in our time

by

ernest hemingway

LEVAVI OCULOS
MEOS IN MONTES

paris

three mountains press

1924

in our time:
The 1924 Text

Ernest Hemingway

Edited by James Gifford

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Introduction

Since its first publication, critics have recognized Hemingway's 1924 *in our time* as a major development in American literature and Modernism. Edmund Wilson, in one of the first reviews, gave the collection high praise and wrote that Hemingway "almost invented a form of his own" (340). In Wilson's view, the book was a breakthrough with "more artistic dignity than anything else about the period of the war that has as yet been written by an American" (340). However, after Hemingway's expansion and revision of the collection and the republication of the book as *In Our Time* (with capital letters) in New York by Boni & Liveright, the 1924 Three Mountains Press edition from Paris became nearly impossible to acquire. *In Our Time* displaced *in our time*, and without any trade edition in print, the 1924 version has been impossible to use in the classroom and difficult for researchers to access. As the first instance of Hemingway's "theory of omission" or Iceberg theory, which has shaped a generation of writers, the difficulty of accessing the 1924 edition is a genuine problem, one that this editions aims to solve.

Despite the accessibility challenges scholars and students have faced with this book, major critics have proven the importance of the 1924 *in our time* by returning to it again and again after Wilson's first review. Milton A. Cohen's *Hemingway's Laboratory: The Paris in our time* makes the case for the story sequence as a central work to Hemingway's *oeuvre*. *Hemingway's Laboratory* was the first monograph dedicated to the 1924 version, but it draws from a lengthy tradition of commentary and recognition, including E.R. Hagemann's important study "A Collation, With Commentary of the Five Texts of the Chapters in Hemingway's *In Our Time*, 1923-1938." As Cohen argues, the critical tendency has been to look at *in our time* as a precursor to *In Our Time* rather than a work com-

plete unto itself. Hemingway contributed to this tendency by claiming to have written the vignettes in *in our time* as "chapter headings" (Hemingway, *Ernest* 5), but Cohen shows this is quite unlikely since Hemingway "first wrote them in 1924 for a commissioned book to consist only of these chapters, well before he envisioned a story-chapter book or had written the stories to fill it," which became the 1925 *In Our Time* (Cohen x). Cohen argues for a trade edition of the 1924 *in our time*, and it may be hoped that this project serves the need in *lieu* of a commercial printing. For any study of the 1924 state of the text, Cohen's work is invaluable for scholars as well as students, in particular his extended close readings of each chapter of *in our time* that form the final chapter of his study.

Theory of Omission

Despite the composition of this text at an early stage in Hemingway's career, readers will also notice in *in our time* the clear operation of Hemingway's "theory of omission" or "iceberg theory" of writing. For those readers who are coming to Hemingway for the first time or with less familiarity, this is an omission from the text of overt descriptions of some crucial matter around which the emotions or themes of the text pivot. Most typically, students encounter this in his story "Hills Like White Elephants," in which the characters argue without explicit resolution over an unplanned pregnancy and possible abortion that are never directly mentioned. In the popular phrasing, this is to "show not tell" a reader what is occurring, which requires an active form of reading in which the reader participates *in* and contributes *to* the texts rather than passively relying on narrative or self-explication. Hemingway's "theory of omission" is a more nuanced extension of "show not tell" in which the absent matter can be detected by its influence on those things that do appear in the text.

As an instance of omission, in "chapter 2" of *in our time*, the "kid" matador "shows" his exhaustion and the emotional intensity of his experience killing five bulls, but the text itself never describes

those feelings directly. We may see their profound impact but not find a description. Likewise, in "chapter 10" the reader is left to interpret the protagonist's emotional response to his broken engagement based on his contracting gonorrhea, though the reader is never actually told he had even received the letter that would cause him such pain. We understand that he has been wounded emotionally and that his tryst with an anonymous "sales girl" was how he dealt with the wound and to unproductively prove his masculinity to himself, though none of this is actually written nor is any of this emotional culmination of the narrative explicitly described in the text. The intensity of the reader's and protagonist's response to these omitted materials was made more poignant when the autobiographical inspiration for the story was made public in 1961. Agnes von Kurowsky Stanfield was an American nurse in the Red Cross in Milan who tended to Hemingway, and the two fell in love. They planned to marry, but she broke it off by letter when she became engaged to an Italian officer, much as occurs in "chapter 10." In Hemingway's revisions to *in our time* "Ag" becomes renamed as "Luz" to further distance the work from its autobiographical origins.

The "iceberg" that sits behind the text, the majority of its mass that is missed by an observer who sees only above the waterline, informs how we read. If the reader learns to respond to the missing descriptions in "chapter 10," such as the young man's heartbreak, that lesson then leads to a re-reading of "chapter 4" and the shootings at Mons. The soldier shooting enemy Germans is also experiencing something that will shape him for the rest of his life, and once again the reader is not told the nature of this emotional experience nor are the circumstances that lead to it made clear. We see the outcomes and intuit the consequences, and in many respects we are "shown" both, but they remain implicit rather than explicit. As H.R. Stoneback shows, "the omitted parts of the tale may generate the core feeling of the text" (4). In each instance and others across *in our time*, suffering, politics, economics, social revolution, love, and loss are all shown without being told, much as a shadow indicates an unseen object or we may recognize a past event based

on present consequences.

Other breakthroughs for Hemingway as a stylistic innovator and experimental prose stylist appear here for the first time. While Hemingway is famous for his precise language, this precision also leaves enormous ambiguities since it may tell the reader a great deal about something that is only an outcome of another unseen force. That is, the precision may trace the outline of omitted materials. In the same way, the reader's anticipations are goaded, as in "chapter 12" in which the horse's struggles are only slowly revealed to be a part of another bull fight. In the subsequent "chapter 13" the struggle between "he" and "I" is also given to the reader for resolution. We even know in "chapter 17" that the "negroes" being hanged "were very frightened" (19), but the experiences and emotions of Sam Cardinella at precisely "six o'clock in the morning" are only visible in their consequences but not any description. Ambiguity and precision are deeply bound to the omissions here, as are the "unwriterly" plain language and rugged, masculine brevity that have, in many ways, come to define American prose across the rest of the twentieth century. And as is characteristic for Hemingway, the rugged masculinity on display here in subject matter and style are set atop emasculated, traumatized, and frail male characters in a way that also tempts the reader to question the contradictions and complications of social gender norms. Like Jake Barnes in Hemingway's next major work, *The Sun Also Rises*, the exterior of hard masculine virility appears only as a social performance that masks the omitted traumatized, quasi-castrated male struggling with an impossible role. The contrast between the rugged style and the emasculated characters is difficult to overlook.

Hemingway is, then, a far more difficult author than the simplicity of his prose suggests. This is, in many respects, the greatest challenge and the greatest reward for reading Hemingway: he is both extremely easy and extremely difficult. The contrast lies between his clear and simple prose versus his unstated or implicit concerns. This leads many readers to assume they have "understood" Hemingway by simply reading him when we must first recognize how he trains us to be more careful and more critical read-

ers. In this respect, Hemingway is a pedagogical writer insofar as he teaches his readers a new form of attention, a new form of sensitivity to language.

Time In Context

During the First World War, Hemingway served in the Red Cross as an ambulance driver in Italy. He was badly wounded in the Italian front lines and had shrapnel wounds in both legs, which left him in hospital for six months, although he was not permanently injured from these wounds. After the war, in 1921, he began serving as the foreign correspondent for *The Toronto Star* newspaper in Paris. There he met Sylvia Beach, Ezra Pound, Gertrude Stein, Pablo Picasso, and many other modernists.

This time period after the First World War was also marked by unstable currency exchange rates, which often gave the American dollar a great advantage in Europe. A casually working American who had a modest but reliable salary in American dollars could live reasonably well in France. Many American writers took advantage of this, and the "Americans in Paris" moment arrived. Many writers from Canada and the USA moved to Paris or London to take advantage of exchange rates, and Hemingway was among them.

Amid the thick of this milieu, *in our time* was first published in 1924, one year before F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby*. Fitzgerald and Hemingway were good friends, though Hemingway also competed with Fitzgerald, and both of their books are deeply concerned with the American Dream. They were also both responding to the preceding generation of American authors who had become famous in the modernist movement, in particular T.S. Eliot and Ezra Pound, as well as the Irish writer James Joyce. The use of the em dash to denote direct discourse is a trait drawn from Joyce, later revised to traditional quotations marks in subsequent editions. Hemingway, despite his very clear prose, was also closely tied to the extraordinarily experimental writer Gertrude Stein. Amidst this historical moment and artistic milieu, *in our time* developed as an expression of both in content and form.

The 1924 collection is also remarkably political, although the theory of omission means its politics are not explicit. The first three chapters cover the major themes of the project: the First World War, bullfighting, and the 1922 Asia Minor Catastrophe following the Greco-Turkish War. Their juxtaposition suggests a relationship between these forms of violence, especially the execution of the senior Greek officials in "chapter 6" and the contrasting execution of the Chicago mobster Sam Cardinelli in "chapter 17" that displaces the War to sit between chapters on the death of a bullfighter and the deposed King Constantine I of Greece. David Roessel has shown the crucial importance of Hemingway's depictions of the Asia Minor Catastrophe to British and American cultural conceptualizations of Greece (240), and across the sequence as a whole the consequences of violence in war, crime, and sport appear much as the character Nick's response to his broken engagement. That is, the reader may see the consequences but their relationship to the event is implied only through juxtaposition.

While the First World War plays an obvious role as a major trauma to Europe as well as for Hemingway based on his personal experiences of the Great War, the end of the Greco-Turkish War in the massacre at Smyrna is also crucial in the collection. His attention developed from his dispatches for the *Toronto Star* on the fall of Smyrna. Greece refers to the events of 1922 as the Asia Minor Catastrophe, the loss of ancient Greek territory to Turkey and the forced evacuation of the Greek population after the massacre of tens of thousands in the burning of Smyrna. Its importance to *in our time* is also marked by its position near the opening, middle, and at the close of the collection. Furthermore, Hemingway's final major revision to *In Our Time* in 1930 was the addition of "On The Quai at Smyrna" to precede the numbered chapters—this new chapter depicts graphically the suffering of the Greek population of Smyrna during the burning of the city and the massacre of thousands of Greeks and Armenians while also pointing to the suffering of the animals. The continuity of suffering across *in our time* thereby joins the various forms of violence and those who experience it, die from it, or struggle through both physical and emotional wounds as

its consequence.

The collapse of the dream of a Greater Greece, a nationalist vision of country love, is also not simple. In the collection it contrasts against the antinationalism of the Hungarian communist in "chapter 11" who passionately seeks an international movement of workers across national divisions bound to each other regardless of race and ethnicity. However, he finds only suffering for his efforts. An unanswered element of this chapter is the sympathy evoked in the reader for the young communist against the nationalist interests that thwart him and the work of the first person narrator to support him. This may be one more great power shifting its influence and bringing about complex consequences, as with the Great War or Asia Minor Catastrophe, or it may be a political vision of an alternative world struggling to emerge and ameliorate the troubles of the time. John Earl Haynes, Harvey Klehr, and Alexander Vassiliev have suggested Hemingway became a dilettante spy for the USSR in 1941 based on KGB files, but there is no evidence of his doing so (152-155). Keneth Kinnamon has outlined the history of Hemingway's politics thoroughly, ranging from his leftism to his protests against communism, and also including those critics who identify him as a conservative and even Hemingway's description of himself to Don Dos Passos as an anarchist (Kinnamon 156, 149, 158). However, the nature of Hemingway's shifting political interests, especially from the 1920s to the Spanish Civil War in the late 1930s, remains unclear, even despite his financial support of the Cuban communists. For Kinnamon, "Hemingway was always on the left" (168), but how this might shape a reading of the 1924 *in our time* is bound in this text to the theory of omission. That is, the pressing urgency of political commitments call to the reader, but the expression or articulation of those commitments hides in the scotoma, the blind spot, with everything around it tracing the missing space while the matter itself remains inscrutable even while influential.

A final contextual matter is race, ranging from the "wops" of "chapter 9" to the execution of the Italian American mobster Sam Cardinella and the "negroes" to be hanged on the same day in

"chapter 17." The contrast between mob violence and state violence is on display in the chapter, setting it in clear comparison to the state executions for treason in "chapter 6" but also the deaths of the matador and the bulls. What is typically set as Hemingway's hard, masculine prose style is bound to a deep sensitivity over trauma and suffering, and for an American writer, the tension binding suffering to race is unavoidable.

These contextualizations then leave the reader with a simple prose showing much complexity from an author sensitive to human suffering, social conflicts around race, the operations of nationalist wars on human actors, and the major ideological conflicts of the twentieth century. Marking out the scope of *in our time* is a more capacious challenge than the text first suggests.

About This Edition

This edition makes the 1924 version of *in our time* available for the first time since the 1977 facsimile edition, which was in a print run limited to 1700 copies. The original edition was printed in only 170 copies and is often presented as the scarcest of Hemingway's works. While this new edition is intended for student and classroom use, it also brings the text to a wider scholarly audience. Annotations are intended for a general student readership, and more extensive critical resources are indicated in the Works Cited.

The first six chapters of *in our time* are slightly revised from their publication in *The Little Review*, for which Ezra Pound had encouraged Hemingway's contribution. They appear again between the chapters, and extended in some instances, in the 1925 Boni & Liveright edition in New York, although several matters of copyediting are of uncertain origin, some certainly originating in the publisher with or without Hemingway's approval. Pound edited the 1924 *in our time* for Three Mountains Press, and he is known for actively intervening in other texts he edited, including T.S. Eliot's *The Waste Land* in 1922 and James Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* as serialized in *The Egoist* from 1914-1915. In addition, the distinction between Hemingway's and his editors' correc-

tions in the editions between 1925 and 1930 is not entirely clear, particularly so for punctuation. The collection reached its final form, apart from minor revisions, in 1930 when "On the Quia at Smyrna" was added to precede the other numbered chapters. Peter L. Hays' *A Concordance to Hemingway's In Our Time* is the definitive work on the various witnesses of the text with Hagemann's "A Collation, With Commentary of the Five Texts of the Chapters in Hemingway's *In Our Time*, 1923-1938."

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TEXTUAL NOTES

Hemingway's original ligatures, italics, and other markers such as the em dash to indicate direct discourse are all retained here. Hemingway later repudiated the lower case title that is also reflected in the chapter headings, but both are retained here per the original text. Italicization of foreign words is inconsistent in the original text, and both the roman and italics forms are retained in this edition consistent with the 1924 printing.

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A GIRL IN CHICAGO: tell us about the French women, Hank. What are they like?

BILL SMITH: How old are the French women, Hank?

paris:
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1924

to
robert m[c]almon and william bird
publishers of the city of paris
and to
captain eric edward dorman-smith, m.c.,
of his majesty's fifth fusiliers
this book
is respectfully dedicated

in our time

chapter 1

EVERYBODY was drunk. The whole battery was drunk going along the road in the dark. We were going to the Champagne. The lieutenant kept riding his horse out into the fields and saying to him, "I'm drunk, I tell you, mon vieux.[1] Oh, I am so soused." We went along the road all night in the dark and the adjutant[2] kept riding up alongside my kitchen and saying, "You must put it out. It is dangerous. It will be observed." We were fifty kilometers from the front but the adjutant worried about the fire in my kitchen. It was funny going along that road. That was when I was a kitchen corporal.

chapter 2

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

chapter 3

MINARETS stuck up in the rain out of Adrianople[3] across the mud flats. The carts were jammed for thirty miles along the Karagatch road.[4] Water buffalo and cattle were hauling carts through the mud. No end and no beginning. Just carts loaded with everything they owned. The old men and women, soaked through, walked along keeping the cattle moving. The Maritza was running yellow almost up to the bridge.[5] Carts were jammed solid on the bridge with camels bobbing along through them. Greek cavalry herded along the procession. Women and kids were in the carts crouched with mattresses, mirrors, sewing machines, bundles. There was a woman having a kid with a young girl holding a blanket over her and crying. Scared sick looking at it. It rained all through the evacuation.

chapter 4

WE were in a garden at Mons.[6] Young Buckley came in with his patrol from across the river. The first German I saw climbed up over the garden wall. We waited till he got one leg over and then potted him. He had so much equipment on and looked awfully surprised and fell down into the garden. Then three more came over further down the wall. We shot them. They all came just like that.

chapter 5

IT was a frightfully hot day. We'd jammed an absolutely perfect barricade across the bridge. It was simply priceless. A big old wrought iron grating from the front of a house. Too heavy to lift and you could shoot through it and they would have to climb over it. It was absolutely topping. They tried to get over it, and we potted them from forty yards. They rushed it, and officers came out alone and worked on it. It was an absolutely perfect obstacle. Their officers were very fine. We were frightfully put out when we heard the flank had gone, and we had to fall back.

chapter 6

THEY shot the six cabinet ministers at half-past six in the morning against the wall of a hospital.[7] There were pools of water in the courtyard. There were wet dead leaves on the paving of the courtyard. It rained hard. All the shutters of the hospital were nailed shut. One of the ministers was sick with typhoid. Two soldiers carried him downstairs and out into the rain. They tried to hold him up against the wall but he sat down in a puddle of water. The other five stood very quietly, against the wall. Finally the officer told the soldiers it was no good trying to make him stand up. When they fired the first volley he was sitting down in the water with his head on his knees.

chapter 7

NICK[8] sat against the wall of the church where they had dragged him to be clear of machine gun fire in the street. Both legs stuck out awkwardly. He had been hit in the spine. His face was sweaty and dirty. The sun shone on his face. The day was very hot. Rinaldi, big backed, his equipment sprawling, lay face downward against the wall. Nick looked straight ahead brilliantly. The pink wall of the house opposite had fallen out from the roof, and an iron bedstead hung twisted toward the street. Two Austrian dead lay in the rubble in the shade of the house. Up the street were other dead. Things were getting forward in the town. It was going well. Stretcher bearers would be along any time now. Nick turned his head carefully and looked down at Rinaldi. "Senta Rinaldi. Senta.[9] You and me we've made a separate peace." Rinaldi lay still in the sun breathing with difficulty. "Not patriots." Nick turned his head carefully away smiling sweatily. Rinaldi was a disappointing audience.

chapter 8

WHILE the bombardment was knocking the trench to pieces at Fossalta, he lay very flat and sweated and prayed oh jesus christ get me out of here. Dear jesus please get me out. Christ please please please christ. If you'll only keep me from getting killed I'll do anything you say. I believe in you and I'll tell everyone in the world that you are the only thing that matters. Please please dear jesus. The shelling moved further up the line. We went to work on the trench and in the morning the sun came up and the day was hot and muggy and cheerful and quiet. The next night back at Mestre he did not tell the girl he went upstairs with at the Villa Rossa about Jesus. And he never told anybody.

chapter 9

AT two o'clock in the morning two Hungarians got into a cigar store at Fifteenth Street and Grand Avenue. Drevitts and Boyle drove up from the Fifteenth Street police station in a Ford. The Hungarians were backing their wagon out of an alley. Boyle shot one off the seat of the wagon and one out of the wagon box. Drevetts got frightened when he found they were both dead. Hell Jimmy, he said, you oughtn't to have done it. There's liable to be a hell of a lot of trouble.

— They're crooks ain't they? said Boyle. They're, wops[10] ain't they? Who the hell is going to make any trouble?

— That's all right maybe this time, said Drevitts, but how did you know they were wops when you bumped them?

Wops, said Boyle, I can tell wops a mile off.

chapter 10

ONE hot evening in Milan[11] they carried him up onto the roof and he could look out over the top of the town. There were chimney swifts in the sky. After a while it got dark and the searchlights came out. The others went down and took the bottles with them. He and Ag could hear them below on the balcony. Ag sat on the bed. She was cool and fresh in the hot night.

Ag stayed on night duty for three months. They were glad to let her. When they operated on him she prepared him for the operating table and they had a joke about friend or enema. He went under the anæsthetic holding tight on to himself so that he would not blab about anything during the silly, talky time. After he got on crutches he used to take the temperature so Ag would not have to get up from the bed. There were only a few patients, and they all knew about it. They all liked Ag. As he walked back along the halls he thought of Ag in his bed.

Before he went back to the front they went into the Duomo[12] and prayed. It was dim and quiet, and there were other people praying. They wanted to get married, but there was not enough time for the banns, and neither of them had birth certificates. They felt as though they were married, but they wanted everyone to know about it, and to make it so they could not lose it.

Ag wrote him many letters that he never got until after the armistice. Fifteen came in a bunch and he sorted them by the dates and read them all straight through. They were about the hospital, and how much she loved him and how it was impossible to get along without him and how terrible it was missing him at night.

After the armistice they agreed he should go home to get a job so they might be married. Ag would not come home until he had a good job and could come to New York to meet her. It was understood he would not drink, and he did not want to see his friends or anyone in the States. Only to get a job and be married. On the

train from Padova to Milan they quarrelled about her not being willing to come home at once. When they had to say good-bye in the station at Padova[13] they kissed good-bye, but were not finished with the quarrel. He felt sick about saying good-bye like that.

He went to America on a boat from Genoa. Ag went back to Torre di Mosta to open a hospital. It was lonely and rainy there, and there was a battalion of *arditi* quartered in the town. Living in the muddy, rainy town in the winter the major of the battalion made love to Ag, and she had never known Italians before, and finally wrote a letter to the States that theirs had been only a boy and girl affair. She was sorry, and she knew he would probably not be able to understand, but might some day forgive her, and, be grateful to her, and she expected, absolutely unexpectedly, to be married in the spring. She loved him as always, but she realized now it was only a boy and girl love. She hoped he would have a great career, and believed in him absolutely. She knew it was for the best.

The Major did not marry her in the spring, or any other time. Ag never got an answer to her letter to Chicago about it. A short time after he contracted gonorrhea from a sales girl from The Fair riding in a taxicab through Lincoln Park.

chapter 11

IN 1919 he was traveling on the railroads in Italy carrying a square of oilcloth from the headquarters of the party written in indelible pencil and saying here was a comrade who had suffered very much under the whites in Budapest and requesting comrades to aid him in any way.[14] He used this instead of a ticket. He was very shy and quite young and the train men passed him on from one crew to another. He had no money, and they fed him behind the counter in railway eating houses.

He was delighted with Italy. It was a beautiful country he said. The people were all kind. He had been in many towns, walked much and seen many pictures. Giotto, Masaccio, and Piero della Francesca he bought reproductions of and carried them wrapped in a copy of *Avanti*.[15] Mantegna he did not like.

He reported at Bologna, and I took him with me, up into the Romagna where it was necessary I go to see a man. We had a good trip together. It was early September and the country was pleasant. He was a Magyar, a very nice boy and very shy. Horthey's men had done some bad things to him. He talked about it a little. In spite of Italy, he believed altogether in the world revolution.[16]

— But how is the movement going in Italy? he asked.

— Very badly, I said.

— But it will go better, he said. You have everything here. It is the one country that everyone is sure of. It will be the starting point of everything.

At Bologna he said good-bye to us to go on the train to Milano and then to Aosta to walk over the pass into Switzerland. I spoke to him about the Mantegnas in Milano.[17] No, he said, very shyly, he did not like the Mantegnas. I wrote out for him where to eat in Milano and the addresses of comrades. He thanked me very much, but his mind was already looking forward to walking over the pass.

He was very eager to walk over the pass while the weather held good. The last I heard of him the Swiss had him in jail near Sion.

chapter 12

THEY whack whacked the white horse on the legs and he knee-ed himself up. The picador twisted the stirrups straight and pulled and hauled up into the saddle. The horse's entrails hung down in a blue bunch and swung backward and forward as he began to canter, the *monos*[18] whacking him on the back of his legs with the rods. He cantered jerkily along the barrera. He stopped stiff and one of the *monos* held his bridle and walked him forward. The picador kicked in his spurs, leaned forward and shook his lance at the bull. Blood pumped regularly from between the horse's front legs. He was nervously wobbly. The bull could not make up his mind to charge.

chapter 13

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*.[19] The crowd came over the barrera and around the torero and two men grabbed him and held him and some one cut off his pigtail and was waving it and a kid grabbed it and ran away with it. Afterwards I saw him at the café. He was very short with a brown face and quite drunk and he said after all it has happened before like that. I am not really a good bull fighter.

chapter 14

IF it happened right down close in front of you, you could see Villalta snarl at the bull and curse him, and when the bull charged he swung back firmly like an oak when the wind hits it, his legs tight together, the muleta[20] trailing and the sword following the curve behind. Then he cursed the bull, flopped the muleta at him, and swung back from the charge his feet firm, the muleta curving and each swing the crowd roaring.

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

chapter 15

I HEARD the drums coming down the street and then the fifes and the pipes and then they came around the corner, all dancing. The street full of them. Maera saw him and then I saw him. When they stopped the music for the crouch he hunched down in the street with them all and when they started it again he jumped up and went dancing down the street with them. He was drunk all right.

You go down after him, said Maera, he hates me.

So I went down and caught up with them and grabbed him while he was crouched down waiting for the music to break loose and said, Come on Luis. For Christ sake you've got bulls this afternoon. He didn't listen to me, he was listening so hard for the music to start.

I said, Don't be a damn fool Luis. Come on back to the hotel.

Then the music started up again and he jumped up and twisted away from me and started dancing. I grabbed his arm and he pulled loose and said, Oh leave me alone. You're not my father.

I went back to the hotel and Maera was on the balcony looking out to see if I'd be bringing him back. He went inside when he saw me and came downstairs disgusted.

Well, I said, after all he's just an ignorant Mexican savage.

Yes, Maera said, and who will kill his bulls after he gets a *cogida?*[21]

We, I suppose, I said.

Yes, we, said Maera. We kills the savages' bulls, and the drunkards' bulls, and the *riau-riau* dancers' bulls.[22] Yes. We kill them. We kill them all right. Yes. Yes. Yes.

chapter 16

MAERA lay still, his head on his arms, his face in the sand. He felt warm and sticky from the bleeding. Each time he felt the horn coming. Sometimes the bull only bumped him with his head. Once the horn went all the way through him and he felt it go into the sand. Someone had the bull by the tail. They were swearing at him and flopping the cape in his face. Then the bull was gone. Some men picked Maera up and started to run with him toward the barriers through the gate out the passage way around under the grand stand to the infirmary. They laid Maera down on a cot and one of the men went out for the doctor. The others stood around. The doctor came running from the corral where he had been sewing up picador horses. He had to stop and wash his hands. There was a great shouting going on in the grandstand overhead. Maera, wanted to say something and found he could not talk. Maera felt everything getting larger and larger and then smaller and smaller. Then it got larger and larger and larger and then smaller and smaller. Then everything commenced to run faster and faster as when they speed up a cinematograph film. Then he was dead.

chapter 17

THEY hanged Sam Cardinella at six o'clock in the morning in the corridors of the county jail.[23] The corridor was high and narrow with tiers of cells on either side. All the cells were occupied. The men had been brought in for the hanging. Five men sentenced to be hanged were in the five top cells. Three of the men to be hanged were negroes. They were very frightened. One of the white men sat on his cot with his head in his hands. The other lay flat on his cot with a blanket wrapped around his head.

They came out onto the gallows through a door in the wall. There were six or seven of them including two priests. There were carrying Sam Cardinella. He had been like that since about four o'clock in the morning.

While they were strapping his legs together two guards held him up and the two priests were whispering to him. "Be a man, my son," said one priest. When they came toward him with the cap to go over his head: Sam Cardinella lost control of his sphincter muscle. The guards who had been holding him up dropped him. They were both disgusted. "How about a chair, Will?" asked one of the guards. "Better get one," said a man in a derby hat.

When they all stepped back on the scaffolding back of the drop, which was very heavy, built of oak and steel and swung on ball bearings, Sam Cardinella was left sitting there strapped tight, the younger of the two priests kneeling beside the chair. The priest skipped back onto the scaffolding just before the drop fell.

chapter 18

THE king was working in the garden.[24] He seemed very glad to see me. We walked through the garden. This is the queen, he said. She was clipping a rose bush. Oh how do you do, she said. We sat down at a table under a big tree and the king ordered whiskey and soda. We have good whiskey anyway, he said. The revolutionary committee, he told me, would not allow him to go outside the palace grounds. Plastiras is a very good man I believe, he said, but frightfully difficult. I think he did right though shooting those chaps. If Kerensky had shot a few men things might have been altogether different. Of course the great thing in this sort of an affair is not to be shot oneself!

It was very jolly. We talked for a long time. Like all Greeks he wanted to go America.

Here ends *The Inquest* into the state
of contemporary English prose, as
edited by EZRA POUND and printed at
the THREE MOUNTAINS PRESS. The six
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In Our Time *by* Ernest Hemingway
with Portrait *by* Henry Strater.

ENDNOTES

[1] "My Friend" (male).
[2] An adjutant is an officer assisting more senior officers, typically a non-commissioned officer in French armies.
[3] Adrianopolis is the modern Turkish city Edirne on the border with Greece. The minarets mark its Muslim identity in contrast to the evacuation of the Greek (Orthodox Christian) population following the Asia Minor Catastrophe (the massacre at Smyrna). Hemingway returns to the topic of Asia Minor across *in our time* and adds to it across the subsequent versions of the work. In 1922 the burning of Smyrna, modern day Izmir, ended the Greco-Turkish War with the massacre of tens of thousands of Greeks and Armenians followed by the forced exchange of populations between Greece and Turkey. Smyrna and Asia Minor as a whole are deeply associated with Ancient Greece and Homer, so the event was both a political and cultural loss for Greece bound up in the Western imagination of Greece as a concept.
[4] Karagatch is a suburb in Adrianopolis, modern day Edirne.
[5] The river Meriç (Turkish) or Evros (Greek) runs from Bulgaria and along much of the modern border between Greece and Turkey. It remains prone to flooding.
[6] Mons is a city near the French and Belgian borders. It was the site of the first major British engagement in the First World War.
[7] After the abdication of King Constantine I of Greece following the Asia Minor Catastrophe and a military coup d'état, the Trial of the Six led to the execution of six officials in the previous government for treason based on their role in the Greco-Turkish War.
[8] Nick recurs later in *In Our Time* and here much resembles Jake Barnes in Hemingway's 1926 novel *The Sun Also Rises*.
[9] "Senta" is the imperative form of the Italian *sentire*, to hear, to feel.
[10] Racist slang referring to Italians.
[11] Milan, Padova, and Torre di Mosta are all cities in Italy.
[12] Duomo, literally "dome" refers to a domed church, in this instance most likely the Cathedral of the Assumption of Mary of Padua, although Hemingway changed the city to Milan in the 1925 *In Our Time*. Banns for marriage are a public proclamation preceding the wedding. Banns were required at the time for a Catholic marriage.

[13] A number of critics have noticed the apparent error in city and station here, with the protagonist saying goodbye in the same station from which the couple had ostensibly departed (Donaldson 102; Scholes 124). The 1925 *In Our Time* reverses Milan and Padova, which is Anglicized to Padua, for the entire story. Hemingway also changed the name "Ag" (from Hemingway's fiancée Agnes von Kurowsky Stanfield) to "Luz."
[14] The White Terror in Hungary from 1919-1921 followed the brief Communist government that succeeded the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Its aim was to demolish any traces of Communism. The traveller is an ethnic Hungarian, described as a Magyar later in the chapter.
[15] *Avanti!* is a newspaper begun by the Italian Socialist Party. Benito Mussolini briefly edited it from 1912-1914 until he was removed from the party and directorate. Mussolini took up fascist nationalism at the same time, and in 1919 his Blackshirts (*camicie nere*) set the paper's offices on fire. Mussolini later banned *Avanti!* in 1926.
[16] The communist revolution of the proletariat made up of the working classes of the world, in contrast to nationalism or imperialism.
[17] The altarpiece and frescoes in Milan of the Italian Renaissance painter Andrea Mantegna.
[18] Literally, "hands." Hemingway identifies the *monos* as bullring servants.
[19] The *cuadrilla* is the group of bullfighters, literally the entourage, and the *puntillo* is a short dagger used for the final wound to kill the bull.
[20] The muleta is the stick suspending the red cloth during the final third of the bullfight.
[21] After he is gored by a bull.
[22] Riau-Raiu was a part of the opening day of the festival of San Fermín in Pamploma begun by the Carlist politician Ignacio Baleztena Ascárate. It was associated with rowdy political activism and was discontinued in for this reason in 1992.
[23] Sam Cardinelli (Salvatore Cardinella) was a Chicago mobster executed in 1921 by hanging. As in the chapter, he was hanged while bound to a chair.
[24] The king is implied to be Constantine I of Greece after the overturning of the royalist government in 1922 by a military coup

as a consequence of the Asia Minor Catastrophe. The "revolutionary committee" refers to the new military government. Constantine I died only four months after abdicating the throne and taking exile in Sicily. This chapter is set in the Royal Palace in Athens prior to his exile, adjacent to the National Garden and Parliament, not far from the Acropolis. David Roessel contends, as does Jeffrey Meyers, the king "is Constantine's eldest son, George II. George took his father's place in November 1922 only to be forced to abdicate and leave the country himself in December 1923" (Roessel 240) based on Hemingway writing to Ezra Pound that he had been told about the royal couple. George II would not have been planning to leave Greece at this time, though he went into exile in Romania at the end of 1923.

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