

‘He was sort of a joke, in fact’: Ernest Hemingway in Spain

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*[We] who have lived in other countries as well as our own have
spoken and understood the language of these countries
and have heard what was said by the people;
We have something that cannot be taken from us by an article
Nor abolished by a critical agreement of Professors*

Ernest Hemingway, ‘Poem, 1928’

LITERARY scholars (and tourism boards) tend to foster an idealistic image of ‘Ernest Hemingway in Spain,’ a practice that sometimes causes studies on the topic to be celebratory in nature and eminently positive in tone. However, close review of Hemingway’s journalism, letters, and fiction discloses a different image and a context that is not always a romantic fiesta, but sometimes a discourse fraught with rejection, contempt, and even mockery. While Hemingway remained devoted to things Spanish throughout a life that could be considered an experiment in trans-nationalization, Spaniards at times ridiculed him for his pretensions of insider status with bullfighting circles and for what some perceived as his poor ability to speak Spanish. According to José Castillo-Puche, Hemingway’s friend and biographer, by the end of his life, ‘Ernesto was no longer a fascinating figure to people in Spain; he had become a sort of joke, in fact’ (20).¹ Through scrutiny of Hemingway’s cultural forays into Spanish society — in language and toreo, in particular — this article aims to reveal a crucial but often neglected dimension of Hemingway’s relationship with the Spanish people.

‘The problem with North American literature,’ notes Eugenio Suárez-Galbán, ‘is the idealization of Spain.’ North American literary criticism has a similar tendency, often consigning Spain to ‘the role of an exotic country’ (1). In order to reinvigorate a dialogue about Spain in Hemingway’s life, we might [End Page 84] focus first on what a Spanish national construct meant — not to readers, critics, or Spaniards — but to Hemingway himself. For this man, was Spain a community or a place? Which particular regions informed his perceptions and literary projections? Which members of the society (children, elderly, shopkeepers, leaders, followers, men, women, Christians, Moors, Castilians, Basques, etc.) were most representative of ‘Spanishness’ in Hemingway’s mind? These questions relate closely to how Hemingway imagined Spain and portrayed it in writing. The author spent a finite number of days in Spain, met a limited number of people, and saw a fixed number of places, interpreting these experiences through the sometimes subconscious filters of age, native language, gender, and social capital, as well as his developing ability to use and understand the Spanish languages.

Hemingway spent roughly forty days in Spain during 1923, 1924, and 1925. His prolonged absences between these brief initial encounters with the country are important to understanding his initial perceptions. Each time the author returned to Spain after an average absence of about eleven months, he would have re-lived a 'honeymoon period,' wherein language and cultural barriers remained more stimulating than annoying. In their work on bridging cultures, Eckerman et al. describe this stage of cultural displacement as a few weeks or months of 'euphoria, enchantment, fascination and enthusiasm' during which visitors are still innocent of negativity about the realities of life in the new place (124). In this phase, as Yvette Reisinger observes in *International Tourism: Cultures and Behavior*, 'Visitors are open and curious, ready to accept whatever comes. They do not judge anything and suppress minor irritations. They concentrate on nice things... such as the food, landscape, people, and country' (217). Because each of Hemingway's first seventeen trips to Spain was short — less than three months long — we might argue that he left each time before he could experience 'culture shock,' as Elizabeth Marx calls the second stage of the process of acculturation (10). This allowed Hemingway to imagine Spain as a perpetual paradise. His personal correspondence about Spain from 1923-1926 glows with Eckerman's 'euphoria, enchantment, fascination,' suggesting that over a considerable period he lacked enough experience with Spain to respond with anything but the enthusiasm of a new arrival (SL 83-203). In this way, until 1938 Hemingway's experience in Spain would have been limited to repeated 'honeymoons.'

In addition to the sights, sounds, foods, and weather of Spain in general, Hemingway was enthusiastic about the social reception he received from the [End Page 85] Spanish people. Carlos Baker notes that by 1923 Hemingway was 'behaving like a new initiate in a secret society' (110). In addition to speaking Spanish, bullfighting, fishing, and the consumption of alcohol were among the social devices he used to achieve group membership, an amalgamation with the people. When examining Hemingway's perception of Spain, it's important to ask — who were the models of 'Spanishness' that he emulated in his cultural mimicry?

Hemingway seems to have centered his transformative quest for Spanishness on the example of specific social demographics — male, upper-middle-class toreros, aficionados, and their affiliates, figures who often represent conservative sectors of Spanish society. Hemingway's letters, his places of lodging, and his activities during this period all demonstrate his special attention to this segment of the community.² Concentration on this subgroup exposed Hemingway to certain social, political, linguistic, and cultural realities and lessened his exposure to other — no less typically 'Spanish' — arenas. For instance, the taurine establishment's close affiliation with the Catholic Church — along with his courtship of Pauline Pfeiffer — may have helped prompt Hemingway's conversion. Throughout his life, he would emphasize his preference for certain wines (Rioja and Valdepeñas, not Cava or Malvasia) and foods (*jamón serrano* or suckling pig, not *butifarra* or *vieiras*), and he adopted particular ways of speaking Spanish (with occasional *distinción* of c and z, mixed in with *seseo*),³ all of which derive from contact with northern regions. We might argue,

then, that Hemingway's Spanish mimicry was specific to the taurine subgroup and its regional particularities.

Hemingway occasionally mocked Spaniards from provinces that reject the bullfight as cultural ceremony,⁴ and tended to prefer painters and writers who shared *afición*, such as Picasso, Lorca, and Goya. We might argue that Hemingway's attachment to La Generación del '98 might derive from their collective interest in reinstatement of the bullfight as national pastime, instead of the concurrent movement of Regeneracionismo, which rejected corridas.

As Hemingway noted in a letter to Arnold Gingrich, the final chapter of *Death in the Afternoon* is 'what the book is about but nobody seems to notice that. They think it is just a catalogue of things that were omitted. How would they like them to be put in? Framed in pictures or with a map?' (SL 378). Chapter 20 of *Death in the Afternoon* concerns Spain, not *toreo*, and Hemingway suggests that we might read the chapter as a metaphoric map of his Spain. Three important components of the chapter relate to places, people, and activities [End Page 86] he encountered there. 'Any part you make will represent the whole if it's made truly,' he remarks (DIA 278), and we can use these topics as guides to Hemingway's personal Spain, as each functions to illuminate how he imagined his association with that society.

Hemingway mentions thirty-six places — the vast majority in northern Spain. Excluding an anecdote about the battle of Tetuán, there are two plazas, two cafés, four rivers, a museum, a pensión, and many cities and towns, all north of Valencia and Toledo, in regions dominated by a Castilian dialect that employs *distinción*. With few exceptions, these places comprise the settings of the fiction Hemingway wrote about Spain. Of the forty-nine people Hemingway mentions (a few like 'girls passing' are plural, and three are gender-neutral), thirty-eight are male and twenty-four are bullfighters or *aficionados*. The activities discussed resemble those found in a tourist brochure. In addition to going to bullfights, the *Sanfermines*, and cafés, Hemingway mentions hunting, fishing, swimming, dancing, eating, drinking, cooking, speaking Spanish, speaking French, traveling by train, traveling by car, playing ball on the grass, amateur bullfight training, attending a *feria de ganado*, and writing. Noticeably absent are references to more profound Spanish social ceremonies such as weddings, engagements, births, baptisms, and so on, although Hemingway would eventually attend Pío Baroja's funeral.

The final pages of *Death in the Afternoon* emphasize the theme of change, as Hemingway seems to be musing over the future of his Spain: 'I know things change now and I do not care' (278). However, in the years following the book's publication, Hemingway's time spent in Spain dropped off precipitously. After vacationing there in each of the ten years before the text went to press (1921-31), Hemingway went to Spain just once, in 1933, in the five years after publication of *Death in the Afternoon* and before the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War (1931-1936). Perhaps internalizing his relationship with Spain — codifying it, in a sense, through book-writing — extricated Hemingway from his honeymoon notions about the place.

Hemingway would not see a single bullfight in Spain from 1933-1953, and while the Civil War, Franco's rise to power, and World War II, as well as Hemingway's self-imposed exile from Spain in protest of Franco's imprisonments, say a great deal about this twenty-year absence from bullfighting, they still do not explain his absence from Spain from 1931 to 1936 (save one trip in 1933), before the dictator rose to power. When Hemingway did return to Spain and the bullfight in the 1950s, he seemed exhausted by the place and by [End Page 87] *toreo*, writing to Mary:

[T]he whole bullfight business is now so corrupt and seems so unimportant I loathe this whole damned bull business now and I want to clean up my work and get the hell out

(M. Hemingway 489).

Many have argued that Hemingway's passion for the bullfight stemmed from the matador's proximity to danger, blood, and death, as well as his precise application of a skill. Hemingway said that bullfighting 'is a good deal like the Grand Opera for the really great matadors except they run the chance of being killed every time they cannot hit high C' (BL 96). However, the body of scholarship on Hemingway and *toreo* has not extensively discussed the nature of the bullfight as a social mechanism. The rigidity of the ritual; the prearranged actions of toreros, spectators, and bulls; and the perpetual repetition of these identical ceremonies around Spain, make bullfighting not unlike the spectacle of opera. And like opera-goers, aficionados participate in a society defined by their knowledge of the ceremony, their opinions of the actors, and their perennial dedication to a drama they feel has deep cultural roots. Again like the opera, the bullfight also has a special linguistic subset, established norms of behavior, and 'characters' including heroes, villains, and elders. Knowledge of and reverence for these components comprises a code that can be used to measure insider status. Combined with the fact that the bullfight is relatively unique to Spain,⁵ the strictness and lack of variation in taurine rites make the spectacle an accessible modus for social affiliation. This fact differentiates the *corrida* from other cultural activities that might be understood as similarly amalgamative, such as football, tennis, or cycling, important to the broader European sporting landscape during Hemingway's era. Becoming an aficionado, by contrast, meant attachment to one place, one community, and one society.

Hemingway's proficiency with Castilian would have been another principal pillar in his quest to become Spanish. The function of language in the creation of relationships cannot be overstated. 'The simple fact of pronouncing a word or a formula,' notes anthropologist Arnold Van Gennep in *The Rites of Passage*, 'has the effect of creating ... [a] bond' (32). In Spain, Hemingway (and his fictional protagonists) used a foreign language as a primary part of their process of acculturation. By the 1950s multilingualism had become a part of Hemingway's character — speaking a foreign language had become a social rite. In a letter to William Faulkner, Hemingway underscored the importance of another language in the midst of expatriate displacement: [End Page 88]

Difference with us guys is I always lived out of country... Found good country outside, learned language as well as I know English ...Dos [Passos] always came as a tourist. I always came to make a liveing, paying my debts and always staying to fight. Been chickenshit dis-placed person since can remember but fought each time.

(SL 624)

Like the rituals of the bullring, language is a social apparatus that enables an exchange of meaning beyond the words themselves, and Hemingway valued the social integration that bilingualism made possible in his life. In Spain, as Castillo-Puche points out, Hemingway 'liked to use it very much. He felt proud talking in Spanish to waiters, hotel maids, people in the bull ring [sic], and everyone' (qtd. in Capellán 188). In 1954 Hemingway said that Spanish is 'the only language I really know. If I had been born in Spain like your defunct friend [George] Santayana I would have written in Spanish and been a fine writer... Spanish is a language Tu (sic)' (SL 828).⁶

On at least one occasion it seemed Hemingway believed that his cultural efforts had made him a member of Spanish society. This sentiment was apparent in 1956 when Hemingway was asked to serve as a pallbearer at Pío Baroja's funeral (he declined). Three weeks earlier, during an homage to Baroja at the novelist's deathbed, Hemingway had used first-person-plural pronouns and possessive adjectives to associate himself with the Spanish community: '[Y]ou were our master, and we learned so much from your works' (qtd. in Meyers 512, italics mine). Upon Baroja's death, in a letter to Harvey Breit, Hemingway remarks that 'We buried Don Pio [sic] Baroja last Tuesday. It was very moving and beautiful' (my emphasis) and continues 'Thought Dos Passos or some Americans could have sent some word' (SL 873, Hemingway's emphasis). Hemingway's italics here imply that the author does not place himself in this category of Americans. In the same letter, in what was a pinnacle of his trans-culturative quest, he proudly remarked: '... [I] am considered a Spanish author who happened to be born in America' (SL 873).

The meeting between Baroja and Hemingway at the former's hospital room and Hemingway's presence at the Spanish author's funeral have been outlined in criticism several times, and each account alludes to a sentimental connection between the authors.⁷ However, Baroja never liked Hemingway, and once called him a hustler 'always surrounded by whores and dollars' (qtd. in Cantalapiedra 1). Baroja also disapproved of the bullfight, which he believed [End Page 89] was a cowardly ritual.⁸ When he first saw Hemingway (a man in Spain for a bullfight vacation, and an uninvited guest at his deathbed), Baroja remarked '*¿Qué coño hace éste aquí?*' which translates as 'What the cunt [sometimes translated as 'hell'] is this guy doing here?' (qtd. in Ezquiaga 1). Hemingway attempted to pacify Baroja, remarking, 'I have come to tell you that you deserved the Nobel more than me, even more than Unamuno, Azorín or Don Machado... ' Baroja cut him off, saying — '*¡Basta!*' ('Enough!') (qtd. in Ezquiaga 1). Hemingway's visit to Baroja's hospital room occurred on 9 October 1956 — just eighteen days after Hemingway had arrived in Spain (Capellán 269). It was the first time he had

been there since a five-day excursion in 1954. Because Hemingway had spent less than three weeks in Spain during the previous three years, we might argue that he was still in the euphoric state of a recent arrival, a reality shaping his understanding and memory of the interaction with Baroja.

While English-language circles often celebrate Hemingway as a Spanish insider and a don of bullfighting, Spaniards of his own time and ours disagree about Hemingway's understanding of *toreo* and things Spanish in general. In the bullfighting treatise *Death in the Sun* (2007), Edward Lewine notes that 'the Spanish dismiss him' (161). Part of Lewine's monograph considers the question: 'why is it that most bullfighting people dislike him [Hemingway]?' (161). He notes that some foreigners develop an almost religious fervor for bullfighting: 'Many use bullfighting as an escape from their lives back home, and the most committed, the ones who return to Spain summer after summer, tend to chase matadors in a way few Spaniards would' (78). Lewine goes on to assert that Hemingway's taurine writings failed because they did not translate well into Spanish, because Hemingway attended too few corridas to make the unconditional judgments we read in the texts, and because most Spaniards 'refuse to accept that a non-Spaniard has become, in effect, the spokesman for their national fiesta' (161). A.L. Kennedy, in this respect, believes Hemingway was a 'foreigner trying too hard to be part of Spain' (qtd. in Lewine 162).

The bullfight, it seems, was not an effective device for social passage — and some Spaniards blasted Hemingway for what they understood as affected poses. Matador Luis Miguel Dominguín, for one, said that 'Hemingway had no knowledge of bullfighting. His knowledge of bulls, like one's knowledge of languages or painting, was relative. He knew more than most Americans but less than almost all Spaniards... [*Death in the Afternoon*] is an extremely superficial book' (qtd. in Meyers 525). Beatriz Penas Ibáñez of the University of [End Page 90] Zaragoza notes that the 1932 text was 'written in English for an English speaking readership [and is] not excessively well acquainted with either Spain or the bullfights' (207). She continues, 'Hemingway cares about the feelings and opinions of these [English-speaking] people,' which makes the text 'mainly [for] tourists' (210). Ibáñez also asserts that bullfighting allowed Hemingway to place 'himself textually inside the Spanish circle' (213).

After three decades of exposure to the language in Spain, Key West, Cuba, Perú, Idaho, and México — including almost twenty years of nearly everyday use, Hemingway believed he knew Spanish as well as English. However, another principal failure in Hemingway's social experiment was the negative response of some Spaniards to his use of the Castilian language. In 1954, for instance, Dominguín said that 'It was difficult to converse with him ... because his Spanish was extremely poor, even childlike' (qtd. in Meyers 524). Such rejection — from Spaniards in particular — must be qualified. For centuries, Spanish grammarians have written prescriptive texts that recognized only peninsular versions of the language. The Real Academia Española did not officially recognize Latin American Spanish until 2009 — a remarkable circumstance, as speakers of peninsular Spanish currently comprise less than 10% of the Spanish-speaking world.

Hemingway lived in Cuba longer than any other place (the United States included), and we might surmise that by 1954 his exposure to Latin American dialects of Spanish exceeded his exposure to peninsular speech; Hemingway's personal use of Spanish reflected this linguistic mix.⁹ However, a significant amount of colloquial Cuban language, including variations in spelling, pronunciation, word order, pronoun placement, use of the perfect tense and diacritics — would have been considered 'incorrect' by peninsular standards in Hemingway's lifetime, especially coming from a native speaker of English.¹⁰

At times, Spaniards were also critical of Hemingway's mannerisms during bullfighting rituals. In 1959 Hemingway followed Antonio Ordóñez and Luis Dominguín on the bullfighting circuit; his chronicle of that tour would become *The Dangerous Summer*. At a bullfight in Nîmes, France, where Ordóñez was performing, Hemingway stood at attention as the band played the Marseillaise, his right hand at his cap in military salute. After a few moments, seeing no one else was saluting, Hemingway put the hand in his pocket. Picasso, watching this scene, remarked '*Quel con*' ['What an idiot'] (qtd. in Richardson 316). While it is unclear whether Picasso made this remark to Hemingway's face, the author was sensitive to the opinions Spaniards had of [End Page 91] him throughout his life.

Moreover, while *Death in the Afternoon* had enjoyed a largely positive critical reception in Spain, *The Dangerous Summer* was almost universally derided. Even Ángel Capellán, a scholar often uncompromisingly enthusiastic about Hemingway, called some of the text 'foolish' and went on, 'It is hard to understand how a man of Hemingway's experience and knowledge of Hispanic character could publicly condemn' bullfighters he had never seen perform (149). 'For an American outsider like Hemingway,' noted James Michener in his introduction to *The Dangerous Summer*, 'no matter his long service to the art, to barge into Spain and denigrate Manolete was like a Spaniard sticking his nose into Augusta and claiming that Bobby Jones did not know how to play golf.' Michener reported that after the publication, the consensus was that 'he should be stood against the wall and fusilladed for the things he said about Manolete' and 'there were threats in tapas bars to beat up on Hemingway if he dared show his face' (15).

Kenneth Vanderford, a long-time Hemingway impersonator, had a unique perspective on what Hemingway likely experienced in Spain in the last decade of his life.¹¹ During an interview conducted in Pamplona after Hemingway's death, Vanderford remarked that 'the Spaniards love to put him down' (qtd. in Michener 584). Hemingway's debaucheries at the Sanfermines may have contributed to this opinion, at least among residents of Pamplona. Even Juanito Quintana, hotelkeeper and model for Montoya in *The Sun Also Rises*, had mixed memories of Hemingway and his friends. He said they were 'big drunks' who misbehaved and were so disrespectful that he once had an employee serve some of the Hemingway crew lobster water as if it were consommé (Sarason 210). When asked if Ernest's behavior made him angry, the ever-polite Quintana replied 'close to it' and went on, 'when he was too drunk he would disturb the other guests and I couldn't put up with that' (qtd. in Sarason 210).¹² Perhaps the most

compelling of Quintana's memories concerns Hemingway as a person: 'Hemingway was strange, very strange. He was a strange man' (qtd. in Sarason 211).¹³

These criticisms aside, Hemingway was exceedingly cautious even about positive feedback from Spaniards. Such was the case with Rafael Hernández's article 'Míster Hemingway: el amigo de España,' first published in 1933. Hemingway responded: 'Now I do not know just what constitutes a Friend of Spain, but when they call you that it is time to lay off' (BL 146) — and Hemingway did 'lay off' Spain, not spending a single day there for the next three [End Page 92] years, despite the fact that he could have come and gone freely during this period before the Civil War and Franco's reign.

The Civil War brought Hemingway back to Spain. Before the war, Hemingway's time there was spent vacationing and attending bullfights — so his principal acquaintances were tied to this most-conservative of establishments. Arturo Barea points out, 'the great toreros with whom Hemingway had been friends were on the side of the Fascists' (208). Franco also garnered support from the Catholic Church, Hemingway's adopted religious community, and Pauline Pfeiffer, his wife at the time, also supported the Nationalists (Meyers 302). These ironic complications, along with Hemingway's need to finish *To Have and Have Not* and secure a contract as a war correspondent for the North American Newspaper Alliance, may have played a part in the eight-month interval between the outbreak of hostilities in July 1936 and Hemingway's mid-March 1937 arrival in Spain (Reynolds 84-86).

Some Spaniards believed that Hemingway was confused about whom to support — landed toreros or working class? Hemingway, of course, backed the Republic, but as Capellán notes, 'many Spaniards, even on the Loyalist side, have shared the opinion that Hemingway's involvement [with the Republic] was only lukewarm' (243). In his memoirs, Julio Álvarez del Vayo wrote, 'I had talked with him in Madrid and I had realized the Spanish war was something fundamentally alien to him. Hemingway's was the Spain of the running of the bulls at the Fiesta of San Fermín in Pamplona' (Give Me Combat 188). Arturo Barea's review of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, titled 'Not Spain but Hemingway,' expounds on why some Spaniards may feel that Hemingway's foreignness impaired his understanding of the country: 'I think he had once taken Spain, the Spain of toreros, wealthy young señoritos, gypsies, tarts, tipsters, and so on, rather as one takes on drugs' (208), and continues, 'the inner failure of Hemingway's novel — its failure to render the reality of the Spanish war in imaginative writing — seems to me to stem from the fact that he was always a spectator who wanted to be an actor and who wanted to write as if he were an actor' (210). Ángel Capellán believes this opinion is 'dogma' in Spain (126).

Several Spanish reviews of *The Sun Also Rises* and *For Whom the Bell Tolls* assert that Hemingway's understanding of things Spanish was superficial, noting that his brief experiences in Spain were an insufficient creative base. Ángel María Pascual commented about *The Sun Also Rises* that 'one of those tourists who used to come at that time from Biarritz, has decided to set down his [End Page 93] own impressions in a thick book' and that Hemingway 'creates his exaggerated, stereotypical, descriptions of the San Fermín

fiesta, the running of the bulls, and other Spanish elements' (qtd. in LaPrade 63-64). 'Regarding Spain,' wrote Ricardo de la Cierva, 'he understood only the scenery that he himself staged with the first tasteless episode he deigned to dedicate to the country' (qtd. in LaPrade 70). And Alberto Clavería commented: 'Let us not talk of the song and dance of For Whom the Bell Tolls. Let us forget that title, Spaniards, for if we do not, we cannot speak well of Hemingway' (qtd. in Twomey 55). Hemingway was also beset by ridicule from Spanish writers; Rafael Sender, Max Aub, and José María Gironella gave sarcastic depictions of the man in their novels following his participation in the war. In José Luis de Vilallonga's *Fiesta* (also the Spanish title of *The Sun Also Rises*), the characters discuss Hemingway: 'I never expected a foreigner to understand Spain truly...' One character is described as 'like a fake character in a fake novel by Hemingway. Nothing more beautiful. Nothing more stupid' (qtd. in LaPrade 74-75).¹⁴

Such negative feedback from Spaniards about his use of their language, his descriptions of their national pastime, and his treatment of their war in his fiction, must have adversely affected Hemingway's judgment of the country and the people, or so it appears in some of his journalism and personal correspondence. For instance, about the nightlife throughout Europe, he remarks, 'Madrid is the dullest... they don't do anything to amuse themselves. They just stay up and talk' (DLT 404, 407). Other judgments about the people of Spain are equally harsh: 'No people on earth,' Hemingway explains, 'except the Spanish, are more conceited than the Chinese' (BL 332). Writing to F. Scott Fitzgerald in 1930 about where to stay in Spain and when to visit to avoid bad weather, he remarked: 'San Sebastian [from] now on cloudy damp and drisly. Town deserted Pamplona, now cold, maybe raining, rain comes from the sea — or melting snow — nothing to do. ...San Sebastian and Pamplona would be a hell of a disappointment to you in winter' (SL 319-320, Hemingway's emphasis).

There are also several disapproving portrayals of Spain in Hemingway's novels. After years of vacationing in Spain, Jake Barnes believes that, because he has passed 'a sort of oral spiritual examination,' he has been accepted by bullfighting society (SAR 137). However, this acceptance proves fleeting when Jake introduces the young matador Pedro Romero to Brett Ashley, an Englishwoman who has not gained admittance to bullfighting circles. The Spanish, who feel she will corrupt Romero's pure nature and affect his performance, [End Page 94] return to treating Jake as an outsider. Montoya refuses to speak to him after the interlude. Entering the café where Romero and Ashley meet, Montoya begins to address Jake, but on seeing Romero with the foreigners, he 'did not even nod' (177). Later, when Jake leaves to give Romero and Brett time alone, 'the hard-eyed people [aficionados] at the bull-fighter table watched me go. It was not pleasant' (187). Jake and Montoya see each other again at the hotel on the final day of the fiesta and pass each other on the stairs in silence; later, 'Montoya did not come near us' (209, 228).

By Book Three when Jake arrives in France, he is dejected about the course of his relationship with the Spanish. His fishing-rod case is 'the last thing that connected me with Spain' and Jake covers it in dirt as part of some unnamed ritual (SAR 232). Once in

the French hotel, he bathes and buys an American paper. He refuses the Spanish liqueur a waiter recommends, and instead drinks French *vieux marcs*. When he must return to Spain, Jake ponders the crossing: 'I felt I was a fool to be going back into Spain. In Spain you could not tell about anything. I felt like a fool to be going back into it' (233). Shortly after, traveling by train toward Madrid, Jake sees the Escorial, symbol of Spain and its fallen, on a hillside, and he 'did not give a damn about it' (239).

Similarly, in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, Robert Jordan, who teaches Spanish at an American university and has participated in Spanish culture over several years, believes he has achieved acceptance by the community. 'He speaks Spanish as we do' (FWBT 209), remarks Anselmo, allowing Jordan to think to himself, '[I] felt an absolute brotherhood with the others' (235). At the novel's end, Jordan feels 'completely integrated now' (471) as he lies with his heart beating against the Spanish earth. Jordan has created a social identity through cultural ritual, and in a sense, this new self overcomes his American identity, as he is willing to die for the Spanish people. This odyssey, though, ends in irony as in reality the Spanish fraternity reject his attempts to pass into their circle. 'This foreigner comes here to do a thing for the good of the foreigners,' Pablo remarks (54). And Fernando observes, 'It is, in a way, presumptuous for a foreigner to teach Spanish' (209). Pilar attempts to defend Jordan, saying, "Can't you hear he speaks Spanish?" 'Yes,' says Fernando, 'But with an accent' (210). The guerilla band repeatedly refers to Jordan as 'Inglés.' Even after Jordan explains that he is American, not English, they continue using the nicknames — emphasizing their solidarity and his foreignness. Jordan's relationship with the Spanish, while warm at times, is always that of an outsider. The last word spoken to him as he lies dying is 'Inglés,' not comrade, brother, or friend (465). [End Page 95]

Prior to the operation at the bridge, Jordan, like Jake, is dejected about his position as an outsider: 'Muck every one of them to death and to hell. Muck the whole treachery-ridden country. Muck their egotism and their selfishness and their selfishness and their egotism and their conceit and their treachery. Muck them to hell and always. Muck them before we die for them. Muck them after we die for them' (FWBT 369). Jordan comprehends the shallowness of his foreign enterprise, saying, 'they did not really treat him like a foreigner most of the time; only when they turned on you. Of course they turned on you. They turned on you often' (135). And later he consents that there are 'no worse people in the world. No kinder and no crueller. And who understands them? Not me' (355). Jordan realizes that his feeling of kinship with this society he does not understand may be romantic and artificial, and the American also realizes that a 'Spaniard was only really loyal to his village in the end' (135). If Jordan is thinking in Spanish, here, the word for 'village' would be 'pueblo,' which also means 'community' or 'people.' On the novel's last page, Jordan lies on pine needles about to lose his life on behalf of a society that still does not accept him. Spaniards have left the injured foreigner behind to die so that they may escape, and other Spaniards are about to kill him. Only during this moment of desperation, when there are no Spaniards nearby, can Jordan return to the notion of 'integration' with Spain as a mechanism to ease his final moments of life.

Toward the end of his own life, Hemingway remarked that Spain was ‘badly overrun’ and had just a few ‘places that have not yet been ruined’ (BL 471). Jose Luís Castillo-Puche noted that by the time of Hemingway’s death, many Spaniards mocked or pitied the man, and even the aficionados who had been his closest acquaintances in the country had only ‘more or less of a soft spot for him’ (20, my italics). Perhaps these rejections explain why Hemingway never lived in Spain, although he had considered doing so. Despite his social forays in search of collective recognition by the Spanish community, Hemingway was aware as early as the 1930s that the transnational quest had its limits. In an unpublished portion of *Death in the Afternoon*, he wrote:

I wanted to go all over Spain in the car and find a place you could buy cheaply and live in. Once in Spain and able to settle there I found I did not want to live there but in America — and that feeling I had for Spain while I was in America was a pleasant nostalgia, but the feeling I had ... when I was in Spain was not pleasant [End Page 96] but was a knowledge that your life was going from you and that you were not in the place you needed to be.

(qtd. in Capellán 11)

‘We who have lived in other countries as well as our own,’ Hemingway wrote in ‘Poem, 1928,’ ‘have spoken and understood the languages of these countries and have heard what was said by the people; we have something that cannot be taken from us...’ (Complete Poems 96). Yet because Hemingway was already in his twenties when he first traveled to Spain, speaking Spanish and imitating cultural ceremonies did not become truly integral parts of his identity — regardless of his interest, dedication to rituals, and knowledge of events, he could not become Spanish. This limited his actions in Spain to posturing and, ultimately, a ‘not pleasant’ feeling. He seemed well-aware that circumstances might have been different if he had begun the rituals as a child or teenager, isolated within Spanish canons of identity during his formative years. As Hemingway noted in a letter to Gertrude Stein when Hadley was pregnant with Bumby, ‘Too late for me but we may be able to do something with the kid’ (SL 83).

NOTES

1. Hemingway was considered a joke by some in Italy. Agnes von Kurowsky reports that he appeared ‘vainglorious’ and was a ‘laughing stock’ among soldiers at Torre de Mosta. Ernest’s posing with ‘wound stripes and medals,’ she comments, ‘was just too much for them to take’ (qtd. in Villard and Nagel 43).
2. Throughout his life, Hemingway’s correspondence with friends in the bullfighting establishment was relatively frequent. The pensiones he visited in Madrid, Valencia, and Pamplona were chosen due to proximity to bullrings or recommendations from bullfighting insiders, and the dates of his trips, excepting the Civil War, coincided with corridas. Apart from stopovers of passenger liners and his stint as correspondent in the Civil War, Hemingway was never in Spain between the months of November and May, as those months did not coincide with bullfighting season (see Capellán 269-270).
3. *Distinción* is a pronunciation pattern exclusive to northern regions of Spain in which the letters *z* and *c* (when followed by *e* or *i*) are pronounced *th*. In *seseo* pronunciation, which is used by approximately 90% of Spanish speakers, including Cubans, *c* (when followed by *e* or *i*) and *z* are pronounced *s* or made silent. During

Hemingway's interview with the Cuban press when he received the Nobel Prize in 1954, he alternated between distinción and seseo.

4. *Despite extensive experience in Galicia and Catalunya (along with the Canary Islands, one of the first of two regions to prohibit the bullfight), Hemingway did not apparently assume many gallegismos or catalanisms in culture or language. About Galicians, Hemingway wrote that they are 'often stupid, often avaricious, and their favorite amusement is choral singing' (DIA 265), [End Page 97] while he opined that Catalans 'combine a simple peasantry and a childish language' (DIA 166). Hemingway made an exception for Valencia. Although Valencia is part of the països catalans, Spain's third-largest city fought against a ban on bullfighting. Hemingway's general fondness for Valencia vs. Catalunya as a whole may stem from the fact that in Valencia 'they worship bullfighters' (DIA 45).*

5. *While there are bullfights in France, Portugal, and throughout Latin America, the event is arguably affiliated most closely with Spain.*

6. *Of course, Hemingway occasionally included dialogue, exclamations, and brief passages in Spanish in his fiction, and sporadically used phrases in English with Spanish lexical constructions. Allen Josephs's essay 'Hemingway's Poor Spanish: Chauvinism and Loss of Credibility in For Whom the Bell Tolls' attacks this technique, claiming that errors throughout destroy the integrity of the drama. In order to employ Spanish in such a way, Josephs asserts, 'Hemingway needed to be bilingual, which of course he was not' (206). Josephs centers his argument on Hemingway's use of accents, spelling, and misapplication of the term 'rabbit,' which can be slang for vagina. This term was also Hemingway's nickname for Martha Gellhorn, his love interest as he wrote the text, and he may or may not have known of the colloquial meaning.*

7. *See Capellán 207-208, Castillo-Puche 224, and Baker 535.*

8. *For more on Baroja and the bullfight, see the introduction to Adrian Shubert's Death and Money in the Afternoon: A History of the Spanish Bullfight (1999) and Baroja's El árbol de la ciencia (1911, published in English as Tree of Knowledge (1928), a text critical of the Catholic Church, the bullfight, and the exploitation of women, among other topics.*

9. *After receiving the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1954, Hemingway filmed an interview in Spanish with the Cuban press. His pronunciation mixes peninsular distinción with several instances of Cuban vernacular pronunciations. See 'Entrevista Hemingway Nobel Cuba.'*

10. *For example, in Cuba and the rest of Latin America, the familiar second-person-plural vosotros is nonexistent (despite its presence in the Catholic mass). Caribbean dialects occasionally employ distinct pronoun placement in colloquial questions (¿Qué tú comes?) and variable pronoun redundancy in the indicative mood (Juanita dice que mañana ella viene.) In addition, when writing (informally or otherwise) there is a colloquial avoidance of diacritics; for instance, many films subtitled in Latin American Spanish omit accents altogether. Moreover, Cuban pronunciation, and occasionally written texts, intermittently interchange l and r (arma/alma); postvocalic and intervocalic d are often silent (pare[d]/calla[d]o); the letter s is habitually silent when not beginning a word (e[s]tamof[s]). A great number of common words and phrases such as 'weather,' 'to drink,' 'fruit juice,' 'car,' 'trunk,' 'to drive,' 'pantry,' 'wine-cellar,' 'sandwich,' 'to stand up,' 'straw,' 'How are you?,' 'okay,' and 'potato' are different words entirely in Cuba and Spain. Thus, even an educated peninsular Spaniard, if he or she lacked experience with Latin American Spanish, could misinterpret Hemingway's possibly adroit employment of an idiomatic Cuban word or phrase as a mistake.*

11. *About Vanderford in Spain, Hemingway is reported to have said: 'I don't care if he signs my name as long as he doesn't sign checks' (qtd. in 'Spain: The Bull Bums' 1).*

12. *In Hemingway's defense, Linda Stroh et al. note that people in the 'honeymoon period' of acculturation 'may be violating cultural rules; however, they do not realize they are doing so' (44).*

13. *In Sarason's text raro is mistranslated to English as 'rare' rather than 'strange' (211). [End Page 98]*

14. *'Outside the bullfight,' noted Francisco Ynduráin, 'Hemingway has not seen, has not been interested in almost anything else Do not expect him to talk to you about our history, our art, way of thinking, or literature. His experience is voluntarily limited' (qtd. in Twomey 60). For more on this topic, see LaPrade and Twomey.*