form" in an age that "has put 'reality' in quotation marks," Hutchinson's view is that literature allows perceptive writers (like her subjects) to render creative portraits of fraught and complicated moments (like wars) that are nonetheless rooted in personal observations (239–40). Although her seven writers' broader social impact is not fully explicated, Hutchinson maintains that we ask the wrong questions since the "overwhelming tendency in criticism of technically innovative poetry and prose … has been to focus on the play of signification, in preference to that which is signified"; these inquiries say "more about recent modes of reading" that are skeptical that words can remake the world at all "than about original modes of writing" (197). While some readers might regard this development as the legacy of a devastating conflict that shattered "the language of authority" that had done much to "[set] the war in motion," Hutchinson decries this reading as fatalistic, by contending that even the "deterioration" of official language opened up space for "new perspectives and new possibilities for how words would be used in the future" (242).

Before rushing to purchase this work, historians in particular should keep a few things in mind. First, *The War That Used Up Words* is unabashedly a literary study. Although Hutchinson provides the readers with something more than close readings—her utilization of archival material for each of her protagonists is a strength of the book—the chapters revolve around her analysis of their artistic output. Lest visions of jargon-laden prose frighten historians away, they should be aware that Hutchinson writes well and displays an especial knack for judicious and forceful scholarly interventions that often work on multiple levels. At the same time, Hutchinson pays so much attention to her subjects' literary strategies, and develops her own fine-grained readings of their texts at such length, that the book's larger argument sometimes vanishes. Hutchinson's knowledge of the relevant historiography is sketchy, with many of her citations to the work of historians being either outdated or idiosyncratic. Of course, historians skim theoretical insights from dense literatures in other disciplines, so Hutchinson is not alone in this regard. Still, historians who devote their lives to studying the war will probably find her unfamiliarity with the historiography frustrating. The pronounced refusal to engage with the findings of Henry May's classic *The End of American Innocence* (which does a much better job of tracing wartime literary innovations to the last years of the nineteenth century) weakens the book, for example, while many assertions in the main text will probably rile specialists. For example, her insistence that Wilsonian ideals "were clearly well-rehearsed among the American intellectual classes many months before they became official White House policy" comes without any citation whatsoever (139). Despite this deficiency, Hutchinson's passion and analytical ability leave the scale tilted in her favor; best of all, readers will find it difficult to resist tracking down the powerful poems and novels explored in this study.

U.S. HISTORY IN 70 MM

The Hateful Eight (2015). Directed by Quentin Tarantino.

Reviewed by Hollis Robbins, Johns Hopkins University
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"Startin' to see pictures, ain't ya?"

In the second act of Quentin Tarantino's *The Hateful Eight* (2015), Major Marquis Warren (Samuel Jackson) taunts the elderly Confederate General Sandy Smithers (Bruce Dern) with the story of his son Chester's death. The general, sitting in an armchair in front of a roaring fire, becomes agitated by Warren's description of Chester's last moments. Cut to an outside shot of a blinding white mountainside. As Tarantino's script makes clear:

We see what Maj. Warren describes. But we see the BIG WIDE 70MM SUPER CINEMASCOPE VERSION …
A WHITE WINTER WYOMING VISTA, and inside of that vista, is a Naked White Man on his knees sucking the dick of a Heavily Clothed Black Man in the snow.

One could argue that the entire three-hour spectacle is a scheme to present to audiences this single shot: the widescreen torture and humiliation of the rugged white hero of pre-Vietnam-era American Westerns. As in a "one last job" plot, the Ultra Panavision 70 cameras and anamorphic lenses are pulled out of retirement, dusted off, and refurbished to bring the mythic figure to his knees in a sweeping celluloid corrective, fifty years after the equipment was put away. The medium is clearly part of the message, as Tarantino regularly proclaims.

Why else use 70 mm? Certainly not for a drawing-room period drama, which is also what much of *The Hateful Eight* resembles. If Tarantino's two previous films, *Inglorious Basterds* (2009) and *Django Unchained* (2012) offer visual counter-narratives to history (and to film history) through satisfying "what ifs" in which the good guys win, *The Hateful Eight* seeks more fundamentally to superimpose new images over old ones. In Tarantino's western, black faces and spaces are central to the American narrative, both outside and in.

After a dazzling first act in which a stagecoach carrying bounty hunter John Ruth (Kurt Russell); his captive, Daisy Domergue (Jennifer Jason Leigh); and two stranded wayfarers, Warren and Chris Mannix (Walton Goggins) rushes to safety as a Wyoming blizzard threatens, the characters take refuge in the gorgeous, gas-and fire-lit, high-ceilinged, rustic interior of Minnie's Haberdashery. The balance of the film unfolds in a small business run by a black woman.

The cavernous room, as tastefully and bountifully stocked as an upscale Adirondack country store, makes no logical sense, of course. With its unlikely Story & Clark piano, jelly beans, peppermint sticks, and dry goods stacked to the rafters, Minnie's abundance is as much of a political statement as any of the film's monologues on Civil War brutality. The capital stock required to outfit a standard haberdashery in the American West at the turn of the century was anywhere from $10,000 to $30,000. Luxury goods such as a the Navajo blanket that Mannix takes from the shelves, heaves over his shoulders, and praises by name ("Ahh, Navajo!") cost anywhere from $150 to $200, a year's wages in 1870s dollars.

Only in the second half of the film do we find out that Minnie Mink (Dana Gourrier) was black, was married to a white man, and was a promoter of social coffee drinking, a tradition that began during the Civil War, as millions of Union soldiers drank steaming cups around the fire to keep their energy and spirits up when food supply chains failed. Only in retrospect do we see that Minnie's Haberdashery was a fantasy of postwar warmth, plenty, and fellowship—where black and white only battle on the chessboard.

Minnie's murder is not a function of race or sectional politics, however, but gang violence: a movie-star handsome man with no particular politics marshals forces to slaughter everyone solely to save his devilish sister from the hangman. The film's mood is supernatural and sinister, not angry. The anguished snow-covered face of Jesus looms over the action. John Carpenter's *The Thing* (1982) is evoked both by the snowy isolation and by strains from Ennio Morricone's repurposed score. Daisy's blood-streaked face evokes Regan's blood-streaked face from *The Exorcist* (1973) as does Morricone's "Regan's Theme," from *The Exorcist 2*. Scattered Agatha Christie moments add refinement to the eerie paranoia. Warren's arguably legal shooting of General Smithers (and his tale of torture of his son) are the only personal—racial—vendettas. The desecration of Minnie's Haberdashery is, ominously, impersonal.

In other words, while race, the lost promise of post-Civil War America, and the ideological bankruptcy of film westerns are central concerns to *The Hateful Eight*, Tarantino's film ponders whether peace is possible when legal justice is illusory and cosmic justice is in doubt. The film's final scene gestures toward civic accord with the collaborative hanging of Daisy, the *agente provocateuse*

whose crimes (like Jim Jones at Botany Bay's) are never specified, by a white Confederate army veteran and a black Union army veteran while the severed arm of an bounty hunter still dangles in handcuffs. But war never ends with the end of the war. Those who know Abraham Lincoln's stormy domestic relations are chilled by the words "Ole Mary Todd's calling," read aloud by Mannix, however fictional they may be.

In brazen Ultra Panavision, Tarantino's widescreen spectacle muscles its way back to the era of *Khartoum* (1966), the last film to be shot in Ultra Panavision 70, and *The Fastest Guitar Alive* (1967), a farcical Confederate fantasy whose theme song, "There Won't Be Many Coming Home," Roy Orbison croons over *The Hateful Eight*'s credits. Freighted with allusions to the damage that white men do, Tarantino's eighth film demands to be seen not as a revisionist but a newly visioned western, using the mythmaker's tools to offer a panoramic vision of racial sovereignty undone by random violence. Our brief glimpse of Minnie in her haberdashery suggests that this strong black woman had, with charity to all and malice toward none, bound up the nation's wounds, served everyone a steaming cup of coffee, and prospered in the years after the Civil War, before being mowed down by criminal conspiracy.

THE GILDED AGE ORDER

Fink, Leon. *The Long Gilded Age: American Capitalism and the Lessons of a New World Order*. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 2015. 216 pp. $44.00 (cloth), ISBN 978-0-8122-4688-9; $44.00 (ebook), ISBN 978-0-8122-9203-9.

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Leon Fink has been studying the Gilded Age since before that period was cool. He has produced a steady stream of important books and articles on labor, the law, and intellectuals during this period, beginning long before the idea that we are living in a "new Gilded Age" become commonplace.[1] His edited *Major Problems in the Gilded Age and the Progressive Era* (1993) has sustained many teachers of the GAPE period, including this one, with an excellent and broad selection of primary source documents and secondary essays. For some time now, Fink has also been a pioneering proponent of what an edited book of his calls "the transnational turn in labor history," and his pioneering 2003 book *The Maya of Morganton: Work and Community in the Neuvo New South*, as well as his more recent work on merchant seamen, have shown the benefits of this approach.[2]

The Long Gilded Age combines Fink's interests in the crucial period between roughly 1880 and 1920 with his call for transnational approaches. He does so through a reappraisal (and to some extent a reperiodization) of the Gilded Aga and Progressive Era through a comparative lens. Largely a work of synthesis, the result is a fresh and thoughtful reinterpretation that magnifies the importance of the era not only in light of the present but in relation to the broad sweep of twentieth-century U.S. history, and also in the context of contemporary solutions to the "labor question" that were proposed in other countries (most of Fink's examples are drawn from the Anglo-American world). Indeed, Fink emphasizes counterfactuals, with a focus on alternatives that were available (but since forgotten) as minority points of view in the United States or in other countries. Fink thus rejects the teleology that often accompanies treatment of the Gilded Age and Progressive period: problems posed in the Gilded Age and solutions proffered in the Progressive Era.

A series of linked essays with chapters on "ideas, actions, institutions, policy, and political movement culture," the book focuses on labor and capitalism in what Fink calls "the long