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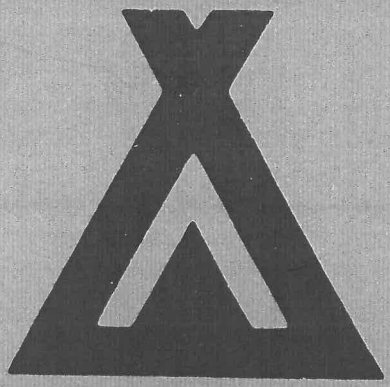
ENGLISH GRADUATE REVIEW

SPECIAL ISSUE ON HEMINGWAY AND FILM



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The *English Graduate Review* is an annual review published by the Department of English, State University of New York, the College at New Paltz. The *English Graduate Review* publishes literary articles of interest to the graduate students and faculty at the College, book reviews, reports, and news about the program at the College.

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Volume Two April 1990

ENGLISH GRADUATE REVIEW

CONTENTS

ARTICLES

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

INTRODUCTION

H. R. Stoneback

On April 25-26, 1990, the Second Annual Graduate English Symposium, "Hemingway & the Movies," took place at New Paltz. A Hemingway movie marathon on April 25th featured a number of the films which are discussed in the papers in this volume. On April 26th, in the afternoon, the Graduate Student Symposium centered around the presentation of papers by Marci Dodds, Dennis Doherty, Joshua Mark, Fiona Paton, and Arnold Schmidt on various aspects of Hemingway and film, followed by a discussion period. These papers are here published substantially as prepared, with admirable grace under the pressure of a sudden deadline, for oral delivery at the symposium.

The concluding event of the Symposium, attended by a large college and community audience, was the world première of the latest film based on Hemingway's fiction, "Indian Camp," produced and directed by Brian Edgar. It was particularly apt for this world première to be held in New Paltz, since location shooting was done at Lake Minnewaska, and a number of New Paltz faculty, students, and residents participated in the making of the film. After a reading of the text of Hemingway's story by Leslie LaChance and the Indian Camp Readers, the film was shown and a lively question-and-answer period with the producer-director, Brian Edgar, concluded the program. Since the New Paltz World Première, "Indian Camp" has been shown, with great success, at the International Hemingway Conference (John F. Kennedy Library, Boston), at Columbia University, at the Edinburgh and Tel Aviv Film Festivals, and, most recently, with French titles, at film festivals in France. We are especially pleased to be able to publish here Brian Edgar's screenplay, together with an interview that is designed to reflect the lively give-and-take of the discussion session that followed the New Paltz showing of the film.

It may be appropriate to note here, in addition, that one other essay in this review, Alexandra Langley's study of T. Coraghessan Boyle's *World's End*, reflects another literary event of the past year: the visit to this campus, on April 5, 1990, of T. Coraghessan Boyle. Widely praised as one of the leading writers of fiction in his generation (and sometimes referred to as the "Hemingway of the Hudson"), Boyle read from his work to a packed house, an amused and appreciative audience, and he more than lived up to his reputation as one of the most sought-after, one of the most engaging readers and writers of our time. Ms. Langley's essay incorporates portions of her interview with Boyle.

Finally, the editors of this review with to thank all of the students and faculty who have participated in and supported the annual symposium, and to invite and encourage participation and support for the forthcoming symposia. The Third Annual Graduate English Symposium will take place in Spring 1991 (exact dates to be announced). The topic for the symposium will be Medieval and Renaissance Studies. Graduate students who wish to present papers at the symposium should contact Professors D. Booy and D. Kempton for details and guidelines.

INTERVIEW WITH BRIAN EDGAR

(The following interview with Brian Edgar, producer-director of the film "Indian Camp," was conducted in May, 1990 by H. R. Stoneback. The world première of "Indian Camp" was held at New Paltz, as the concluding program in a two-day "Hemingway and the Movies" Symposium, April 25-26,1990. Since that screening, the film has been shown at the John F. Kennedy Library in Boston (The International Hemingway Conference), at Columbia University, at the Tel Aviv Film Festival, and elsewhere.)

HRS: Of all the stories--of all the *Hemingway* stories--you had to choose from, what drew you to "Indian Camp"?

BE: When I reread "Indian Camp" about five years ago, I was struck by the impact and visual poignancy of the story. It seemed that this jewel of a work would make an excellent film adaptation: its pathos, the thematic possibilities and visual power are profoundly compelling.

During my first year at Columbia, I wrote the first draft of an adaptation of "Indian Camp," as well as some original short works for film. After not finding any of my scripts compelling enough to spend $20,000 to make, I returned to "Indian Camp"--after my professor, Vojtech Jasny, remarked that it could be "a little masterpiece."

HRS: What particular challenges did the story present in the process of adaptation for film?

BE: One of the challenges in adapting the story to film was in recreating this world convincingly, on a very limited budget. Because it takes place at night on a lake, we had to rent a lot of lights (fortunately, we were able to plug into a power box at Lake Minnewaska, where we shot--this saved us renting a generator truck). Being a period story, it was necessary to give it the right look: this was wonderfully achieved by Aletta Vett, my art director and costume designer in New Paltz, and Gaye Howard in Manhattan. The biggest single challenge, though, might have been Hemingway's dialogue. How to effectively carry over, intact, his words, while having it work in the very different context of film.

HRS: Several viewers of the film who did not know the story seemed to have missed the fact that the Indian cut his throat. What decisions did you have to make regarding the filming of the man's suicide? Were these decisions affected by lines of taste and delicacy concerning blood-and-gore that you did not want to cross?

BE: The tone I wanted to keep through the film was one of subtle power and mystery. Hemingway graphically describes Nick's impression of the man's suicide, but I always felt this would destroy the poignancy of the

story. On film, the bloody throat would almost be gratuitous. Perhaps, though, there needed to be a bit more indication of his act.

HRS: Perhaps. However, at the question-and-answer session after the viewing the other night, several viewers thought your introduction of the beads sequence handled the matter beautifully. Let's take another angle on that. When we were discussing this before you made the film, didn't you say that Milos Forman or Vojtech Jasny told you that you must decide why the man committed suicide before you could make the film? Hemingway, of course, doesn't tell us--he never does. Students reading the story in my classes love to argue about this question. What did you finally decide?

BE: Yes, this question again. I resisted the belief that one must know why the Indian man killed himself. Part of the enigma in my version is that, in the end, Nick's father has no answer. But standing in the Native American's shoes, I came to believe that this man had lost face when his child could not be born, and amidst his wife's screams, the arrival and touch of the white man became too painful.

HRS: Well, Brian, I'm not convinced of that, but I, too, "resist the belief" that we need to know why he killed himself. That's not Hemingway's story. Most readers of "Indian Camp" seem to feel that the focus is on questions of life and death and how these questions reverberate in the father-son relationship. Do you agree? Or does your adaptation stress more the "intrusion"--I believe that was your word for it--of the outside world into the world of the Indian camp?

BE: Definitely, the heart of "Indian Camp"--and many of the Nick Adams stories--lies in the questions of life and death, and the ineffable father-son connection. This is probably, unconsciously, what pulled me to this story.

I do also see this story as a metaphor of intrusion, and feel that this makes up the meat of the drama. This may lie on the waters of Hemingway's iceberg, while the unspoken conflicts exist below.

HRS: Now let's pose this question, Brian. What do you think of the notion, advanced by some Hemingway critics, that Uncle George is the father of that baby? The cigars and all that?

BE: I knew you'd ask that, Stoney. A fascinating idea, and it was H. R. Stoneback, who first told me this when we were scouting locations for the Indian camp. This would have made an interesting version, but for film (where this would have to be shown or suggested), it could become too easy a resolution.

HRS: Yes, I agree. Let's talk about something more important. Many Hemingway purists will miss the father-son dialogue, which concludes the story. Why did you choose to truncate this sequence? Too talky for film?

BE: I'll probably get stoned for saying this, but I feel the last exchange between Nick and his father is the weakest part of the story.

For me, the real significance lies in what is not said. While part of the dialogue we shot got cut in the editing--the result of not "translating" well to spoken words--this final scene I always saw as father's inability to answer.

HRS: And about that marvelous final image of the story: Nick trailing his hand in the water, feeling "quite sure that he would never die." Would you explain what happened to that?

BE: This image I desperately wanted, but unfortunately time and money kept me from having it. I had intended to shoot this last scene at dawn, as it appears in the story. But we had only two nights to shoot at the lake, and to have done this scene would have required consecutive dawns, after shooting from 8 pm-4 am. Nick and his father would have been zombies. We had to compromise with a pre-dawn scene, shot the last morning. (In fact, Nick's hand was trailing in the water, but you can't see it).

HRS: You entertained various options, the use of voice-over, the introduction of Nick-as-old-man: why did you reject these devices?

BE: Originally, I wrote this last narrative line of the story as voice-over, but realized this would sound clichéic. I then created the image of Nick as an old Man, which would have been the last image of the film: suggesting his reflection back on this time. We shot this, but during the editing it confused too many people--including Milos Forman. I decided finally to end on Nick's image of his father.

HRS: Tough choices, wise decisions. I do want to say here that it's a fine film, that many in the World Premiere audience here at New Paltz were Hemingway *aficionados* who loved the film. In fact, many of them were students (or former students) in my Hemingway classes here, and they're all asking the same question: will you make another Hemingway film? Or, let me rephrase that, if you make another Hemingway film, what story or novel would you want to adapt?

BE: I'm truly moved that Hemingway students and scholars liked the film--I knew they would be my toughest audience! As far as adapting another Hemingway work, I haven't really thought about this, though I'd like to see adaptations of *The Sun Also Rises* and "The Snows Of Kilimanjaro" done right.

HRS: Maybe you should do it. After two days of viewing Hollywood's versions of Hemingway on film, and hearing our graduate students--two of them have screenwriting experience in Hollywood--present symposium papers dealing with how poorly Hemingway has fared in Hollywood, it has been particularly gratifying to conclude the Symposium with your film, to know that Hemingway's delicacy and exactitude can be rendered on the screen, to see that there's at least one film-maker who is not afraid of Hemingway's resonant silences. And we all thank you kindly for coming to New Paltz.

BE: It was great to première *Indian Camp* here, "back home" in New Paltz, where it began. Thank you very much, Stoney, and thanks to everyone at New Paltz.

Indian Camp: Screenplay by Brian Edgar[1]

Adapted from the Short Story by Ernest Hemingway

[Brackets indicate passages cut from the film.]

FADE UP on wide angle over **MOUNTAIN LAKE, DUSK:**

> *"Perhaps he went into the sun's trail*
> *So that I can never see him again."*
>
> A Tlingit woman's son

FADE OUT.

The **FACE** of a **YOUNG WHITE BOY** appears in the night darkness, illuminated by an orange light. He is nine years old, and expresses both a child's innocence and a look of deeper anxiety. He is staring at something, as the **SOUND** of crickets and cicadas are heard...looking up, he follows the light out of **FRAME.**

CAM MOVES in through dark branches of pine. Crickets buzz loudly. The **CAMERA** rises to the edge of an unseen trail, as fluttering light appears: the reflection of the moon on a lake, nestled below in the wooded mountains. **CAM STOPS.**

Closer high angle on the rippling moon lit water.

Angle on the boy, **NICK**, looking down at the lake. He holds the hand of a **MAN.** He looks up, **TILT UP** to reveal his **FATHER:** a man in his early-forties, with a kind but weathered face. He wears an old Pendleton shirt and aged jacket. **DR. ADAMS'** expression is serious, fixed on the lake below, but he looks to the boy and winks. He moves forward, over the dark edge.

Over the moonlit water, a light appears, moving through the darkness. **HOLD.**

Angle on an **OLD MAN:** silently sitting on a fallen stump, eerily lit by an unseen lantern. He has a white beard and wears a beaded necklace. He turns slowly, smiling, as **CAM MOVES UP** above him, the light from

---

Father's lantern reappears over the hill behind. Father and Nick descend down the hill.

Angle across the surface of the undulating water.

The **SUBTITLE** appears:

AMERICAN NORTHEAST, 1915

A strange, **ETHEREAL SOUND** has begun--a presence which suggests something unknown.

EXT. EDGE OF LAKE--NIGHT

A small flame shoots from a brass lighter, illuminating the rough, cherubic face of **UNCLE GEORGE:** a large white man in his thirties. He lights a cigar and looks up, as the flame dies.

Nick and his Father reappear near the lake's edge, the water glimmering. Carrying a fishing bag, Dr. Adams follows his lantern's light over to Uncle George, who greets Nick's Father by a small rowboat. A lantern burns oil on the bow, illuminating fishing rods and a long rifle.

Nick smiles at the two men **OFF CAM**, as a moving light appears from the water darkness behind him. A canoe is revealed, and **TWO IROQUOIS INDIANS**, who silently approach. Nick turns--

SLOW MOTION as the Indians glide past, appearing as striking figures: they wear a mixture of Iroquois dress and Western clothing. **HOLD.**

Nick moves to his Father, as Uncle George approaches the big wooden canoe. He helps pull it to shore as **ECHOHAWK**, the lead Iroquois, jumps out to push. Uncle George hands both men a cigar.

Nick's Father moves to the water, Nick stays close.

EXT. LAKE, CANOE--NIGHT

Nick's **POV** on **ECHOHAWK**, seen from behind as he rows through the mist. He wears a ribbon shirt and beads. The **SOUND** of the paddle is heard through the water, the rowboat is **HEARD** ahead.

Reverse on Nick, sitting next to his Father in the canoe. **RUNNING ELK**, the second Iroquois, is seen in the moonlight, paddling behind them. Nick shivers in the cold.

NICK
Where are we going, Dad?

DR. ADAMS
Over to the Indian Camp.
There is an Indian lady
there, who is very sick.

NICK
Oh.

Close **POV** on Echohawk: his black hair falls back, shining in the night.

Nick looks at **ECHOHAWK.**

Wide shot of the canoe sliding over the dark water, guided by the lanterns.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. MOUNTAIN FOREST, INDIAN CAMP--NIGHT

Lights appear down a dark path, as the four men and Nick appear, moving toward us. Approaching, they move up through the trees. Echohawk and Running Elk lead the way; Dr. Adams, Nick and Uncle George follow with lanterns, George carries his rifle.

They reappear on a wider trail, continuing down. Nick approaches, **CAM MOVES** with him.

Reverse **MOVEMENT IN** on a small group of bark-slab shanties, built around a clearing. Small lamps hang, illuminating the shanties. The furthest shacks disappear into the forest darkness. A small bonfire burns in the center.

Around the fire are a **FEW IROQUOIS MEN,** sitting in a broken circle. They watch the approaching visitors; one holds a half-drunken beer. **A DOG** is **HEARD** barking, but not seen.

CAM MOVES past these men and the fire.

Nick continues on, reacting with restrained fear.

The two Iroquois guides move down a wooded hill to a lit shanty, **CAM FOLLOWING.** Approaching the shanty and turning the corner, an **OLD WOMAN** is seen in the doorway.

Nick stops at the sudden sight of her.

The woman appears almost ghostlike, lit from the glow within the shanty. **MOANING SOUNDS** can be heard within.

Echohawk directs Dr. Adams to the old woman. Echohawk speaks to her, in Mohawk:

Angle up on **SILENT BEAR**, the old woman. She is looking at Nick's Father. She turns, and they are led inside. The **CAMERA FOLLOWS**.

INT. SHANTY--NIGHT

Nick's **POV** reveals a **YOUNG PREGNANT IROQUOIS WOMAN:** lying on a wooden table at the center of the stark shanty. She appears as an obscured, bloated body--her bare limbs sprawl out under a blanket. She **SCREAMS**.

Nick jumps, startled.

Uncle George moves in to one side, setting down his rifle. Dr. Adams looks closely at the woman. He looks to Silent Bear:

DR. ADAMS
(motioning) Put some water on the stove, to boil.

He nods to a middle-aged **IROQUOIS MAN**, who lies in a bunk above. The man, half-hidden in shadow, does not respond.

Dr. Adams bends down close to Nick:

DR. ADAMS
This lady is going to have a baby, Nick.

NICK
I know.

His Father looks at him.

DR. ADAMS
You don't know. Listen to me--

The woman **SCREAMS**, Nick jumps in fear.

A **YOUNG IROQUOIS WOMAN** gently cools her face with an herbal balm.

NICK
Oh Daddy, can't you give her something to make her stop screaming?

DR. ADAMS
No. I haven't any anesthetic.

He puts his hand on Nick's shoulder and straightens up, leaving Nick alone in the **FRAME**, looking at the woman.

Dr. Adams moves toward the stove, setting down his bag he goes through the crude "tools" he has brought: a folding knife, a jackknife, fishing line, hooks and flies. He tosses the flies back with some irony.

DR. ADAMS
[But] her screams are not important...

Dr. Adams crosses to the wood-burning stove and drops the tools into the boiling water. Silent Bear watches him. He moves behind hanging blankets to a crude sink, and scrubs his hands with soap.

DR. ADAMS
(talking over his shoulder)
You see Nick, babies are supposed to be born head first, but sometimes they're not. When they're not, they make a lot of trouble for everybody.

Angle on Echohawk and Running Elk, who move forward.

Silent Bear steps closer to the pregnant woman, taking her seat by the woman's head.

Nick is sitting beyond the pregnant woman, with his hands between his knees. Uncle George stands near him.

DR. ADAMS (O/C)
George, I'm going to need some help.

UNCLE GEORGE
Sure thing...

Uncle George approaches the woman.

Dr. Adams comes out and crosses to the stove, as Uncle George holds down the woman heavily by the shoulders. Silent Bear stands up, calling to Echohawk and Running Elk to calm the woman with touch.

Dr. Adams moves to her legs. Reaching under the blanket, he touches the woman between her legs. She **CRIES** out:

Nick reacts to her **CRY**, and then a **YELL**--

The woman twisting her head bites Uncle George in the arm.

UNCLE GEORGE (O/C)
Ow! Damn squaw bitch!

Angle on Nick, who sits watching through his fingers. Running Elk is **HEARD** laughing.

Nick's Father looks down at the woman, his face serious.

DR. ADAMS
Nick, how would you like to help me?

Dr. Adams turns to him, waiting.

Nick doesn't move.

DR. ADAMS (O/C)
I want you to get that bowl of water.

Nick slowly stands up.

POV as Nick moves behind his Father, around the table and past Running Elk. **CAM** moves carefully past the bunk, past Echohawk and finally to the stove.

Nick picks up the bowl, he turns as **CAM REVERSES** and he nervously carries the bowl of water back. He stands beside his Father.

Dr. Adams now stands in profile: He holds the thin folding knife, the long blade showing. The **CAM FOCUSES** beyond, to a movement in the bunk above, and the man. His injured foot looks bad.

Nick looks to his Father, then back to this man. **HOLD.**

Closer **POV** of the man above, gazing ahead. He wears a beaded necklace. Lantern smoke and darkness envelop him. Slowly, he turns his head. His eyes meet Nick.

Closer angle on Nick, looking up at the man. **HOLD.**

The man looks straight at him: an expression steeped in a pain and knowledge Nick can't understand. An unspoken connection. The man smiles.

Nick, next to his Father, smiles back.
The woman **SCREAMS**, Nick turns away, to her.

Low angle on the Young woman's face: her eyes are wide, she is breathing hard.

The man in the bunk looks down at his wife, who is looking away. Slowly, he turns back into the shadow of the bunk.

Low angle on Dr. Adams, tensely working. He straightens, and drops the knife in the basin of water that Nick holds...

POV on the knife in the basin of water: the blood drifts up from the blade.

DR. ADAMS

Nick, why don't you go outside, and find some more wood for the fire.

Nick looks quickly up.

NICK

Can I?

Dr. Adams looks down to Nick, smiles.

DR. ADAMS

Just stay near the camp.

EXT. INDIAN CAMP--NIGHT

Nick leaves the shanty with a lantern, relieved to be outside in the cool air. The bonfire has nearly died out; the Iroquois men have gone. Glancing back, light comes from the shanty. He moves to the edge of the forest.

EXT. FOREST--NIGHT

CAM MOVES BACK with Nick, into the forest. Birds can now be **HEARD** with the crickets. Nick steps through some branches, picking up a dead piece of wood. A **SCREAM** is heard from the shanty--Nick looks back, then continues on.

Through the dark misty trees, Nick's light appears, moves on. Leaves and branches crunch underfoot. Now, a **STRANGE SOUND** can also be heard. His light stops.

Angle on Nick, standing motionless with the lantern. The **SOUND** becomes louder. It is animal-like but ethereal, both frightening and beautiful. Nick stands there, looking into the trees.

POV into the forest--only black shapes and mist can be made out. The **SOUND** continues, now joined by a low **AMBIENT TONE**, which rises in intensity...

Extreme low angle up through the towering dark trees, as clouds appear to **MOVE FAST** through the moonlit sky. The ambient tone **PEAKS**, continues. **HOLD.**

EXT. INDIAN CAMP--NIGHT

Angle on the shanty, as the ambient tone **FADES.** Nick enters **FRAME**, carrying the single piece of wood and the lantern. He hears his Father and the woman inside:

WOMAN (O/C)
Uhhh..!

DR. ADAMS (O/C)
That's fine, that's it...

Nick moves back to the shanty.

INT. SHANTY--NIGHT

As the door opens, Dr. Adams brings forth the **NEWBORN BABY.**

Close view of the baby, as he cuts the umbilical cord.

Nick sees this from around the edge of the door. He enters in a daze, fumbling down the wood and lantern. He pauses, looking to his Father.

Dr. Adams slaps the baby and hands it to Silent Bear, smiling. She carefully wraps it in a blanket. He turns to see Nick standing next to him, holding the bowl of water.

DR. ADAMS
See, Nick it's a boy.

Dr. Adams drops the umbilical cord and afterbirth in the water. Nick looks away.

DR. ADAMS
How do you like being an interne?

Nick moves toward the blankets which cover the sink.

NICK
All right.

Behind the blankets, Nick enters and quickly sets the bowl in the sink. He turns toward a small torch, that burns near the rough wooden wall.

He approaches a small shelf, lit by the firelight: it is adorned with a painted leather pouch, a ceremonial pipe, a beaded necklace and an eagle feather.
Nick carefully reaches out to the feather...just short of touching it.

DR. ADAMS (O/C)
I'll be back in the morning.

Hearing this, Nick stops. This moment gone, he turns back, and returns through the blankets.

Nick's Father ties off and cuts the stitching leader. Nick reappears.

DR. ADAMS
The nurse from St. Ignace should be here by noon, and she'll bring everything we need.

Nick's Father moves to Uncle George, swabbing his arm with peroxide where the woman bit him. Nick gazes at Silent Bear with the baby.

Nick's **POV** of the two women, Silent Bear and baby, the bunk, the two Iroquois men. Running Elk lights up his cigar, Echohawk looks at him.

DR. ADAMS **(V/O)**
That's one for the medical journal, George. Doing a breech with a jackknife and tapered gut leader.

GEORGE
You're a great man, all right.

Nick pulls his Father's sleeve. He bends down toward him.

DR. ADAMS
We ought to have a look at the proud father...they're usually the worst sufferers in these little affairs...

Nick nods.

Dr. Adams crosses to the bunk. Reaching in, his expression changes. He brings his hand back, and pulls back the blanket.

Extreme low angle as the beaded necklace falls from the bunk--

Floor level of the necklace hitting, beads flying.

Nick bends down and picks up the broken necklace, then looks up to the bunk.

Dr. Adams holds the hanging lamp near the bunk--an open razor lies in the man's hand. The blanket is soaked in blood.

Dr. Adams lets the lamp go, swinging back, leaving the Indian in darkness.

DR. ADAMS
Take Nick out of the shanty, George.

Uncle George enters Nick's **FRAME** and touches his shoulder.

UNCLE GEORGE
C'mon Nick.

Nick gets up and goes with him, passing the stunned Iroquois men. They leave the shanty.

Silent Bear enters **FRAME**, as Nick's Father looks blankly toward the door. **HOLD.**

EXT. MOUNTAIN LAKE--DAWN

The sun spills pink light across the mountains. The lake below is already buzzing with life.

EXT. LAKE, BOAT--EARLY MORNING

TRAVELING POV over the surface of the rippling water, as the shore and the grounded canoe recede. After a few moments, Nick is **HEARD:**

NICK **(V/O)**
Do women always have such a hard time having babies?

DR. ADAMS **(V/O)**
No, that was very exceptional.

The limestone rocks and foliage of the lake shore glow in the early morning light. The rowboat enters **FRAME**, Father rowing, as the boat glides through revealing Nick.

Sitting at the stern of the boat, looking down, he is trailing his hand through the water. **HOLD** on Nick.

NICK
Why did he kill himself, Daddy?

Close angle on Dr. Adams, facing Nick as he rows. He searches for an answer.

Close angle back on Nick, still looking down at the water. He turns to his Father, waiting.

Dr. Adams struggles for words.

DR. ADAMS
I don't know Nick...

Angle back on Nick, looking at his Father.

NICK
Is dying hard?

Angle on Dr. Adams rowing. He tries to say something more, but finally cannot. He looks away, across the lake.

Angle back on "Nick"--now seen as an OLD MAN: the same man seen at the beginning. He is sitting as young Nick was, and wears the broken beaded necklace which, as a boy, he picked up in the shanty.

The old Nick looks out across the water. Smiling sadly, he turns away. **FADE OUT**, as the **AMBIENT TONE** from the forest **RISES**.

From Bitch Goddess to 'Stupid Little Idiot': The Translation of Women from Hemingway's to Hollywood's The Snows of Kilimanjaro

by Marci Dodds

Of Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald once said:

> Ernest knows how man fights wars, blows bridges, holds out, surrenders, dies - he's really in the big league when it comes to men dying - not so good on women dying - in fact when it comes to women in general, I don't think Ernest has learned a single thing about women since he was a junior in Oak Park High School. (in Gladstein, p. 120)

Most critics--indeed, most readers--agree with Fitzgerald that Ernest Hemingway had a problem with women. As early as 1939, Edmund Wilson noted Hemingway's "growing antagonism to women" and he noted it as "the emotion which principally comes through in 'Francis Macomber' and *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*" (Wilson, in Bloom, p. 30). "This instinct to get the woman down," Wilson asserted, "presents itself frankly as a fear that the woman will get the man down" (Wilson, in Bloom, p. 31). Other critics have carried this theme farther, maintaining that "what man has to fear [from women] in Hemingway is his very being and most especially his manhood, his cojones" (Gladstein, p. 51). They argue, in fact, that Hemingway seems to illustrate almost perfectly Philip Wylie's rabid "diatribe against 'momism'...[in which] a preponderance of American women dominate their men." These women are viewed "as emasculating, neurotic and pampered creatures who [will] not allow their male children to reach maturity. Such women are dangerous, not because they may betray a man, but because they will not allow him to be a man." (Gladstein, p. 51).

Even those critics more sympathetic to Hemingway's treatment of women have begun by conceding that he had a problem. Leslie Fiedler states that "there are no women in Hemingway's books... [because] in no case can he quite succeed in making his females human . . ." (in Gladstein, p. 3). Carlos Baker tacitly agrees with Fiedler's statement by justifying the superficial treatment of women "on the grounds that it is a merger of style and theme" (Gladstein, p. 52). For Baker, the famous Hemingway style cleans things down to the bone, and since "Hemingway's novels and short stories are really about man alone," women have no function other than as thematic or literary devices who serve to help or hinder the man in his quest for meaning in his life. "As such, Hemingway's females are much like the mythological goddesses or sorceresses the hero encounters in the archetypal quest or journey in classical mythology." (Gladstein, p. 52). She is, in other words, either Glenda the Good Witch or The Wicked Witch of the West.

Good or bad, knife-wielding or mothering, bitch-goddess or corn-goddess, wearing a frothy pink dress or screaming "I'm melting," the

Hemingway woman is still a type, an other, an object, and alien, and there is nothing in *The Snows of Kilimanjaro* to counteract that impression. Instead, there is, as Wilson noted, much to support it. Harry, the narrator, is a writer and certainly he "is the man aware, or in the process of becoming aware, of nada," the nothingness (Warren, in Bloom, p. 44). Harry is facing death, ruin, and despair, but he is facing them like the typical Hemingway hero, which is to say, he is facing them existentially alone, testing himself, confronting death with a stoic endurance and a rough and pitiless honesty:

> It wasn't this woman's fault. If it had not been she it would have been another. If he lived by a lie he should try to die by it. . . . She shot very well, this good, this rich bitch, this kindly caretaker and destroyer of his talent. Nonsense. He had destroyed his talent himself. Why should he blame this woman because she kept him well?

"This woman" is Helen, his wife. Throughout the story, her role is only to care for Harry. She is, therefore, a "good" Hemingway woman; she loves Harry, cares for him, mothers him. Anything that's hers becomes Harry's, up to and including not only her money but also her life: "'That's not fair,' she said. 'It [the money] was always yours as much as mine. I left everything and I went wherever you wanted to go and I've done what you wanted to do.'" She repeats this idea of doing something if Harry wanted to do it and loving it if Harry loved it several times through the story; it is not, however, a whine or a recrimination. Helen doesn't attack Harry, nor does she blame him--the statements are statements of fact, for Helen has rebuilt her life around Harry: "the steps by which she had acquired him and the way in which she had finally fallen in love with him were all part of a regular progression in which she had built herself a new life . . . ." Her old life was rough. She survived a great deal: she lost her husband when she was still "comparatively young"; she tried devoting herself to her two children and drinking. Soon, she was drinking too much and so she took a succession of lovers. The lovers stopped the drinking, but not the boredom. Then one of her children died in a plane crash, and we meet the Helen of the story, the Helen who rebuilt her life yet again through Harry. When Harry turns on her, then, she responds with patience and simple dignity:

> You don't have to destroy me. Do you? I'm only a middle-aged woman who loves you and wants to do what you want to do. I've been destroyed two or three times already. You wouldn't want to destroy me again, would you?

Harry's answer "I'd like to destroy you a few times in bed" serves both as an affirmative answer and a clear reaffirmation of how little Hemingway had learned about women since high school. It also, however, serves as a tacit realization of the "implication . . . that though Helen can seem to be destroyed, she is, in effect phoenixlike, indestructible. Having been destroyed and enduring several times before, she will survive . . . . She has had practice." Harry, of course, does not; indeed, can not. Strong and male though he be, there is nothing in the Hemingway hero that is indomitable, indestructible or

enduring. Next to Helen's endurance, Harry's endurance is that of a hothouse flower set out in the cold. Even his cause of death--gangrene resulting from the scratch of a thorn--suggests frailty.

Not so in the Hollywood version. In the Darryl F. Zanuck, Casey Robinson, Twentieth Century Fox movie version of *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*, Helen, played by Susan Hayward, is no longer a character who has been destroyed and rebuilt her life. She is simply the "rich bitch," a woman who cares for Harry, and loves him, but who is completely destructive in her well-meaning desire to care for him. Helen's qualities of endurance and resurrection are, instead, given over to an entirely invented character by the name of Countess Liz (Hildegard Nef). She is first introduced in a flashback, swimming in the ocean, wearing a bikini, teasing Harry (Gregory Peck) who sits, fully clothed, sunning himself on a sailboat. As she swims away, Harry describes her with these words: "I suppose it was the elusiveness . . . that was her main attraction. She was something to hunt down and trap and capture. The Countess Elizabeth. Frigid Liz. The semi-iceberg of the semi-tropics." She is the first of Harry's wealthy paramours--Helen is the last--and far from any further mention being made of how Harry hunts and traps Liz, Liz is shown to have trapped Harry: she has set him up in her home, bought him all the finest clothes, arranged for them to be married. The suggestion is made, none too subtly, that she has turned Harry into a kept man, and Harry's writing talent has almost dissipated because of her. Her coldness, too, is still evident: she is drawn and played as a strong-willed, independent woman but that, in Hollywood, makes her cold, domineering and certain to lose the man. It is not surprising, therefore, that the flashback ends with Harry walking out on her.

Opposed to Countess Liz, however, is Cynthia. Played by Ava Gardner, Cynthia is warm, tender, weak and needy. She is the main love of the movie Harry's life even though she, also, doesn't exist in the original story. Nonetheless, Cynthia is the most fully drawn of the movies' female characters, and she most nearly represents the stereotypical ideal of the non-threatening woman: beautiful, she is yet unaware of her beauty, hence it never becomes a weapon; gentle, she averts her eyes when Harry shoots a rhino, asking later "What's wrong with me? I've tried to like it, because Harry loves it so, but the hunting, the killing--it all terrifies me." Undemanding, she never complains or worries about her reputation when she and Harry move in together without being married. She is not wealthy, and so is not self-sufficient, and when she discovers, in Africa, that she's pregnant, she worries:

> Shall I tell him? What do you think? Mr. Johnson, when I first met Harry . . . all my life I'd just been drifting. Nobody, no place. I guess you could say I had no personal security . . . there was I, weak and needy and there was he, strong and confident. When we first went to live at his place, I was . . . content to just sit still and hold on to my feelings of safety . . . If I tell him about this anchor, this child, this load of responsibility . . . shall I tell him now and risk beginning to lose him or put it off and see if something happens?

In one of the most bizarre, but wholly consistent, plot additions to the story, something does happen to Cynthia's and Harry's baby. After obliquely sounding Harry out about his desire for hearth and home and being told that if she wants home now, she can have it now but without him, Cynthia throws herself down a stairway, causing a miscarriage. This forced termination of a pregnancy can not go unpunished, at least not in 1952, and so Cynthia, wracked with guilt, turns to drink, finally leaving the man she loves by running off with a strange flamenco dancer in Spain, thus assuring her complete ruin. In an ironic twist, it is Cynthia, not Harry, who is allowed to find redemption, meaning and dignity in the final moments before her death. All Harry can do is stand, like Helen in the story, helplessly by.

Stereotypes of women abound, ranging from the mundane-- the first time Harry meets Cynthia, she's wearing a tight red dress--to the astonishing, as when Harry walks into the hospital room after Cynthia's thrown herself down the stairs and greets her not with a "how are you?", "how could you?" or even a simple "hello," but with the line: "It's my child too, you know." Harry's Uncle Bill describes women as "excess baggage," and Harry tells his African servant that maybe the Africans have the right system after all--buy a woman for a few cows, and if she's not satisfactory, return her and get the cows back.

Ironies abound, too: while Harry is supposed to be the ultimate personification of Hemingway the man, Harry lives a life that Hemingway himself rejected. At the same time, Harry is one of the worst examples of a Hemingway hero; rather, he is the stereotype of the American macho man image --strong, swaggering, rugged, insensitive, unbelievably attractive to women, an excellent hunter, a rotten companion. The women--"Hemingway's women"--as the movies' tag line described them, aren't characters in the movie any more than they are in the story. Yet, what little flesh and sympathy is given Helen in the story is hammered into stereotype by Hollywood, traditionally the one art form most open to portraying women and women's issues with some sensitivity. Perhaps the ultimate irony, however, is that in Hollywood's quest to film Hemingway, it ignored the fully-realized character he'd written and instead presented him as a cardboard cutout--doing to Hemingway, in short, just what Hemingway had been doing to his female characters for years. And in a sea of some of the most depressing representations of women since the Greek myths, that, at least, is some small comfort.

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Message in the Medium: Hollywood's Translation of The Sun Also Rises

by Dennis Doherty

It must surely be an interesting experiment to translate a work of art in one medium into that of another while remaining true to the interpreted spirit of the original, or even while shaping it into a personal vision that the original inspired. The obstacles are great and the creative powers to hurdle them must be equal to the task. The problem is greatest where the motivation is basest, as in the case of the novel made into commercial Hollywood motion picture. This is not to say that novelists don't pray for commercial success--indeed, most must hope for fat movie contracts--or that nothing artistic can come from commercial endeavor--even artists love payday. Certainly *The Sun Also Rises* was a great achievement in both respects for Ernest Hemingway, and any qualms he may have had about compromising the purity of his art and its message did not prevent his turning the material over to the movie makers. A book can be made into a good movie (although this has yet to be the case with *The Sun Also Rises*), but so much is usually sacrificed to the conventions and constraints of film making that the two--though both be of some merit--share little more than incidental points upon which they touch, characters' names, perhaps a title, and sometimes, similar intentions. They do not share and cannot share the dimensions through which an author explores the world of his novel nor the richness of the characters who people it.

It is a problem of motion pictures in general that the conventional commercial movie must operate within immediate and exact time limits--we can know the running time of a picture to the minute--so that (like the short story according to Poe) the entire work be experienced in one comfortable sitting, and until recently, that at a public theater. The experience is the sensory impression of a series of finite visual images with a superimposed sound track. Most people are likely to see the two extant filmed versions of *The Sun Also Rises* on commercial television, and it is a problem of that medium in particular that works such as movies are infused with intrusive commercial come-ons while the films are frequently edited not on the basis of unity, clarity, or aesthetic merit, but on squeezing the work into a time slot that allows for such commercials, intrusions for which the movie is merely a vehicle and to which all artistic effort is prostituted. The latter version of *The Sun* is a mini-series produced for TV, and in this case the process is reversed and the material is inflated with stock mini-series melodrama, but all to the same purpose. The message of the medium is "buy"; the real text is the book of the bottom line, and the program is merely a subtext which serves as market bait.

A major selling point for these films is the name Hemingway, although he had nothing to do with the productions, but who would flock to the local RKO to see a movie hyped as written by Pierre Viertel,

screenwriter for the first version? Hemingway didn't write, produce, direct or star in movies. He wrote novels, among other things, and though a novel must sell, it has greater freedom from commercial pressure in that it hasn't the same strictures of time and the necessity for constant visual and auditory stimulation. And long term considerations of literary merit can redeem a work that is short on immediate receipts. While it is subject to the constraints of its own convention--storyline with conflict and tension, character motivation, and so on--even a pop novel has greater latitude for authorial commentary, plot intricacies, gradation of meaning, symbolic folds, puns and allusions. We speak of Hemingway's condensed style, or of the economy of *The Sun Also Rises*, yet it is two hundred and forty seven pages long and can be read over the course of days. A novel lives with us during those days or weeks that we read it; its characters and considerations insinuate themselves into our thinking, and in the case of a masterful stylist such as Hemingway, that thinking often comes in the cadences of the prose.

Books have this great advantage over movies--they speak to us in the language of words. An expository, narrative, or descriptive passage in a book is mediated only by our individual imaginations; hence the experience is deeply personal and varied. But a movie is manifestly iconographic, and a novel made movie is mediated by the screen writer's and director's imaginations, as well as the collective work of the movie crew. A movie can be beautiful, gripping, thoughtful, but it is finite, entering us through the eyes and ears and limited to an elapsed time of, say, an hour and fifty minutes. Words seem to enter through the navel and connect immediately with the voice that utters them.

Still, translation from prose to film, as I have said, can produce good films in their own right. The problem lies in trying to translate too literally, to make the one be the other, or in making hyperbolic claims that the book is no a major motion picture. At best you will wind up with a two-dimensional approximation, and at worst with a bastard concoction. Francis Ford Coppola has some success transposing *Heart of Darkness* into film because with that shorter story he has room to work, and while translating all the incidents and characters from nineteenth-century Congo to twentieth-century Cambodia in *Apocalypse Now*, he updates and so reaffirms the universal nature of the *horror* that awaits us up the river with Kurtz, and of course in our individual and collective hearts. Only by taking great liberties with no apologies to Conrad does Coppola render *Heart of Darkness* fine cinema, and an action-adventure treating a popular topic makes it commercially viable. But when William Kennedy writes the screenplay to this own best-seller *Ironweed*, the movie is still a commercial failure, and finally, despite its fineness, it fails the book. The movie, doggedly faithful to the sequence of incidents in the novel, gives us what the publishers originally feared, a bleak picture of Depression-era bums in Albany, New York. What is missing is the joyful eloquence of Francis Phelan's soul, the richness of his history, and the sensual reconstruction of his Albany through the matrix of Kennedy's prose. All of which brings me back to *The Sun Also Rises*.

Again, in bringing Hemingway to film, the makers, for the sake of commerce, must exploit his name and the persona of his public reputation, as well as touch upon some of the major incidents that highlight his novels and have seeped into the popular cultural consciousness. Everyone, regardless of whether or not he's read the books, is familiar with the behind-the-stories figure of the hard-boozing, hard-loving, bullfight-going, lion-slaying soldier-writer. So Hemingway's name is touted as a commodity. Consequently, rather than translating the spirit of his art in the new medium, the film industry retells the story outline with an emphasis on the aspects with which the movie-going public is familiar and supposedly expects--boozing, bullfights, and so on. At the same time, film makers seem compelled to try to take on the literary Hemingway to a limited extent, as well. Perhaps this reflects some artistic aspiration of the writer or director, or perhaps it is a literary bone to those who have read the books, or a perhaps it is a cynical condescension to the general public, that they will feel they have been in contact with a "deep" work, with the Great American Writer as well as with the legendary man. In any case, the result is a confused mishmash.

The Daryll F. Zanuck version follows the novel's plot rather closely, which becomes rather meandering when exposed as pure plot without reference to the Catholic pilgrimage, without the perspective of Jake Barnes, without wit, without the freight of meaning. Ritual is transmuted into pageant. Symbol becomes sentimental gesture. The major incidents are all there, but it is no longer a contemplation of how to live "all the way up", of proportioning things their proper value in a post World War One era, or even of Catholicism. It is a vehicle to showcase Ava Gardner, that luscious star with a great case of *angst*. As her love interests, Tyrone Power is so stiff he seems to play Jake Barnes out of the Alan Ladd school of acting, and Robert Evans as Pedro Romero the toreador looks like a greasy rodent in drag. But the problem of travesty in casting is best left to the film critic. Travesty of the text is our realm.

In a way, Hemingway's theory of omission, that the exposed eighth of an iceberg will inform the reader of the remaining seven-eighths, should play into the hands of the time-limited movie makers here--the crucial point being that you have to know which parts to show. In the film, much is made of drinking, bullfighting and lovemaking, but the part that is trimmed is almost invariably the significant snippet of dialogue, the symbolic scene or even the omission that calls attention to itself.

The scene with Count Mippipopolous is emblematic. It is generally faithful to the book except on two points: the pleasure he takes in exposing his arrow wounds in connection with a central theme--that of payment and experience and getting the proper value for things in exchange--and his definitive statement as an exemplar, "you must get to know the values." Without these he is merely a lovable, avuncular if somewhat lecherous character who chases Brett around, but who could blame him with an angel like Ava. And though Errol Flynn has the role of his life as the drunken bankrupt Mike, he is little more than that, and we are never sure why the others tolerate him, much less love him.

Gone are the hints at distinguished military service, the communion of war and the ever present sense of *paying* that has led to bankruptcy. Here the communion is only that of an interest in Brett Ashley/Ava Gardner. Which brings us to another problem. All serious consideration of Jake Barnes' Catholicism is dropped. Though the novel's pilgrimage is fraught with ritual and religious symbolism, the film uses the Church as cosmetic for Brett's character. In the book, Jake goes to church several times, and once we see him with Lady Brett, who doesn't like it much, and leaves. In the movie, it is Jake who leaves, so that Brett can sit in the pew, her eyes misty and glistening with holy light as a phantom choir sings. Never mind that the film includes the scene later when Brett says of the expatriate code of behavior, "It's sort of what we have instead of God," and it is Jake who replies, "Some people believe in God. Quite a lot." This flip-flopping in spirituality and sudden return to the text remains a conundrum.

The film makers do make their passes at depth of expression, perhaps to fulfill the promise of a Hemingway movie, to show that they know their Hemingway, but these touches do not enhance unity in the film and they lack the objective correlatives of the novel. It's fine to see Jake in pajamas that look like prisoner of war garb, or to watch Mike chasing a bouncing check around a corrida, but these scenes can't reverberate properly without the refrains of payment that occur throughout the novel.

The makers of the ABC mini-series also like to show that they know their Hemingway. At one point the older waiter from "A Clean Well-lighted Place" pops up to expound on the virtue of light and order for those who can't sleep at night. The trouble is, the film makers don't know their *The Sun Also Rises*. To pad the mini-series in order to make the story longer in order to glean more advertising (it's interesting that a book that takes days to read should be too short in this case to fit into six hours of programming), they expose the other seven-eighths of the iceberg, and in so doing melt the whole thing into a watery mess. The good Count Mippipopolous becomes a sinister plot contrivance, a Machiavellian assassin from the court of Tsar Nicholas. The affable Bill Gorton becomes a lush, a pathetic victim of the war, of whom Jake says, "How do you forget your own death?" And this is how the movie insinuates itself into the world of ideas, by having the characters repeat to each other in one way or another, "We're all a lost generation." It functions better in the world of visual stimulation, beginning about ten years before the novel, where we can actually see Jake bayonetting Germans amid exploding grenades, or loving prostitutes who suggest that they should be paying him. There is a quaint symmetry in Jake's having a friend who lost his face in the war and comments that the one can get women but can't have them, and vice versa. But his nice irony does not add depth, it simply restates the case: "That dirty war."

Of course, the true irony here is that a work about value and faith should be subverted into a sales pitch. So much of *The Sun Also Rises* is about the exchange of values, paying the correct price for the product. I would say that both film versions come too dear.

The Old Man and The Loss of Dignity: How NBC Reduced a Classic to a Soap Opera

By Joshua J. Mark

> *"There's a dignity there that's extraordinary."*
>
> *"Writers think that way I suppose."*
>
> Writer and Lopez in conversation, NBC version of *The Old Man and The Sea*, March 25, 1990.

> *"How many people will he feed, he thought. But are they worthy to eat him? No, of course not. There is no one worthy of eating him from the manner of his behavior and his great dignity."*
>
> Santiago on the Marlin, OMAS, 83.

Ernest Hemingway returned to network television on March 25, 1990, after a two year absence, in the form of a new version of *The Old Man and The Sea*. There are, no doubt, some here in the room who can still vividly recall the stirring figure of a hefty Stacy Keach lurching across the Italian battlefield as an eighteen year old Hemingway in the made-for television biography in 1988. The new version of *The Old Man and The Sea* is not nearly as indulgent as the life story was - yet there is the unmistakable mark of television upon the film, the mark of Cain, as it were, warning you that you cannot kill the thing but should not trust it to do you any friendly turn (or, put plainly, you cannot turn it off yet cannot bear to watch).

The characters in Hemingway's novel are possessed of a certain dignity that is thoroughly lacking in the film version. Throughout Hemingway's work one notices an attention, on the part of the characters, to detail, to the small things which signify greater themes running beneath the surface. In the film this characteristic, when seen in the people, becomes unbearably maudlin.

The individuals themselves, apart from Anthony Quinn's Santiago and Francesco Quinn's young Santiago, are all wrenchingly maudlin stock characters. We are introduced to Lopez, the kind and giving proprietor of the local bar/hotel, who provides for Santiago out of the goodness of his heart and bows and scrapes in abject servitude before the writer and his wife. There is Santiago's daughter, Angela, imploring her stubborn and aging father to come to Havana where he can live with her and her family to read the paper and listen to the radio in domestic bliss. We have a version of faithful Manolin as the surrogate son calling baseball scores out to the empty sea when Santiago has not yet returned.

The most horrific addition to the story, however, is not the daughter nor Lopez, but the writer and his wife. These two act as a kind of chorus to let the audience out in TV land know that Santiago's struggle and final victory are significant in that through their obsession with the fate of the old man these two vapid individuals resolve their marital conflicts and come to a new awareness of their deep and abiding love for one another.

In the novel, Santiago remembers an episode involving a male and female Marlin. He is far out at sea and recalls how he once caught the female and the male remained beside the boat, waiting to see what would happen to his mate. "Then, while the old man was clearing lines and preparing the harpoon, the male fish jumped high into the air beside the boat to see where the female was and then went down deep . . . . He was beautiful, the old man remembered, and he had stayed" (54-55).

In the film this story is related to the writer and his wife by Manolin while the three of them are waiting in the night for Santiago to return from the sea. In the novel the episode serves to emphasize Santiago's character, his love for the things he kills, as well as the beauty and passion that he feels these fish possess. One of the most important parts of this story Santiago relates is that the Marlin "stayed," was loyal to his mate. This underscores the themes in the book of loyalty and betrayal, doubt and faith, love and hatred that are so pervasive in Santiago's relationship with Manolin, the other fishermen, the sharks, the Marlin. In the film the story occasions the remark from the writer to his wife that he will be like the male Marlin, that he would "stay" were anything ever to happen to her. The dignity of the Marlin in the original passage from the novel is reduced to a parable which motivates the writer to suddenly declare his constant love for his wife--a sentiment which we have thus far seen small evidence of (and, the wife's character being what it is, little cause for).

The introduction of Angela to the story seems to signal a desire on the part of the writers to make Hemingway's classic "relevant" for today's television audience. She is the suffering daughter who is only thinking of her father's welfare when she offers him a place in her house. He is the stubborn father who refuses to admit to or act his age. Santiago is reduced from a lone man, hungry and poor, pitting his strength against the sea for a livelihood, with no choice other than starvation, to a stubborn old man who refuses to give up his way of life and live easily with his kind daughter. This is a problem widely pondered these days --how to handle one's parents at a certain age--and, doubtless, in order that the film might appeal to a wide ranging audience, it becomes a theme in Hemingway's story. Even so, Hemingway's Old Man needs no such shot of "relevance" to make it appealing and one suspects the final reason for including the character of Angela was to provide a part for Quinn's daughter.

Throughout the film the ideas of dignity, honor, sacrifice, are altered and debased, brought down to a level that even the lowest, drooling *aficionado* of Tide and Tidy-bowl commercials could understand. It is no longer the dignity of the Marlin that is of importance but rather the writer's notion of Santiago's dignity. In the passage from

the film used as epigraph to this paper, Lopez and the writer discuss Santiago and the writer expresses how "extraordinary" he finds Santiago's dignity. Lopez responds by saying, "Writers think that way I suppose." Though it seems obvious that there is a certain dignity and courage in refusing to give up, we need the writer to inform us of the fact. We then hear from poor, simple-minded Lopez, who feels that writers think "that way" but surely not "common folk." The baffling obsession of the writer and his wife is contrasted with the calm and patient attitude of the "natives"--and though the writer and his wife are the characters highlighted, the characters we are supposed to sympathize with and, perhaps, learn from we are never given convincing reasons for their concern with the old man's safety. When Santiago does finally return, the writer informs his wife, and she exclaims "Thank God" as though he had just told her they had discovered a lost child of hers. Earlier, she has a dream about Santiago being picked up by a huge ship which feeds him. These touches could work if we were given any indication at all that the woman had some feeling for the fisherman, but as the film stands her dream and her exclamation of thanks sound silly. The film tries very hard to make us realize how terribly significant Santiago's voyage and return are, and yet filtered through two of the most maudlin and vacuous characters to appear in film (in spite of the attempt to link the writer with Hemingway), the entire story becomes somewhat diminished.

Anthony Quinn on his own does maintain the integrity of the text, and the sections of film that deal with his battle with the Marlin and the sharks are quite effective. Even so, we are treated at the end to Santiago's vindication before the entire town, his daughter, and the writer and wife. Instead of the lone painful walk up the beach in the dark, the scene takes place on a Sunday morning with everyone gaping in admiration. Even the fisherman who insulted Santiago in the beginning is there to retract his statements and hail Santiago as a champion. The daughter calls Santiago a "stubborn old man" when he falls under the mast, and then, when he rises again, relents and asks him when he will visit his grandchildren. The dignity of Santiago, expressed in the words "a man can be destroyed but not defeated" and illustrated by the old man carrying the mast back to his shack alone in the dark, is replaced by this manipulative Spielbergesque monstrosity--and one almost waits with halting breath in fear that the people will hoist Santiago on their shoulders and begin singing.

It is the simplicity of the novel that gives it the power that it has. Like any classic work, *The Old Man and The Sea* deals with an eternal theme: one man fighting against the odds, not by stubborn choice but by necessity. Linked closely with that theme in Hemingway's story are resonances of the story of Christ, of the passion, of the link between the lone warrior who fights to the death for his Lord (like a Roland, the archetype of the Christian Knight), or the warrior who sacrifices himself in battle for his people (as Christ is depicted in the poem "The Dream of The Rood"). These subtle but powerful themes are absent from the television movie and in their place we find themes thought to be more "relevant" to today's society-- a stubborn old father and his mindful daughter, a marriage in trouble--themes sure to stir the heart of every glassy-eyed viewer. Yet in the removing and replacing of

segments of Hemingway's novel they have removed the dignity of the piece and replaced it with sentimentality and clichés, stock figures and a stock sub-plot; all easy to understand, all calculated to make a viewer respond. Coming from the media that assaults us with warnings of ring-around-the-collar, that cautions us against raising our arms unless we're sure, and shows us plainly that we can be fulfilled in life if we put our trust in weight watchers, one should expect no more from the film. Even so, there is always that hope which keeps one from turning the television off--that perhaps they will get it right, that perhaps there is a screen writer who understands the sense of dignity and honor that Hemingway tried to express in his literature. It was a vain hope in the case of Quinn's "The Old Man and The Sea," as it was with the 1988 Hemingway biography--but I doubt I have learned my lesson.

Hello Hollywood, Farewell Hemingway: The Borzage Production of A Farewell to Arms

by Fiona Paton

When *A Farewell to Arms* was published in 1929, it not only consolidated Hemingway's literary reputation but also the somewhat legendary stature he had begun to assume in the public eye. Despite his aversion to publicity, he was already associated with such manly activities as big-game hunting, deep sea fishing, and drinking in Parisian cafés, and he now became the dashing young ambulance driver of the Great War. It seems ironic, therefore, given his decidedly 'macho' image at this time, that the first screen adaptation of his work should have been a classic example of the genre known as the 'woman's picture'.

Paramount's 1932 production of *A Farewell to Arms* starred Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper and was produced and directed by Frank Borzage. His name may mean little to us today, but his reputation during the 1930's was substantial. Known primarily for romantic melodramas, he had already won two Academy Awards by the time he was nominated for a third with *A Farewell to Arms*. Of course, the type of film now termed a 'tear-jerker' was enormously popular during the 30's and 40's, and Paramount would not have expected their audience to be exclusively female. As has been pointed out by Frank Laurence, however, *A Farewell to Arms* was, nonetheless, undoubtedly filmed with feminine sensibilities in mind.

Their promotional campaign, for instance, used the slogan 'If you're a woman, you'll live the life of Helen Hayes in *A Farewell to Arms* and understand!' and described the film as 'The mad mating of two souls lost for love's sake to the thunder of a world gone mad!' The line 'Let's love tonight. There may be no tomorrow', which wasn't even in the film, never mind the novel, appeared on every poster. At the same time, however, Paramount was careful to assure the public that the film followed the original with 'great fidelity', pointing out that 'The country is filled with avid Hemingway fans who would resent any great liberties being taken with this book or with the dialogue.' Avid fans notwithstanding, liberties were indeed taken, for in order to create his saccharine slice of Hollywood, Borzage had to compromise the plot, the characters, and, inevitably, the whole theme of the original novel.

The majority of the changes were instituted in order to make the film more appealing as a 'woman's picture.' The first meeting between Catherine Barkley and Frederic Henry is a good example. Hemingway has Frederic reluctantly accompany Rinaldi to the British hospital to meet Catherine and her friend Ferguson, who is Frederic's intended date. As it turns out, Frederic and Catherine are more interested in each other, and their romance develops from there. However, screen writers Oliver Garret and Benjamin Glazer decided that this was altogether too mundane. It would do for the second meeting, but not for the first. Thus they created an entirely new scene, in which a drunken Frederic ends up alone at midnight in an air raid shelter with the barefoot Catherine. As

bombs fall all around, Frederic fondles the shapely calf he finds before him, mistaking Catherine for the prostitute he has just left at the Villa Rossa. The chaste Catherine is momentarily struck dumb. As the raid ends, and Frederic attempts to fit the prostitute's large shoe onto Catherine's tiny foot, he realizes his mistake. His embarrassment is acute. Catherine is naturally disdainful, and stalks off into the night. The audience, of course, would find this scene delightful, secure in the knowledge that the pair are destined for a wonderful and unusual romance. Hemingway, when he finally saw the film, was disgusted, stating that the scene was ridiculously contrived and implausible. Unfortunately, it was only one of many.

Another more serious example involves Frederic Henry's desertion from the army. In the novel, Frederic takes part in the Italian retreat after the disastrous defeat at Caporetto. It is a slow, sullen and miserably wet affair which gradually disintegrates into insanity and confusion. Frederic, however, persists in trying to get his team of ambulances safely to Udine. It is an important sequence in the novel, not only highlighting Hemingway's profoundly disillusioned view of the war, but showing Frederic's integrity, his 'grace under pressure.' Only when on the point of being shot as a German spy does he take his symbolic leap into the river, washing anger away along with any sense of obligation.

Borzage, however, wanted love alone to be the motivation for Frederic's desertion. Back at the front after his wounding, Frederic is a reformed character. He spends his nights writing to Catherine, ignoring Rinaldi's invitations to the Villa Rossa. Weeks pass, and he receives no letters in return. Unbeknown to him, Rinaldi, who becomes a somewhat villainous character at the hands of Garrat and Glazer, has been intercepting his mail. Frederic has therefore no idea that the pregnant Catherine is in Switzerland. In fact, he doesn't even know she's pregnant. In his desperation he decides he has to go and find her. "What does this war mean to me anymore?" he asks the helpless priest. "What does anything mean except finding her?" Classic Hollywood romance. Melodramatic and improbable. This radically alters the plot of the original and disfigures the character of Frederic Henry. This, certainly, is not how Hemingway's Frederic would act. This is not "grace under pressure."

In fairness to Borzage, however, I should point out that this scene was altered not just to increase the romantic appeal. There was another factor at work here: that of censorship. The novel itself had been banned by Mussolini due to the unfavorable portrayal of the Italian army during the retreat from Caporetto. He also threatened to ban ALL American movies if Borzage's film cast a similar light on the events of October 1917. Borzage thus had to avoid any specific references to Caporetto or the retreat itself. One feels, however, that Garret and Glazer could have come up with a more plausible scenario, and certainly one truer to the original, had Borzage not been so relentless in extracting every drop of romantic pathos from every scene.

Censorship was to prove a stumbling block in another key aspect of the film: the relationship between Frederic and Catherine. This time

it was not Mussolini that Borzage had to contend with, but the equally daunting Motion Picture Code of Production. In the novel, Frederic and Catherine are never married, and Borzage anticipated problems if this situation remained unchanged. The two lovers therefore had to be joined in holy matrimony as quickly as possible. Once again the genius of Garrett and Glazer came into play.

The solution was to invent another entirely new scene, loosely constructed around the priest's visit to the wounded Frederic in Milan. As Frederic and the priest discuss the war, Catherine bustles in to take Frederic's temperature. They begin to joke about the 'beastly' temperatures their children will have. The priest is shocked by their intimacy. This, too, is the war, he sighs. Quietly, turning slightly away from the two lovers, he begins to recite the marriage vows while Frederic and Catherine hold hands, glassy eyed. The priest, his cursory function in the novel duly performed, then exits. The original issue of the film had Catherine stay the night with Frederic, but this was later cut, along with several other scenes deemed too suggestive. Borzage was, apparently, also concerned about the reaction of the Catholic League of Decency.

Borzage, it has to be said, had little in the way of artistic integrity. His purpose was simply to pander to the desires of post-Wall Street Crash audiences in need of a cathartic weep. This is made especially clear in his treatment of the ending. Hemingway's own handling of Catherine's death was restrained, understated, and entirely unsentimental, in a way which actually heightened the emotional impact. Borzage, on the other hand, created an impossibly indulgent, long-drawn-out melodrama guaranteed to flood the aisles with tears. After the fatally complicated delivery of her stillborn child, Catherine lies weakly in bed. She has clearly undergone a terrible ordeal, although thankfully her false eyelashes are still intact. Before seeing Frederic, she asks for her bag, so that she may powder her cheeks and comb her hair. This is, of course, just the right touch in a "woman's picture." Frederic comes in. After much rolling of eyes, and much tortured dialogue, virtually none of which is in the novel, Catherine appears to die. The tragic strains of Wagner's 'Tristan and Isolde' are punctured abruptly by a factory steam whistle. Frederic lifts Catherine and carries her to the window in a magnificent swathe of white linen. Church bells chime and doves flutter from the steeple. The irony is wonderful. Catherine's death coincides with the end of the war.

Borzage was concerned, however, that this would be too much for the audience to cope with. He recalled that the death of the heroine in Universal's war romance *Waterloo Bridge*, released the previous year, had severely distressed the movie going public. Maybe a happy ending would be a better commercial risk. On the other hand, maybe not. To cover both bases, Borzage released two versions of the film. One had Catherine die a beautifully poignant death, the other allowed her a beautifully poignant revival. The fact that he finally opted for the tragic ending probably had something to do with Hemingway's less than flattering remarks regarding the alternative.

Hemingway also had a few unflattering remarks to make regarding Helen Hayes. He referred to her as 'the peanut' and complained that Paramount should have cast a taller, sexier actress in the role, someone like Claudette Colbert or Marlene Dietreich. Helen Hayes was, however, far more suitable. Whatever Catherine Barkley is, and the critical debate continues, she is certainly not a *femme fatale*. Helen Hayes, despite her diminutive stature, is reasonably solid in the role of Catherine. Superficial she may be, but before ascribing all the blame to her acting ability, we should remember that exactly the same criticism has been made of Hemingway's Catherine.

In any case, the character of Frederic Henry is certainly not superficial. Much has been written about this particular Hemingway protagonist, and much of that can be discarded. The important thing regarding Frederic Henry is that he is NOT representative of Hemingway's so-called "nada," or moral void. His stance is not one of passive cynicism, nor is he immune to the suffering around him. He has a certain detachment, yes, reflected in his somewhat terse manner and laconic wit, but this is not the detachment of one who does not care. On the contrary, Frederic Henry cares very much. His detached facade is a response to the moral dilemma he finds himself in, for while he believes that the fighting is necessary, he does not believe in war.

Now, to give credit where it's due, Gary Cooper does make a genuine effort to give some sense of the original character. He plays the role with a certain amount of reserve, a certain toughness, which at the same time is not incapable of deep emotion. Unfortunately, however, his performance overall lacks subtlety, lacks balance, so that detachment comes across as woodenness, and sensitivity as much exaggerated rolling of the eyes. His performance during Catherine's deathbed scene, for instance, is particularly painful, although with Borzage in the director's chair this is perhaps inevitable. And of course, the Frederic Henry Cooper was given to play was not the Frederic Henry created by Hemingway. This is really the most damaging compromise of all, for in reducing Frederic to a one-dimensional hero of the silver screen, Borzage completely ignored the complex philosophical questions raised by Hemingway in the development of his character.

While the scope of this paper does not allow an in-depth analysis of the philosophical implications of the novel, a few words can be said in conclusion. *A Farewell to Arms* is not just a novel about love and war; it is also about the relevance of religious faith in a world which can, in a sense, be described as existential. Frederic Henry is an individual profoundly aware of the discrepancy between religious faith and the suffering he sees around him, yet at the same time profoundly in need of faith, of meaning, however incongruous it may seem against the background of the Great War. His sudden awareness of the existence of the soul when wounded is crucial in the development of his character, and therefore the novel, but is not even suggested in the film. Similarly the priest, the novel's key exemplar, becomes a mere bit-part player, whose only function is to appease the censors by reciting bogus marriage vows. Count Greffi, another exemplar, and again vital to the question of faith, is omitted altogether. The only statement made by Borzage is the surrealistic montage created for Frederic Henry's

desertion, which combines confused shots of troops moving at night with images of the cross and the crucifixion. The theme of the individual's search for religious meaning is not even suggested. Clearly it was deemed inappropriate for a 'woman's picture,' or possibly Hollywood was not even aware that it existed.

A Farewell to Arms was produced only three years after the publication of the novel, insufficient time, perhaps, for the philosophical issues below the surface romance to be absorbed. Intervening years, however, showed little increase in the sensitivity of Hollywood's response to the novel. In 1957 David Selznick, the man behind MGM's *Gone With the Wind*, produced the version starring Rock Hudson and Jennifer Jones. Shot on location in Italy, it was undoubtedly more spectacular than the Borzage production, but unfortunately demonstrated the same lack of respect for the original material. As Selznick warned director John Huston, who soon quit in disgust, there would be no "Papa-worshipping grovelling on this picture." Indeed, this comment can almost be taken as the official Hollywood dictum, for of the fifteen adaptations made of Hemingway's fiction, the majority have been quite straightforward travesties. It is nice to think, however, that Brian Edgar's production of *Indian Camp* may herald a new age in Hemingway adaptations, one of increased sensitivity, respect, and, not least, intelligence.

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NARRATIVE THEORY AND THE FILM ADAPTATION OF HEMINGWAY'S SNOWS OF KILIMANJARO

By Arnold Schmidt

Why is it that so often, film adaptations of fiction prove unsatisfying? Is it the technical quality of the film --the actors, the director-- or is it the written adaptation itself? Or does something else prompt the frequent observation: "the book was better than the movie." Actually, one should not be surprised at this dissatisfaction. After all, any adaptation commits what has been called the "heresy of paraphrase." Art blends form and content. A paraphrase retains content and alters form. But part of the content is the form. One wouldn't expect even a scrupulously faithful prose paraphrase of a Hemingway short story to yield the same experience as reading the story itself. Further, reading the story and its paraphrase would still share the commonality of the reading experience. The issue becomes more complicated when adapting, i.e., paraphrasing one medium to another, as from fiction into film.

But what is a faithful film adaptation of prose? While necessarily changing the form and medium, it should accurately represent the original work's narrative and thematic content. As much as possible, it should retain the original's detail and evoke the same feeling. Achieving this is difficult. Regardless of how scrupulously the adaptation strives to be faithful, it cannot reproduce the original experience because of differences inherent in the media. For example, narratologists agree that prose can avoid description, while film generally cannot. Prose can halt the narrative; film action is constantly advancing. Prose can unobtrusively present character's thoughts, not possible on film without the unwieldy apparatus of the voiceover. Given their intrinsic differences, what narrative prose and film share are their story-telling elements.

To narrate, explains Jonathan Culler in *Structuralist Poetics: Structuralism, Linguistics and the Study of Literature*, a work must allow the "reader [or in this case, the viewer to] . . . organize the plot as a passage from one state to another and this passage or movement must . . . serv[e] as a representation of theme" (Culler, 222). Though the way in which they tell stories is different, both fiction and film share narrative conventions that allow readers and viewers to understand them. Such elements as dialogue, description, and plot make up character, setting, and action, though the conventions that evoke these elements differ.

> "Just as the speaker of a language has assimilated a complex grammar which enables him to read a series of sounds or letters as a sentence with a meaning, so the reader of literature has acquired, through his encounters with literary works, implicit mastery of various semiotic conventions which enable him to read a series of sentences

as poems or novels endowed with shape and meaning" (Culler VIII).

The same is true of film viewers and cinematic conventions.

Familiarity with these codes paradoxically means forgetting them, writes Seymour Chatman in *Story and Discourse, Narrative Structure in Fiction and Film*. In fiction, drama, or the cinema, "audiences come to recognize and interpret conventions by 'naturalizing' them . . . mean[ing] not only to understand it, but to 'forget' its conventional character . . . giving to it no more thought than to the manifestational medium, say the English language or the frame of the proscenium stage" (Chatman 49).

Though the prose and film versions of Hemingway's *The Snows of Kilimanjaro* are quite different, the first half page of the story is rather faithfully represented in the first minutes of the film. Analysis of how literary and cinematic conventions delineate physical and psychological aspects of character, dialogue, and setting illustrates how different even an accurate film adaptation is from the literary experience.

Hemingway's *Snows* begins with a line of dialogue: "'The marvelous thing is that it's painless,'" (Hemingway, *Snows*, 3), which does not describe the speaker. After five lines of dialogue, the speaker is obliquely identified: "the cot the man lay on was in the wide shade of a mimosa tree" (Hemingway, *Snows*, 3); he is watching several vultures. Compare the 1952 20th Century Fox film, directed by Henry King from a Casey Robinson screenplay. It begins with a close-up of a man's face with shadows passing over it, then a shot of a buzzard landing in a tree, the face again, a shot of the tree that pans the landscape and reveals the tents of a camp with a mountain in the background. It then returns to a two-shot of the man on the cot, with a bandaged and, as we learn later, gangrenous leg. Nearby is a woman fanning him with a leafy branch, presumably mimosa, which had created the shadows on his face. Then he speaks.

The irony of the story's opening--after all, much of the tale examines the character's psychological and emotional pain--is lost in the film's opening line, a variation on the story's: "Now is it sight or is it scent that brings them like that?" (Hemingway, *Snows*, 3), i.e., does the sight or smell of the leg's rotting flesh attract the buzzards. The film is forced to show--and by showing, describe--the man. On film, he is a particular person, wearing particular clothes, acting, and delivering lines in a specific way, none of which are exactly indicated in the prose.

Thus, as Chatman points out, prose can avoid description, while film cannot. A "verbal narrative may elect not to present some visual aspect, say, a character's clothes" (Chatman 30), describing them generally as "'He was dressed in street clothes.' [Or as in the story: the cot the man lay on . . . .] The cinema, however, cannot avoid a rather precise representation of visual detail" (Chatman 30). However, a prose author can write a purely descriptive passage, while on film,

unless the camera stops and freezes the frame, pure description is not possible. Actors don't just stand there; they do things: think, walk, worry. Even scenery on camera is active, an establishing shot that's a prelude to something happening, or a transitional bridge between two actions. On film, the story is always advancing; in fiction, this is not necessarily the case.

Note that a character's physical description tells us what he is; it has, writes Culler, symbolic value. "If a character's elegant dress is described we may call upon stereotyped models of personality and say that if he is so dressed it is because he is a fop or a dandy and establish a sign relationship between the description and this latter meaning . . . . [This is] because we approach the text with the assumption that anything noted is probably notable and significant" (Culler 225). Although the story's man on the cot is just a man--without fasciculate, a voice, or an occupation--the wardrobe of the film's man defines him as an outdoorsman, perhaps a hunter, which it is later revealed he is.

This is because "the camera, unlike the human eye, is unselective," as Alan Spiegel observes in *Fiction and the Camera Eye, Visual Consciousness in Film and the Modern Novel*. It is "a dumb eye," writes Spiegel (66). "It cannot pick or choose . . . . It can only see whatever is to be seen--the accidental as well as the necessary . . . without distinction" (Spiegel 66). This is not to suggest that King's shot composition is gratuitous, but that while the story includes a few chosen details, the camera must include not only those details, but their context as well. Furthermore, physical details in prose are spatially ambiguous, appearing in the mind as each word is read; this differs greatly from the way those details appear on the screen, exactly located, in precise relation to things around them. Film sees with "the eye of a man who is present within the scene," while the fictional narrator "is both everywhere and nowhere and will . . . only intermittently incorporate spatial and temporal limitations into its vision" (Spiegel 34).

This is because "on the one hand, the camera is an objective medium, for it can neither think nor feel, and . . . provide[s] us with . . . objective information about the surface of physical reality . . . . On the other hand, the camera is a subjective medium, for it cannot show any object without . . . revealing its own physical position--its angle and distance from the object--as part of what is shown" (Spiegel 32). For example, when the story presents the man on the cot, readers are present in a spatially ambiguous way. Compare the film, where the viewer is at a specific distance from the character, in a specific localized relationship with him.

In the story and film, how the man on the cot sees what he sees illustrates differences in the medium's narrative vocabulary. In the story, Hemingway writes: "as he looked out past the shade onto the glare of the plain there were three of the big birds, squatted obscenely, while in the sky a dozen more sailed, making quick-moving shadows as they passed" (Hemingway, *Snows*, 3). In film, says Chatman, "to underscore a character's point of view, the director has two

options," placing the actor with his side or back profile on the margin of the frame to heighten audience association with him, or use a match-cut, linking a shot of the character looking off-screen with another that follows his line of sight, so that viewers "assume that he has in fact seen that thing . . . [a]nd that we have seen it with him" (Chatman 1590. King chooses the latter.

Admitting that some of the story's opening dialogue is retained in the film, the cinematic experience remains different from the literary. Consider that in Hemingway's *Snows* the character exchanges are often pure dialogue, without tags indicating who's speaking. He can avoid the reading convention of "he said" and "she said" because another convention, "that speakers alternate from paragraph to paragraph" (Chatman 176), allows the reader to follow the story. Hemingway also avoids tags indicating how a line is to be read. When a character talks in the story, there are no descriptive stage directions such as "complained," "argued," "pleaded" to characterize the speech act. The reader fills them in (Chatman 176).

In fiction, such neutrality is not intrusive; it is in some ways, more rather than less realistic. For example, "'John lounged about' give[s] us an interpretation, obviously a narrator's" (Chatman 168). Compare the verbs in "The Killers," which are "sheer reportage, convey[ing] only overtly visible actions, strenuously avoiding even a hint of inner behavior" (168), such lines as "'Nick walked up the street' . . . [and] 'Ole Anderson said nothing.' We must always guess at what Nick or Ole is thinking" (168). The conventions of objective prose, the absence of a narrator, creates the sense of the reader witnessing a scene; it feels less tampered with, more realistic.

This is not possible on film. The tagless dialogue in *Snows* cannot be delivered without intonation and inflection; the actor's performance can never be as flat or neutral as the character's on the page. If the actor reads flatly, the viewer notices; it's not realistic; it breaks the cinematic illusion. This makes adapting what Chatman calls Hemingway's "laconic style" (Chatman 227) particularly difficult. Film, which speaks boldly regarding description and location, as a medium lacks the reticence to do justice to writing that gains "enrichments by silence" (Chatman 133).

Structurally, the film retains the story's flashbacks, though each medium signals their occurrence by different conventions. The story does so by skipping two lines and using italics. When the man on the cot is thinking, it says so. Film illustrates thought in another way. It has "two co-temporal information channels, visual and auditory" (Chatman 158). When the sound is synchronized with the character's lip movements, viewers assume the character is speaking; when unsynchronized, or when no one's lips move, viewers assume they "are hearing unuttered thoughts" (Chatman 159).

A film adaptation, then, takes into account the media's inherent differences and selects, alters, adds, and eliminates prose fiction's plot elements according to the theme the interpreter intends to stress. Thematically, Hemingway's story differs vastly from King's film due to

elements cut and added. For example, the film eliminates the story's references to snow, which form a leitmotif and add a layer of meaning to the story and the title. The film adds entire narratives about Harry's wives, who are merely mentioned in the story. In the story, the wound that ultimately causes Harry's death comes from his futile attempt to photograph waterbuck, while the film suggests it is caused by his heroic attempt to save a native attendant's life from a river full of hippopotami.

Most significantly, as Frank Laurence points out in *Hemingway and the Movies*, Robinson's screenplay provides the story with a happy ending. It changes the theme from "the survival of selfhood in the midst of chaos" (Bradley, 1447), to the notion that penitence leads to a second chance. In a 1952 *New York Times* article entitled "Adapter's Views," Robinson said Hemingway's intention was "'that any of us have earned a fitting reward if we have the honesty to add up our own mistakes and a deeply felt wish to correct them . . . .' To Hemingway it seemed the movies' meaning was opposite to the story's" (Laurence 138).

In addition to changing the theme, the adaptation changes the narrative effect. The story seems to be what Chatman calls a character oriented "plot of revelation," where "events are [not] resolved (happily or tragically), but rather that a state of affairs is revealed." The King/Robinson film is a "narrative of resolution," in which things are worked out in some way (Chatman 48).

As we've seen, the film's manipulation of the story's narrative elements alters the thematic and dramatic outcome. And analysis of the first few moments reveals that even faithfulness to the source does not make for a perfect adaptation. Perhaps the media's strengths and weaknesses and the narrative conventions that evolved because of them are mutually incompatible. Perhaps adaptation is an impossibility. Surely, the difference between prose and film is more complicated than "the classical distinction between diegesis and mimesis . . . between telling and showing" (Chatman 32). Yet, perhaps, it is the limitations of the media that audiences find so attractive. As the story begins, perhaps it is the prose's ambiguity that draws the reader in to find out more. Perhaps, as the film opens, it is the specificity that attracts the viewer.

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Shakespeare's Sonnet 128: Of Saucy Jacks and Nimble Leaps

By Sarah Gardner Siegler

Anyone who has ever fallen in love knows that this circumstance does not guarantee unqualified bliss. Even if the loved one reciprocates (or is at least available,) all kinds of impediments, both external and internal, real and imagined, can make the path of love tortuous. Rivals, for instance, may torment even the most confident lover. Shyness or moral compunctions may battle with desire and make the lover's inner life a hell. To make matters worse, love magnifies each small difficulty, making the proverbial mountain of every molehill. Shakespeare explores these troublesome aspects of love in his sonnet that begins "How oft, when thou my music music plays't." By line fourteen he has arrived at a resolution, and it is about as effective as any proposed before or since. That is to say, the lover achieves momentary relief, which is all that can realistically be expected. The poem is entertaining; its none-too-subtle bawdiness gives it a sardonic twist. At the same time, the sonnet neatly frames a human situation with which most readers can readily empathize.

Numbered 128 in the *Quarto* collection published in 1609, this sonnet is one of the first that is widely supposed to be addressed to a lady:

> How oft, when thou my music music play'st
> Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
> With thy sweet fingers when thou gently sway'st
> The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
> Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap
> To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
> Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
> At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand.
> To be so tickled they would change their state
> And situation with those dancing chips,
> O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
> Making dead wood more blest than living lips.
> Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
> Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.[1]

Sonnet 127 describes a "mistress" with eyes of "raven black" (111), and establishes the portrait of the so-called dark lady who may have inspired others among sonnets 127-52. Sonnet 129 expresses bitter disillusionment with carnal love. Whether or not Shakespeare intended these poems to be enjoyed in this order, they progress logically from infatuation to seduction and its aftermath.

The images of Sonnet 128 are alternately mechanical and anatomical. The mechanical image is the clavichord and its moving parts. The effect of this is to place the action of the poem in a

social rather than a natural setting, and to remind the reader of the affectations and circumspect behavior that characterize polite social gatherings. In contrast, the human images, hands,[2] and lips, provide the erotic undercurrent. In this counterpoint of hard and soft, inanimate and animate images, the poet develops his theme of desire, envy, and conquest.

The first quatrain opens with the words "How oft," but the sentence to which those words belong is suspended at that point and does not resume until line five. Instead, the first quatrain reels off a series of subordinate clauses that set the scene. The scene is one in which a woman, much admired by the speaker, plays the clavichord while he listens. Although the sex of the two is not specified outright, it is easy to infer from the sexual innuendo of the rest of the sonnet, and from the fact that playing the clavichord was a typical feminine accomplishment in Elizabethan times. The instrument is not named either, but must be inferred from the words "wood," "motion" (2) and "wiry" (4). The poet's contemporaries would have detected sexual overtones immediately, since the common name for the clavichord was "virginal"--as Booth reminds us, puns on the term occur in several of Shakespeare's plays (438).

The series of subordinate clauses in the first quatrain, the enjambment of the lines, and the general absence of punctuation all serve to set a brisk, almost breathless rhythm that complements the scene and the sense. The appositive "my music" provides the caesura in the middle of the first line, and the opening of a new subordinate clause does so in around the middle of each successive line in this quatrain, but the pauses are light, natural, and unpunctuated. The rushing forward of these lines is evocative of the very music being played in the scene. Since the clavichord was not equipped to sustain a chord, music composed for it depended on rapidly delivered, often complicated phrases. In similar fashion, the speaker is being drawn forward by a rush of conflicting emotions summed up in the last word of the quatrain, "confounds."

On that unexpected word, "confounds," the sonnet takes a turn and a problem is posed that will be elaborated on in the second quatrain. Until "confounds," the scene is idyllic. Antistasis, the repetition of a word in a different sense (439), is employed in line one. "When thou my music music play'st" stresses the desirable qualities of both the woman and the occasion. "Blessed" in line two heaps on connotations of felicity, good fortune, even holiness. Alliteration in line three, created by "sweet" and "sway'st" (mildly echoing "sounds" at the end of the previous line) further reinforces the impression of unqualified delight. The gustatory denotation of "sweet," the tactile association with its referent "fingers," and the lulling sense of comfort in "gently sway'st" all leave the reader -- who is drawn on apace by the rhythm of the quatrain -- unprepared for the antithesis of "concord" and "confounds" in line four.

"Concord" neatly sums up everything that precedes it. Literally, the "wiry concord" of this line is the music the woman is playing. As a musical term, the *OED* informs us, it means "a combination of notes which

is in itself satisfactory to the ear, requiring no 'resolution' or following chord. . ."; its antonym is "discord." In the general sense, clearly applicable here, the word denotes agreement, harmony, peace. Yet this concord "confounds" the ear of the adoring listener. Again with the aid of the *OED*, we learn that to "confound" means not only to confuse, but to defeat utterly, destroy. It may also mean to spoil or corrupt, and that sense of the word gains weight as the sonnet proceeds. That her music has this effect on him or his ear is not, in and of itself, such a problem. But in line one he told us that not only does she play the music, she is his music. So the final word alters the meaning of the first quatrain, reducing the idyllic scene to one of uncertainty and potential ruin. The reason is not difficult to discern.

The second quatrain resumes the sentence barely begun in line one. Reconstructed, the initial words of the sentence are: "How oft . . . Do I envy . . . "(1, 5). Although the word order would suit a question, the mood is definitely declarative, with inversion used for emphasis. Before going on to examine who or what is the object of envy, it is essential to note that in the grammar of these two quatrains the poet has told his readers that the scene, however vividly pointed, is unimportant. It has all been reduced to a subordinate element that, tossed aside, does not disrupt the path of the main clause, and thus the first complete thought. He envies.

He envies "those jacks that nimble leap/ To kiss the tender inward of thy hand . . . " (5, 6). As the source of the problem is revealed in the second quatrain, the rhythm of the sonnet slows noticeably. Lines five and six flow together, but line six ends with a comma, and line seven has a centrally located caesura marked by another comma (though not in the Quarto.) That line allows the reader to draw breath at a concluding comma, and line eight pulls up with a full stop. As enjambment diminishes, rhyme is once again emphasized. "Leap" at the end of line five links with "reap" at the end of line seven, suggesting that vigorous activity will result in gain. The "jacks," whatever they may be, are giving the speaker pause. On that none-too-lyrical word rests the literal, the metaphorical, and the sexual meanings of the sonnet.

Literally, this object of envy is the upright projection on the back of the wooden clavichord key. The jack is fitted with a quill; when the key is struck, the rising jack causes the quill to pluck the string of the instrument. Naturally, playing of the instrument caused the jacks to "leap" in a regular frenzy. The *OED* identifies the word as a familiar variation of the popular name John. Colloquially, to Shakespeare's contemporaries, Jack was a common fellow, an ill-mannered chap of little breeding, a regular knave.[3] Since "jacks" and "nimble" both appear in line five, one is reminded of the nursery rhyme, "Jack be nimble,/ Jack be quick,/ Jack jump over/ the candlestick." The ancient ditty depends on a superstitious game dating back to medieval times. In the game, the players who could jump over the burning candle without extinguishing it were guaranteed good fortune.[4] Booth enriches these layers of meaning by pointing out that the term also served as slang for the erect penis (439).

The musical scene of the first quatrain is now populated with an unspecified number of rivals. The literal rival is the musical instrument itself, the recipient of the beloved woman's intimate touch. The figurative rivals are other fellows -- not one, but a great number of them. They are rude, lascivious, and their nimbleness denotes not only agility but cleverness, according to the *OED*. The abundance of the competition is suggested in the poem not only by the plural nature of "jacks" in line five, but by the "wood's boldness" in line eight. "Wood" may be construed, as it is elsewhere in the sonnet, to be the material from which the clavichord is crafted. In juxtaposition with "boldness," though, it evokes a whole forest of eager, posturing suitors, erect in every sense of the word.

The speaker is experiencing multiple difficulties; little wonder they confound. He is admittedly experiencing envy, a sin by the standards of Shakespeare's time. Add to that lust, also made evident in the second quatrain. He uses a strong verb, "should," in line seven. "Whilst my poor lips . . . should that harvest reap." (Contrast "should," denoting entitlement, with "would," -- a metrical equivalent which might have been used -- denoting only wistfulness.) Although "harvest reap" stands out as the only image from nature in the poem, it functions logically in its figurative, acquisitive meaning: to gather, to gain. The speaker's ambivalence and shame over the dilemma are best revealed in line eight, "At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand." For one thing, it is his "poor lips," the referent in line seven, that stand by blushing. (The status of the rest of him is left to the imagination.) The lips blush perhaps from modesty or embarrassment, or from outright shame, which the *OED* indicates was an accepted meaning of the word. At the same time, though, the alliteration in "boldness by thee blushing" bespeaks sensuality. One's lips purse unavoidably over the line. A metrical shift in this line further slows the pace of the verse. The second foot of line eight is a spondee, and insures that the impact of the alliteration is fully felt.

The syntax of the third quatrain is more straightforward than the previous lines, and the meter moderate and predictable, with stops at the ends of lines ten, eleven and twelve. A single sentence comprises the four lines. Yet the subject of that sentence, "they" in line nine, is ambiguous. By proximity and logic it should refer to the "poor lips" of line seven, confirming their envy of the musical instrument, their desire to trade places. But "they" might also refer to the jacks themselves, since the term used in line ten is "chips." The chips are the inanimate objects that both the speaker and the jacks might well envy. For the "chips" are the keys of the clavichord, the parts that the woman actually touches. The chips are "tickled," line nine declares. The *OED* indicates that the musical sense of this verb that comes down to us as "tickle the ivory" was already in use in Shakespeare's day, along with the denotation of a thrilling physical sensation, capable of provoking impatient desire. Whereas the jacks of the second quatrain "leap/ To kiss the tender inward of thy hand." (5, 6), there is nothing in the poem or the structure of the clavichord to indicate that they succeed. Though brash, they are little better off than the shame-faced speaker. The chips, however, are the truly fortunate ones, "dead wood more blest than living lips." (12). The

meter of this line echoes that of line eight, with the spondee in the second foot, so that "dead wood" receives heavy stress. The antithesis of "dead" and "living" in the line sums up the irony of the situation and the frustration of the speaker.

The couplet then proposes a startling compromise: "Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,/ Give them they fingers, me thy lips to kiss." (13, 14). The alliteration of "since" with "saucy" and "so," compounded with the final "s" of "jacks" and "this," gives line thirteen a lisping, light-hearted quality. The sound suggests the sense; the speaker feels relief in simply accepting and making room for the irksome rivals. "Saucy," the early equivalent of our "sassy," is defined in the *OED* as insolent and presumptuous and also "spoilt." "Happy" denotes both pleased and fortunate. All right, the speaker concedes, the jacks are too pushy and too accustomed to their privileged position to be displaced, but save a choicer part of yourself for me. The imperative mood of the couplet suggests that the matter is settled, but the reader detects the contradiction in all of this. "My music" of line one implies that she belongs to him, and that she embodies harmony, unity, beauty. The subdivision of her parts in line fourteen flatters neither the lover nor the beloved.

Stephen Booth is impatient with this sonnet. He notes that Shakespeare makes inept use of the traditional "conceit of the affectionate strings" (438). In this metaphoric framework, a lover wishes to exchange places with some object used by the beloved. The fingering of a stringed instrument lends itself to the suggestion of gentle intimacy. Booth asserts that Shakespeare's attempt to adapt this conceit to the keyboard instrument "comes to grief" (438) because the jacks of the clavichord never actually touch the player's hand. The *OED* reinforces this view by stating that Shakespeare employed the term "jack" erroneously, confusing it with the "chip."

It can be argued, however, that these choices by the poet are neither inept nor erroneous. The conceit that employs the stringed instrument would be likely to produce lines that are highly lyrical and evocative of intimacy. The fingers of the beloved would rarely leave the strings. The quality of music suggested would be soft, and the love relation would be a simple triangle: the beloved, the instrument, the lover. The total effect would be one portraying ideal love. Instead, Shakespeare wrote a sonnet that casts the beloved as a coquette, the instrument, not one rival but many. The lady's fingers rove rapidly over the keyboard, never lingering on one lucky chip or another. The musical sound suggested is louder, more apt to produce occasional discord -- a part of the charm and attraction for those who like the clavichord. Suitors are lined up in ranks; the chips enjoy her fleeting touch, the jacks are nearby vying for attention. The human lover envies the chips, it goes without saying, and even the jacks, since they are closer to the beloved and have no compunctions -- do not "blush" -- over jumping up and down to demonstrate their passion. In effect, their ill-bred behavior is contagious within the poem, finally provoking the speaker to demand a kiss.

There is no reason to suppose that Shakespeare intended anything other than this skillful, deliberately ironic use of the traditional conceit. In so doing, he has replicated the conflicting emotions familiar to any real person who has ever been in love.

NOTES

[1] Stephen Booth, ed. *Shakespeare's Sonnets* (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1977) 111. Subsequent references to this work will appear as page or line numbers in parentheses in the text.

[2] As Booth acknowledges, Shakespeare took for granted that the hand, especially the palm, was an erogenous part. Booth points to evidence in *The Winter's Tale*, I, ii, 125-26 and I, ii, 115 as well as *Othello*, II, i, 245-49.

[3] The *OED* indicates that the "jack" in a deck of playing cards was not called by that name until 1674. The earlier name for that card in the deck was "knave."

[4] William S. Baring-Gould and Ceil Baring-Gould. *The Annotated Mother Goose* (New York: Clarkson N. Potter, 1962), p. 194.

A Turmoil of History and Blood: T. Coraghessan Boyle's World's End

by Alexandra Wilde Langley

Within the first chapter of T. Coraghessan Boyle's 1988 novel, *World's End*, the central character, Walter Van Brunt--described as "a creature of his own destiny, soulless, hard, free from convention and the twin burdens of love and duty" (8)--has a literal collision with history; he crashes his motorcycle into a historical landmark sign.

Anyone familiar with Boyle's work would scarcely flinch at such barefaced irony. His writing has been described as "dark and sprawling, ribald, hilarious, cruel, language intoxicated, exotic, and original" (Champlin 39), offering "a vision of man like that of [John] Barth, [William] Gass, et al., uniformly, predictably, even fashionably bleak" (Tolson 10). And Walter, his ill-fated protagonist, like other Boylesian players, is spared no sympathy by his creator. He loses his foot (not to mention his footing) after the accident--though one must say, as critic John Calvin Batchelor has, "There are no accidents in Boyle's tales; fate is a smirking arbiter" (4).

In an earlier short story the narrator declares, "We read André Gide and struck elaborate poses to show we didn't give a shit about anything" (*Greasy Lake* 1). In this novel, Walter is similarly described as "an alienated hero . . . a Meursault, a Rocquentin [sic], a man of iron and tears facing the world in unhope and as riddled with the nausea as a Jarlsberg is with holes" (6). A kindred spirit to his characters, Boyle himself has been labeled a "'pampered punk', a self-indulgent rebel drunk on existentialist clichés and detached from any past that might lend his life meaning" (DeCurtis 54). And so *World's End* not only represents Walter's errant and erring mission to recover his past but also, according to the author, depicts Boyle's attempt to attach himself to a past that "he was too self-involved to care about before he left the [Hudson] valley in 1972" (DeCurtis 56).

The past, history's tenacious hold upon our lives, and our need not merely to recognize its importance but to connect ourselves to it are the central notions in the novel. And yet Boyle, characteristically, lops off not only his protagonist's legs (Walter will lose a second leg in another ghastly motorcycle mishap), but any hope for Walter's redemption as well. Ironically, this would-be existentialist hero is doomed from the start because his destiny has been spelled out for him--in his blood.

In discussing *World's End*, Boyle tells the following anecdote:

> Every day [during one of his visits to his home town of Peekskill] I'd take a walk down to the Hudson. The walk

took me down this dirt path. There was a little historical marker by it. The marker said that the path was the one that Benedict Arnold had taken to flee to the British and get on the Vulture. I was just stunned that it's still there--for 200 years people have been walking on this dirt path in the woods. It's not paved, it's not a tourist site, it's nothing. It's just a path in the woods. It knocked me dead. (DeCurtis 56)

His revelation provides us with a good notion about the germ of the idea for the novel and with a good understanding of its theme as well. Boyle himself said one of the central messages in *World's End* is "if you don't know your history, you don't have your feet on the ground. You're not connected" (DeCurtis 56). In a telephone interview, I asked Boyle if he would elaborate upon the above pronouncement.

Yeah, you know, I grew up in that area [Peekskill] without having any sense of the fact that history had taken place outside the window. For instance, we would study the Revolutionary War in school, and it was a very abstract sort of thing, and we never connected to the fact that it took place right there and what it was all about. So I really didn't have much of a sense of history growing up, I was just a suburban punk, you know? And it came to me later on. And history, like the rest of our culture, is very important to making you into an individual connected with everybody else who has been on the planet. An awful lot of our society is bereft of that sort of pleasure--the kind of pleasure you would get in listening to music or contemplating your place in the grand scheme of things.

The theme of connectedness underscores the novel. Walter's disconnectedness is symptomatic of an even greater disconnectedness, as the following passage illustrates:

The concert, which featured a well-known underground band whose members invested every nickel of their take in preferred stock, was held in Poughkeepsie, in the Vassar College gymnasium. Tom presented his ticket and shuffled through the doors with the rest of the slow-eyed, hirsute, bead-rattling crowd, glad to get in out of the cold. He was unaware that Poughkeepsie was an Algonquin term meaning "safe harbour," but then no one else in the crowd was aware of it either. In fact, there were few who had any grasp at all of the notion that history had preceded them. They knew, in an abstract way, about Thanksgiving and the pilgrims, about Washington, Lincoln, Hitler and John F. Kennedy, about the Depression--could their parents ever let them forget it?--and they dimly recalled the construction of the local shopping center in some distant formative epoch of their lives. But it was all disconnected, trivial, the sort of knowledge useful in the sixth grade for multiple-choice tests or for scoring the odd answer on a TV quiz show. What was real, what mattered, was the present. And sex, hair,

> marijuana and the electric guitar, and civilization began and ended with them. (74).

The passage exemplifies Boyle's persistent message and also reveals something of the "punitive grimness" (Clute 927) that informs--or deforms, as some literary critics would have it--his work.

In his review of the novel, John Clute portrays *World's End* as "a crushing machine, which limns a world without exit; nowhere in the small town of Peterskill on the Hudson River . . . does any moment of hilarity or joy or love do more than strengthen the grip of the past" (927).

For Richard Eder, in another review of the novel:

> [Walter] and most of the other present day characters are not only invaded by the past but flattened by it. Or rather, they are flattened by the awkwardness of having three centuries of fatality come to a point in them. They are not developed with sufficient strength and profundity to bear it. Fate rarely seems like something of their own; it works upon them with gear-clashing and lever-strain. (3)

Boyle's character development is somewhat superficial, leaving the reader with memories of quirks and idiosyncrasies, affectations and eccentricities rather than with fully developed personalities. One gets the sense that Boyle does not like his heroes, that he creates them for the giddy delight of castigating them later.

Despite Boyle's laudable motif--rooting one's feet to the ground--he has his protagonist, in his own words, "caught in this turmoil of history and blood and inheritance" (DeCurtis 54). Finally, the message seems to be "It's in the blood . . . . It's in the bones" (424). Alas, history repeats itself.

Although Boyle seems unable to resist the temptation to foredoom his characters, the novel conversely offers a sort of redemption for us by reminding us of the past: "However seriously one takes the predestination that shapes [the] novel, there can be no doubting its power and grievous urgency as a principle" (Clute 927).

The second chapter of the novel hurls us back to the mid-seventeenth century when "the first of the Peterskill Van Brunts set foot in the Hudson Valley" (19). The simultaneous plots unravel as the novel continues jumping from the seventeenth century to the twentieth century and back again.

> As *World's End* interweaves, fugally, the lives of long-gone peasants, slaves, land-holders and displaced Indians with those of last season's activists, wantons, rentiers and factory hands, we're conscious of recurrences and echoes. Past and present, sharply separated by the chapter structure, are fused in motifs and unstressed parallels (DeMott 53).

The archbishop also addresses the changing times while condemning the commonwealth for their dismal, self-induced state:

> O thou fond many, with what loud applause
> Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
> Before he was what thou wouldst have him be!
> And being now trimmed in thine own desires,
> Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him
> That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
> So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
> Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;
> And now thou would's't eat thy dead vomit up,
> And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times?
>
> (1.3.91-100)

Nothing escapes the archbishop's blame: the king, commonwealth, and the times have all contributed to the foul condition of the kingdom. The feeding and corpulency images--"beastly feeder," "disgorge," "glutton"--create a cannibalistic and parasitic multitude that feeds on the leader of the country. Later in the play, the archbishop blames the times once again for the birth of the rebellion. He says, "The time misordered doth, in common sense, /Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form" (4.2.33-34). Out of the chaos and decay of the reign of Henry IV, a monster has been born, "this Hydra son of war" (38).

Even though the rebels themselves are part of the monster, they seek to defeat it. As they plot, it becomes apparent that they are searching for a firm foundation on which to build a successful revolt. The memory of the failed battle of Shrewsbury has left them cautious and conscious of the difference between hope and reality. Bardolph draws a comparison between the building of a house and the taking of a crown. This conceit proves to embody the ultimate futility of their efforts despite their care in establishing a "sure foundation."

> Much more in this great work,
> Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down
> And set another up, should we survey
> The plot of situation and the model,
> Consent upon a sure foundation
> Question surveyors, know our own estate,
> How able such a work to undergo,
> To weigh against his opposite. Or else
> We fortify in paper and in figures,
> Using the names of men instead of men,
> Like one that draws the model of a house
> Beyond his power to build it, who, half through.
> Gives o'er and leaves his part-created cost
> A naked subject to the weeping clouds
> And waste for churlish winter's tyranny
>
> (1.3.56-62)

In spite of Bardolph's efforts to create a successful house/rebellion, the ending of his passage forebodes destruction. As Derek Traversi states, "The argument, far from leading to the conclusion at which the constructive parallel aims, leaves us with a sense of indigence . . . the recognition of rebellion as the 'part created,' abortive reality it is" (115).

Hastings follows Bardolph's ominous last words with a direct and negative reference to pregnancy: "Grant that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth / Should be still born and that we now possessed / The utmost man of expectation . . " (1.3.63-64). Hastings desires an unfruitful pregnancy because hope, as Hotspur can attest, causes more harm than good. Later, in an exchange with Lancaster, Hastings again draws on gestation imagery in discussing the possible failure of the rebellion, which he compares to a miscarriage. Once again, the image suggests death instead of growth. The rebels, many of them rooted in the corpse of Richard II, are unable to overcome the disease and chaos which they helped to create.

As the rebels struggle to emerge from the devastation of the times, so too does Henry IV. Disease and decay have aged the king, robbed him of sleep, and pushed him toward his grave. As James Winny says, "the moral and physical health of the king are bound up with the state of the realm" (128).

The king's sons, Hal and Thomas of Clarence, reflect upon this as the king is dying and provide an additional perspective on the motifs of destructive gestation and parasitic dependency. Clarence comments on the fading health and appearance of his father: "The incessant care and labor of his mind / Hath wrought the mure that should confine it in / So thin that life looks through and will break out: (4.4.118-120). The image of life breaking out of the king's diseased flesh is significant. The only way the king can be truly productive is through this death as it will end his tainted reign and allow the unblighted reign of Henry V to begin.

Hal, in conversation with the crown, brings forth more images of parasitic subsistence, reflective of the rebels' earlier allusions to the commonwealth:

> 'The care on thee depending
> Hath fed upon the body of my father;
> Therefore, thou best of gold art worst of gold.
> Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
> Preserving life in medicine potable,
> But thou most fine, most honored, most renowned,
> Hast eat thy bearer up' (2, 5, 158-168).

Hal's words summarize the plight of the king perfectly. The crown, once Richard's, never rests comfortably on the head of Henry IV. He has stolen instead of inherited the position of king. Consequently, he and his kingdom are plagued with disease and unrest.

In accordance with the deterioration of the king and commonwealth, Falstaff and his world also reflect the times. As Traversi writes, "the 'low' episodes echo their aristocratic counterpart and Falstaff's burden of disease and concupiscence is presented as a reflection of the malady and disharmony shared by the senile rivals . . ." (131). In *The Cease of Majesty*, M.M. Reese correctly states that Falstaff could not exist in a healthy society and that his presence is "a symptom of the decay and corruption of the age" (295).

In association with Falstaff, false pregnancy and parasitic allusions become more distinct. His mere size and the repeated references to his insatiable appetite directly reflect the changing tastes of the commonwealth. Significantly, Falstaff is best known by his rotundity as he states, "My womb, my womb, my womb undoes me" (4.3.21-22). This, of course, could simply refer to Falstaff's belly, but in light of his symbolic connection to the decayed commonwealth, he is "pregnant" with the disease and corruption of the times. His obesity represents the belly of the "beastly feeder."

Falstaff is directly associated with pregnancy images on two other occasions. The references are reinforced by the repetitions of gestation terminology. As with womb, both "borne" and ""barren" are repeated three times. Pregnancy, (glossed as intellectual attainment) first appears in Falstaff's speech when he is discussing virtue: "Pregnancy is made a tapster and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckoning (glossed as paying tavern bills)" (1.2.162-163). The play on pregnancy, however, is intentional as the hostess later says, "A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear, and I have borne, and borne, and borne . . ." (1.2.30-32). Falstaff's sterility is unmistakable as even in reproduction he represents unpaid bills and unkept promises.

The reference to "barren," occurring in a conversation between Shallow and Falstaff, also demonstrates Falstaff's ineffectiveness. Shallow opens the scene with, "Nay, you shall see my orchard, where in an arbor, we will eat last year's pippin of my own graffing" (5.3.1-2). In spite of this self-proclaimed creation of a fruit, Shallow ironically comments a few lines later on his unproductive existence: "Barren, barren, barren . . ." (5.3.7). Stemming from the same background as Shallow, Falstaff too is barren.

In this world of fruitless reproduction, parasitic growth, and decay, Hal, the heir to the throne, stands apart. While seeming, especially to his father, to be an accomplice in the corruption, he is actually preparing to save the kingdom from its desolation. As Moody Prior writes, "what relieves the prevailing impression of illness and death in the latter portions of the play is the emergence of the prince as a fitting heir . . ." (196).

Considering that the decay is an outgrowth of the usurpation, the succession of Hal promises to appease the plight of the commonwealth. His first actions as king reinforce his intentions as a ruler. In an eloquent speech, he describes the birth of a true king:

> The tide of blood in me
> Hath proudly flowed in vanity till now.
> Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,
> Where it shall mingle with the state of floods
> And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
>
> (5, 2, 130-133)

A few lines later, he provides the first positive image of growth in the play by promising to rebuild the body of the kingdom: "And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel / That the great body of our state may go / In equal rank with the best nation . . ." (35-37). These words establish a strong contrast with Henry IV's allusion to the same body earlier in the play: "Then you perceive the body of our kingdom / How foul it is, what rank diseases grow / And with what danger, near the heart of it" (2.4.38-40). Although Warwick appeases the king by offering a cure of "good advice and little medicine" (42), it takes the death of Henry IV to commence the healing process.

Hal begins to rebuild by embracing the Chief Justice and rejecting Falstaff. Hal's final words to his old friend conclude the destructive growth imagery by focusing on Falstaff's bulk and voraciousness: "Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace, / Leave gormandizing . . ." (5.553-54). In other words, Hal bids Falstaff to stop feeding on corruption and vice. A few lines later he refers to Falstaff as "the tutor and feeder of my riots" (3). Hal, too, has been guilty of some parasitic growth, but at the same time he has remained detached and has not allowed himself to be consumed. He grows beyond the corruption of Falstaff, just as he grows beyond the impetuosity of Hotspur and the unproductivity of Henry IV. From the failures of these three men and the commonwealth itself, Hal is born. Moody Prior comments on the growth and birth of Hal:

> A change takes place. . . following the death of the king, and a new spirit seems to animate the closing portions of the play. A youthful king takes on his responsibilities in a manner that signals a break with his frivolous past, and the play seems to turn to the future and away from the failures and desperate stratagems of Henry IV (217).

Hal triumphantly emerges from the decay, which has thrived since the fall of Richard II. As demonstrated, the lines, actions, and very existence of the characters all suggest the paradox of deteriorating growth that springs from corruption. Hal is surrounded with decay in his opposition to the rebels; in his association with Falstaff; in his relationship to his father; and in his responsibility to the commonwealth. He is, however, able to surpass the devastating reign of Henry IV and, as a result, the play ends in promise through the birth of Henry V.

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NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

CONTRIBUTOR PROFILES

PROFESSOR H. R. STONEBACK (Ph.D., Vanderbilt University) is Director of Graduate Studies and Professor of English at SUNY/New Paltz, where he has taught since 1969. He has published extensively on Faulkner, Hemingway, and modern fiction, and he is currently working on a book-length study of Hemingway.

DENNIS DOHERTY has a BA in English from SUNY/New Paltz and has completed the requirements for an MA in English. His special focus has been the study of twentieth-century literature with a particular interest in the works of William Faulkner and Ernest Hemingway, and has recently completed his first novel. Mr. Doherty, a second-year Teaching Assistant, teaches in the Freshman English Program at the College.

MARCI DODDS, a BA in Philosophy from Brandeis University, has done advanced work in Creative Writing at the University of Houston and in Screenwriting at UCLA. She was a nominee for the Goldwyn Award in Screenwriting. Presently, she is an MA candidate in English at the College and is a Teaching Assistant in the Freshman English Program.

ALEXANDRA WILDE LANGLEY holds a BA in English from SUNY/New Paltz and is a second-year Teaching Assistant in the Freshman English Program. She is completing the requirements of the program and has a special interest in the 20th-century American novel.

BETH LASKOWSKI has been a Teaching Assistant in the Freshman English Program at SUNY/New Paltz. She received her BA in English from St. Lawrence University and is completing the requirements for the MA in English at the College. Presently, she is a member of the English Department of the Goshen High School in Goshen, NY.

JOSHUA J. MARK, a BA in English from the College, is completing the requirements for the MA in English and American Literature. His academic concentration has been in medieval and twentieth-century literature, and his Master's thesis explores the heresy of the Catharists in the writings of Ernest Hemingway. Mr. Mark is a second-year Teaching Assistant in the Freshman English Program at the College.

FIONA PATON holds a BA from the University of Aberdeen, Scotland. She is presently an MA candidate in the English Department and is a second-year Teaching Assistant in the Freshman English Program. Her main focus in her studies is 20th-century American fiction, with a particular emphasis on the novels of Jack Kerouac. This year she received an award from the P.E.O. International Peace Scholarship Fund.

ARNOLD SCHMIDT, screenwriter, novelist, playwright, and journalist, completed his MA in English at the College in May 1990. Mr. Schmidt was a Teaching Assistant in the Department, teaching Freshman Composition and Dramatic Writing. In the Fall 1990, he begins his work on the doctorate at Vanderbilt University.

SARA GARDNER SIEGLER holds a BA in English from Vassar College and an MS in Elementary Education from SUNY/New Paltz. Currently an MA candidate in the English Department, she teaches English and Reading at Dutchess Community College and in the Pre-Freshman Summer Program of the Equal Opportunity Program at SUNY/New Paltz.

PROGRAM ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Master of Arts Graduate Program at New Paltz offers several graduate curricula emphasizing the study of English and American literature and language. The MA degree requires ten courses (30 credits) at the master's level; the writing of a thesis is optional. The MA, MS (7-12), and MAT degrees may lead to New York State certification in secondary-level English.

TEACHING ASSISTANTSHIPS

Teaching Assistantships are available to qualified MA candidates. A teaching assistant normally takes two or three courses while teaching one freshman course each semester. Stipend: approximately $3,300 per year and free tuition for six credits per semester. The degree program for Teaching Assistants requires 30 credits in language and literature and 3 credits in Modern Theories of Writing.

RESEARCH AWARDS FOR GRADUATE STUDENTS IN LIBERAL ARTS & SCIENCES

To encourage and facilitate research by outstanding Master's candidates in Liberal Arts and Sciences, awards will be made for expenses incurred in the preparation of a Master's thesis. This program has been made possible through the generosity of the Arethusa Society. While most of the awards will be for amounts of $400 or less, the review committee will award the maximum dollar amount for those projects with budgets that justify the expenditure. Students are encouraged to submit applications with budgets that call for $400 or less.

Eligibility: Applicants must be matriculated Master's candidates who have completed and filed a formal thesis application approved by their department. Applicants must be presently enrolled in a course for preparation of a thesis or have registered for such a course in a previous semester and presently have an H (Hold) on their record. Except for extenuating circumstances, previous recipients of these awards are ineligible. Projects must be sponsored by a member of the Graduate Faculty who will direct the project. Upon completion of the project, awardees will be required to provide a report on their accomplishments during the grant period.

Evaluation: Projects will be judged by a faculty panel on the basis of merit, design, and feasibility.

Application Procedure: Applications are available from the Dean's Office (Faculty Tower 614). Deadline: April 15, 1991. Awards will be announced by the Dean on May 1, 1991.

DEPARTMENT ANNOUNCEMENTS

Master's Comprehensive Examination Dates:

Fall 1990 -- Saturday, November 3rd

Spring 1991 -- Saturday, March 16th

Both MA and MS candidates take Part I of the examination, given in the morning (9-12 AM). MA candidates take Part II, given in the afternoon (1-4 PM). Sample examinations are on file at the Reserve Desk in the Library.

THE 1991 GRADUATE SYMPOSIUM TOPIC

The next Graduate Symposium will take place in April 1991 and will be dedicated to Medieval and Renaissance themes. Please submit papers for consideration to Professor Daniel Kempton (Medieval) and to Professor David Booy (Renaissance). Papers accepted for the Symposium will be published as a proceedings for the occasion. The Symposium will be followed by a visiting Guest Lecturer, to be announced.

THE SIGMA TAU DELTA INTERNATIONAL ENGLISH HONOR SOCIETY announces to the members of the Society its annual awards of three scholarships and one award, at $1,500.00 each. Eligibility for these awards are open to a junior, a senior, a graduate student, and a senior who will teach high school English upon graduation. Applications are due January 31st and awards will be announced by May 1st.

In addition, Sigma Tau Delta offers writing awards from $500 to $1,000 for outstanding work published in the STD journal, *The Rectangle*. The categories are poetry ($500), short story ($500), the critical essay ($500), and an open category ($1,000) awarded to the best piece of creative writing in any genre, appearing in *The Rectangle*. Deadline for submissions is May 1st for the Fall Issue.

Another special award offered by Sigma Tau Delta is the P. C. Somerville Award of $1,500 to a student who will begin teaching English and/or language arts in a high school the following academic year. Applications are due January 31st. The recipient of the award will be announced by May 1st. The local Chapter may nominate **one** student for this award. For further details, contact Professor Lawrence Sullivan, CHE 108.

THE THAYER FELLOWSHIPS IN THE ARTS

Two Thayer Fellowships are awarded each year to outstanding candidates for graduation from State University of New York, funded through an endowment established in honor of Jeanne C. Thayer, Trustee of SUNY from 1974-1984.

The purpose of the fellowships is to serve as a *bridge* between study at State University of New York and first-time entry into a professional

career in the creative or performing arts: namely, music, theatre, dance, film and video, creative writing, and the visual arts.

Two awards of $7,000 are given annually to individuals selected for talent, achievement, and potential as professional artists. The fellowships are available to candidates for graduation in the arts of both baccalaureate and advanced degree programs. They are not intended for students going on to graduate school; those students should apply at the end of their graduate degree program.

Eligibility: Applicants must be enrolled as candidates for baccalaureate and advanced degree programs in the arts in State University of New York. The degree must be completed in SUNY. Application must be in the academic year of completion. Students who have returned to the university for advanced study after establishing professional careers are not eligible; the fellowship is intended for those entering a career in the arts for the first time. Applications must be complete when submitted and postmarked by October 30. See the Department Chair for further information regarding application, CHE-105.

GUIDE TO CONTRIBUTORS

The English Graduate Review is an annual publication by the Department of English, SUNY/New Paltz, carrying the best papers submitted by the graduate students enrolled in the program. All submissions are restricted to graduate students in good standing at the institution. Manuscripts submitted should be original material on literary biography, history, theory and methods, analysis and interpretation, and critical syntheses that may emerge from courses or seminars taken at the College. Manuscripts are *blind reviewed* by the Director of Graduate Studies and the journal editors. Manuscripts should be prepared in the preferred style published by the *Modern Language Association Manual of Style* or in that of the *Chicago Manual of Style*. Please submit *three* clear copies of the manuscript. The entire manuscript, including notes, bibliography, and indented long quotations should be double-spaced. Illustrative materials, such as tables, maps, and graphics, should be done in black ink and should be in camera ready copy. Photographs should have a glossy finish. All manuscripts, on a separate page after the title page, should include an abstract of 50 words or less and biographical information of four to six lines that indicate the author's professional, research, and literary interests. The deadline for submission is April 15th of each year. All manuscripts should be sent to the Director of Graduate Studies, College Hall E, 105.

BOOK REVIEWS are invited that relate to specific courses or to literary interests having general appeal to the graduate student body. Please submit two copies. The heading should include the name of the author (s) or editor (s), the title of the book (underlined), place of publication, publisher, date, number of pages, (cloth or paperback), and price. Approximate length of a book review is 1,000-1,500 words. The review should be scholarly in orientation.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR are invited to promote scholarly discussion and debate.

ABOUT THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

The College at New Paltz, founded in 1828, is located 75 miles north of New York City in the Mid-Hudson valley. Its 216-acre campus is approximately equidistant (c. 10 miles) from Newburgh to the south, Poughkeepsie to the east, and Kingston to the north. The College employs approximately 300 full-time and 150 part-time faculty. The undergraduate enrollment consists of 6500 students (27% of whom are part time) and the graduate enrollment of 2,000 students (89% part time). The student population is multi-ethnic and multi-racial with a significant percent-age of returning students in the undergraduate and graduate programs.

The College has five units: School of Fine and Performing Arts, School of Education, School of Business and Engineering, Division of Health and Physical Education, and a College of Liberal Arts and Sciences. The English Department is one of the nineteen departments and programs in the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences. It offers a major in literature, journalism, creative writing, and teacher education on the undergraduate level and an MA in language and literature, an MAT, and MS in English and Education. English Department courses comprise 12% of all FTE in the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences: it is, in terms of FTE, the largest department in the College. It offers full time in residence fieldwork experience for journalism majors who publish a weekly newspaper, the *Legislative Gazette*, at the state capital in Albany. The College of Liberal Arts and Sciences maintains a student overseas exchange program with Middlesex Polytechnic Institute in the United Kingdom.

The English Department numbers among its full-time staff twenty-two full time and thirty part-time adjunct faculty and teaching assistants. Among the full-time staff are several noted scholars: a SUNY Distinguished Professor Arthur Cash (*Laurence Sterne: The Early and Middle Years, Laurence Stern: The Later Years*); John B. Alphonso-Karkala (*Bibliography of Indo-English Literature: 1860-1966, Jawaharlal Nehru: Literary Portrait, Anthology of Indian Literature*); Richard J. Fein (*Robert Lowell*); Howard Good (*Outcasts: The Image of Journalists in Contemporary Film; Acquainted with the Night*); Richard D. Hathaway (*Sylvester Judd's New England*); Rudolf R. Kossmann (*Henry James: Dramatist*); Harry Stoneback (ed. *Selected Stories of William Faulkner, Cartographers of the Deus Loci*); and others. It is an active and engaged department of varied intellectual, research, and publication interests: literature, philology, creative writing (the novel and poetry), dramatic and theatre criticism, translation, and journalism.