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## Hemingway's "Out of Season": The Importance of Close Reading

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In a newsy and wide-ranging letter to Fitzgerald shortly before Christmas in 1925, Hemingway made some significant comments about one of his earliest stories, "Out of Season," which had appeared first in *Three Stories and Ten Poems* (1923) and then became part of *In Our Time* (1925). He ranked, for example, the first and last paragraphs of the story along with "Indian Camp," "Soldier's Home," and "Big Two-Hearted River" as the best of his work ("Grade I") in his recent collection, and he indicated that the story was "an almost literal transcription" of an experience that he had had with Hadley (Baker, *Selected Letters* 180) when they were in Cortina D'Ampezzo in 1923. As he noted, he wrote the piece "right off on the typewriter without punctuation" after he returned from the abortive fishing trip chronicled in it. But then he made a remark that has helped to shape subsequent commentary on the story: "I meant it to be a tragic [one] about the drunk of a guide because I reported him to the hotel owner . . . and he fired him and as that was the last job he had in town and he was quite drunk and very desperate, hanged himself in the stable" (180-81). Later, in *A Moveable Feast* (1964), Hemingway noted that he had left out this "real end" of the work on his "new theory that you could omit anything if you knew that you omitted [it] and the omitted part would strengthen the story and make people feel something more than they understood" (75). As interesting as these comments are, they have led us to focus on specific aspects of the piece rather than to treat it as an artistic whole. Paul Smith was right in pointing out that the story has been "Too often slighted as a work of art and too often cited as proof positive of the myth Hemingway invented to give some form to his first venture into original fiction" (Smith, *A Reader's Guide* 21). "Out of Season," then, deserves the kind of close reading that other Hemingway stories have received.<sup>1</sup>

In these postmodern, post-structuralist days, it may seem critically naive to use a methodology that has fallen out of favor, and yet what *explication de texte*, supplemented by a careful review of the manuscripts and by a variety of critical commentary, provides is a way of seeing just how skillful Hemingway really was. It is

true, of course, that what a book like Carl Eby's very recent psychoanalytic treatment of Hemingway's fetishism or a gendered reading of the Hemingway canon like that of Comley and Scholes can tell us is intensely interesting, even exciting. We would be the poorer, less aware of how multiple perspectives can enrich our understanding of a complex text, without them. But what close reading can do is to show us the choices that a writer makes along the way, the small but ultimately essential elements of a text that lead us toward its larger meaning. No one would want to be without the theoretical tools that our time has given us, but neither do we want to discard willy-nilly an earlier method whose history has been so illustrious. Like other Hemingway stories that have yielded their treasures under close analysis, "Out of Season" offers similar but as yet untapped rewards.

Almost everyone, beginning with Hemingway himself (*A Moveable Feast* 75), has noted that this was the first story he wrote after that famous suitcase containing all but two of his manuscripts had been stolen at the Gare de Lyon. Originally intending to call the story "Before the Season," which he pencilled in on the typescript (Item 644 1), Hemingway eventually changed the title to take advantage of the symbolic connection he could make between the couple's marriage and the illegal fishing. Carlos Baker was one of the earliest to notice that such a "metaphorical confluence of emotional atmospheres . . . was what gave the story its considerable distinction" and that this technique "was the foremost esthetic discovery of Ernest's early career" (*A Life Story* 109).<sup>2</sup>

The story's first sentence — "On the four lire Peduzzi had earned by spading the hotel garden he got quite drunk" ("Out of Season," *Complete Short Stories* 135) — is the kind we have come to expect from Hemingway, who had a genius for effective openings. The line immediately characterizes the fishing guide,<sup>3</sup> whose desire for the bottle has already ruined his standing in the town and will soon shape his actions with the young couple. When he sees the "young gentleman,"<sup>4</sup> for example, Peduzzi speaks to him "mysteriously," thereby graphically revealing his intoxication. Three sentences later the guide is again described as "mysterious," and again that quality is linked with drink: he is allowed three more glasses of wine on credit because of his sense of confidence and mystery about his job with the couple that afternoon.

The manuscripts are revealing here.<sup>5</sup> In the typescript, Hemingway struck through the period at the end of the second sentence and typed in *mysteriously* between the double-spaced lines (Item 644 1), but *mysterious* does not appear until the setting copy (Item 203 1) for *Three Stories and Ten Poems*. As Paul Smith has noted, "The adverb *mysteriously* was an initial addition and the adjective *mysterious* a final one" ("Some Misconceptions" 243). Clearly, Hemingway uses the rep-

etition to emphasize Peduzzi's attachment to drink as he will when he repeats the phrase "A wonderful day" at various points throughout the story. The first of these comes just two sentences later when the guide, flush with alcohol-induced exhilaration, thinks to himself that the misty afternoon with the sun going in and out is "wonderful."

When the young gentleman comes out of the hotel after lunch and asks if his wife should follow them with the fishing rods, Peduzzi indicates that she should, and the three start off with the young woman lagging behind. Almost immediately, though, the guide changes his mind, wanting all three of them to walk down the street together, probably so that he can show off to the townspeople (Jackson 14). To get the woman to come up with her husband and him, Peduzzi does the first of a number of inappropriate things he will do that afternoon: he winks at the young gentleman and then calls the woman "Signorina" instead of "Signora," though he immediately switches to the more accurate title. Not surprisingly, the young woman's response is to stay where she is, walking "sullenly" behind. Again Peduzzi calls to the "Signorina," this time "tenderly," to come up with them, but only after her husband shouts at her does she join the two men. The wife's actions here and the husband's shouting at her, clear indications that something is amiss, begin to shift our attention to the young couple.<sup>6</sup>

But, as the three walk down the main street, it is still Peduzzi we are concerned with. Pleased with himself in his drunken sense of newfound status, the guide greets everyone he meets "elaborately," tipping his hat and saying hello to the bank clerk, whose cold stare is replicated by others who are watching from in front of the stores. Though the laborers working on the foundation of the new hotel look up, they too say nothing and refuse any sign of greeting. Only the beggar, "lean and old, with a spittle-thickened beard" (136), acknowledges Peduzzi, who now stops in front of a wine shop and asks the couple if they would like to take along something to drink. "A little marsala?" he wants to know, once again inappropriately alternating between "Signora" and "Signorina" in his reference to or his direct questioning of the young woman. For her part, she is having none of him; she stands "sullenly" (Hemingway repeats the word here for emphasis), telling her husband that he will have "to play up to this" and noting that she can't understand what the guide is saying. She does recognize, however, that Peduzzi is drunk. Meanwhile, her husband, lost in reverie, wonders what has made the guide ask for marsala, the favorite drink of Max Beerbohm.

Hemingway's use of Beerbohm here is both functionally relevant and rooted in his own biography. In terms of the story, the young gentleman's thinking about the famous essayist and caricaturist marks him as well educated and connected to

the literary world; if he knows what Beerbohm drinks, he probably knows the man himself. And if he knows Beerbohm personally, he may be as witty and elegant, as much a part of the contemporary social scene, as Beerbohm and his friends. Or he may be aspiring to such a position of eminence. The point is that with the allusion Hemingway is able to characterize the young gentleman as, perhaps, a bit of a dandy and therefore maybe a bit self-absorbed. As the story continues, we see how such solipsism may be related to the quarrel the couple has had earlier in the day. In terms of Hemingway's own life, Baker tells of Beerbohm's serving marsala to the young writer and his journalist colleagues in 1922 when Hemingway was covering the International Economic Conference in Genoa and paid a visit to the older man in Rapallo (*A Life Story* 89).<sup>7</sup>

To bring the young gentleman back to the present — and to the guide's own needs for more wine — Peduzzi tugs at his client's sleeve and asks for money alternately in German (“*Geld*”)<sup>8</sup> and in Italian (“*Lire*”). As McComas has noted, a resident of Cortina, as Peduzzi is, would ordinarily be bilingual because the town sits on the Austrian-Italian border (48) and both countries had claimed the village (49). After the young gentleman gives him ten lire, the guide tries to enter the wine shop but finds the door locked. A passer-by “scornfully” tells him that the store is closed until two, the adverb reminding us again of Peduzzi's drunkenness and of his position in the town. Though “He felt hurt,” we learn, he immediately brightens, telling the couple that they can get wine at the Concordia, a hotel with a bar a little farther on (McComas 48), and the three walk together down the street. But when they reach the hotel, Peduzzi's actual position is again reestablished: the young gentleman asks him (in German) what he would like, making clear that the couple don't want him to go inside with them. The guide returns the ten lire and replies with embarrassment. First he wants “Nothing,” then “anything,” then perhaps marsala, then he doesn't know, and finally (as a question) “Marsala?” His uneasiness springs from the fact that he has made his need for alcohol so obvious and has thus reinforced his dependence on the couple, whom he wants to pretend are his equals.

Once inside, the husband orders three marsalas, though the waitress, seeing just the couple, asks if they want only two instead. When the young gentleman tells her that the third is for a “*vecchio*,” the woman laughs, “Oh, ... a *vecchio*,” as she pours the “muddy looking” wine. Perhaps she has seen Peduzzi through the window and, knowing him, finds such an elevated title uncalled for, as Smith suggests (“Some Misconceptions” 249), or perhaps she finds it humorous that the foreign couple has been taken in by the disreputable guide (Steinke 68). In any case, the young gentleman now puts one of the glasses in front of his wife, sug-

gesting that perhaps the wine will make her feel better, though the next sentence makes such an improvement seem unlikely: "She sat and looked at the glass." This kind of matter-of-fact statement, which beautifully characterizes the wife's attitude, is a technique Hemingway will continue to use effectively throughout his life. Sensing her mood, her husband goes outside with another glass of the marsala for Peduzzi but, unable to find him, returns to his wife, who tells him that the guide wanted "a quart of it." Her use of *quart* instead of the European unit of measure *quarter litre* emphasizes both her foreignness and the linguistic confusion running throughout the story that serves as a metaphor for the couple's failure to understand each other's feelings. The young gentleman, however, asks properly how much a "quarter litre" costs and then, the waitress having poured the marsala into the measure, asks for a bottle as a container. This request amuses the waitress too, recalling her earlier laughter at the young gentleman's use of *vecchio* and casting the whole situation in a slightly silly light.

As Paul Smith has shown in his discussion of the story's structure ("Some Misconceptions" 242-48), what happens at the Concordia is at the center of the narrative architecturally as well as thematically. This "ironic scene of discord" in a place whose name denotes harmony (247-48) is powerfully rendered in the dialogue between husband and wife:

"I'm sorry you feel so rotten," Tiny," he said. "I'm sorry I talked the way I did at lunch. We were both getting at the same thing from different angles."

"It doesn't make any difference," she said. "None of it makes any difference."

"Are you too cold?" he asked. "I wish you'd worn another sweater."

"I've got on three sweaters."<sup>10</sup> (137)

Exactly what the earlier argument had been about has absorbed a number of commentators. For some readers, Tiny's remark that "None of it makes any difference" recalls another of Hemingway's stories in which a couple argue as they do here, but in that work the subject matter is clear: "Hills Like White Elephants" is about whether the woman should have an abortion. Relying on Freud's comments about mistakes and pointing to Tiny's mishearing of Peduzzi's *tochter* (daughter) as "doctor," Kenneth Johnston was the first to argue that in this piece "the quarrel clearly appears to center on the question of abortion" (42).<sup>11</sup> Though Meyers will speculate only that the couple's argument is "probably related to Hadley's first pregnancy" and that "the title may be an oblique allusion to the unwanted baby" (154), Sheldon Grebstein points to a number of "parallels and correlatives for the discord" that suggest abortion as the subject (156), and Grimes, in seeing Jig in "Hills Like White Elephants" as "a resolute and more fully developed version of Tiny" (72), makes the link between the two stories and their issues directly. Lynn also

connects this piece with the later work — “‘Out of Season: Part Two,’ [Hemingway] might have called it” (363) — noting that the quarrel here was surely about something more important than illegal fishing and that the story’s imagery (“manure, mud, and the like”) suggests “something morally unclean” (203). And Mellow seems convinced that the couple’s argument resulted from the young gentleman’s “broaching the subject of an abortion” (224).

Not everyone, however, agrees. Sanderson, for example, points out that we are never told exactly what the argument is about (24), and Joseph Flora, admitting that the structure of *In Our Time* provides the strongest support for those who favor the abortion theory, nevertheless makes clear that the suggestions of abortion are “so few” that “early commentators, including Carlos Baker” missed them (*Ernest Hemingway* 32). Paul Smith reads what happens in the story as much more serious than just an argument over abortion. He believes that the couple have decided to end their marriage (“Some Misconceptions” 249),<sup>12</sup> although James Steinke rejects such a “psychobiographical notion,” noting that “it is futile to seek details” about the quarrel (63) and seeing the argument as part of the “ordinary actuality” of everyday life (71). And for those other biographically based readers who like to find in Gertrude Stein’s comments about Hemingway’s distress over his wife’s pregnancy (262) an argument in favor of the abortion theory, Hadley’s recent biographer apparently rejects their claims, locating the story’s quarrel matter of factly in an argument that the young Hemingways had over the fishing guide (Diliberto 149).

Whatever the nature of the argument, its continuation is interrupted when the waitress returns with a brown bottle and fills it with the marsala. After paying her another five lire and leaving her again “amused” — the third time Hemingway undercuts what is going on — the young gentleman and his wife confront an anxious Peduzzi, who has been pacing back and forth outside. “Come on,” he calls, telling them that he will carry the rods and assuring them that there will be no difficulties because he knows the town’s officials and because he has been a soldier. “Everybody in this town likes me,” he claims, though, of course, we and the couple have seen what the villagers really think of him. As the three walk down toward the river, it starts to sprinkle, Hemingway using the weather, as he frequently will in his work, to mirror the emotional climate.

To show off to his clients, Peduzzi now points out a girl standing in the doorway of one of the houses as his daughter (*tochter*). “His doctor,” the wife wonders and then remarks disdainfully: “[H]as he got to show us his doctor?” Understanding some German, the young gentleman clarifies the guide’s remark, but with the exchange Hemingway underlines the many levels of miscommunication that are

central to the story. The girl, for her part, goes into the house, clearly embarrassed by her father;<sup>13</sup> her action reminds us again of the guide's standing in the town. Continuing their journey to the river, the three walk abreast with Peduzzi speaking "rapidly with much winking and knowingness." Once he even nudges the young woman familiarly. Again the inappropriateness of his actions reflects his drunken state. Because he cannot figure out what language the couple knows best, he speaks alternately in the d'Ampezzo dialect and in Tyrolean German, finally settling on the German because the young gentleman answers him with "*Ja, Ja.*" In truth, however, the two young people understand "nothing."

Now the husband's anxieties are awakened. He tells his wife that, since the villagers saw them with their rods, the game police are probably right behind them and claims that he wishes they had not started, complaining as well about the guide's drunkenness. His wife's retort is chilling but apt: "Of course you haven't got the guts to just go back." Though Waldhorn sees Tiny as "That *ur*-bitch character" with "ample reserves of sallies" like this one (45), we have by now sided with her. The young gentleman seems timid and ineffectual, a judgment that becomes increasingly clear as the story continues. When he attempts to placate her, suggesting that she return to the hotel, she refuses, telling him that if he is going to jail, she might as well be there too.

As they turn sharply down the bank, Peduzzi points to the river, "brown and muddy"; a "dump heap" is off to the side. As noted earlier, some commentators have used this imagery along with the brown color of the marsala to argue in favor of the abortion theory,<sup>14</sup> but perhaps the ugly terrain is just Hemingway's attempt to provide an appropriate backdrop for a story in which a couple's relationship is strained. In any case, at this point the guide apparently says something because the young gentleman tells him to speak in Italian, and Peduzzi blurts out that they have more than half an hour to go before reaching their destination. The husband translates for his wife and suggests again that she return to the hotel, adding: "It's a rotten day and we aren't going to have any fun anyway" (138). This time, having had enough and apparently convinced, she agrees and starts up the hill. Down at the river's edge, Peduzzi does not realize that the young woman is leaving until she has almost disappeared. Frantically, he shouts at her, this time in German, again ineptly attempting to persuade her to return by flattering her: "Frau! Fraulein! You're not going." As she goes out of sight, he is "shocked"; his glorious plans are beginning to unravel.

To save what he can, Peduzzi begins to put the rods together on the spot. When the young gentleman questions him, the guide improvises. The fishing is good in both places, he claims. Though the husband sits down and begins to join up the

parts of his rod, he is quite worried that “a gamekeeper or a posse of citizens” (note the hyperbole) will arrive at any moment to arrest them. Aware of the houses and the campanile behind them, he prepares to fish. When he opens his leader box, Peduzzi clumsily sticks his thumb and forefinger into it, tangling the leaders. Then, from the guide’s viewpoint, comes disaster. When he discovers that his client has no lead to weight the lines, Peduzzi becomes “excited”: “You must have some lead.... You must have *piombo*. *Piombo*. A little *piombo*.... You must have it. Just a little *piombo*.” He goes through his own pockets “desperately,” but he has none either. At this point, the young gentleman calls off the fishing trip and begins to unjoint his rod, telling Peduzzi that they will fish the next day once they have gotten some lead. The guide, however, his “day ... going to pieces before his eyes,” cannot let the matter go, repeating over and over that to fish the young gentleman needs “*piombo*.” As he makes his point, he becomes overly familiar again, calling his client “*caro*” and displacing the blame from himself: “You said you had everything.” The young gentleman doesn’t react but merely looks at the river, “discolored” by the runoff, and humors Peduzzi. They will get some lead and fish the next day, he tells the guide.

The sexual references here are hard to miss, and indeed many who have commented on the story point to it.<sup>15</sup> As a symbol for the young man’s ineffectuality, the lack of lead seems perfectly appropriate, as do the phallic rods (DeFalco 167), which the young gentleman joins and unjoins. In fact, as the story continues, the sense of his weakness is heightened. Peduzzi wants to know at what time the two will go fishing tomorrow, and his client obligingly tells him that they will leave at seven. Relieved of his fear of arrest — the sun comes out to mark the change in emotion — the young man now takes out the marsala and passes the bottle to the guide, who gives it back to his client untouched. Surprisingly, after the young man takes a drink and passes the wine back to Peduzzi, the guide returns the bottle again, even though he has been urged to help himself. He has been “watching it closely” (139), waiting for his client to have his fill. After another short drink, the young man gives Peduzzi the bottle again, and this time the guide takes it “very hurriedly” and drains it. For him, too, the weather change seems appropriate: he feels that it is “a great day,” a “wonderful day” again.

Flushed with drink, his eyes glistening, Peduzzi continues in his overly familiar manner: “*Senta, caro!* In the morning at seven.” Thinking to himself that he has now twice called his client “my dear” without being upbraided, the guide sees his future as a series of days like this one. As the two walk back to town, the young gentleman goes on ahead up the hill. Realizing that his client is so far in front, Peduzzi calls to him (“*caro*” again), asking for five lire as a favor. When the young



man wants to know if the money is for their trip today, the guide tells him that he will use the lire for the next day's provisions — bread and salami and cheese, minnows for bait, and perhaps even some marsala. The young gentleman takes out his wallet but gives Peduzzi only four lire, ironically the same amount he had earned digging up the hotel garden (Jackson 16). Mellow sees in this gesture the young man's attempt to restore his self-esteem (223); but, whatever the case, the guide is effusively grateful, thanking his "*caro*" once more "in the tone of one member of the Carleton Club accepting the *Morning Post* from another." In his own mind establishing himself on the same social level as the young gentleman, Peduzzi sees his life "opening out"; he is finished spading manure. Lost in his own inebriated reveries, he boldly slaps his client on the back in great bonhomie and tells the young man that they will meet "Promptly at seven." The young gentleman, however, has a surprise for Peduzzi: "I may not be going," he remarks. Stunned, the guide tells him that he will have all the provisions ready for the three of them, the Signora included — minnows and salami, everything. But the young man merely repeats himself, indicating that he will "very probably not" be going after all. Then, most cowardly of all, he tells the guide: "I will leave word with the padrone at the hotel office." At this point, we are reminded of the wife's earlier remark about "guts" as the story comes to a close.

Whether the famous theory of omission was a *post hoc* creation or whether it worked effectively in this story (almost certainly, it did not) or whether the first and last paragraphs of the piece are "Grade I" Hemingway or whether he really meant just those two paragraphs as the story's beginning and ending — these and other issues have been adequately treated elsewhere.<sup>16</sup> What is important here is that in this very early story Hemingway began to write the kind of work that would make him a central figure in our literary landscape. Depicting as it does the difficulty of maintaining a relationship between a man and a woman, "Out of Season," as a close reading shows, marks the debut of the essential Hemingway. ✱

## Notes

<sup>1</sup> Brief commentary on the story appears in Adair 341-46; C. Baker, *A Life Story* 109, 111, 170-71, 509, 581; *Selected Letters* 180-81; *The Writer as Artist* 15-16, 121-22, 409-10; S. Baker 18; Bakker 48, 50, 53; Beegel, *Hemingway's Craft* 7, 12; Brucoli 10; Capellan 72; DeFalco 154, 163-68; Diliberto 41, 149-50, 153; Flora, *Ernest Hemingway* 30-33, 36, 116; *Hemingway's Nick Adams* 56-57n, 191, 213, 223n; Giger 14, 91, 93; Grebstein 6, 156; Griffin 46-47; Grimes 48, 72, 135n92; Hemingway, *A Moveable Feast* 75; Hovey 10; Kert 135-36, 138; Lynn 201-04, 208, 252, 265, 363, 364; Mellow 222-24, 226, 228; Meyers 49, 124, 139, 141, 153, 154; Rao 30, 123, 163-64; Reynolds 122; Sanderson 22-24; Smith, *New Essays* 3-6, 8, 12; *A Reader's Guide* 16-22; Stephens 365; Sutherland 45; Wagner 58, 64; Waldhorn 11, 44-45, 70, 256n4; Williams 32, 33, 36, 106; Young 177, 178, 197, 284, 285n.

<sup>2</sup> See also Stewart Sanderson, who points out that "it is to 'Out of Season' that we must turn to see the direction that his [Hemingway's] writing was to take, for this story is handled quite differently from the earlier two ["Up in Michigan" and "My Old Man"] and has all the characteristics of vintage Hemingway" (22).

<sup>3</sup> Kenneth Lynn notes that Peduzzi's name comes "from one of the Italian soldier-servants who had waited on the American ambulance drivers in Section Four at Schio" (202).

<sup>4</sup> In the typescript and in *Three Stories and Ten Poems*, Hemingway varies "young gentleman" with "y.g." Ganzel notes that in fifteen instances the Boni and Liveright editor expanded "y.g." for the story's appearance in *In Our Time* and that this alteration and two other major textual changes distorted Hemingway's intentions. See also DeFalco, who believes that Hemingway's use of "young gentleman" was "an ironic tag-name to represent the inner weaknesses of the character" (164), and Smith, "Some Misconceptions," Endnote 13: "The abbreviation was a deliberate satiric device" (251).

<sup>5</sup> Paul Smith's reading of the story ("Some Misconceptions" esp. 239-41) provides a thorough analysis of the various versions of "Out of Season." See also Adair, Endnote 14 (498). Bickford Sylvester believes that *mysteriously* and *mysterious* are part of the story's connection to Eliot's *The Waste Land* (85).

<sup>6</sup> Jackson argues that the story's point of view fluctuates between a focus on Peduzzi and a focus on the married couple. Tracing the shifts, Jackson shows how much of the story is Peduzzi's, as Hemingway claimed. In his article, Ganzel discusses what he calls Hemingway's use of "a disjunctive point of view" (see esp. 180 for a summary of how this technique works). Sutherland argues that one of the story's flaws is Hemingway's failure to locate the "central tension" either between the couple or between Peduzzi and his dreams (45). Adair, however, believes that the story is about Peduzzi (342).

<sup>7</sup> See Lynn 175 and Mellow 181-82 as well. Mellow also points to a possibly darker incident involving marsala in Hemingway's life (224).

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<sup>8</sup> DeFalco sees the joke of the story in Hemingway's play on *geld*: "Suggesting castration as well as money, the pun appearing just after the Beerbohm reference further personifies the type of individual the husband has become" (165).

<sup>9</sup> Waldhorn notes that this is Hemingway's first use of *rotten* as a "moral epithet" (44).

<sup>10</sup> Admitting that the couple's problem is not ever revealed (165), DeFalco believes that Tiny's comment about the sweaters "suggests that the discord lies in the area of sexual estrangement or incompatibility" (166).

<sup>11</sup> Johnston also notes, following Baker (*A Life Story* 595n), that McAlmon locates the genesis of "Hills Like White Elephants" in a discussion about birth control and abortion that Hemingway and others had in Rapallo in February 1923 shortly before "Out of Season" was written (45-46, Endnote 11).

<sup>12</sup> Bakker agrees: "The whole ambience of the story subtly suggests the breaking-up of their marriage" (50).

<sup>13</sup> Steinke sees the daughter's "little rejection" as "both comic and pathetic" (68).

<sup>14</sup> Sylvester discusses the muddy wine and river in the context of his reading of Hemingway's use of the Fisher King legend in the story (88).

<sup>15</sup> See, for example, DeFalco 166-67; Johnston 44, 46 (Endnote 13); Mellow 223; Rao 163-64; and Sylvester 81-84. For a different and more highly speculative reading of Hemingway's use of *lead*, see Adair 344-45. See also Sylvester 88 for yet another view of the significance of having no lead.

<sup>16</sup> See, for example, Paul Smith's capacious "Some Misconceptions" and the introduction to his very recent *New Essays on Hemingway's Short Fiction*, esp. 3-6. See also Thomas Strychacz' reading of the story as central to an understanding of *In Our Time*: "The story suggests powerfully that we may only understand our time as the communal loss of temporal, geographical, and cultural certainties; and it focuses *In Our Time*'s often ironic and sometimes funny quests for adequate guides, codes of conduct, and manly actions in a world where the old, communal prayers seem to have lost their power" (55).

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