verb 'sculpt' to encapsulate the self-fashioning undertaken in the process of writing. According to Guss' reading of Leiris, the implication of the bullfighting analogy is that while the writer may attempt to 'sculpt' the self, he succeeds only in exploding that selfhood upon the page. The *matador* runs the same risk in the bullring, of course, as he attempts to sculpt the bull into a fitting state in which he can be finally killed in the *estocada*.

One of the most interesting aspects of Guss' essay on Leiris' use of the *corrida* as a metaphor for writing is his rereading of Hemingway's estimation of its capacity for suggestion. Guss notes rightly that Leiris probably borrowed Hemingway's reading of the bullfight as tragedy, but he also notices a more nuanced line of influence that has previously been overlooked. Like Leiris, Hemingway was also concerned with the geometrical aspects of the bullfight. In *Death in the Afternoon* he interrogates the tension the *matador* feels in negotiating between the 'highly dangerous' and the 'geometrically possible'. Moreover, in the posthumous *The Dangerous Summer*, published in 1985 but written between 1958 and 1959, Hemingway argues that bullfighting is 'as pure as mathematics, and as warm, as exciting and as stirring as love.'[355] The concept of purity being invoked once more here is significant, however; for Guss' argument this tension between the 'pure' and the 'stirring', or the 'dangerous' and the 'geometrical', is imperative. Just as Nietzsche found a fusion of the Apollonian and Dionysian in Wagnerian opera, so Leiris argues that this contact between the two occurs within the bullfight. Crucially, in the *corrida*, this contact is ephemeral, and no lasting amalgamation occurs; the *matador* performs pass after pass, momentarily appearing to come into contact with the bull. The result of such erratic contiguity therefore leaves the spectator in a state of flux, experiencing, as Guss puts it, 'the depths of their beings' in an intermittent fashion. Put in another way, no sooner do the Dionysian and Apollonian seem to come into contact in the *corrida* than each beats a retreat from the other. Or rather, in the context of the bullfight, the Apollonian evades the Dionysian in the process of each pass the *matador* performs. That this evasion is executed at the latest possible moment is crucial, made doubly so by the proximity of the bullfighter to the bull. Thus the space between the bull and *matador* is charged with a frisson that radiates to the spectator, a frisson that threatens (or promises) the possibility of the dissolution of multiple selves., and yet ultimately showcases the dominion of the artist over his material.

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[353] Ibid., p. 952.
[354] Ibid. p. 953.
[355] Ernest Hemingway, *The Dangerous Summer* (New York: Scribner,1985), p. 130.

The majority of the bullfight is an undulation between moments of profound danger interspersed with and alleviated by relative safety, between the Apollonian and the Dionysian, between chaos and order. The bullfighter poses in a rigid, flawless arrangement of selfhood up until the moment at which the bull passes, threatening to disrupt that arrangement in a violent, irrevocable fashion. Concurrently, the spectators to the scene are constantly and momentarily haled into the depths of their beings, before being swiftly and decisively drawn back out of this state as the moment of danger passes without direct contact, without the detonation of selfhood that would be the result of such a collision. So, as the bullfighter's life is threatened with the increased proximity to the bull's horns, so does the spectator experience that threat to selfhood, at least vicariously, in a recurring moment of existential crisis. It is worth returning to Hemingway again here, not least in order to demonstrate that the aesthetics of Nietzschean modernism may well be at play in Hemingway's own perception the conflict between his platonic – or Apollonian – ideal of man articulated, and the disordered, Dionysian, chaos represented by the bull. Hemingway perceives this interaction as a vehicle for the Dionysian experience in the spectator. Indeed, in the oft-quoted and previously invoked passage from *Death in the Afternoon* in which Hemingway describes the effect of the *faena*, this idea is made abundantly clear. Hemingway writes of the spectator's unquenchable desire to see the 'faena that takes a man out of himself and makes him feel immortal while it is proceeding.' The important distinction made in this passage is, of course, that it is not the bullfighter who experiences this phenomenon but the spectator. Placing aside the questionable exclusion of women spectators in this feeling, what Hemingway is indisputably describing is the Dionysian and Apollonian conflict and the profound impact this exerts over individuals witnessing an artform through which this conflict is mediated.

Crucially, what Hemingway suggests is that the crowd is not identifying with the *matador*, but rather that the crowd in some way recognises itself in the bull. Indeed, as much as the *faena* is capable of 'moving all the people in the ring together', the bullfighter, the Apollonian, remains in control to the end by his capacity to play 'on the crowd through the bull'. The key inclusion of the preposition 'through' here exudes an air of vicariousness; Hemingway appears to suggest here that the crowd are in some way passive recipients of the *matador's* art. In other words, the experience of the Dionysian moment is prompted and intensified at the will of the Apollonian; the latter is in complete control of the proceedings, simply *allowing* the Dionysian apparent ascendancy only momentarily. Guss notices a similar perception of the retention of control in the realm of the Apollonian in his reading of Leiris' work on the *corrida*. Whilst for Hemingway the key moment of the *faena* is in the bullfighter's recognition of the response he has managed to elicit from the crowd, for Leiris the pivot occurs at

the moment at which the bull forces the bullfighter to swerve, upsetting in the process the 'perfect symmetry of the matador's motions'. As Guss puts it:

> The key moment for Leiris is the swerve the bull imparts to the perfect symmetry of the matador's motions. It is this combination of two different kinds of movements, the Apollonian with the Dionysian, that allows spectators to witness and live the brief instant that nearly integrates their two fundamental elements.[356]

In attempting to theorise Leiris' response to the aesthetics of the *corrida* through a Nietzschean lens, Guss argues that Leiris creates a synonymy between the words 'left' and 'right' as put against their proposed counterparts 'Dionysian' and 'Apollonian'. Crucially, where Hemingway sees the *matador* as being in almost constant control of both the bull and the crowd throughout the bullfight – and certainly throughout the process of the *faena* – Leiris appears to suggest that the bull's power to force the *matador* to 'swerve' to 'the left' implies a momentary weakening of the *matador's* dominion and, by extension, the prepotence of the Apollonian. This recalibration of the bullring's jurisdiction is fugitive, however, and towards the end of the work, Leiris suggests something quite different. In the final act of the *corrida,* the spectator bears witness to the 'final reconstitution of the right' as 'all the death that seemed, during the various passes, to be logically reserved for the *torero*' is delivered to the bull during the *estocada*.[357] Finally, the successful *estocada* appears at first to symbolise the triumph over the Dionysian by the Apollonian. That is, the work of the bullfighter seems homologous to that of the writer or sculptor, in that all strive to shape their respective materials, to bring them into a certain order.

However, just like the writer's language or the sculptor's 'raw' materials, the bull resists any straightforward shaping; indeed, the resistance of the bull is potentially more 'explosive' than that of these other materials. The narrative of the bullfight testifies to this resistance and its challenge to the Apollonian mastery for which the bullfighter strives. To wit: with each successful pass, the *matador* sculpts his own image in the direction of an ideal, and with every failed or fumbled pass he risks, increasingly, dissolution. It is clear that what is being shaped, then, is not only the bull but the *matador* also. This mutual shaping, this risk, and the emergent suggestion that the artist and his work cannot strictly be distinguished, hierarchically or otherwise, inflect the bullfight with a recognisably Dionysian character, testifying to Nietzsche's contention that one term of the Apollonian/Dionysian dyad can never finally be subsumed under the terms of the other.

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[356] Guss, p. 954.
[357] Leiris, p. 60.

According to Guss' reading of Leiris, the frisson inherent in this risk engenders 'a Dionysian joy at this loss of self and the explosive, creative, evocative power of the signifier.'[358] Far from the symbolism of the bullfight being parochial, then, its ambit is potentially infinite, as Riding contended. Each pass is potentially crucial, in just the same way that each word, sentence or even morpheme in a piece of writing can wholly alter its import; and the *matador* has no more sovereign control over the consequence of his movements than does the writer over the interpretation of his words. We might here, in conclusion of this chapter, return to Mina Loy for elucidation. 'Like all modern art,' wrote Loy, 'this art of Gertrude Stein makes a demand for a creative audience, by providing a stimulus, which although it proceeds from a complete aesthetic organization, leaves unlimited latitude for personal response.'[359] Perhaps this sentiment captures best the aesthetic model that the *corrida* provided to modernism. Its striving towards clean, straight, distilled lines was mirrored in the aesthetic projects of Stein, Hemingway, Pound and Brancusi. To go further still, we might alter Loy's statement somewhat. We might remove the reference to Gertrude Stein, and replace her name with Belmonte's, or we might replace it with 'bullfighting'. Either would be fine.

[358] Guss, p.953.
[359] Loy, in *Modernism: An Anthology*, p. 436.

## Chapter IV

### Bullfighting after Modernism: The Hemingway Complex

Woody Allen's 2011 film, *Midnight in Paris*, provides a telling example of the manner in which bullfighting is habitually invoked as an appendage in cultural references and allusions to Hemingway. The film portrays the experience of its protagonist, Gil Pender, a Hollywood screenwriter and aspiring novelist who, during a trip to Paris with his fiancée, finds himself transported back in time to the 1920s each night at midnight. In these oneiric sequences, Pender encounters several notable writers and artists of the modernist era. After meeting Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald at a party that is being thrown for Jean Cocteau, Pender accompanies his new acquaintances to the famous Polidor restaurant on the Left Bank of the city.[360] Upon entering the establishment, Scott Fitzgerald greets and introduces Pender to another, as yet anonymous, patron. As Scott speaks, the camera faces him directly from the perspective of the addressee, simulating the latter's field of vision. The camera angle switches to reveal the face of their new companion at the same instant as he announces his name: 'Hemingway'.

The revelation of this name is greeted with stunned delight on the part of Pender, whose prior scepticism dissipates instantaneously. The utterance of the word, 'Hemingway', is interesting in isolation: the idea that Hemingway, who, at the point in time in which the film is set, remained relatively unknown outside of a small metropolitan literary coterie governed by Gertrude Stein, would introduce himself in such a way to a complete stranger is, frankly, somewhat absurd. Nevertheless, Allen is relying on the contemporary resonances of the word. The word 'Hemingway', in isolation, is loaded, polysemous even, and the film, as a text, relies on this polysemy, inviting the reader of the text to make free associations from its potential resonances. For example, we know that Hemingway was a habitual, sometimes excessive, drinker. Therefore, one of the associations the viewer is invited to make is the consumption of alcohol and, should the viewer fail to make this association of their own accord, a bottle of red wine and two glasses are placed strategically on the table at which Hemingway sits alone.

The presence of a second wine glass indicates that Hemingway has a companion, a companion who, at this stage, remains unidentifiable. But rather than presenting the viewer with the anonymous companion, what follows is a rather humorous and absurd monologue delivered by the Hemingway character, who, in response to Pender's stated admiration of his work, seems to assume that Pender is referring to *The Sun Also Rises* and continues thus:

[360] The Polidor is a restaurant on the Left Bank district of Paris frequented by Hemingway, Joyce and Gide among others during the 1920s. The restaurant still exists today.

> Yes it was a good book because it was an honest book and that's what war does to men and there's nothing fine and noble about dying in the mud unless you die gracefully and then it's not only noble but brave.[361]

Four more associations are made manifest in this mini-speech, the first of which is, of course, war. Many readers with a modicum of background knowledge about Ernest Hemingway's life will be aware of his participation in the Great War. Admittedly, this was a participation he was prone to overstating himself, and which is commonly and grossly overstated in critical and popular discourse on the writer. Moreover, several of his novels hold war at their thematic epicentres or are set during wartime. Fewer people, perhaps, are aware of the exact nature of Hemingway's involvement in the war, an involvement limited to non-combat duties as an ambulance driver. This disconnect between what people *think* they know about Hemingway and the truth is symptomatic of the way in which his legacy has been constructed. As Andrew O'Hagan wryly notes, '[t]here was a gap between what Ernie wanted to happen and what actually happened to him – a vacuum that could only be occupied by myth.'[362] Allen's invocation of war here does, of course, mean the indirect invocation of a complex notion of mythical masculinity at the heart of militarism. Yet, if this is the intention, then the invocation does seem to miss the mark somewhat. If we are to assume that Hemingway's thought held at its core some touchstone of ideal masculinity, then the nature of that ideal would, it seems, be founded on the exhibition of particular qualitative composites that invariably include the attributes 'bravery', 'grace' and 'nobility'. Returning to the statement made by the Hemingway character in this scene of *Midnight in Paris*, one is forced to ask the question of how a living creature might succeed in dying gracefully. In so doing, the first distinction to make explicit is between 'gracefulness' as an aesthetic quality of a given physical act on the one hand, and 'grace' as a social or religious virtue on the other. When Hemingway writes about 'grace under pressure', and when 'grace under pressure' is invoked in critical discussion of Hemingway's work, it is always the former connotation being invoked. Moreover, another crucial distinction should be made between gracefulness, nobility and bravery. Whilst there may be an extent to which the latter two are being ascribed as aesthetic qualities (metaphorically so in this instance), there is room for ambiguity. There can be little doubt, however, that in this context the adverb 'gracefully' confers a modifying aesthetic onto the action of dying. In this and almost every context, gracefulness (as opposed to grace in the social context) expressed adverbially is an aesthetic merit-term signalling a positive aesthetic value.

The most salient conclusion to draw from this statement, then, is that a death befallen in an aesthetically pleasing manner can be described as being both brave and noble. This seems a simple enough conclusion at which to arrive; what is missing from the pronouncement is any attempt to substantiate

[361] Woody Allen, *Midnight in Paris*, Sony Pictures Home Entertainment, 2011.

[362] Andrew O'Hagan "Issues for His Prose Style", *London Review of Books*, 7 June 2012: 6-8 (p.6).

the gracefulness read into the death; there is no condition upon which the evaluation of gracefulness rests. This is antithetical to the standardised way in which aesthetic judgements are made, where the observer/critic will attempt generally to qualify their aesthetic evaluation with recourse to invoking other, non-aesthetic features possessed by the object under scrutiny. In this case the qualifying relationality is inverted: rather than the gracefulness of the act being dependent on the bravery and nobility required in its execution, bravery and nobility are cited as the direct consequence of the gracefulness of the act. With this in mind, and if we take the adjective 'graceful' to mean something closely connected to a fluidity and elegance of bodily movement, then we can accept the proposition that it may indeed be possible to die gracefully, that the notion is not preposterous. Indeed, as an aesthetic concept, gracefulness does not necessitate intentionality on the part of the thing to which it is being ascribed, though intentionality may be present. We might, for instance, ascribe a certain gracefulness to the way water races, converges and veers across a glass window, or to the way a leaf falls and flutters from a tree. Equally legitimately, though, we might appreciate and apply the adjective 'graceful' to the performance of a ballerina, whose movements are intended to convey gracefulness, who moves with a grace that, as far as objectivity is possible in matters of aesthetic judgment, can be objectively observed. In the case of death, however, the question of intentionality is, largely, immaterial. At the point of death the sentient living being that is dying is no longer conscious of its movements and cannot be acting intentionally. Clearly this does not preclude the process of dying from possessing an ascribable gracefulness, nor does it disqualify the moment of the death itself from being described as graceful.

The source of this notion of dying gracefully, uttered by Allen's fictional representation of Hemingway, is not difficult to locate. As has been implied earlier, the phrase would appear to be a derivation from Hemingway's oft-quoted maxim of 'grace under pressure', supposedly being his conception of the true mark of masculinity. This latter phrase was first articulated in a 1926 letter to Fitzgerald, who at the time, and for many years after, remained a close friend with whom Hemingway corresponded regularly. The problem made clear by the example above is that references to the phrase are often made without anchoring it to the context of its utterance. This is partly because, out of its context, it is a particularly useful catchall fragment for those seeking to stitch together the gaps in the discursive caricature of Hemingway recognised by most observers. It is worth reproducing the full passage in which the phrase was first articulated; seen in context, it is clear that when Hemingway first wrote of 'grace under pressure', he was referring primarily to the way in which the bullfighter reacts to a charging bull. He was not only referring specifically to physical gracefulness, but also marrying this idea to the practice of bullfighting. In the letter, referring to Fitzgerald having recounted one of his statements about bullfighting to Gerald Murphy, Hemingway wrote:

> It makes no difference your telling G Murphy about bull fighting [sic] statement except will be careful about making such statements. Was not referring to guts but something else. Grace under pressure. Guts never made any money for anybody except violin string manufacturers.[363]

In this excerpt, Hemingway laments a lack of declarative care when making some earlier statement about bullfighting, and takes pains to assure Fitzgerald that this statement did not refer to guts (itself a metaphor for bravery or courage), but rather to 'something else'. What Hemingway had intended to refer to, he states, was this notion of 'grace under pressure': a quality that he had seen most clearly in the *plazas des toros* of Spain. It should not go unnoticed that the closing sentence of this excerpt speaks once more to many of the issues drawn out of Hemingway's taurine literature in chapter two, focussing as it does on the link between physical performance and financial remuneration. *Matadors* are paramount for Hemingway because they face the 'pressure' of their imminent death through a controlled exhibition of graceful movements, all the while resisting succumbing to that pressure and retaining the gracefulness of their performance. The fundamental misunderstanding of Hemingway in wider popular culture – a misunderstanding made profoundly evident in *Midnight in Paris* – is that 'grace under pressure' can be used as a catchall phrase to be applied to all 'heroic' endeavours or acts of bravery, or still further, to Hemingway's prose style. The way in which this letter is misrepresented in the Allen film is important for a number of reasons, not least in its ability to typify the manner in which Hemingway is so persistently quoted out of context. Even more significant, perhaps, is the tendency in popular culture to confuse or amalgamate a variety of different concepts and themes written about or discussed in his work. Finally, *Midnight in Paris* represents the example *par excellence* of how the specificity of Hemingway's writing is often lost. Indeed, instead, the things Hemingway said and wrote about specific phenomena are appropriated freely and used to make more general statements about his work and legacy.

It is ironic then that, in his first known utterance of the phrase most habitually misappropriated in the discourse produced around his work, Hemingway should chide himself for not taking care with his words. For Hemingway there was, indeed, nothing brave or noble about dying in the mud; but there was also nothing graceful about it. Whether or not dying in the *plaza de toros* could ever be deemed graceful in Hemingway's terms is open to debate too; after all, in much of his fiction it is in those very moments where a *matador's* skill and dexterity (by which I mean gracefulness) fail him that he is most vulnerable to death. 'Grace under pressure' was simply a way of abbreviating the ability to overcome moments of intense adversity through the exhibition of gracefulness in physical action, and it was this

[363] Hemingway to F. Scott Fitzgerald, 20 April 1926, *Selected Letters,* p. 200.

ability to ensure the triumph of gracefulness (as embodied by the *matador*) over cumbersomeness (embodied by the bull) that Hemingway championed in bullfighters.

Returning to *Midnight in Paris* once more, it is no coincidence that in the wake of this reference to dying gracefully, the viewer is presented with yet another associative connection. As the Hemingway character engages in an argument with Zelda Fitzgerald, a fifth figure enters the frame. This figure, we assume, was the anonymous companion with whom Hemingway had been sharing his wine. The companion wears a dark suit and speaks in Spanish. As Zelda resolves to leave the restaurant in protest at the perceived affront Hemingway has caused her, she reveals his profession by announcing 'I'm going with the toreador.'[364] The revelation is only partial: the companion remains nameless, identified only by his profession and, more tellingly, the association of that profession with Hemingway. In the original manuscript of the screenplay, the companion does not remain anonymous to this point. In an exchange that presumably found its way to the cutting room floor after filming, the 'toreador' is sitting with Hemingway when Pender and the Fitzgeralds arrive. By way of introduction Hemingway tells his companion to 'say hello to Pender', before adding that 'the bulls in the ring don't frighten Belmonte – he's killed many brave ones. Fine brave bulls.'[365] The patronising tone of the instruction is obvious, unworthy perhaps of extended critical analysis beyond pointing to its existence. The scene was removed from the final version of the film, in any case, but this removal itself is interesting. I do not wish to speculate as to the reasoning behind its removal, only to say that the removal speaks to the closeness with which bullfighting is associated with Ernest Hemingway. Allen is aware that, even without this scene, even perhaps, without Zelda Fitzgerald's pronouncement 'I'm going with the toreador', the viewer would be capable of identifying at least the profession, if not the exact identity, of Hemingway's companion once they have seen and heard him. Indeed, with the scene described above having been cut, it is not until much later in film that we discover that the 'toreador' is in fact Juan Belmonte.[366]

Several more associations are hurriedly introduced at this point. Hemingway asks Pender if he likes Mark Twain, to which Pender responds with the suggestion that, arguably, all American literature is derived directly from *Huckleberry Finn*. This particular reference will be lost on most viewers, but those who have read *Green Hills of Africa* (1935) will note that Hemingway makes the very same argument in that particular work. Hemingway's response to Pender's pronouncement is to ask him if he boxes (a practice we know Hemingway engaged in, most notably with Ezra Pound), before enquiring what he is

[364] 'Toreador' is a rather antiquated term for the more modern 'torero', or bullfighter. The etymology of the word is somewhat vague, with some accounts suggesting that the term was originally applied to bullfighters on horseback. A likely scenario is that the term found its way into popular usage in the wake of Georges Bizet's opera *Carmen* (1875), which made the term famous through the composition "The Toreador Song".

[365] Woody Allen, *Midnight in Paris*. Final script. 2011. Drexler University Screenplay Library. Accessed 3 October 2012. http://www.pages.drexel.edu/~ina22/splaylib/Screenplay-Midnight_in_Paris.pdf.

writing about when Pender replies in the negative. As Pender describes his novel, which is about a man who works in a nostalgia shop, he does so reticently, asking if the idea sounds 'terrible'. At this point Hemingway launches into another mini-monologue, answering that: 'no subject is terrible if the story is true, if the prose is clean and honest and if it affirms courage and grace under pressure.'[367] The correct recitation of the maxim 'grace under pressure' in this speech is noteworthy, not least because it again makes (though unknowingly) that fundamental connection between the act of writing and the aesthetics of the bullfight, between the writer and the bullfighter. According to Hemingway, all good writing should affirm 'grace under pressure', and we are entitled to presume that the same can be said of all good bullfighting.

The film makes two further, notable allusions to bullfighting during its course, the first of which occurs in the second encounter between Hemingway and Pender. In this encounter, the boundaries between the theatres of the military battlefield and the bullring are blurred once more. The scene begins with Hemingway describing a scene from an unspecified conflict:

> The assignment was to take the hill. There were four of us. Five if you counted Vicente, but he had lost his hand when a grenade went off and couldn't fight as he could when I first met him and he was young and brave and the hill was soggy from days of rain, and it sloped down toward a road and there were many German soldiers on the road and the idea was to aim for the first group and if our aim was true we could delay them.[368]

When Stoll speaks the lines in the film he seems to impose an irregular system of punctuation to the lines, but they appear in the screenplay in the exact form in which I have replicated them above. Read aloud, it is true that they sound like an excerpt from a Hemingway novel. Their cadence seems designed to imitate Hemingway's later prose style, with its heavy reliance on linguistic parataxis. Indeed, the monotone in which Stoll delivers the lines seems to add another layer of aural parataxis to the words, creating a kind of sonic plateau. But these are not words from one of Hemingway's novels, nor are they purported to be (that is to say that, in the film's reality there is no suggestion from the Hemingway character that he is quoting from his writing). The somewhat preposterous suggestion appears to be that what we are bearing witness to is Hemingway retelling a defining or epiphanic anecdote to Pender. As has already been established, Hemingway's involvement in the Great War had limited to the experiences he garnered as a volunteer ambulance driver. He had seen little conflict and been directly involved in even less. Moreover, if we are to assume that the anecdote is from the Great War, which we surely are given the film's chronological setting, then the presence of the name 'Vicente' in this recollection would seem to imply a Spanish involvement in that war, though in fact Spain remained

[367] Ibid.

[368] Ibid.

neutral. If there is any verisimilitude in the story then it exists in Hemingway's involvement in the Spanish Civil War as a reporter. However, the fact that this war did not begin until 1936 – at least ten years later than the period in which film is ostensibly set – renders the lines meaningless. Clearly, then, surface meaning is not the motivating factor in their inclusion and, rather, they serve a practical function in the discursive framework of the film, which is intended to render a familiar version of Hemingway to the audience. The lines serve to introduce a discussion of death between the two characters that would otherwise seem overtly and excessively contrived. In this discussion Hemingway assures Pender that the latter will 'never write well' if he fears dying, before citing examples of people whose bravery (and, by extension, professional success) is founded on their indifference to death. The agent of this covetable indifference is, apparently, their ability to love correctly, or as it is put in the film, 'with passion':

> I believe that love that is true and real creates a respite from death. All cowardice comes from not loving or not loving well, which is the same thing and when the man that is brave and true looks death squarely in the face, like some rhino hunters I know, or Belmonte who is truly brave, it is because they love with sufficient passion to push death out of their minds, until it returns, as it does, to all men. And then you must make really good love again. Think about it.[369]

I would like to place aside this proposed causal link between loving with passion and the ability to encounter death without fear. It should be clear enough by now that this is yet another example of a statement made to reinforce a discursive construct of Hemingway, a discursive construct that has become a commonplace and with which the viewer will be conversant if not fluent. In the interests of clarity however, it is, perhaps, prudent to spell it out. Invoking sex in a conversation about the danger inherent in bullfighting and rhino hunting serves only to deepen the sense of these practices as tropes of a particular strain of hyper-masculinity, whilst simultaneously presenting Hemingway as a proponent of it. But this implication alone is largely incidental, and the most telling dimension of this exchange is the way in which, again, the practice of writing is drawn into correspondence with the practice of bullfighting. Indeed, it is possible to infer from this speech that the possibility of fighting bulls well is dependent on the bullfighter's indifference to death. Moreover, in the same sequence of the film the Hemingway character has informed Pender that the possibility of writing well is also predicated upon an indifference to death.

It is difficult to know just who is speaking here. Is it the scriptwriter, Allen, who has composed the words for the actor to deliver? Is it Corey Stoll, the actor playing Hemingway, whose every pause and lilt seems an attempt to mimic the perceived cadence of Hemingway's prose? If it is the latter, then where does this perception of Hemingway's cadence come from? Has he read Hemingway, and if he

[369] Ibid.

has, is it still possible to read Hemingway in a naïve way, to read him unfiltered? Perhaps it is an amalgam, a heteroglossia of nigh on a century's worth of critical discourse on that prose, a critical discourse which has ceaselessly emphasised certain adjectival idioms used within Hemingway's work by appropriating those terms when writing about it. Is it this heteroglossic voice, to place the idea in Bakhtinian terms, channelled through Allen's pen and uttered ventriloquially by Stoll? Does this film itself superimpose yet another layer of discourse onto the pre-existing discursive construct known simply as 'Hemingway'?[370] Perhaps it serves in another way, though, evincing the patchwork nature of this edifice, at once exposing its fragility as it attempts to hold together all of its fragmentary nuggets.

When bullfighting is invoked, the name that comes to mind is invariably that of Ernest Hemingway. When I first began thinking about this project, the narrow perception of what constituted the range of writing and art on and about bullfighting seemed to be one of the most complicated obstacles to overcome. Paradoxically, though, narrowness does, by its nature, imply an opening, does promise the presence of a fissure open to distention. In the second chapter of this thesis I touched briefly on the extent to which literary critics of the past half-decade began, almost unthinkingly, drawing a parallel between the aesthetic of the bullfight and the aesthetic of Hemingway's writing. In literary criticism on Hemingway's work, the techniques and processes of both writing and bullfighting have become virtually indistinguishable because, to aid in the description the aesthetic of Hemingway's writing, critics commandeered the very same terms used by Hemingway in his own descriptions of bullfighting. This critical practice reaches a kind of apotheosis in the kind of cultural reference typified by Allen's film. There are, it seems, several problems arising from the ubiquitous nature of this paradigm. If writing about Hemingway necessitates mentioning bullfighting, then is the reverse not true also? Is it not the case that, axiomatically, any reference to bullfighting possesses, within or without, some appended or suspended allusion to Hemingway? That is to say that, when writing about bullfighting, an author is invoking Hemingway whether or not he or she intends to do so, and that this invocation may, therefore, exist either explicitly or implicitly in the text.[371] This is the central problem with which writers coming after Hemingway were forced to contend. Indeed, Hemingway's presence is always discernible in works dealing with bullfighting as a major or minor subject matter. The list of major writers for whom this was a problem is significant, but the focus of this chapter will centre on the work of three writers: Raymond Carver, Charles Bukowski and Norman Mailer.

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[370] In the mid to late 1990s the American clothing company Gap ran a series of adverts in which they showed photographs of famous artists, writers and actors wearing khaki trousers accompanied with the tag line '[x] wore khakis'. The adverts used the images of several individuals including Pablo Picasso, Marilyn Monroe, Arthur Miller, Andy Warhol, Jean Cocteau, Allen Ginsberg, Jack Kerouac and, of course, Ernest Hemingway. Of all of the individuals cited (there were at least eighteen), only the taglines for the adverts featuring Hemingway and Kerouac neglected to use both first and second names. The tagline on the advert in which Ernest Hemingway featured read simply, 'Hemingway wore khakis'.

[371] At this point it is important to make the distinction that this may well not be the case in Spanish culture. That said, Hemingway does occupy a place in the national consciousness of the Spanish in connection to their bullfights and, indeed, a bust of the writer that was commissioned in 1968 to stand outside the bullring of Pamplona remains there today.

It is easy to see how these three names fit together, simple enough to comprehend the logic of combining their work under one critical discussion. All three are male, all three are American, and all three were borne of the literary period immediately following the supposed end of modernism. For American authors of the second half of the twentieth century (and I think it is permissible to suggest that this is particularly acute in male writers), Hemingway's was a legacy that haunted, that seemed to cast a shadow over their every written utterance.. It should be clear, therefore, that the purpose of analysing these three writers is not to attempt to draw them together under some unifying thematic or stylistic umbrella. Rather, in focussing specifically on these three writers, I am pointing to each of them as an example of a writer for whom the association of Hemingway with bullfighting (and perhaps more importantly, vice versa) poses a problem to be resolved.

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Coming to artistic consciousness as he did in the 1940s, it was almost inevitable that Hemingway would hold a major influence over the life and career of Norman Mailer. In 1939, aged just sixteen, Mailer enrolled at Harvard University, his enrolment coming just a year after Scribner's had collected and published Hemingway's first forty-nine short stories alongside his only play, *The Fifth Column*. This collection was testament to the vast body of work Hemingway had already produced in a career that was barely fifteen years old, and did not include the plethora of novels he had composed in the same period. While Mailer's original intention had been to study aeronautical engineering, he quickly became preoccupied with endeavours that were more literary. Indeed, he treated these endeavours with such a degree of seriousness as to become became a member of The Signet Society, an organisation explicitly devoted to the creation and practise of the arts, and of which both T.S. Eliot and John Updike also held memberships. Mailer quickly began enjoying literary success, too: an early composition, "The Greatest Thing In The World", won the *Story Magazine* college contest in 1941 and marked the beginning of a startlingly successful literary career.

Reading around the work Mailer was producing at this time, one's eye is frequently arrested by the unmistakable presence of Hemingway haunting his work. One story in particular, which was produced for one of Mailer's creative writing classes in the academic year running between 1941 and 1942, reveals this presence whilst simultaneously making prescient and self-conscious gestures towards the potential problems that this influence might pose to a young writer attempting to find an authentic and organic voice. On a diegetic level the story in question, entitled "A Clean Well-Ordered Life", relates an encounter between a hotel night clerk and two vagrants who have gained access to the hotel annexe in their efforts to find shelter for the evening. Whilst making his nightly rounds and taking a cigarette

break, the clerk, Elias, discovers these two vagrants, imaginatively named Jukebox and Tutti. Ostensibly, the story recounts Elias's efforts to fulfil his working duties and thereby force the vagrants to leave. Readers familiar with Hemingway's work will recognise in the title of Mailer's story a transparent appropriation of one of the former's most lionized stories, "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place" (1926). Indeed, in a hand-written post-script etched the manuscript version of the story, Mailer wrote the following explanation:

> I thought of this story one night when I'd finished writing for the night. There is no experience of mine in it except that I know all three of the types. The title is, of course, with apologies to Mr. Hemingway.[372]

Though Mailer's tutor failed to distinguish the specter of either the title or the spirit of the Hemingway story from which their student had derived his title, the intertextuality is clearly operating on several levels. On the very first page of the manuscript is a sentence that seems discordant with the rest of the story:

> It would be six hours until he could go off duty, and he didn't see how he could stay awake, but he needed the job so badly, and there wouldn't be any other chances to get any, but hell in June like this when there were no people in the hotel the job was just too damn boring.[373]

Mailer's tutor took issue with this sentence, noting in the margin that there was 'no point writing such a sloppy sentence.'[374] The sentence is indeed, as the tutor puts it, 'sloppy', but this sloppiness does not devoid it of any 'point', at least from Mailer's perspective. Mailer's sentence, coming at fifty-eight words in length, seems an to be an (admittedly rather unsuccessful) attempt to echo the long, paratactic sentences that had, by 1941, become a hallmark of Hemingway's writing and, more generally, of a certain brand of American modernism that included the work of Hemingway, Gertrude Stein, John Dos Passos and others. The utilisation of the colloquial exclamation 'hell' as a kind of pivot in Elias's mentation seems really to be a stylistic affectation modelled on the manner in which such interjections pock Hemingway's prose. Indeed, placing aside the way in which the two stories are interacting on a titular level, Mailer also appears to be attempting to place his story in a dialogue with Hemingway's in a far more sophisticated fashion. The stories are also surely being placed into dialogue with each other on both a stylistic and thematic level.

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[372] Norman Mailer, "A Clean Well-Ordered Life" (1941-42). Unpublished manuscript. Harry Ransom Center, University of Texas, Austin, TX. Norman Mailer Collection. Folder 5.1. n.p.

[373] Ibid., n.p.

[374] Ibid., n.p.

Each story focuses on three characters split ostensibly into two opposing factions. Like Elias in Mailer's story, who opposes the presence of the two vagrants, the waiters of "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place" are also perturbed by the occupancy of an unwanted presence at their place of work in the form of a nameless, deaf old man. On the surface, these oppositions are simple to comprehend: Hemingway's waiters wish to close their café in order to return home, whilst the old man, with no other place to go, wishes to remain in the café and continue drinking brandy. Similarly, Mailer's night-clerk wants the vagrants to leave the hotel since his position charges him with the responsibility of ensuring the security of the hotel and its grounds. In both stories, the continued presence of the unwanted visitors compels the workers into action, forcing them to carry out their working duties. In both situations the presence of one 'side' of the confrontation necessitates the presence of the other. The waiters are forced to remain in the café because of the old man's obstinacy, because of his desire to continue drinking. Put simply, he presents them with a problem that their work both requires to exist and will not allow them to solve. Likewise, Elias is forced out of a passive completion of the remaining hours of his shift, forced out of a routine of perfunctoriness, by the problem of the continued presence of Juke-box and Tutti. In both scenarios, it is the potentially interminable nature of the situation that forces a crisis. Both Elias and the younger of the two waiters in Hemingway's story invoke the notion of work in their objections to the presence of their respective antagonists. The younger waiter in Hemingway's story insists that the old man 'has no regard for those who must work,' before going on to complain 'I never get to bed before three o'clock' and asking 'what kind of hour is that to go to bed?'[375] The first complaint it inherently flawed, though, since it is clear that in order for the waiters to be employed in their profession they must first have customers to serve in their café: one entity calls the other into being. The same can be said of Elias and his vagrants. If the vagrants, or the prospect of vagrancy, did not exist, there would, presumably, be no requirement to employ a night watchman. Elias's task is to remove from his place of work the very agent of his occupational raison d'être, but this agent refuses to be moved. The same is true in "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place"; though, in this case, the threat of removal is made without recourse to contractual obligations as its justification. What is clear is this: both stories stage a conflict between a working subject's determination (the obfuscating nature of Elias seeming to act according to his contractual obligations precludes me from employing the term 'desire') and an agent of obtrusion to that determination. In one case, this agent forces the subject to work, and in the other, prevents the subject from carrying out his work fully. We might think of this conflict in other terms, then; we might suppose instead that, since Elias is working when trying to remove the men and the younger waiter is working as long the old man remains in the café, both Elias and the younger waiter are prevented from bringing their work to completion.

[375] Ernest Hemingway, "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place", in *The First Forty-Nine Stories* (London: Arrow, 2004), p. 355.

The appeal to the notion of work made by both Elias and the younger waiter – an appeal that suggests work as the motivating factor in their antagonistic attitudes – conceals an undisclosed issue complicating these confrontations still further. Elias's apparent reason for wishing that the vagrants would leave is rooted in his fear of being dismissed from his position of employment in the hotel as a direct consequence of failing to complete his work. As he explains to Juke-box and Tutti, losing the job will deny him the financial means with which to return to college in the coming fall. In "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place" the young waiter claims that the old man's prolonged presence in the café prohibits him from going home, simultaneously implying that, as a consequence, he will be physically unable to fulfil his waiterly duties in some undetermined future on account of sleep deprivation. However, as with Elias's reasoning, there appears also to be a subtext at the heart of the young waiter's objections to the old man's presence. Elucidating the nature of this subtext – and how it is echoed in Mailer's story – might help us to think with greater clarity about Mailer's relationship to Hemingway and how the complications of this relationship are staged in this early story.

In order to answer this question fully we might first have recourse to consider the question of authorial legacy, and, as an auxiliary consideration, the extent to which Hemingway is to Mailer at once both a source of inspiration *and* of antagonism. It will become clear, in other words, that Hemingway is both a catalyst for Mailer's work and an agent of obtrusion. That is not to say that Mailer found himself alone in this bind. Indeed, it would not seem fantastical to suggest that no other authorial legacy in the history of American literature has been the source of as much of what Harold Bloom termed anxiety of influence.[376] I would contend that Hemingway's spectral presence haunted the output of his American successors in a way unparalleled by any of his modernist contemporaries. Of course, it would be remiss of any critic who, when speaking about Hemingway's influence on American literature, failed to acknowledge the clear gender bias of this influence. Indeed, it is indisputable that the overwhelming majority of writers who felt themselves stifled under the burden of Hemingway's legacy, who felt a compulsion to respond to that pressure, were male. Clearly, this is not coincidental, and the causality behind this division can be (and has been) attributed almost entirely to the profound engagement with (and dramatization of) masculinities staged in much of Hemingway's writing. Mailer's story might be seen, in part, through this particular paradigm. Certainly his story foregrounds a confrontation not only of the type I have already described, but also of and between competing notions of masculinity that are complicated still further by a pronounced generational opposition. The taunting he receives from Tutti embarrasses Elias, centering as it does on Tutti's conjecture that the source of Elias's determination to remove them is his fear of cuckoldry: 'Whatsa matter you gotta kick us out?' asks Tutti, 'you afraid we'll

[376] Harold Bloom, *The Anxiety of Influence: A Theory of Poetry* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1997)

steal your best girl?'.[377] Despite 'his face getting hot and stupid', Elias is not, of course, afraid of any such thing; but this pointed reference brings into play a thematic discourse central to interpretations of Hemingway's writing.

Moreover, both stories stage this confrontation as being, in part, founded on a fundamental misunderstanding between representatives of successive generations of men. The younger waiter in "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place" resents the old man's elderliness. He reveals that he fears becoming old, that the old man reminds him of this inevitability, of the inevitability of repetition. He tells his colleague 'I wouldn't want to be that old. An old man is a nasty thing.'[378] Indeed, the younger waiter remains disdainful despite his older colleague's protestations, contending that this is 'not always the case', that 'this old man is clean'.[379] The deaf old man has no wife, nobody to whom he can return from the café, and the same is true of the older waiter. The latter, too, we discover, is 'one of those who like[s] to stay late at the café', a proclivity that is beyond the comprehension of the younger waiter, whose wife waits at home, for whom life has meaning outside of his work, outside of the café.[380] In a strikingly similar vein, Mailer's story makes frequent references to age as a fomenter in the confrontation between the men. As it becomes apparent that Elias intends on remaining resolute in his determination to complete his duties, Juke-box, the 'milder' and more phlegmatic of the two intruders, begins to patronise Elias, repeatedly referring to him as 'kid' before passing his final, gnomic judgment: 'You're younger than I thought, kid.'[381]

Why is this question of generational conflict important? Well, perhaps the answer lies in the fact that, in the inter-generational dynamic of both stories, the younger parties are fundamentally anxious. Their anxiety can be located in their fear of repeating the lives lived by men of the generation before them, of becoming the same as the men with whom they are thrown into confrontation in their places of work. To put this another way, their work throws them into confrontation with these men and with the possibility of repetition. Indeed, just as the younger waiter in Hemingway's story does not 'want to be that old', whose fear of ageing is reified by the old man's presence in the café (a presence he feels compelled to remove), so for Elias, the vagrancy of Tutti and Juke-box represents the culmination of a causal chain that may be put into effect if he does not remove them from the annexe. If he fails to remove them, he will lose his job. If he loses his job, he will be unable to return to college in the fall. Without a college education, he may become another Juke-box or another Tutti.

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[377] Mailer, "A Clean Well-Ordered Life", n.p.

[378] Hemingway, "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place", p. 356.

[379] Ibid., p. 356.

[380] Ibid., p. 357.

[381] Mailer, "A Clean Well-Ordered Life", n.p.

As markedly contrasting as the two works are in terms of their artistic achievement and subtlety of expression, I would contend that reading these two stories together in the way that I have attempted here is of some use. It is of some use because it provides a helpful framework for thinking about the way that Mailer wrote about bullfighting later in his career. Clearly, Hemingway presents Mailer with a problem. Hemingway presents a problem for Mailer in a way that no other writer does at any point in his career, and in choosing for this early story the title he does, Mailer is acknowledging this problem, forcing it into the open. And, indeed, there is a peculiarity in the problem that Hemingway presents to Mailer. It is a problem specific to Hemingway and, since he does not pose this problem intentionally, we might do better to think in the following terms: Hemingway – like the old man in the cafe and the vagrants in the hotel – *is* the problem; he haunts Mailer's work, he is an agent of obtrusion.

Mailer wrote and talked extensively about his opinions of and relationship with Hemingway as both a man and a writer at various points throughout his career. Writing about his first and most acclaimed novel, *The Naked and the Dead* (1949), Mailer suggested that the book was 'written out of what [he] could learn from James T. Farrell and John Dos Passos with good doses of Thomas Wolfe and Tolstoy, plus homeopathic tinctures from Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Faulkner, Melville and Dostoyevsky.'[382] The idea that Hemingway's writing style (along with the styles of those other writers mentioned) could act on Mailer's own work in a remedial capacity seems, on the bald surface of the statement itself, somewhat absurd. However, when analysed closely, the idea of these homeopathic tinctures is indicative of Mailer's anxiety. Homeopathy implies, after all, administering minute doses in order to cure an ailment, so the attempt to imply that Hemingway's writing acted on his own in this manner serves to deny the profundity of the influence. What Mailer suggests here is tantamount to an admission of amalgamating aspects of the various literary styles of his predecessors and reforming them into a new, hybrid style of his own; indeed, it implies a conscious working and reworking of style, of style being both tool and product in the same process of creation. Mailer, on the surface at least, appears to embrace the influence of his antecedents, to be comfortable in the shadows they were casting upon his work. Elsewhere he admitted that his 'taste quickly inclined toward Hemingway and Faulkner and Fitzgerald' and that he 'learned many things from them that [he] didn't learn from the other bunch.'[383] This was not always the case, however, particularly in the case of Hemingway. In the reflection that oepens this paragraph, Hemingway is cited as an almost peripheral influence, but elsewhere references to him are much stronger, more anxious. In fact, one of the most consistent aspects of Mailer's chequered literary career was his remarkable candour about the manner in which Hemingway had affected him as a writer.

[382]Norman Mailer, *The Spooky Art* (New York: Random House, 2004), p. 74.

[383] Norman Mailer, "The mad butler". Interview by Hilary Mills in *Pontifications*, ed. Michael J. Lennon (Boston: Little, Brown, 1982): 145-150 (p.149).

The only variance, it seemed, was in his appraisal of the desirability of that influence. In one interview, in which one gets the impression that he is purposely inviting an Oedipal interpretation, Mailer describes his relationship to Hemingway as being analogous to that of a father and son, stating:

> I know his flaws inside out. I've loved and hated him as if he were my own father for years. There is so much he did for me, so much he didn't do. Truly the relationship you have to him is as a father. But he is a remarkable writer. His sense of the English language, I'd say, is virtually primitive in its power to evoke mood and stir the senses.[384]

The switch from the pronouns 'I' to 'you' is important; it reveals, if nothing else, that Mailer did not see his relationship to Hemingway's writing as being in any way unique. From Mailer's perspective, Hemingway's shadow pervaded the literary careers of an entire generation of male American writers. This is Mailer again:

> Hemingway's style affected whole generations of us, the way a roomful of men is affected when a beautiful woman walks through – their night is turned for better or for worse. Hemingway's style had an ability to hit young writers in the gut, and they just weren't the same after that.[385]

Now, as has already been established, critical discourse on Hemingway had, even as early as Mailer had begun writing, made both conscious and unconscious links between an imagined Hemingway-style and the practical aesthetics of bullfighting. For this reason, the observation Mailer makes above has important ramifications for the way we think about bullfighting's rendering in post-war literature. For Mailer's generation, for the generation directly succeeding the period we think of as 'late modernism', Hemingway's style was profoundly affecting. In the particular analogy Mailer offers here, there is an element of desire present in the dynamic. Crucially, although the encounter is ephemeral (the woman 'walks through' the room), the implication is that an encounter with Hemingway possesses not the capacity to change, but the absolute certitude of doing so.

In an interview with Paul Attanasio entitled "Prisoner of Success", Mailer suggested that 'Hemingway occupied the center in every way […], he occupies the very center of writing itself.'[386] The shift in tense here is telling, if unintended. As the interview was conducted after Hemingway's death in 1961, it is clear that the first clause is spoken in the past tense to indicate a sense of this occupation having ended. However, the subsequent shift to the present tense implies something quite different; it implies that

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[384] Norman Mailer. Interview by Michael Lennon, "Writers and Boxers" in *Pontifications*: 158-162 (p. 161).

[385] Norman Mailer. Interview by Michiko Kakutani, "Mailer Talking", cited in Michael J. Lennon ed., *Conversations with Norman Mailer* (Jackson: University of Mississippi Press, 1988): 291-298 (p.298).

[386] Norman Mailer. Interview by Paul Attanasio, "Prisoner of Success" in *Pontifications*: 129-136 (p. 131).

Hemingway's occupation of writing persists, perhaps indefinitely. And what are we to make of this idea, this assertion that Hemingway occupies the 'very center of writing itself'? In its primary meaning, after all, a 'center' refers to the point within a circle that is equidistant from every point on the circumference. In other words, the centre provides the focal point against which the outlying circumference is defined. According to Mailer, then, it is impossible for any writer not to identify with Hemingway's work since he is only able to judge his own work against this centre; Hemingway's occupation, in Mailer's view, of the very centre of writing itself, makes him a problem that is unavoidable. By suggesting that Hemingway 'occupies the very center of writing itself', Mailer would appear to be suggesting that Hemingway's writing represents some kind of nucleus from which all writers coming after him are deviations.

In 1959 Mailer published a collection entitled *Advertisements for Myself*, a large volume comprised of short works and fragments of his longer compositions interspersed by so-called 'advertisements' written by the author. Borne out of the post-war explosion of celebrity in America, the work was as much an act of self-promotion as it was a compendium of Mailer's writing up to that point. The collection posed the question of what was being advertised and, perhaps more crucially, why. The first advertisement of the collection provides an answer to both of these questions: the first is answered explicitly, whilst the second answer is arrived at through an interpretation of what is said. This interpretation, though, seems to offer itself so freely that any other interpretation would seem to be utterly mistaken. To return to the first question, the question for which the answer is explicit, Mailer takes his opportunity on the very first page of this work to make the bold statement that he 'would go as far as to think it is [his] present and future work which will have the deepest influence of any work being done by any American novelist in these years.'[387] This is clearly significant. It is made all the more significant by his admission on the following page, made during a segue into imagined responses he might give to his fifteenth report to the Harvard Class of 1943, that '[f]or the last few years I have continued to run in that overcrowded mob of unsociable egotists who are all determined to become the next great American writer.'[388]

Clearly then, what this collection is trying to advertise is, quite simply, Norman Mailer himself. More specifically, the collection is advertising the idea of Mailer as 'the next great American writer'. But this poses yet another question: if Mailer is advertising himself as 'the next great American writer', then who was the last? This is, I believe, the point at which both the questions of why Mailer is advertising himself as a contender for this title and who he believes he is replacing overlap with each other. The answer to both questions is provided in the passages that follow when, after taking up a gripe with the literary academy for its response (or lack of response) to his work, Mailer invokes Hemingway for the

[387] Norman Mailer, *Advertisements for Myself* (London: Andre Deutsch, 1961), p. 17.

[388] Ibid., p. 18

first time. The reference is of quite considerable length but is, for the purposes of demonstration, also worth quoting in significant detail:

> So, mark you. Every American writer who takes himself to be both major and macho must sooner or later give a faena which borrows from the self-love of a Hemingway style. […]
>
> For you see I have come finally to have a great sympathy for The Master's irrepressible tantrum that he is the champion writer of this time, and of all time, and that if anyone can pin Tolstoy, it is Ernest H. Somewhere in Hemingway is that hard mind of a small-town boy, the kind of boy who knows you have a real cigar only when you are the biggest man in town, because to be just one of the big men in town is tiring, much too tiring, you inspire hatred, and what is worse than hatred, a wave of cross-talk in everyone around you.[389]

In the first instance, the most striking aspect of this particular excerpt from the advertisement is in Mailer's assertion that any American writer aspiring to be regarded as 'major' and 'macho' must 'give a *faena*' in the 'self-love of a Hemingway style.' The key word in this passage is, of course *faena*. In the sense in which Mailer is invoking it in this passage, *faena* refers directly to the series of passes a *matador* performs with the cape prior to the killing of the bull. Mailer appears to be advocating the idea of the *faena* as a virtuosic performance of creative expression in writing. Indeed, Hemingway viewed the *faena* as the point in a bullfight in which the *matador* 'has greatest latitude for expression.'[390] The most famous and widely quoted example of Hemingway's writing on the *faena*, which has been reproduced below, is taken from *Death in the Afternoon*:

> [...T]he faena that takes a man out of himself and makes him feel immortal while it is proceeding, that gives him an ecstasy, that is, while momentary, as profound as any religious ecstasy; moving all the people in the ring together and increasing in emotional intensity as it proceeds, carrying the bullfighter with it, he playing on the crowd through the bull and being moved as it responds in a growing ecstasy of ordered, formal, passionate, increasing disregard for death that leaves you, when it is over, and the death administered to the animal that has made it possible, as empty, as changed and as sad as any major emotion will leave you.[391]

What Hemingway is describing here is the *matador*'s ability, through his performance of the *faena*, to 'evoke mood and stir the senses', an ability that is 'virtually primitive in its power.' By appropriating Mailer's description of Hemingway's writing in order to analyse about the way Hemingway writes about the *faena*, I am proposing that Mailer's understanding of the nature of Hemingway's aesthetic is

[389] Ibid., p. 19

[390] Hemingway, *Death in the Afternoon*, p. 182.

[391] Ibid., p. 182-183.

fundamentally based on the way the latter wrote about bullfighting. Mailer sees in Hemingway's writing style the very same qualities and power that Hemingway sees in the work of the *matador*. Indeed, Mailer's use of the noun *faena* to denote the action that a writer must undertake in any declaration of their claim to greatness supports this notion. The tendency of scholars to invoke Hemingway's own descriptions of bullfighting as a means of elucidating their opinions of his aesthetic has been made clear in both this and earlier chapters. Further, even the more general comparison of all writing and all bullfighting is not an innovation of Mailer's, since Virginia Woolf made that claim in her contemporary review of *Men Without Women*. However, Mailer does make a telling inference. Every writer wishing to stake a claim for eminence, Mailer tells us, must give a *faena* which borrows from the self-love of the Hemingway style. Mailer is not advocating imitation here, rather, Hemingway's style is rendered as a challenge, a challenge that must be overcome or at least equalled in order to achieve this desired eminence. The crucial step Mailer takes here is to move from simile to metaphor, to make the *faena* into a direct metaphor for the act of writing. The bullfight is no longer 'like' writing, rather they are equated.

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In the vast archives of the Harry Ransom Center, University of Texas, lie over eight hundred boxes of papers produced by Norman Mailer during a writing career that spanned six decades. One of the collection's most curious items is enigmatically catalogued as 'bullfighting notebook'. Mailer only published one piece of work in which bullfighting could be described as being the central theme. In 1967 he had produced an essay to accompany a photographic narrative entitled *The Bullfight*, for which Mailer provided the subtitle "Footnote to 'Death in the Afternoon'".[392] The essay itself bears absolutely no relation to the pictures that it accompanies, other than the simple and axiomatic fact that both are attempts at rendering an impression of the *corrida*. Indeed the written narrative actually pertains to the summer season of 1954 in Mexico City, and focuses closely on the performances of a *novillero* named Amado Ramírez. The notebook in question also dates from 1954 but, on the surface, bears little direct relation to the 1967 essay, as it might have been fair to suppose it would.

Ostensibly, the notebook appears to contain a plan for an unwritten novel about bullfighting. The book contains a number of annotations and notes interspersed with longer, synoptic segments and occasional riffs that Mailer clearly intended to transplant directly into the narrative. The notebook consists of around seventy handwritten pages, making any attempt to reproduce the entire thing completely impractical within the confines of this chapter, but the story runs something like this: the hero – he is never given a name and is known throughout as 'the hero' – is expelled from school in Mexico for

[392] Norman Mailer, *The Bullfight – A Photographic Narrative: Footnote to 'Death in the Afternoon'* (New York: Macmillan, 1967).

'forgetting his books, racing back down the ramp into the girls' changing rooms where they're ready to go swimming and nude.'[393] The expulsion, presumably, leaves 'the hero' with a considerable amount of time on his hands; it is during this time that a friend of 'the hero' introduces him to bullfighting. As their interest develops, the friend encourages him to be an *espontaneo*: a *corrida* spectator who, transgressing the boundary between spectator and performance, rushes into the ring to confront the bull. 'The hero' does not require much encouragement, it would seem, as the next note suggests that they do, in fact, attend a bullfight and invade the ring. However, things do not quite go to plan when the *matador*, affronted by this transgression, attacks his friend with a sword.

This unfortunate occurrence does little to put 'the hero' off and he presumably escapes from the ring free from any injury. Indeed, he begins a career as a *novillero*, though he soon finds himself being exploited by the organisers of the *corridas*. He is forced to bribe organisers for fights and finds himself embroiled in the murky world of gambling as his efforts to meet these payments become increasingly desperate. When the time comes to receive his payments for performing he frequently ends up with very little, having been cheated out of his earnings by the deduction of false expenses. In a turn of fortune, his career as a *novillero* is brought to an abrupt end when, aged eighteen, he is gored badly in the stomach and finds himself unable to maintain the requisite degree of detachment required to enter the ring; in short, he loses his nerve. Shortly after this incident he is called up to the army and heads off to the United States. Returning four years later, he has become, as Mailer puts it, 'more seasoned'.[394] His return to the ring is successful; his career resumes and progresses quickly. Now that the background narrative has been set up – and it is worth noting that, like Jake Barnes of Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises*, 'the hero' is now a wounded war veteran – Mailer's rather novel interpretation of the bullfight comes to the fore. Mailer imagines that the hero's sex life is 'haunted by fears of homosexuality' and that when these fears reach their peak 'he starts to fight the best fights of his career'.[395] The hero's anxiety over his virility, which he perceives as being under threat by these 'fears of homosexuality', is underlined again when Mailer imagines that 'like movie stars, bullfighters lie about their age.'[396] This sexual theme is extended still further, when, in the aftermath of a successful performance, the hero imagines that:

> fighting bulls exhibits [a] variation in [the] performance of making love. Some are always at least competent, some are marvellous or awful, but the triumph with the flowers being thrown to him is like the magical minutes after a marvellous bout of love

[393] Norman Mailer, "Notebook on bullfighting" (1954). Unpublished manuscript. Harry Ransom Center, University of Texas, Austin, TX. Norman Mailer Collection. Folder 29.6. n.p.

[394] Ibid., n.p.

[395] Ibid., n.p.

[396] Ibid., n.p.

> where the woman looks with admiration into his eyes; so, similar to this, is the admiration in the eyes of the public, he has vanquished them, turned men into agonising satisfied women, and he is the only one who knows.[397]

At times reading this notebook feels like reading a particularly bad parody of Hemingway, like reading the script of *Midnight in Paris* perhaps. There is no question that Hemingway's bullfighting texts stage a performance of masculinity that is located in both the subject (the bullfight) and the writing itself. Nevertheless, Mailer's interpretation of the bullfight, his interpretation of the *corrida* as an extended metaphor for sex, appears to be doing something quite different. In Hemingway's work the connection between masculinity and bullfighting is made subtly and by inference, just as the association between writing and bullfighting, if it is there at all, is only ever hinted at, never made explicit. Virginia Woolf understood this too. For Woolf writing had only 'much in common with bullfighting'.[398] Mailer, however, turns an act of the bullfight, the *faena*, into a direct metaphor for the process of writing. Here again, with the question sex, he does not suggest that bullfighting is 'like' the act of making love, but describes it as a 'variation' of that act. There appears later another of these strange, sexually allegorical textual moments. Once more, the imagining is placed into the mind of 'the hero' as Mailer suggests that he:

> has the idea of a bullfight as a bout of love between the ring and the public. First come the capes – [the] petting, then [the] pics (off with the clothes and down to business), then the quites (necking and disrobing). Then the banderillas – the move to the bed (once in a while delicious in itself) and then the faena – the fucking which can be anything from glorious to hideous and every shade in between and like fucking is generally less than the preliminaries but when it's good it's very exciting, and finally the kill – the orgasm, and if that's ruined no matter how good everything else was it's lost a little and given to bad after-taste. But when that too is good, and one takes the tour of the ring, well it's like the public is a vast female embracing with admiration the lover who's mastered her.[399]

Again the bullfight is not 'like' a bout of love between the ring and the public, nor does it have 'much in common' with whatever that orgiastic imagining might be like. Rather, the hero 'has the idea of a bullfight *as* a bout of love between the ring and the public' [my emphasis]. The various acts of the bullfight are all made into direct metaphors for the various 'stages' of sexual activity. It is not until we get towards the end of the passage that we move from metaphor to simile, when Mailer suggests that the *faena* might be 'like fucking' and that it is 'like the public is a vast female'. It is tempting to read Mailer himself into this passage. If the *faena* is a metaphor for sexual intercourse in addition to being a

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[397] Ibid., n.p.

[398] Virginia Woolf, "An Essay in Criticism" in *Granite and Rainbow* (New York and London: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1975), p. 90.

[399] Mailer, 'Notebook on bullfighting', n.p.

metaphor for writing, then does Mailer perhaps imagine his readers to be 'like a vast female' who will embrace his writing 'with admiration' once he has successfully 'mastered her'? This may well be the case, but what is clear is that Mailer found himself in a vortex of metaphor. He was writing about bullfighting, but all the while he was also writing about masculinity, about sex, about writing itself. Finally, of course, he was writing about Hemingway, and this proved too much, was perhaps a metaphor too far. After many more pages of scrambled notes and musings on the subject, Mailer, apparently unable to navigate this vortex of metaphor, eventually abandoned the novel and the plan trails off with no sense of an ending.

Readers of this summary will probably agree that Mailer was thoroughly justified in abandoning this project. It is difficult to imagine how he could have made the project work, even if publishers had foreseen the commercial viability of a novel about bullfighting written by Norman Mailer, the next fabled great heir to Hemingway. Nevertheless, the question of why Mailer eventually decided to abandon the project remains a pertinent one. In the early part of 1954, Mailer had submitted his latest novel, *The Deer Park,* to his publisher, Charles Rinehart. In November 1954, with the publication process well under way and *The Deer Park* in galley proofs, Rinehart requested that Mailer remove six lines from the novel on the grounds of obscenity. When Mailer objected, refusing to remove lines that he felt were key to the novel's message, Rinehart cancelled the contract, leaving the author searching for a new publisher of a manuscript that was already seen as a potential target for litigation. The author approached several publishing houses with the original manuscript, many of which reacted unfavourably to the content of the novel, a content they saw as being too heavily infused with sex. Despite this widespread resistance and scepticism, and with Mailer becoming increasingly exasperated with the lack of interest being registered in what he considered to be his most important work so far, G.P. Putnam eventually contracted the book. So it was that in February 1955, approximately six months after returning from Mexico and abandoning his bullfighting novel, Mailer returned to the Rinehart galleys and began to work on the manuscript. What began as a process of minor amendment to the galleys soon became a wholesale rewrite of the book. In August 1955 he wrote to his friend James Jones:

> [T]he book kept changing and getting better, and before I was through six months went by, and I rewrote the Rinehart galleys, and then rewrote the new typewritten manuscript, and then by God rewrote the Putnam galley.[400]

The process was evidently an arduous one that caused Mailer significant distress and inner turmoil. He describes it in the terms of an addict overcoming addiction, forcing himself to be rid of the substance upon which he has gorged and become dependent on, writing:

[400] Norman Mailer, cited in Michael Lennon, "Norman Mailer: 'Deer Park' Letters" in *The New York Review of Books*, 26 February 2009. n.p.

> It was as if I were the captive of an illness whose first symptoms had been excitement, prodigies of quick work, and a confidence that one could go on forever, but that I was by now close to a second stage where what had been quick would be more like fever a first wind of fatigue upon me, a knowledge that at the end of a drunken night a junkie cold was waiting. I was going to move at a pace deadly to myself, loading and overloading whatever little centres of the mind are forced to make the hard decisions. In ripping up the silk of the original syntax, I was tearing into any number of careful habits as well as whatever subtle fleshing of the nerves and the chemicals had gone to support them.[401]

For what reason did Mailer feel so strongly that the only possible way to move forward with the project was a complete rewrite of it, when just six months before he had been forced into litigation over his refusal to remove just six lines of the work? One potential answer can be found by considering the extent to which he has reflected on the concept of 'style'; the style of the Rinehart version of *The Deer Park*, wrote Mailer, 'was a style which came out of nothing so much as my determination to prove I could muster a fine style.'[402] Upon reflection, and having spent the latter half of 1954 'learning new lessons', Mailer found that when he opened the book it 'read as if it had been written by someone else.'[403] He saw finally, and 'could at last admit [,] that the style was wrong, that it had been wrong from the time [he] started.'[404] Despite these rather grandiose pronouncements, many of the changes in the text were, on the surface at least, seemingly insignificant. Mailer notes that he changed a particular section of *The Deer Park* from 'And she gave me a sisterly kiss.' to 'And she gave me a sisterly kiss. Older sister.' [405] This change, according to Mailer 'revealed some divine law of nature [because] the kiss of an older sister was a worldly universe away from the kiss of a younger sister'. This alteration evinced in Mailer the 'thought to give [himself] the Nobel Prize for having brought such illumination and *division* to the cliché of the sisterly kiss'.[406]

There can be little doubt that 1954 had been an important year for Mailer and a year in which – to use his own interpretation of its nature and significance – he had been 'learning new lessons'. Some of these lessons were undoubtedly drawn from his experiences at the Mexican bullfights that summer. In August that year, for instance, he had written to the novelist William Styron that, as writers, they were 'both like bullfighters who arrived too early.'[407] In the same letter he confesses that his attraction to

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[401] Mailer, *Advertisements for Myself* (London: Andre Deutsch, 1961), p. 212-213.

[402] Ibid., p. 211-212.

[403] Ibid., p. 211.

[404] Ibid., p. 211.

[405] Ibid., p. 214.

[406] Ibid., p. 215. [Mailer's emphasis retained]

[407] Mailer cited in Michael Lennon, "Norman Mailer: 'Deer Park' Letters" in *The New York Review of Books*. 26 February 2009. np.

bullfighting lay in what he perceived as its ability to speak to the struggle of an artist in a more general sense, writing: 'The thing I love more and more about bullfighting is its panoramic violent extrapolation of the agony of the artist, the half-artist, and the never-will-be artist.'[408] Indeed, Mailer had experienced at least a modicum of that 'agony of the artist' during the course of the summer of 1954, a summer he had spent struggling – and ultimately failing – to write a novel about bullfighting. More lessons than these had been learned that year though, and they had not only been learned in the summer. When Hemingway was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in October 1954, the wording accompanying the award could not have more perfectly captured the essence of Mailer's concerns. The wording certainly seemed to speak to Mailer's newfound obsession with style, stating that the prize was awarded to Hemingway 'for his mastery of the art of narrative, most recently demonstrated in *The Old Man and the Sea*, and for the influence that he has exerted on contemporary style.'[409] For a man as positively preoccupied with Hemingway as both a writer and a forbear, there can be no doubt that Mailer would have been fully aware of both the awarding of the prize and the justification of the award. Thus if Mailer's doomed sojourn into taurine-fiction had not already stoked his paranoia about Hemingway's influence on his writing beyond tolerable levels, the Nobel Prize would have done the job. As evidenced in *The Deer Park,* the most insidious manifestations of this influence would look like imitation. What could be more imitative of Hemingway than writing about bullfighting, then, since it represented the very art form that supposedly provided the model and mirror to his written aesthetic?

During an interview after the completion of *The Deer Park* in 1955, Mailer was asked to explain how he felt about Ernest Hemingway. Tellingly, Mailer responded simply and evasively by declaring: 'I said what my character Sergius O'Shaughnessy thought of him in one sentence in *The Deer Park*.'[410] Indeed the novel, which is narrated by O'Shaughnessy, does contain one pointed reference to Hemingway near its end. Upon leaving Desert D'Or, O'Shaughnessy travels to Mexico City where he begins following the bullfighting circuit. He learns the fundamentals of the art of bullfighting from an amateur bullfighter, all the while carrying on an affair with the *novillero's* mistress. When his plan to make himself 'the first great and recognised American *matador*' fails, O'Shaughnessy leaves for New York and tries to become a writer.[411] One hears the resonant echo of Mailer's resolution to become the 'next great American writer' in O'Shaughnessy's statement here, but perhaps more pertinent is O'Shaughnessy's subsequent revelation of what it is that he does in New York when he arrives. Recounting his arrival in New York and the creative struggles he faces, O'Shaughnessy tells his reader that:

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[408] Ibid.

[409] Anon., "The Nobel Prize in Literature 1954". Nobelprize.org. Nobel Media AB 2014. Accessed 3 October 2012. Available at: [http://www.nobelprize.org/nobel_prizes/literature/laureates/1954/.]

[410] Norman Mailer. Interview by Lyle Stuart, "An Intimate Interview with Norman Mailer", cited in Michael J Lennon ed., *Conversations With Norman Mailer*, p. 26.

[411] Norman Mailer, *The Deer Park* (London: Andre Deutsch, 1957), p 327.

> With a stop or two on the way, I found my hole in New York, a cold-water flat outside the boundary of the Village, and I had a few girls who made for some very complicated romances, and I suppose I learned a little more – life is an education which should be put to use – and I tried to write my novel about bullfighting, but it was not very good. It was inevitably imitative of that excellently exiguous mathematician, Mr. Ernest Hemingway, and I was learning that it is not creatively satisfying to repeat the work of a good writer.
>
> All the while I was keeping myself alive by an unusual occupation. I had come down to my last few hundred dollars, and so I took a gamble and rented a loft in the slums of the lower East Side of New York, painted it white, put up a few bullfight posters, and opened a school for bullfighters.[412]

This passage represents an extraordinary and previously unheeded example of metafiction. It is clear that the process O'Shaughnessy undertakes in writing *The Deer Park* is the very same as the one taken by Mailer. Driven to the point of distraction by his doubts over the literary value of his attempt at a bullfighting novel, O'Shaughnessy abandons the project haunted by the idea that it is 'not very good.' However, the rationale behind this evaluative judgment is not initiated by a comprehensive appraisal of the artistic merit of the work in itself; rather, the source of his doubt resides in what O'Shaughnessy considers to be the unfavourable relation the book bears to Hemingway's work on bullfighting. The essence of O'Shaughnessy's relinquishment lies in his conviction that writing about bullfighting will 'inevitably' lead to imitation. Therefore, he abandons his novel on the subject and begins writing *The Deer Park* instead. Mailer's real-life circumstances, aside from the fact that his work on *The Deer Park* is a rewrite, are exactly the same.

In fact, this very section of the novel was added in the rewrite from the Rhinehart proofs. There was a reference to bullfighting and the writing of a bullfighting novel in the original manuscript, but no direct reference to Hemingway, no invocation of the concept of style as the underlying reason for the failure of the bullfighting project. In the original version of the novel, written prior to the publishing struggles and the awarding to Hemingway of the Nobel Prize, O'Shaughnessy leaves Desert D'Or and makes his way to Mexico in order to enroll in an art school, explaining the unfolding of events as follows:

> A long time after I left Desert D'Or I went down to Mexico and enrolled in an art school in order to draw my veteran's allotment, and while I was there, through a series of stories and things which perhaps are more than a novel or perhaps not a novel at all, I drifted into bullfighting, what else? and spent a long time when it was more important to me to fight a bull than to do anything else, but I was too old to learn, and I got hurt,

[412] Ibid., p. 327.

> and then I got sick, and then my papers were renewed illegally as they always are in Mexico if you live there long enough, and something happened, some mix up, some failure to pass a bribe, and so I was passed across the border, no matador, no novillero, no veteran with an allotment, but just a scar on my leg, and a new set of trips to make, and new self-pity, and once again I found a hole in which to write in a cold-water flat outside the boundary of the Village in New York, and I grew a goatee and shaved it off and prepared to write a novel about Bullfighting, and instead found myself working at pieces of this novel, and at last was able to write about Desert D'Or. [413]

The equation of bullfighting with writing here is remarkable. From writing a series of stories and 'things' which are either 'more than a novel' or 'not a novel at all', the protagonist finds himself drifting into bullfighting. The closing question 'what else?' seems to gesture towards an inevitability of this slippage, as though the movement between writing and bullfighting is somehow predetermined or automatic. Given the direct movement from writing to bullfighting in this sentence, we would be entitled to assume that O'Shaughnessy's interest in bullfighting, his gravitation towards it, is founded on an authorial interest in the spectacle. However, in this earlier version of the novel this is not the case; rather, O'Shaughnessy's slippage into bullfighting is very much participatory and active. In other words, the drift into bullfighting is not authorial; rather, O'Shaughnessy begins learning the art of *toreo*, only abandoning this training when he suffers an injury, an experience that serves to convince him of the fact that he is too old to take part in such pursuits. Nevertheless, he informs his reader that for a period of the time he spent in Mexico his desire to fight bulls was overwhelming, outweighing any other concern in his life. For O'Shaughnessy bullfighting becomes not simply a topic for authorial treatment so much as an extension of the pursuit of writing, a corollary of the occupation of *being* a writer. His admission of trying to write 'my' novel about bullfighting gestures towards an inevitability of the act, as though his is just one iteration of many. It seems to elevate the process of composing a novel on bullfighting to the status of a right of passage.

The first O'Shaughnessy confession is crucial in understanding Mailer's response to Hemingway, and, by extension, the effect Hemingway's Nobel Prize had on Mailer. In the initial version, O'Shaughnessy also tries to a write a bullfighting novel of his own, but there is no direct admission that the project had failed. Indeed, nor is there any mention of Hemingway in this version, no confession that the effort to write about bullfighting was in some way futilely imitative. The only trace of this earlier version of the paragraph that makes it to the final manuscript (surviving, in fact, verbatim) is the mention of the 'cold-water flat outside the boundary of the Village' in which O'Shaughnessy settles upon his arrival in New York. Here, in the version produced before that decisive Nobel Prize, O'Shaughnessy 'prepared to write a novel about Bullfighting' only to find himself composing sections of *The Deer Park*. That is to

[413] Norman Mailer, *The Deer Park (Rinehart galley proofs)* (1954). Unpublished manuscript. Harry Ransom Center, University of Texas, Austin, TX. Norman Mailer Collection. Folder 28.4-5. p.326a.

say that there has been no failure of the project because there has, in fact, been no attempt beyond preparatory movements made to begin it. In the final version of the novel the past tense verb 'prepared' is replaced by 'tried', thus at once indicating the failure of the project and gesturing towards the passage of time between the two versions of the novel, since to try is presumably to have prepared to try. When Mailer had sent Rinehart the version of the novel that made it into galley proofs, he had not yet had sufficient experience of the *corrida* to have begun the process of writing anything on the subject. Put simply, then, neither had O'Shaughnessy. By the time he came to rewrite the novel for publication with G.P. Putnam, however, Mailer had produced a fairly comprehensive plan of the novel he intended to write about the *corrida* and recognised it for what it undoubtedly seemed to resemble in its note form: a poor pastiche of Hemingway's writings on the same subject.

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The critical failure of Mailer's attempts to write about bullfighting exists in what appears to be an unintentional pastiche of Hemingway's taurine writings. Indeed, if parody can be said to rely on the distance it creates and cultivates between itself and the text being parodied, then we can take issue with what seems to be Mailer's attempts to draw his own writing closer to Hemingway's in terms of both style and subject, an attempt that leads him into pastiche. To conceive this in Mailer's own terms, he attempts to usurp Hemingway's occupation of 'the very center of writing itself', or at least to sit alongside him. The effect of this is to evince a kind of palimpsest: to overlay Hemingway's writing on the topic with his own. The work cannot be classified as parody, however, since this mode of imitation contravenes the essence of parody as Linda Hutcheon defined it in her seminal analysis of parody in the twentieth century, *A Theory of Parody* (1985). According to Hutcheon, the essence of parody does lie in a stylistic confrontation between the original text and its parodying other, yet the success of that parody relies on its ability to maintain likeness whilst simultaneously initiating difference and distance from the original text.[414] Hutcheon suggests convincingly that, before the twentieth century, the conventional understanding of parody was that it was founded on a desire to ridicule the text being treated by the parodic gaze. However, the sheer ubiquity of intertextual associations that prevailed in the early twentieth century, and particularly in modernism, meant that this definition no longer seemed relevant or practical. Citing Eliot and Joyce as proponents of a new kind of parody surfacing from literary modernism, Hutcheon suggests that parody is one mode of our coming to terms with the legacy of the past. Indeed, as David James has noted, modernism itself can be defined, in part, by its 'internally paradoxical efforts to remake inherited forms in the process of making them new.'[415] Recent disciplinary movements have argued instead that the modernist project itself may indeed be ongoing,

[414] Linda Hutcheon, *A Theory of Parody* (London and New York: Metheun, 1985).
[415] David James, *The Legacies of Modernism: Historicising Postwar and Contemporary Fiction* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2012), p. 6.

that it remains unfinished. If this is so, argues Derek Attridge, then such a 'modernism after modernism' must necessarily entail 'a reworking of modernism's methods, since nothing could be less modernist than a repetition of previous modes'.[416] The fear of repetition drawn out of the two stories above, then, is very much an inheritance of both Mailer and Hemingway. What made it all the harder for writers coming after the Second World War was the swift canonization of writers who came before it, the concretization of modernism as a movement. Postwar writers were thus in a double bind: they could either attempt to join a club that the war seemed to have closed, or follow modernism through to what would seem its logical evolution, namely the parodying of modernist texts.

Reading Mailer's work on the bullfight makes it seem implausible that he was attempting to parody Hemingway in this manner, and even if he was, he failed. When O'Shaughnessy reflects on the inherent frustrations of attempting to imitate the work of writers he might admire, he arrives at the heart of the issue: that his work is too similar, that it fails to establish a degree of difference. In other words, the joke is not on Hemingway – as it ought to be – but on Mailer himself. Indeed when O'Shaughnessy finally recognises that his novel is neither a parody of Hemingway nor an original take on bullfighting, we ought to be granted license to assume that he is speaking on behalf of Mailer. By abandoning the bullfighting novel and having O'Shaughnessy write the confession, Mailer at once recognises and accepts the harsh fact that his writing on the bullfight is simply derivative, that it is, in the words of Fredric Jameson, 'speech in a dead language'.[417] In his seminal essay "Postmodernism and Consumer Society", Jameson argued (more convincingly than I've read anyone disagree with him), that the aftermath of high modernism gave rise to 'the mimicry of other styles and particularly of the mannerisms and stylistic twitches' of prewar modernists by their successors.[418] Such mimicry, argues Jameson, was at once both obvious in its presence and unavoidable in its development given modernism's consistent 'invention of a personal, private style, as unmistakable as your fingerprint, as incomparable as your own body.'[419] Put in the crudest possible terms, the crux of Jameson's contention is that modernism had exhausted stylistic reservoirs, leaving those coming after with no choice other than to 'imitate dead styles'.[420] In the case of Hemingway, his style had become so immutably associated with bullfighting that any effort to write about the bullfight carried this threat of repetition with it.

Despite Mailer's clear failings in this regard, other writers who also felt the pressure of Hemingway's cultural omnipresence succeeded in their efforts to parody him. Raymond Carver is a case in point in this regard. Like Mailer, Carver engaged with Hemingway's work in the formative stages of his

[416] Derek Attridge, *J.M. Coetzee and the Ethics of Reading: Literature in the Event* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2004), p.5.
[417] Fredric Jameson "Postmodernism and Consumer Society" in *The Cultural Turn: Selected Writings on the Postmodern: 1983-1998* (London & New York: Verso, 1998): 1-20 (p. 5.)
[418] Ibid., p. 4.
[419] Ibid., p. 6.
[420] Ibid., p. 7.

development as a writer. Published in a collegiate magazine under the pseudonym John Vale, the title of Carver's 1963 composition 'The Aficionados' is a clear reference to bullfighting and, by extension, to Hemingway's employment of tauromachic vocabulary in *The Sun Also Rises*. Despite its obvious engagement with Hemingway, "The Aficionados" is a little regarded story in the so-far similarly limited criticism published on Carver's work, a fact perhaps partly due to its status as a story from his juvenilia. In his essay discussing the manner in which Hemingway influenced Carver's work, Arthur F. Bethea suggests that the two protagonists of the story are based on Jake Barnes and Brett Ashley, the *aficionados* and central protagonists of *The Sun Also Rises*. Moreover, Bethea cites it as a Hemingway bullfighting parody, before going on to suggest that it represents an aberration in an otherwise typically positive response from Carver to Hemingway's work.[421] Bethea proposes that the story is an 'ironical jab' at Hemingway, suggesting that Carver's later professed admiration of the older writer is in spite of an early antipathy towards him in "The Aficionados".[422] Such an interpretation presupposes that parody is invariably intended to destabilise or disparage the text it confronts, which is clearly not the case. Instead, it is clear that parody serves at once to undermine *and reinforce* its target.

Indeed, Hutcheon proposes this as the central paradox of parody, that it 'its transgression is always authorized', that at its heart, 'parody reinforces.'[423] In light of this, I would argue that Carver achieves a quite different parody than the one Bethea suggests here. Like Mailer, Carver's writing was heavily influenced not only by his reading of Hemingway's work, but also by the way in which those works were received and disseminated in popular culture. As much as this might be regarded as a parody of Hemingway's taurine writings, the title "The Aficionados" also places the story into a critical position where it can take aim at the cultural fetishisation of Hemingway.[424] Bethea is right: the protagonists of "The Aficionados" are intended to parody the bullfighting enthusiasts Hemingway renders in his fiction. At the same time though, is there not an extent to which the title of the story, and the characters it portrays, can also be read as attempting to parody the devoted and uncritical Hemingway reader who deifies both the author and his writing. That is to say that, by invoking the term 'aficionados' in the story's title, Carver is parodying the Hemingway *aficionado* rather than the Hemingway text. Indeed, perhaps the most remarkable achievement of this parody of bullfighting – if that is what we are to assume it is intended to be – is the very absence of any explicit reference to the *corrida*. Although the etymology of the word is closely tied to the practice of bullfighting and its cultural resonances, the word '*aficionado*' is now often invoked in reference to any

[421] Arthur F Bethea, "Raymond Carver's Inheritance from Ernest Hemingway's Literary Technique." *The Hemingway Review* 26. 2 (2007): 89-104.
[422] Bethea, p. 99.
[423] Hutcheon, p. 26.
[424] Raymond Carver, "The Aficionados", *Collected Stories* (New York: The Library of America, 2009): 633-638.

connoisseur or specialist on a subject. The story can thus be read as a parody attempting to enact a sacrifice of this deification of Hemingway in the wake of his death two years earlier, an exorcism of his deified spectre.

The story opens with a couple taking wine on a patio table, preparing themselves emotionally for what the reader assumes – based on the sentimental manner in which the characters speak to each other – will be a fatal climacteric. There is, even here, a temptation to draw a comparison with the opening of Hemingway's "Hills Like White Elephants", a Hemingway text which punctures the atmosphere of "The Aficionados" in a similar, if less potent, vein to *The Sun Also Rises*. In this regard, Hemingway's scene setting: 'The American and the girl with him sat at a table in the shade' becomes Carver's: 'They are sitting in the shade at a small iron patio table'.[425] Later in the story the narrative voice will intrude to disclose the thoughts of the male protagonist, to reveal that '[t]he hills have always reminded him of great-breasted reclining women' to recall the title of the aforementioned Hemingway story.[426] The opening dialogue hints at the coming to an end of some yet undefined ritualistic festival:

> "I don't know," she says. "It always makes me sad when it comes. It's been such a short year, and I don't even know any of the others." She leans forward and reaches for his hand, but he is too quick for her. "They seem so, so unprofessional." From her lap she takes her napkin and wipes her lips in a way that has become detestable to him this last month. "We won't talk about it anymore," she says. "We still have three hours yet. We won't even think about it."[427]

The intended vagueness of these utterances opens up a space for interpretation. The reader is invited to ponder the nature of what has come to an end. We presume that it is a year, but we might justifiably wonder how a 'short year' can be a year at all? A year, we believe, is twelve complete months succeeding each other. In other words, as a measurable unit, can a 'short year' ever be said to exist? Thus, the reader is invited to speculate on the nature of this 'short year': has it been a full twelve-month period that has simply *felt* truncated, or are we referring to a different kind of year? Perhaps the reader is intended to infer that this 'year' is in fact a demarcated term within a twelve month period which, though colloquially labelled a year, refers to a period in time other than a calendar year. Perhaps it would not be fantastical to postulate that the year invoked here is, in fact, a season: a fixed time in the year when a particular sport or festivity is scheduled to take place. Following this assumption through to its logical conclusion, particularly given the title Carver has chosen to give the story, we might imagine that the year is, in fact, a bullfighting season or, as it is known in Spanish, *la temporada taurina*. We certainly know that we are in Spain, or one of Spain's former colonies, since the drinks are paid for

[425] Ibid., p. 633.
[426] Ibid., p. 636.
[427] Ibid., p. 633.

with *pesos*. The next lexical clue to the parodic nature of the text, and the target of its parody, is transmitted when the female character of the story frowns the 'same frown she makes when someone tells her there are few young men interested in the Arena nowadays.'[428] This in itself gestures towards the problem at the heart of both Carver and Mailer's efforts to 'deal' with Hemingway. As inheritors of his legacy, they are expected to take a creative interest in the bullfight, to be 'young men interested in the Arena'. We learn further that her relationship with the male protagonist is predicated on his own connection to this undefined 'Arena':

> He remembers, anyway. Long, hot afternoons at the Arena; practicing, practicing, perfecting – every action, every thought, every grace. The blood thrill and rush of excitement as his compadres finished, one by one. He was one of the lucky ones and the dedicated. Then he'd moved up at last among the few eligible, then above them even.[429]

If this last extract does not allude explicitly to any single passage in Hemingway's bullfighting literature, then it is, at the very at least, potently suggestive of the training undergone by amateur bullfighters (*novilleros*). Moreover, the 'blood thrill and excitement' felt by the protagonist seems to speak resonantly to the more atavistic nuances of clichéd writing about the *corrida*; for instance, A.L. Kennedy describing the *corrida* as 'both as a ritualised escape from destruction and a blood search for meaning in the end of a life, both an exorcism and an act of faith.'[430] Indeed, the intertextual connotations of the word 'grace' are present here, too, bound up as that word is, and as we have seen, with its importance in Hemingway's conceptions of both bullfighting and the aesthetics of writing.

This is undoubtedly a depiction of a violent ritual, of the closeness between the performance of that ritual and the stimulation of sexual desire. Nevertheless, it is also a story of sacrificial ritual that ultimately inverts the dynamics of the bullfight, in which the bull is ultimately defeated by the artistry and skill of a man. As "The Aficionados" progresses, though, it becomes clear that the male protagonist is due to arrive at the arena not in order to master and ritually sacrifice a bull, but rather to be sacrificed himself. In Carver's ritual, the assiduously trained male performer, the sacrificer of the *corrida*, becomes the sacrificed victim. In this ritual there is no bestial opponent though, and instead the male protagonist is to be sacrificed by the woman to whom he has been married. This may well be the key to Carver's successful parody of Hemingway: there are no bulls whatsoever in "The Aficionados", and there are no obvious bullfighters either. By refusing to write explicitly about bullfighting, all the while maintaining an allusive framework that seems to promulgate its presence, Carver parodies not only the Hemingway bullfighting text, but also the manner in which Hemingway's volume of writing on the subject has

[428] Ibid., p. 634.
[429] Ibid., p. 634.
[430] A. L. Kennedy, *On Bullfighting* (London: Yellow Jersey Press, 2000), p. 12.

positioned it as a legitimate, or necessary, subject for writing. In doing so, Carver establishes an instantly recognisable similarity whilst maintaining a critical and questioning distance, thereby succeeding where Mailer had failed.

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It is perhaps significant that Carver's story appeared two years after Hemingway's suicide in 1961, whilst Mailer's first efforts to write about bullfighting were undertaken in the mid 1950s when Hemingway's work was at its most celebrated. Indeed, Mailer's next significant published writing about the *corrida* – aside from a brief resurrection of O'Shaughnessy in the troublingly violent short story 'The Time of Her Time' (1959) – appeared in the form of the accompanying essay to the CBS publication entitled *Bullfighting: A Photographic Narrative* (1967). The subtitle of this piece, "Footnote to *Death in the Afternoon"* seems to speak to Mailer's self-consciousness over his fraught relationship with Hemingway's bullfighting literature. At the same time, this subtitle, with its willful subordination to the Hemingway bullfighting text, seems to be marked by the spectrality of his earlier failed bullfighting project. Indeed the essay itself bears no relation to the pictures it accompanies, based as it is on Mailer's exposure to the Mexican bullfighting season of 1954: the same season which had provided the inspiration for the failed bullfighting novel. Clearly, Mailer used his notes and memories of that summer to compose this essay and, indeed, in a rare mention of the abandoned novel, Mailer refers to the research he undertook:

> So I will spare each and every one of us the titles of the books I read on the running of the bulls, save to mention the climactic purchase of a three-volume set in leather for fifty 1954 dollars (now doubtless in value one hundred) of *Los Toros* by Cossio. Since it was entirely in Spanish, a language I read with about as much ease and pleasure as Very Old English, *Los Toros* remains in my library as a cornerstone of my largest mental department – The Bureau of Abandoned Projects: I was going to write *the* novel about the bullfight, dig! [original emphasis retained][431]

Mailer's emphatic definite article speaks to his determination to write something capable of surpassing Hemingway's taurine legacy. Moreover, it simultaneously implies the existence of other, inferior novels about the bullfight. Presumably, one of those novels is *The Sun Also Rises*, and it is indeed surprising that Mailer does not credit any Hemingway works here when listing his influences. In fact, in the entirety of the essay there exists only one mention of Hemingway, despite the overt attempt inherent in the title to situate this work as a subordinate clause to the exegesis of *Death in the Afternoon*. This explicit mention occurs on the very first page of the publication, as Mailer extols the positives of the preamble to the *corrida*:

[431] Norman Mailer, "Homage to El Loco", *The Essential Mailer* (Sevenoaks: New English Library, 1982): 317-336 (p. 323.)

> In Mexico, the hour before the fight is always the best hour of the week. It would be memorable not to sound like Hemingway, but in fact you would get happy the night before just thinking about that hour the next day. [432]

It is difficult to imagine just what it is about the second clause of this last sentence that Mailer supposed might be resonant of Hemingway. The most straightforward explanation of this somewhat bizarre qualification would be to conjecture that Mailer is attempting to draw a distinction between the subjective and emotive response to the bullfight he detects in Hemingway and the objective and critical interpretation he believes his own writing on the subject represents for the most part. But the first stative clause, conditioned by the modal 'would', is particularly interesting in isolation. The statement 'it would be memorable not to sound like Hemingway' reads not so much as an aim, or a definite objective, but rather as a plaintive hope, a gesture tinged with at least a hint of resignation. Mailer cannot escape the idea that sounding like Hemingway is an inevitable consequence of writing about bullfighting. This conviction, that *not* sounding like Hemingway when writing about bullfighting is a condition so rare as to be memorable, thus turns negation into something indelible and yet unobtainable.

Though no more explicit reference to Hemingway is made in the text, there are traces of Mailer's discomfort throughout. For instance, narrating his experiences of the first bullfights he saw, Mailer contends that he 'could never have understood it if someone tried to explain ahead of time'. [433] This may well be true, but the fact is that Mailer was clearly already familiar with Hemingway's writing on the subject by the time he saw his first bullfight. Whether or not Hemingway was successful in explaining bullfighting to Mailer sufficiently is beside the point. What remains important is that the conditional invocation of 'if' here once more serves to deny the influence wielded by Hemingway's writing on both Mailer's initial interest in bullfighting and his decision to treat it in his work. 'If' implies that nobody had tried to explain the bullfight to Mailer, when his familiarity with *Death in the Afternoon*, itself a guide to both the practicalities of the bullfight and its aesthetics, is quite clear. Indeed, later we hear resonances of Hemingway's assertion that a *faena* can be 'as profound as any religious ecstasy' when Mailer confesses that it was not until the third or fourth bullfight he attended that he 'got religion'. Even the colloquialisms that pervade Hemingway's bullfighting fiction find their way into Mailer's discourse. When Mailer is recounting a bullfight he had witnessed involving the little-known *novillero* Amado Ramirez, he praises Ramirez's ability to transform a difficult bull into a workable one, whilst at the same time lamenting the fact that 'because finally the bull was going good' it would have to be killed. This phrase, 'going good', is a direct echo from Hemingway's short story "The Undefeated", the protagonist of which is an ageing *matador* named Manuel Garcia, who is unable to recognise the decline

[432] Ibid., p. 317.

[433] Ibid., p.319.

of his abilities. When he is badly gored during a disastrous return to the ring, Manuel lies on the treatment table in the infirmary insisting plaintively: 'I was going good'. These intertextual tinctures in the early part of the essay finally give way to a more thoroughly Hemingwayesque prose in the second half. The sentences gradually increase in length in a manner similar to that of the climactic sections of *Death in the Afternoon*. However, they are comprised of short, declarative clauses devoid of all but the most commonplace of adjectival modifications, perhaps evidenced best in the most clearly derivative section of the essay, during which the author uses the sight of Ramirez fighting a bull as a metaphorical lens through which to focus questions of humanity and, more pertinently for Mailer, masculinity:

> He was so bad when he was bad that he gave the impression you could fight a bull yourself and do no worse. So when he was good, you felt as if you were good too, and that was something that no other torero ever gave me, for when they were good they looked impenetrable, they were like gods, but when Beloved Remington was good, the whole human race was good – he spoke of the great distance a man can go from the worst in himself to the best, and that finally is what the bullfight might all be about, for in dark bloody tropical lands possessed of poverty and desert and swamp, filth and treachery, slovenliness, and the fat lizards of all the worst lust, the excretory lust to shove one's own poison into others, the one thing which can keep the sweet nerve of life alive is the knowledge that a man cannot be judged by what he is every day, but only in his greatest moment, for that is the moment when he shows what he was intended to be.[434]

The stylistic similarity to Hemingway here is striking, and speaks to Mailer's inability to overcome the link between bullfighting and writing staged in Hemingway's work. This difficulty is not isolated to Mailer, of course, but his struggle with Hemingway is refracted through the bullfight in a way that is unparalleled with any other writer. At this juncture it is worth returning to O'Shaughnessy's confession in the closing stages of *The Deer Park*, during which he admits to failing in his effort to write a novel about bullfighting and, instead, earn a living by opening a bullfighting school in New York. This speaks to the fundamental problem in Mailer's conception of the relationship between the bullfight and writing. When O'Shaughnessy opens his school for bullfighters, might we not read this as O'Shaughnessy undertaking to teach, or indeed to learn, his own mode of writing which does not 'inevitably' imitate Hemingway's? The bullfighting college, then, becomes a metaphor for the maturation of a writer's own style, a metaphorical space in which authenticity and originality can be honed. Indeed it harks back to Hemingway's own invocation of bullfighting as being foundational to his development as a writer, claiming in *Death in the Afternoon* that his attraction to the bullring was predicated on the fact he 'was trying to learn to write, commencing with the simplest things, and one

[434] Ibid., p335.

of the simplest things of all and the most fundamental is violent death.'[435] O'Shaughnessy's opening of a bullfighting school, then, amounts to the commencement of a metaphorical apprenticeship in writing.

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This idea of using an external spectacle as a stimulus for the creative process is explored in the work of another heir to Hemingway, namely the carousing poet Charles Bukowski. In a 1973 essay, "Upon the Mathematics of the Breath and the Way", first published in the *Small Press Review*, Bukowski made the direct contrast between the site of his own poetic influence and the bullring. Bukowski subscribes to the popular notion that 'Hemingway studied the bullfights for form and meaning and courage and failure and the way.' In contrast, he makes the claim that his own frequent attendance at boxing matches and horse races is motivated by the same desire to inculcate some abstract quality of those spectacles into his writing. The essay itself does not spell out exactly what that quality might be, though Bukowski is keen to analogise the act of writing with gambling, the 'writing down of the word' apotheosised as 'the finest gamble ever arranged'.[436] Indeed, throughout the essay Bukowski is keen to make comparisons between writing and horseracing, from comparing derided writers (Hemingway is mentioned explicitly here) with underappreciated jockeys whose critics revel in their apparent failures. Hemingway's apparent fall from grace is lamented here, with Bukowski making the dual claim that his style had both 'ruined thousands of writers who attempted to use any portion of it' and been ruined itself by Hemingway's propensity to 'let his guard down and let people do things to him.' Even here we see Bukowski mobilising boxing imagery – 'let his guard down' – in his lamentation of Hemingway's hamartia, and the essay is a clear attempt at distancing himself from any accusation of stylistic similarity with Hemingway. Ultimately, though, Bukowski's aggrandisement of the racetrack is founded on similar principles those that saw Hemingway make a paradigm of bullfighting. In a similar vein to the way in which Hemingway alludes to his interest in bullfighting being attributable to his development as a writer, so Bukowski argues here that the racetrack is an edifying spectacle for would-be writers. Bukowski claims that, were he to teach a course in writing he would 'send them all to the racetrack and force them to bet $5 on each race.' Where Hemingway sees in the bullfighter the ultimate exhibition of 'grace under pressure' and a 'purity of line', Bukowski felt the racetrack a site at which 'people who want to be writers' could be put into an 'area that they cannot maneuver out of by weak and dirty play.'[437] The emphasis in both cases on maintaining a certain straightness, of either physical position or mentality, is one that both Hemingway and Bukowski attempt to replicate in their writing. By avoiding any invocation of the

[435] Hemingway, *Death in the Afternoon*, p. 2.
[436] Charles Bukowski, "Upon the Mathematics of the Breath and the Way" in *Portions from a Wine-stained Notebook,* ed. David Stephen Calonne (San Francisco: City Lights Books, 2008): 128-134 (p.129).
[437] Ibid., p. 130.

bullring as the model for his own style – indeed by providing an alternative, comparable model in the racetrack – Bukowski consciously distances himself from the purview of Hemingway's writing.

Of the three American authors under discussion in this chapter, Bukowski had perhaps the easiest task in his rendering of bullfighting in his work. On a fundamental level this simplicity comes down to the question of formal choice, namely that Bukowski chose to render the bullfight in his poetry rather than his prose. Bullfighting, and indeed Hemingway himself, became a dominant leitmotif in many of Bukowski's poems, as he returned to them at numerous points in his career. However, considering Bukowski's bullfighting poems contextually, with recourse to biographical detail, is difficult if not impossible given the sheer labyrinthine nature of his poetic output. Despite a plethora of collections bearing his name, much of Bukowski's poetry was collected in a rather haphazard manner, if it was collected at all. The material that has been collected is often duplicated across several compilations, and there is little consistency within collections with regard to the period in his life during which the poems were produced. It is not uncommon to find a Bukowski collection containing poems written twenty years apart produced side by side with no dates to support them. This is due not least to the erratic nature of the way Bukowski submitted poems to magazines and journals, often doing so without keeping either copies of the poems themselves or records of when and where he had submitted them.

Nevertheless, Bukowski's bullfighting poems, like Carver's short story, seem able to set up allusive frameworks that recall or echo Hemingway's writing on the subject without being derivative. Perhaps the key to this achievement lies in the ability to, as Hutcheon puts it, 'confront' the work being parodied, whilst maintaining critical distance from it. Mailer was clearly advocating this type of confrontation in his call for every 'major and macho' writer to 'give a faena which borrows from the self-love of a Hemingway style', but in his case, this confrontation is not one in which he confronts and opposes the Hemingway bullfighting text. Rather, because Mailer cannot move away from the metaphorical equation of bullfighting and writing, he misguidedly interpolates bullfighting into the thematic fabric of his writing, using the topic in much the same metaphorical way that the modernists already had. In contrast, however, if the relationship between Bukowski's bullfighting texts and Hemingway's could be characterized by any single adjective it would likely be 'reactive'. A case in point is a poem that seems to respond directly to *Death in the Afternoon* and the section of that work in which Hemingway writes that 'the sun is the best bullfighter, and without the sun the best bullfighter is not there.'[438] Published first in the literary magazine *Evergreen* in February 1969 and collected in *The Days Run Away Like Wild Horses Over The Hills* in December of the same year, Bukowski's poem 'even the sun was afraid' seems to

[438] Hemingway, *Death in the Afternoon*, p. 21.

represent a direct riposte to this pronouncement whilst simultaneously undoing Hemingway's panegyrical treatment of the bullfighter.[439]

The opening of the poem is marked by a direct identification with the bull, the speaker observing that 'They'd stuck him in the shoulder and/he came out/pissed'. This in itself, the direct identification with the bull as a victim of the actions of the men, is contrary to the precedent set by Hemingway's writing on the *corrida*. By elevating the bull in this manner, to the point when 'it seemed that even the sun was afraid', Bukowski subverts the mythologization of the bullfighter in Hemingway's writing since 'even the sun', the best of all bullfighters, is afraid. Since the sun is afraid and is the best bullfighter, it follows logically that the human participants should also be afraid also. The mere mortals of the arena, the *matador*, the *picadors*, and the *banderilleros*, are thus rendered as figures of cowardice. The former attempts some passes with the cape but does 'not get very close', whilst the picador sits astride his horse working the neck muscles of the bull with his 'chickenshit/lance.' The *banderilleros* do not fare much better in Bukowski's reading of the bullfight, and are implicitly criticised in the poem as their actions are deemed only to '*appear*/dangerous' [original emphasis retained]. This disparity between appearance and reality underpins the poem's critical framework. The bull 'does not any longer look like the/ bull who first ran into the ring', and only when the neck and back muscles are 'severed, shredded' is the bull 'properly ready for the matador to be/brave.' The bull no longer appears to be the same bull that first entered the ring, but both the speaker and the reader know that it is. Indeed, part of the poem's function is to illustrate the cause of this apparent metamorphosis. Moreover, the enjambment splitting the linguistic unit in the preceding lines creates a sense of ambiguity. Not only does the bull's preparedness make way for the *matador* '*to be*', that is to fulfill his existential purpose of *being* a *matador*, but the appendage of the adjective 'brave' to this unit in the following line creates a sense of discord in the mind of the reader. There is little brave about facing a bull which has had its neck and back muscles so grievously lacerated. The ironic mobilisation of the adjective 'brave', therefore, serves to highlight the polarity between his own cognizance of the real workings of the bullfight and the ignorance of 'the drunken Americans in the/ shade with good jobs and subnormal wives' who 'didn't know anything' and 'rooted for the bull.'

Presumably these drunken American tourists have not read their Hemingway, since they are not aware that 'it took guts/ to even do a bad job with the bull,' a sentiment made eminently clear in *Death in the Afternoon*. However, Bukowski does not really endorse this sentiment either. Instead he situates himself outside of both camps: he is neither for the bull or for the *matador*, neither one of the drunken American tourists who hope 'the mat gets gored' and 'go/ home happy and/ fuck all night', or an aficionado who has had his response dictated to him by a bullfighting exegesis. This latter rejection is made clear in the

[439] Charles Bukowski, "even the sun was afraid", *The Days Run Away Like Wild Horses Over The Hills* (Los Angeles: Black Sparrow Press, 1969): 179-185.

poem's depiction of the latter stages of the bullfight, as the *matador* goes in for the kill. Subjective opinion ought, it seems, to be suspended at this point, since both the speaker and his companion know 'the plot, the hero, the whole/ fucking thing.' But there is a certain degree of uneasiness about accepting this version of events. After the sword goes in it becomes clear that events are not yet over; the bull refuses to fall, refuses to follow the plot. The *toreros* come up and '[flick] their capes at him. [punch] him on the nose' all the while trying to 'push him into death'. The *matador* tries again with the *estocada* and fails, before the scene turns into farce as someone takes one of the bull's legs and kicks him over. At this point the *puntillero* enters the ring seeming 'quite angry', and wearing 'a little white butcher's cap.'[440] The process undertaken by the *puntillero* is supposed to sever the bull's spinal cord in order to provide a quick death after a failed *estocada*, but here it 'appeared that he was chopping at the/ bull's head, his/ brain.' The apparent excessive brutality in this action is placed under scrutiny here. It may appear that the *puntillero* is chopping at the bull's head and brain, but the speaker knows that this surface appearance needs to be questioned. This questioning is reflected in the way in which the appearance of the *matador's* artistry in the opening of the poem is rendered deceptive. What appears to be happening in the bullring and what the observer sees are rarely contradictory, but there is nonetheless a questioning and critical subjectivity in Bukowski's poem that simply doesn't exist in Mailer's writing about the bullfight.

Indeed, at the end of the poem the speaker insists that 'you could SEE the bull/ die'. The capitalisation of the verb 'SEE' in this section is interesting, suggesting, perhaps that the only truth in the bullfight, the only firm meaning that can be extrapolated from the event by a subjective observer, is the death of the bull, or rather, the fact of the observer *seeing* the bull die. This capitalisation is doubly curious when considered in tandem with the only other capitalisation employed in the poem, which occurs when the speaker states that the bull 'finally stood/ disgusted and doomed/ looking/ LOOKING.' The bull is both doomed-looking and looking for meaning, attempting to understand its condition, searching for the source of its pain. The crucial distinction between these two verbs lies at the heart of the poem's treatment of the bullfight, and at the heart of its response to Hemingway. Everything else that the bullfight can supposedly *mean*, all of its metaphorical associations and reflections, everything that it can *say* to an observer, can only be found by actively looking for it. To look, after all, is to search, and it implies the existence of something that is being looked for. We might return again to A.L. Kennedy's

[440] The *puntillero* is responsible for ensuring that the bull is dead after it has been felled by the *estocada* by severing the bull's spinal cord. In the majority of cases this is purely a formality but, if a *matador* runs out of time and/or is unable to successfully dispatch the bull in the time alloted, the employment of the *puntillero* to carry out the job for him is a sign of disgrace, an emasculation and a professional catastrophe. Usually the individual appointed *puntillero* is either a member of the *matador*'s *cuadrilla* or someone hired for the specific role by the *corrida* organiser. In some arenas, the *puntillero* is simply a local butcher or slaughterman and will thus be dressed accordingly in their work attire. This would seem to have been the case in the bullfight on which this poem is based.

postulation that the *corrida* is 'a blood search for meaning in the end of a life'.[441] For Kennedy the death of the bull or the *matador* is the metaphorical touchstone from which meaning can be derived in the bullfight. She, like Bukowski, cannot comprehend the meaning of any aspect of the bullfight except in its direct relation to death. Seeing might be read as being a potential result of looking, whilst at the same time looking can also result in a failure to see. To see, on the other hand, may be a recognition not searched for: we do not have to look in order to see. For Bukowski the bullfight is a visual field in which the poet has been conditioned to look for something, for some deeper meaning. This conditioning may be seen as being borne out of the ubiquity of the allegorical import with which Hemingway invested the *corrida*: an investment subsequently disseminated each time Hemingway and bullfighting were invoked separately or together. As John Berger wrote in his now seminal popular work on art criticism, *Ways of Seeing*, '[t]he way we see things is affected by what we know or what we believe.'[442] We might extend this idea to incorporate what we read, since what we have read can certainly be said to constitute much of what we know or believe. This, it would seem, is central to Bukowski's interpretation of the bullfight. He wants to see for himself and not to look through the eyes of his forbears. That is, he does not want to follow the route taken by Mailer in searching for the same metaphorical resonances that Hemingway assured an entire generation of readers and writers they could find in the *plaza de toros*.

[441] Kennedy, *On Bullfighting*, p. 12.
[442] John Berger, Sven Blomberg, Chris Fox, Michael Dibb and Richard Hollis, *Ways of Seeing* (London: BBC & Penguin, 1972), p.8.

## Conclusion

At the core of this project lay a desire to locate the motives behind modernism's intense engagement with the *corrida*, to interrogate this phenomenon through a direct focus on modernist writing inspired by the *plaza de toros* and its associated imagery. In many respects, this thesis sought to investigate this surge in Anglophone interest in the *corrida* through existing critical frameworks surrounding modernist primitivism. In part then, there was a seemingly natural urge to focus on the atavistic aspect of modernism's interest in bullfighting, an attempt to view modernism's engagement with the practice through the prism of its mythopoeic tendencies. Indeed, the fixing of the modernist gaze upon bullfighting shared much in common with other strands of modernism's primitivist bent, characterized as it undoubtedly was by a desire to draw connections between an arcane past and an ever bewildering present. Seemingly eccentric cultural vestiges such as the *corrida* provided an unfettered and disoriented generation of artists with definite reference points that, though often equally bewildering, provided a reassurance that the world had not reached a point where its distant past was unrecognisable. If Gertrude Stein's gnomic verdict – that her contemporaries were 'all a lost generation' – holds any verisimilitude, then the primitivist urge in modernist art and literature can be read as an attempt by that generation to find itself once more. What makes Stein's damning assessment all the more resonant in bringing together this thesis is the epigraphic use Hemingway made of it in *The Sun Also Rises*. Put in the crudest possible terms, Hemingway's own lost generation, led by Brett Ashley, Jake Barnes and Robert Cohn, find themselves in France and Spain in an effort to recalibrate their understanding of the world around them. That they eventually find themselves drawn to the *Plaza de Toros* is no insignificant coincidence. For Cohn, Ashley and Barnes, the bullring becomes a space in which to project sexual anxieties and explore the gender fault lines of the age.

However, this was just one of many aspects to modernism's engagement with the *corrida*. The surge in early twentieth-century writing about bullfighting was, in part, precipitated by a burgeoning mode of archaeological practice in the nineteenth century akin to a kind of poetic topography. Arthur Evans and his methodological forbear, Heinrich Schliemann, succeeded in practicing a mode of archaeology that attempted to verify the Homeric myths. In the case of the former, the propagation of such a practice was particularly important given the nature of his findings. The first chapter of this thesis showed how, notwithstanding the metonymy of such assumptions, the discoveries made at Knossos helped to establish a definite link in the minds of many observers between the *corrida* and the bull games and festivities of ancient Crete. Seemingly, this suggested explicitly that the *corrida's* development might have its roots in ancient history, thereby succeeding in establishing it as a genuine and viable subject for primitivist scrutiny. Indeed, Evans himself worked hard to establish such

links, loosely appropriating *corrida*-specific lexicon in his multi-volume account of the excavations and drawing explicit parallels between Cretan bull games and the *corrida*. These accounts, coupled with the extraordinary levels of publicity surrounding the excavation, succeeded in planting Knossos firmly into the cultural consciousness of the era and consequently into the art and literature borne out of it. The Minotaur myth in particular, with all of its rich symbolism, became a prevalent metaphor for the contemporaneously blurred distinction between reason and unreason – between carnal and cerebral. Evans's careless misappropriation of the language of the *corrida* was reinforced by Picasso's amalgamation of *corrida* imagery and the Minotaur myth in modernist visual cultures. Both cultural phenomena seemed to have potentially limitless capacity for metaphorical resonance, and the concomitance between bullfighting and Cretan myth engineered by Evans succeeded in bestowing a mythical quality onto the former and an enduring relevance onto the latter.

The bullfight's mythical air was not its only source of attraction, however. Indeed, so polysemous were both the spectacle as a whole and the various physical and abstract relations between its constituent parts, modernism came to treat the bullring as a kaleidoscopic site of meaning. Looked at from varying subjective perspectives, the bullfight was a fertile ground for what often transpired to be wildly conflicting interpretations. As I suggested in the opening chapter, the Minotaur myth was frequently appropriated as a metaphor for whatever was most interesting to its appropriator. For Picasso, the Minotaur thus became a metaphor for his own struggle to come to terms with the dichotomy between carnal desire and cerebral activity. The bullfight too was equally malleable to the interpretative whims of its observers; in chapter two, it was demonstrated that D.H. Lawrence and Ernest Hemingway saw antithetical versions of masculinity in the work of the *torero* in the *plaza de toros*. These modes of understanding did not emerge in isolation, of course, and other modernist thinkers employed the bullfight to explore the protean nature of gender during the early twentieth century. The public nature of the spectacle served only to magnify and amplify the fragility of the *matador*'s claim to masculinity; indeed, this thesis has sought to expand on recent work in Hemingway scholarship, which has increasingly suggested that the perceived rigidity of Hemingway's perception of masculinity in the *corrida* may be misunderstood. Indeed, the reading of Hemingway offered here suggests that his texts proffer a far more fluid conception of masculinity, and one which is inherently modern. Unlike Lawrence, who held up the *matador* as a degenerate version of European masculinity against an idealised primitive *other*, Hemingway sought to envisage the *plaza de toros* as a place in which a particular code of masculinity had been professionalised, where masculinity was under threat and where its public preservation was financially remunerated. Leiris argues that the bullfight provided a mirror for his contemporaries, and in this sense he was right. The bullfight did seem to reflect and, often, amplify the anxieties and questions harboured by those writers and artists who came to it during the first half of the twentieth century. Thus the peculiarity of modernism's

engagement with the *corrida* – as opposed to *corrida*-inspired art and writing produced prior to the twentieth century – lies in its propensity to employ it almost entirely figuratively in their work. The anachronistic quality of the *corrida*, its seeming incongruity with modernity, meant that observers from outside of Spain were prone to imbue it with meaning. Whether it is Lawrence, Hemingway, Leiris, Bataille, Woolf or any other writer considered in these pages, all invested the bullfight with a meaning beyond what its action denoted.

Whilst the thesis as a whole has tried to reframe many prevailing critical debates surrounding Hemingway, the work on professionalised masculinity in particular forges new ground in Hemingway studies, which has for too long been bogged down in antagonistic quarrelling over the value of Hemingway's work to modernist studies on account of his apparently hyper-masculinist agenda. Moreover, the second chapter speaks to the issues surrounding self-publicity and promotion that have been borne out of recent work done in the field of modernism and celebrity.[443] I suggested explicitly that Hemingway's attraction to the bullfight was partly motivated by a desire to find a model for the kind of professionalised, and monetised, masculinity he pursued in his writing. In other words, one aspect of Hemingway's aesthetic agenda was driven by an awareness of the popular appeal and commercial viability of the codes of masculinity staged in his work. Indeed, Lawrence, whose own conception of ideal masculinity was an imagined, primitive version, provided the perfect counterpoint to Hemingway. Where Hemingway saw a mode of masculinity in the *corrida* that was both defined by modernity and viable within it, Lawrence came to a very different conclusion. For Lawrence the *corrida* became the epitome of a modern crisis of masculinity, the epitome of modernity's capacity to catalyse cultural atrophy. Thus the *corrida* was a double-pronged assault on Lawrence's *weltanschaaung*: it offended his sense of cultural authenticity given its importation from Spain to Latin America, and also constituted a triumph of rationalism over impulse given the *matador's* reliance on scientific and mathematical knowledge.

Lawrence's distaste for this aspect of the *corrida* is particularly curious given the subject area of the penultimate chapter, which sought to explore modernism's relationship with bullfighting through an examination of linear aesthetics. As much as the metaphorical polysemy of bullfighting acted as a stimulus for modernism's thematic content, I have made the case here that its aesthetic provided a reified model for a branch of modernism preoccupied with linearity. I have not presupposed that either Stein or Pound were directly informing their own work through the *corrida* (indeed there is nothing to suggest that Pound knew anything of the *plaza de toros* aside from what he may have heard from Hemingway), but rather argued that part of the attraction of bullfighting was in its own drive

[443] Aaron Jaffe, *Modernism and the Culture of Celebrity* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2005); Jonathan Goldman, *Modernism is the Literature of Celebrity* (Austin: University of Texas Press, 2011).

towards a purity of line that can be seen in Hemingway's work, and in the aesthetic projects of both Stein and Pound's Imagism. Bullfighting itself was an artform undergoing an aesthetic overthrow in tandem with the rise of modernism in other spheres. Its own revolution was characterised by a change in its linearity: Juan Belmonte, who analogised his approach to the manner in which a mathematician attempts to prove a theorem, pared away at the distance between man and bull, forcing the bullfighter to ensure both the line at which he set his own body, and the line he forced the bull to charge, were true. Thus, the geometrical turn in the aesthetics of bullfighting called attention to the *matador's* work in a manner that was unprecedented; it quickly became a self-conscious artform, and an artform that revealed the skeleton of its composition in the very the act of performance. Particular branches of modernist literature performed a similar function: Stein's incessant rephrasing and reordering of sentences echoed this process, whilst Hemingway's famed utterance about the 'purity of line' held by his fictional bullfighter, Pedro Romero was quickly appropriated as a critical idiom applied to the goal of his writing. Indeed, the analogy made in *Death in the Afternoon* between the aesthetics of bullfighting and the work of Romanian sculptor Constantin Brancusi, who was so admired by and influential to Pound, makes clear that any discussion of bullfighting's importance to modernism and modernist studies should not be confined to critical exegeses on Hemingway and his taurine works. For its figurative potential, its provision of an aesthetic model, its bridging of the gap between a remote past and an unfamiliar present, the *corrida* was an important and hitherto unheeded touchstone for an array of modernism's most canonical figures.

The plurality of bullfighting's significance provided the rationale for the final chapter of the thesis, which interrogated the manner in which bullfighting was written about in the aftermath of the Second World War. If the literary academe was slow to recognise the importance of bullfighting to any writer or artist other than Hemingway, then it should come as little surprise that bullfighting after modernism's early twentieth century peak was a concept saturated by Hemingway's legacy. Indeed, such was the intricacy of Hemingway's perceived bind to bullfighting, it seemed impossible to invoke either without recourse to mentioning the other. For three post-war writers attempting to write their way out of the shadows cast over American literature by Hemingway, literary treatment of the bullfight came to represent a necessary rite of passage. It is clear that of the three writers under discussion in the final chapter, Norman Mailer experienced the most testing and problematic relationship with both Hemingway and the *corrida*. The presentation in this thesis of a previously undiscovered plan for a bullfighting novel is testament to this fact. As I have made clear throughout this thesis, the critical and cultural tendency to equate Hemingway's writing with bullfighting caused significant difficulties for any writer attempting to use the bullring as a site for literary endeavour. By the mid 1950s, when Hemingway was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature in recognition of his

influence on contemporary style, this association was synonymic almost to the point of obfuscation. As Mailer's fictional alter-ego, Sergius O'Shaughnessy, says of his own attempt at a taurine novel in *The Deer Park*, all writing about bullfighting had come to seem 'inevitably imitative' of Hemingway. In illustrating this problem in the final chapter, I have tried to convey the extent to which bullfighting has been swallowed up by Hemingway's legacy at the cost of a more profound understanding of its import to other writers.

In so doing, I hope to have provided a stimulus for future studies into the relationship between other modernist writers and bullfighting. Indeed, one of the outcomes of this thesis is that it demonstrates the need for a comprehensive account of engagement with bullfighting in many of the writers who came under discussion, including alone those who remained absent from the focus of the work. Given the fact that it was Stein who first introduced Hemingway to the *corrida*, there is clearly a great deal of further research to be carried out on Stein's interest in the practice. Lawrence, too, composed another short story entitled "None of That", which has at its centre a recounted relationship between a *matador* and an aristocratic woman, and the political complexities of his reading of the *corrida* warrant further discussion. The same can be said of Wyndham Lewis, whose novel *Snooty Baronet* (1932) did not fit within the parameters of these chapters but which would undoubtedly bear an exegetic treatment elsewhere. Whilst this thesis has probed the relationship between bullfighting and modernism as a movement, it is also true to say that the bullfight often elicited very personal responses in from the individuals it roused. In each of these cases, the research conducted here demonstrates the need for a rigorous examination of the place of bullfighting in each author's work, perhaps within the context of single author studies.

Moreover, it is arguable that the sheer breadth and depth of bullfighting's presence in art and literature warrants the kind of cultural history produced on boxing by Kasia Boddy.[444] Bullfighting did not appear in the art and literature of the modernist period without precedent, after all, and it had provided a particularly rich and consistent mine of inspiration for writers and artists well before the twentieth century. Whilst this study has attempted to illustrate how the bullfight operated as a mirror to the anxieties of the modern artist, it would be equally interesting to see how representations of the practice evolved over time.

If such a study were to be undertaken, another area that would require a greater deal of enquiry is in visual representations of bullfighting by modernist painters and sculptors. The first chapter dealt briefly with the recurrence of the Minotaur myth in the oeuvre of Picasso, but the bullfight was also a frequently recurring image in his work throughout his career. Indeed, the imagery of the bullfight

[444] Kasia Boddy, *Boxing: A Cultural History* (London: Reaktion, 2008)

is an integral part of the *Guernica* composition, perhaps Picasso's most important political work. The political nature of that piece in particular speaks to one of the broader reasons that this study focussed heavily on Anglophone interpretations of the bullfight; given the politicisation of bullfighting during the Spanish Civil War, any effort to discuss its place in the modernist art and literature of Spain would be warped by the socio-political situation of the period. Nevertheless, alongside Picasso, both Joan Miro and Salvador Dali employed the bullfight frequently in their painting during the same period. In light of this, a separate, art history, study examining the relationship between surrealism and bullfighting might well be justified. The fact that Bataille and Leiris made such significant use of the *corrida* in their writing, coupled with their association with surrealism, would make any such study cross disciplinary in its nature.

At this point it is worth returning to the title of this thesis, which until now I have purposely left unmentioned. The remit of this project was designed to engage explicitly with the writing of non-Spanish modernists, since it was felt that these would provide the most interesting responses to the spectacle in terms of its relationship to the modernist project as a whole. Yet the title of this thesis, provided by Federico Garcia Lorca, represents a Spanish comment on the practice that transcends the nationality of its originator. When Lorca called the bullfight 'the last serious thing' in the modern world, he was surely anticipating and lamenting its imminent extinction.[445] Moreover, implicit in that lamentation is also a nod towards the *corrida's* ritualistic nature, its bond to antiquity, its cultural legitimacy and immunity to globalisation. Like Lorca, Hemingway too saw fit to document the *corrida* for the sake of posterity, expressing concern that the modern world would prove an inhospitable place for bullfighting at the same time as he saw its enduring relevance to it. Yet the *corrida* lives on; almost a century after the zenith of modernism, bullfighting is still practiced in Spain and many of its former colonies, albeit with decreasing regularity. The practice remains popular with its viewing public, and is still an integral part of Spanish identity. However, the relative absence of the bullfight and its associated imagery from eminent contemporary art and literature speaks to the collapse of its capacity to maintain the symbolic resonance it once held. In turn, this demonstrates its discrete significance to modernism; whether or not the bullfight was the *last* serious thing in the modern world remains to be seen, but none can deny the seriousness of its place in modernist cultures.

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