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HEMINGWAY’S THE SUN ALSO RISES
Here is no water but only rock
Rock and no water and the sandy road
The road winding above among the mountains
Which are mountains of rock without water
If there were water we should stop and drink
Amongst the rock one cannot stop or think
Sweat is dry and feet are in the sand
If there were only water amongst the rock
Dead mountain mouth of carious teeth that cannot spit
Here one can neither stand nor lie nor sit
There is not even silence in the mountains
But dry sterile thunder without rain

T. S. Eliot – *The Waste Land* (1922)
DICTIONARY DEFINITIONS – WASTE LAND

1. Barren or uncultivated land (a desert)
2. An ugly, often devastated or barely inhabitable place or area
3. Something (as a way of life) that is spiritually and emotionally arid and unsatisfying

Merriam Webster’s Collegiate Dictionary
Waste lands

- Physical
- Emotional
- Spiritual
CONNECTIONS TO WORLD WAR I

- Landscapes left by trench warfare
- Scope of war – Europe, Russia, U.S., Turkey
- Loss of life – Britain – 800,000; France – 1,300,000; Austria-Hungary – 1,100,000; Germany – 2,000,000
- Civilian casualties
- Technology – machine gun, chemical warfare, airplanes
- Sense of purposelessness, meaninglessness
- Loss of faith – in leaders, in patriotism, in progress, in religion
- Hopelessness, despair
Chapter XI – Jake & Bill on bus to Burguete

“The bus climbed steadily up the road. The country was barren and rocks stuck up through the clay. There was no grass beside the road. Looking back we could see the country spread out below. Far back the fields were squares of green and brown on the hillsides. Making the horizon were the brown mountains. They were strangely shaped.”
EMOTIONAL WASTE LANDS IN *THE SUN ALSO RISES*

Expatriates’ lives

- No connection to home
- No connection to family – no children
- Drinking
- Aimless wandering
- No meaningful connections between people
- Promiscuity
- No work
- Purposelessness; meaninglessness
Chapter X – Jake’s attempt to pray

“I knelt and started to pray and prayed for everybody I thought of, Brett and Mike and Bill and Robert Cohn and myself, and all the bullfighters . . . And while I was praying for myself I found I was getting sleepy, so I prayed that the bullfights would be good, and that it would be a fine fiesta and that we would get some fishing . . . And as all the time I was kneeling with my forehead on the wood in front of me, and was thinking of myself as praying, I was a little ashamed, and regretted that I was such a rotten Catholic, but realized there was nothing I could do about it, at least for a while, and maybe never . . . .”
Chapter XVIII – Brett tries to pray at cathedral in Pamplona

“Let’s go in. Do you mind? I’d rather like to pray a little for him or something.”

We went in through the heavy leather door that moved very lightly. It was dark inside. Many people were praying . . . . We knelt down at one of the long wooden benches. After a little I felt Brett stiffen beside me, and saw she was looking straight ahead.


Outside in the hot brightness of the street Brett looked up at the tree-tops in the wind. The praying had not been much of a success.
“Here’s a taxidermist’s,” Bill said. “Want to buy anything? Nice stuffed dog?”

“Come on,” I said. “You’re pie eyed.”

“Pretty nice stuffed dogs,” Bill said. “Certainly brighten up your flat.”

“Come on.”

“Just one stuffed dog. I can take ‘em or leave ‘em alone. But listen, Jake. Just one stuffed dog.”

“Come on.”

“Mean everything in the world to you after you bought it. Simple exchange of values. You give them money. They give you a stuffed dog.”
“Perhaps as you went along you did learn something. I did not care what it was all about. All I wanted to know was how to live in it. Maybe if you found out how to live in it you learned from that what it was all about.”
JAKE AND THE WASTE LAND

- Expatriate
- War injury – impotence
- Inability to be with Brett
- Loss of faith
- Work
- Honesty - facing of injury, without dwelling on it
Description of country – “green and fresh”
Place full of life – worms, fish
Friendship – Jake & Bill
Satisfaction in sensory experience
Ritual
Chapter XII

“In a little while I had six. They were all about the same size. I laid them out, side by side, all their heads pointing the same way, and looked at them. They were beautifully colored and firm and hard from the cold water. It was a hot day, so I slit them all and shucked out the insides, gills and all, and tossed them over across the river. I took the trout ashore, washed them in the cold, smoothly heavy water above the dam, and then picked some ferns and packed them all in the bag, three trout on a layer of ferns, then another layer of ferns, then three more trout, and then covered them with ferns.”
ANti-waste land - Festival of San Fermin

- People at Catholic mass
- Religious procession
- Running of the bulls
ANTI-WASTE LAND - BULLFIGHTING

- Tradition
- Ritual
- Honest, purity – facing of death
“Romero never made any contortions, always it was straight and pure and natural in line. The others twisted themselves like cork-screws, their elbows raised, and leaned against the flanks of the bull after his horns had passed, to give a faked look of danger. Afterward, all that was faked turned bad and gave an unpleasant feeling. Romero’s bull-fighting gave real emotion, because he kept the absolute purity of line in his movements and always quietly and calmly let the horns pass him close each time.”
“Somehow it was taken for granted that an American could not have aficion. He might simulate it or confuse it with excitement, but he could not really have it. When they saw that I had aficion, and there was no password, no set questions that could bring it out, rather it was a sort of oral spiritual examination with the questions always a little on the defensive and never apparent, there was this same embarrassed putting the hand on the shoulder, or a ‘Buen hombre.’ But nearly always there was the actual touching. It seemed as though they wanted to touch you to make it certain.”
RETURN TO THE WASTE LAND

- Drinking and partying
- Jake: “It seemed as though nothing could have consequences.”
- Jake introduces Brett to Romero
Chapter XVI

“Just then Montoya came into the room. He started to smile at me, then he saw Pedro Romero with a big glass of cognac in his hand, sitting laughing between me and a woman with bare shoulders, at a table full of drunks. He did not even nod.”
AFTERMATH OF BETRAYAL

- Fight between Jake and Cohn
- Fight between Cohn and Romero
- Brett goes off with Romero
- Jake – desire for bath – no water
- Jake goes to San Sebastian – “I was through with fiestas for a while.”
- Telegrams from Brett
- Jake meets Brett in Madrid
“Oh, Jake,” Brett said, “we could have had such a damned good time together.”

Ahead was a mounted policeman in khaki directing traffic. He raised his baton. The car slowed suddenly pressing Brett against me.

“Yes,” I said. “Isn’t it pretty to think so?”