GRIMES, Sister Richard Mary, 1931-
HEMINGWAY: THE YEARS WITH ESQUIRE.

The Ohio State University, Ph.D., 1965
Language and Literature, modern

University Microfilms, Inc., Ann Arbor, Michigan
HEMINGWAY: THE YEARS WITH ESQUIRE

DISSERTATION
Presented in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for the Degree Doctor of Philosophy in the Graduate School of The Ohio State University

By
Sister Richard Mary Grimes, B.A., A.M.

* * * * * *

The Ohio State University
1965

Approved by

Adviser
Department of English
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I am indebted to my adviser, Professor William Charvat, for the assistance and encouragement he has so kindly given me throughout the course of this study. I wish also to thank Professor Matthew J. Bruccoli for his untiring interest in this project and for his many invaluable suggestions, which frequently opened up new areas for investigation. I wish to express my gratitude to Mother Francis de Sales, O.P., and the General Council of the Dominican Sisters of St. Mary of the Springs for relieving me of all other duties during the past three years, and for their wholehearted support throughout this undertaking. To the many Sisters whose sacrifices, assistance, and forbearance have helped to make this a reality I extend my thanks. And, finally, a very special thank you to Sister Norma, O.P., and to Sister Charles Anne, O.P., for their persistent encouragement, patience, and understanding which goaded me on each time I was on the verge of giving up completely.
VITA

July 5, 1931 . . . Born - Forest Hills, New York
1953 . . . . . . . B.A., St. Joseph's College for Women, Brooklyn, New York
1954-1955 . . . . English Teacher, Dominican Academy, New York City
1955-1957 . . . . Novitiate, St. Mary of the Springs, Columbus, Ohio
1955-1962 . . . . English Teacher, Dominican Academy, New York City; Bishop Watterson High School, Columbus, Ohio
1965 . . . . . . . Instructor, Department of English, Albertus Magnus College, New Haven, Connecticut
## CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ACKNOWLEDGMENTS</td>
<td>ii</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VITA</td>
<td>iii</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>INTRODUCTION</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chapter</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I. FORTUNE: VOCATIONAL ADAPTABILITY</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II. NEW PURSUITS AND OLD HAUNTS</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Marlin Off the Morro&quot;</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;The Friend of Spain&quot;</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;A Paris Letter&quot;</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III. THE AFRICAN SAFARI</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;a. d. in Africa&quot;</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Shootism versus Sport&quot;</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Notes on Dangerous Game&quot;</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Between Africa and Key West</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV. THOUGHTS WHILE FISHING</td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Out in the Stream&quot;</td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Defense of Dirty Words&quot;</td>
<td>99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Genio after Josie&quot;</td>
<td>117</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. THE CONTEMPORARY SCENE</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quintanilla</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Old Newsman Writes&quot;</td>
<td>156</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Notes on Life and Letters&quot;</td>
<td>167</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VI. THE PLEASURES AND THE DISAPPOINTMENTS OF THE PAST</td>
<td>188</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Remembering Shooting-Flying&quot;</td>
<td>188</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Sailfish Off Mombasa&quot;</td>
<td>197</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VII. THE MAKING OF A MYTH</td>
<td>203</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;The Sights of Whitehead Street&quot;</td>
<td>203</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

iv
## CONTENTS (contd.)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Chapter</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>VIII. DISASTER: AT HOME AND ABROAD</td>
<td>Notes on the Next War</td>
<td>247</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Who Murdered the Vets?</td>
<td>255</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Malady of Power</td>
<td>261</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Wings Always Over Africa</td>
<td>268</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IX. INTERIM MOMENTS IN THE LIFE OF THE WRITER</td>
<td>Monologue to the Maestro</td>
<td>288</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Million Dollar Fright</td>
<td>296</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>X. CONFIRMED AND UNCONFIRMED FISHING REPORTS</td>
<td>On the Blue Water</td>
<td>309</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>There She Breaches!</td>
<td>315</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XI. SWAN SONG</td>
<td>Gattorno: Program Note</td>
<td>327</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Horns of the Bull</td>
<td>330</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Snows of Kilimanjaro</td>
<td>331</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XII. HEMINGWAY AND THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR</td>
<td>The North American Newspaper Alliance Dispatches</td>
<td>342</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Miscellaneous Works</td>
<td>346</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Contributions to <em>Ken Magazine</em></td>
<td>351</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Hemingway's Final Contributions to <em>Esquire</em></td>
<td>356</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XIII. CONCLUSION</td>
<td></td>
<td>363</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BIBLIOGRAPHY</td>
<td></td>
<td>376</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
INTRODUCTION

"'And I am Ernest Hemingway--the writer,' I added."
---Hemingway, "My Own Life"

Two and a half years after he formally abandoned journalism of his own accord in order to write, Ernest Hemingway experienced his first taste of success. The Sun Also Rises (1926), his fifth book, brought him into prominence as a new American writer, and, as such, he proceeded to apply himself to his profession with an uncompromising integrity.

Throughout his career, Hemingway had a single-minded purpose:

I, loving only the word
Trying to make with a phrase and a sentence
Something no bomber can reach
Something to stand when all of us are gone
And long after.

With the publication of A Farewell to Arms (1929) Hemingway's purpose became a reality. He was now the writer he had professed himself to be.

In his Introduction to the 1948 edition of A Farewell to Arms, he admitted he knew nothing about writing a novel when he started The Sun Also Rises; but he learned many things in the rewriting. Writing A Farewell to Arms had given him greater pleasure, he went on, than any he had ever known because he found that he was "able to make something up; to create truly enough so that it made you happy to read it.""4

Why then, a few months after the publication of this highly acclaimed novel, was Hemingway tempted to return to journalism which he
had deliberately forsaken for creative writing? Why, after he had
weathered financial insecurity before his short stories began to sell,
was he willing to turn again to the trade which he knew could dry up
his well-spring of creativity? Had Hemingway become trapped by some of
the very problems which he claimed destroy American writers?

We make our writers into something very strange. . . .
We destroy them in many ways. First, economically. They
make money. It is only by hazard that a writer makes money
although good books always make money eventually. Then our
writers when they have made some money increase their
standard of living and they are caught. They have to write
to keep up their establishments, their wives, and so on, and
they write slop. It is slop not on purpose but because it
is so hurried. Because they write when there is nothing to
say or no water in the well.

Before 1929 came to an end, Hemingway composed an introduction to
the autobiography of a French model, Kiki's Memoirs (1930). Certainly he
must have known the book would never bring him financial remuneration,
and he vowed: "This is the only book I have ever written and introduction
for and, God help me, the only one I ever will." Hemingway wrote
fifteen more introductions in the course of his lifetime and, on one
occasion, in his Preface to All Good Americans (1937), he admitted that
his name was used to bolster the sales of the book. Frequently, his
introductions attacked former friends, such as Gertrude Stein; and
hostile reviewers, such as the New York literary critics. But
Hemingway's standard of living profited little by this enterprise, and he
knew it. Moreover, when he saw the published version of Kiki's Memoirs,
he branded it "a smut book," a slick presentation featuring photographs
of nudes. A modified edition, omitting the nudes, was still a disappoint-
ment to Hemingway, for he felt that the book was translated by an
academician who could not sense the vernacular.\textsuperscript{10} Between 1929 and 1931, he traveled back and forth between Cuba and Europe, particularly Spain, to complete his projected book on bullfighting. In March 1930, he succumbed to the passing moment's need to keep up his establishment and submitted a lengthy article on the business aspects of the bullfight to a newly-founded, high-class American magazine, \textit{Fortune}.

Three years of silence, journalistically speaking, followed. In Montana in November 1930, Hemingway suffered a badly fractured right arm which necessitated a long period of inactivity. Perhaps he had time to decide for himself whether he was beginning to compromise with his ideal of what a writer should be. Shortly before 1931 he was contacted by Louis Cohn who planned to compile a Hemingway bibliography. Hemingway was thus forced to state his position. In regard to the journalism which he had written, he was adamant:

This has nothing to do with signed and published writing in books and magazines and it is a hell of a trick on a man to dig it up and confuse the matter of judging the work he has published. If anyone wants to do that after a man is dead, he can't defend himself, but while he is alive, he can, at least, take no part in it and oppose it as far as possible. The first right that a man writing has is the choice of what he will publish. If you have made your living as a newspaperman, learning your trade, writing against deadlines, writing to make stuff timely rather than permanent, no one has any right to dig this stuff up and use it against the stuff you have written to write the best you can.\textsuperscript{11}

As though to illustrate what he meant about the writer having the privilege to publish what he wishes, Hemingway published only one short story, "The Sea Change," in 1931, and another, "After the Storm," in 1932, while he revised his bullfighting treatise, \textit{Death in the Afternoon}
Writing to bookseller Paul Romaine in August 1932, Hemingway asserted that he was not upset by the prospect of being forgotten "if I do not cease to write on 'Lost Generation and bulls."" He also told Romaine why he thought it necessary to write a book about bull fighting. Not until 1933, when certain critics proved themselves incapable of criticizing *Death in the Afternoon* objectively and impartially because of their personal, emotional rancor towards the man who had written the book, did Hemingway's antipathy emerge more noticeably, although he had always brooded over unfavorable criticism. "For Hemingway, anything from a novel to a simple inscription is a performance, and for the novel to turn out a bad one or for the inscription to be gained under false pretense is to have the performance go sour, turn phony. It is this constant image of life and art as an aesthetic projection which makes Hemingway emerge at times as the poseur, but it is the daring and the faith of the projection which made him capable of great friendship and of great art."

In 1932 Hemingway's friendship with Arnold Gingrich began, a friendship which would have a tremendous influence on Hemingway's productivity. Although the two men corresponded for several months, they did not meet until the early winter of 1933 in New York. The editor of a men's magazine, *Apparel Arts*, Mr. Gingrich was planning to launch a new magazine which would be to American men what *Vogue* is to American women. Several times during the spring of 1933 he contacted Hemingway about his projected quarterly, and urged him to contribute to it. According to Leicester Hemingway, Mr. Gingrich suggested that Hemingway submit
articles in the form of letters, which would be easier to write, and which would not interfere too much with Hemingway's creative well-springs. Knowing that he would be regarded as the magazine's principal asset, Hemingway finally agreed to write for Esquire, as the new magazine would be known, and he permitted the editors to use his name to enlist other writers.

So it was that Hemingway's career as a journalist blossomed forth once again since the publication of *A Farewell to Arms*. From Autumn 1933 through August 1936, he appeared in almost every issue of *Esquire*, which became a monthly in January 1934. Six of his short stories were published first in *Esquire* along with twenty-five non-fiction articles which covered a wide variety of subjects. Several dealt with hunting and fishing, and with his travels in Spain, Paris, and Africa; several were serious pieces on the threat of war; on rarer occasions he dealt with sports, other than hunting and fishing; and in a few he discussed the problems of writing and the difficulties which faced the artist in the 1930's. With a few of his letters, Hemingway submitted photographs which highlighted the activity he was then participating in. All in all, these letters impart a rough picture of some phases of the social history of the period.

For the most part, his letters are heavily stamped with the timeliness of a decade long since past, and with the immediacy of events long since forgotten—factors which lock the letters in a journalist's file. What emerges most forcefully is the evidence that Hemingway read and read voraciously—books, periodicals, and newspapers. Many of the items in the
daily press caught his eye: national affairs, European tensions, political ideologies, books, literary criticism, best-selling authors, travel, sports, hunting and fishing, sports columns, gossip columns and personal columns. There was little that he failed to notice during the years in which he was Esquire's principal attraction, and not infrequently, much of what he read was about himself.

And, for the most part, what he read about himself was not pleasant reading. Nothing that he wrote or did could please certain critics; his personal avocations were scorned, ridiculed, or what was worse, considered fraudulent and exaggerated. In several Esquire letters he retaliated against those who deprecated his fiction and his non-fiction, but these letters betrayed his vulnerability to adverse criticism. Because he refused to heed the demands of the critics, anything he published was handicapped by their personal animosity toward him. As we shall see in this study, the feature articles for Esquire seemed, for a time, the safer means of plying his trade. Hemingway consistently differentiated between journalism and literature; he never pretended to be writing literature for Esquire; and he openly confessed that he took "the practice of letters, as distinct from the writing of these monthly letters, very seriously." Time magazine disclosed that Hemingway boasted "that he sharply distinguishes in his own mind between Novelist Hemingway (gruesome, gory, hyper-cynical) and Journalist Hemingway (objective, conscientious and in good taste)." During the course of Hemingway's years with Esquire, this boast is occasionally debatable, particularly his definition of "good taste." In his letters, Hemingway could be calm, pleasant, informative, and learned, or he could be lewd,
coarse, and suggestive; he could indulge in boisterous humor or in vicious sarcasm; he could be brutally honest or brazenly insulting—depending on the circumstances. Nevertheless, much of what he said lent an oblique meaning to another of his remarks on how American writers are destroyed:

They read the critics. If they believe the critics when they say they are great then they must believe them when they say they are rotten and they lose confidence. At present we have two good writers who cannot write because they have lost confidence through reading critics. If they wrote, sometimes it would be good and sometimes not so good and sometimes it would be bad, but the good would get out. But they have read the critics and they must write masterpieces. The masterpieces the critics said they wrote. They weren't masterpieces of course. They were just quite good books. So now they cannot write at all. The critics have made them impotent.\(^\text{18}\)

Hemingway is probably referring to F. Scott Fitzgerald whom he frequently upbraided for letting the impressive review of *The Great Gatsby* by Gilbert Seldes destroy his self-confidence. For more than five years, Hemingway had been urging Fitzgerald to forget what Seldes had written in *Dial* magazine, and to stop trying to measure up to the exalted opinion Seldes had of him.\(^\text{19}\) Hemingway's concern over the influence which the critics had on writers was always a serious and persistent one. If Hemingway feared that he might become impotent because of critical opinion, he found in *Esquire* a temporary refuge in which to keep himself writing, to defend himself against the critics, and, at the same time, to keep himself before the public, and to establish his name as a big game sportsman. During the first three years of his association with *Esquire*, he published only one full-length book, *Green Hills of Africa* (1935), which contains his observations on how American writers are destroyed. "Running through this realistic adventure story is a half-guilty, half-defiant statement of principles, sometimes suggesting that Ernest
Hemingway is defending his view of a writer's function against the arguments of an unseen critic. Although Hemingway had his admirers, he also had his detractors; and his indifference to unfavorable criticism was but a mask to hide his distress. Consequently, his years with Esquire may have been a period of intensive struggle for survival to keep the critics from overpowering him by their devastating evaluations of his artistic creations, especially Death in the Afternoon, Winner Take Nothing (1933), and Green Hills of Africa. He turned away from fiction for the most part during his years with Esquire as he returned to journalism, the field in which he had been trained as a youth. With the eye of the well-trained reporter, Hemingway, in his Esquire letters, captured some of the vacillating lights of the 1933-1936 landscape, whether the bright or the dim, the glimmering or the glaring, the shadowy or the brilliant moments of the time in which he lived.
Footnotes to Introduction

1Hemingway, "My Own Life," New Yorker, II (February 12, 1927), 23. The article, a parody of My Life and Loves by Frank Harris, told how Hemingway had broken with Gertrude Stein, Robert Benchley, and his children.

2Hemingway, A Moveable Feast (New York, 1964), p. 72, hereafter cited as AMF.


4Hemingway, Introduction to A Farewell to Arms (New York, 1929), p. viii. (First published in 1929.)


8See Jerome Bahr, All Good Americans (New York, 1937), p. vii. Hemingway wrote: "When you are a young writer, the only way you can get a book of stories published now is to have someone with what is called, in the trade, a name write a preface to it. Otherwise you must write a novel first. A novel, even if it fails, is supposed to sell enough copies to pay for putting it out. If it succeeds, the publisher has a property, and when a writer becomes a property he will be humored considerably by those who own the property. He will be, that is, as long as he continues to make them money, and sometimes for a long time afterwards on the chance that he will produce another winner. But when he is starting out he is not humored at all and many natural, good story writers lose their true direction by having to write novels before they are ready to if they want to earn enough at their trade to eat; let alone to marry and have children."

9In his introduction to James Charters, This Must Be the Place (London, 1934), pp. 11-12, Hemingway hurled one insult after another at Gertrude Stein in return for her attack upon him. In his introduction to Elio Vittorini, In Sicily (New York, 1949), no pagination, Hemingway's contempt for the New York literary reviewers is vitriolic.

Hemingway wrote to Cohn: "Truly, very truly, I think it is all balls to publish bibliographies of living authors." See Louis Henry Cohn, A Bibliography of the Works of Ernest Hemingway (New York, 1931), p. 112.


Westbrook, pp. 28-29.

See Leicester Hemingway, My Brother, Ernest Hemingway (Cleveland and New York, 1961), pp. 130-134, hereafter cited as Leicester Hemingway.


"Spain," Time, XXIX (April 5, 1937), 22.

See the review "Spring Flight," Dial, LXXIX (August 1925), 162-164, in which Seldes sang Fitzgerald's praise. The Great Gatsby is one of the finest of contemporary novels. Fitzgerald has more than matured; he has mastered his talents and gone soaring in a beautiful flight, leaving behind him everything dubious and tricky in his earlier work, and leaving even farther behind all the men of his own generation and most of his elders.

In a letter to Fitzgerald dated September 4, 1929, "Hemingway wrote from Madrid that the Dial article by Seldes ruined Fitzgerald; made the latter self-conscious, knowing that he must write a masterpiece. Hemingway took Fitzgerald down a peg for using 'juice' on Post stories and trying to write masterpieces on the dregs."

In another letter to Fitzgerald, dated May 25, 1934, "Hemingway still maintained that Fitzgerald is anxious, fearful, to produce a masterpiece à la Seldes in the Dial article."

These and other letters from Hemingway are quoted in part or summarized in part by Frank Ernest Mayer, "Influence of F. Scott Fitzgerald on William Faulkner and Ernest Hemingway" (unpublished Master's thesis, New York University, September 1951), pp. 170, 172.


CHAPTER I

FORTUNE: VOCATIONAL ADAPTABILITY

"They say if you can stay away from bullfighting for a year you can stay away from it forever. That is not true, but it has some truth in it."

--Hemingway, "The Dangerous Summer"

Today critics agree that the seed of A Farewell to Arms (1929) was planted in chapter ten of in our time (1924), which appeared five years before Hemingway's brilliantly executed novel of World War I solidly established his reputation as a major American writer. Death in the Afternoon (1932) parallels this situation: the seeds were planted in Hemingway's Toronto newspaper dispatches as early as October 1923, nine years before the publication of the book; they were nourished in The Sun Also Rises (1926), and they were developed in an approximately 6,000-word article published in Fortune magazine in March 1930. Bullfighting, like war, was a subject Hemingway never completely abandoned; both were serious matters to the artist and the journalist; in both, he gradually developed a richer knowledge and experience which imparted a depth to his writing it might otherwise have lacked.

Having in mind the plan for a thoroughly detailed study of the bullfight, Hemingway had been accumulating material as early as April 1925. No doubt there would be much information he would have to exclude...
from *Death in the Afternoon*; yet, this material would appeal to some.

Hemingway's problem was similar to one Henry Luce faced with *Time* magazine. Week after week much of the material gathered for the "Business" section had to be omitted for lack of space. "Luce suggested that the company start a magazine of restricted circulation to use this material"; thus, in February 1930, *Fortune* magazine (issued to subscribers only for the price of ten dollars a year) was launched. Hemingway's article, "Bullfighting, Sport and Industry," appeared in the March 1930 issue with the following editorial statement: "This article, dealing with the economics of the bullfight business in Spain, is contributed to *Fortune* by Mr. Ernest Hemingway."4

The title itself recalled the first bullfighting article that Hemingway had written for the Toronto *Star Weekly* October 20, 1923, "Bullfighting Is Not a Sport—It is a Tragedy."5 However, its informal tone, clipped phrases, and humorous descriptive passages found no place in his *Fortune* article with its almost heavy-handed didactic tone and deliberate emphasis on economics. Here his lead sentence, "Formal bullfighting is an art, a tragedy, and a business" (p. 83), revealed an adaptability to editorial policy that is disarming in its facility. The business end of bullfighting is carefully scrutinized, documented, and weighted down with statistics of a financial nature, ranging from the yearly expenditure of the Spanish public on bullfights to the annual earnings of individual matadors. Quoting the Spanish bullfight critic, Maximiliano Clavo, who wrote for the Madrid *La Voz* under the name Corinto y Oro, Hemingway compared his position to that of W. O. McGeehan of the New York *Herald Tribune*, a major American sports writer.
This initial reference to the press gave Hemingway an ideal opening to mention the stock story that newspaper men on their first trip to Spain write "about how Association Football is putting bullfighting out of business in Spain" (p. 83). The New York Times for September 22, 1925, did in fact contain an article to this effect: soccer football would soon sound the death knell for bullfighting as the most popular sport of the Spanish. Another article in the New York Times for December 22, 1929 expressed doubt about the future of the bullfight on the Iberian peninsula because of the increased popularity of football. Hemingway logically and realistically deflated this: the empty baseball parks in America after the World Series has been played do not mean that the sport has lost its appeal. In Spain, the bullfighting season runs from Easter until the end of October. Once the time element has been established, Hemingway forcibly injected the note of tragedy: "May is the fatal month for the bullfighters. Joselito, Granero, Varelito, all died in that month as well as many matadors of earlier days" (p. 83). Hemingway covered roughly the years 1922 through 1929 as to the number of matadors killed, the number of bulls killed, their price, and the approximate income of the accredited bull breeding ranches. Few of the statistics of this first section of his Fortune article had a place in Death in the Afternoon. Instead he went to great pains to explicitly and repeatedly contradict the Fortune title, "Bullfighting, Sport and Industry." The second chapter of Death in the Afternoon opened: "The bullfight is not a sport in the Anglo-Saxon sense of the word, that is, it is not an equal
A few pages later he repeated this: "The formal bullfight is a tragedy, not a sport, and the bull is certain to be killed" (p. 20). There is an oblique comparison between bullfighters and football players: the bullfighters "are all children without honor, skill or virtue, much the same as those children who now play football, a feeble game it has become, on the high-school team" (p. 183). Only the praise that he had given Joselito in Fortune as "one of the three or four greatest bullfighters who ever lived" (p. 83) was confirmed in Death in the Afternoon: Joselito "was probably the greatest bullfighter that ever lived" (p. 39); "the male courage, faculties or genius of Joselito" (p. 70); Joselito "had too much ability. He was too good, too talented" (p. 213).

Otherwise the bulk of the Fortune article was a clear, concise analysis of the individual elements of the bullfight, elements which were more thoroughly developed in Death in the Afternoon. The Fortune piece was replete with colored reproductions by Goya, Manet, and Zuloaga; Death in the Afternoon, on the other hand, contained a section of black and white photographs with explanatory captions of varying lengths. No digressions, no animosities, no personal grievances appeared in Fortune; such was not the case in Death in the Afternoon. The Fortune article was unduly serious in comparison with much of Hemingway's other journalism. Each element of the bullfight was concisely analyzed in "Bullfighting, Sport and Industry"; each element was found, highly enlarged, in Death in the Afternoon.

In Fortune, he concentrated on the bulls, telling how they were raised, tested and selected for the bullfight. Next he provided a rapid
exposition from the time the bull was in the ring until his death. Should a matador fail to kill the bull within fifteen minutes, the law demanded that the bull be killed at once in the corral; the matador might be fined or jailed "if his attitude has been insolent or cowardly" (p. 84). The ritual of bullfighting is based on the fact that the bull is having his first contact with a dismounted man in the bullring; the tragedy of the modern bullfight is that the bull is killed at the end of the bullfight. The artistic and tragic elements disposed of, Hemingway was free to discuss the business transactions involved.

Prices, risks, incomes, and regulations governing bulls and horses were discussed. Hemingway asserted it was the "conscientious bull raisers who have made the least out of the general advance in prices" (p. 87); in fact, by his calculations the Miura and Romero ranches could not have reached more than $33,000 gross income for the 1928 season. Not all the breeders were above reproach, however, and there were infractions pertaining to the age and weight of bulls, and to the height of the horses, which were "ridden by picadors in the first third of the fight and bear the shock of the initial charge of the bull" (p. 88). The horse contractor might further violate the rules in his efforts to keep the horses alive. The propina or tip to bull ring servants and to picadors ("who take risks of life and death, are paid the worst, next to the soldiers, of course,") was ultimately the reason "for all the sights which have shocked northern people in their first view of a bullfight" (p. 140).

Hemingway was accurate in recalling that attempts had been made at various times to get rid of the horses in the Spanish fights. Although
he did not specify any particular regulation, the New York Times in February 1926, cited an order "prohibiting the slaughter of horses in bullfights." Hemingway ironically described the protective mattress hung over the horse to spare spectators the sight of blood: "Now the wound is concealed to be sewn up in the corral. The wearing of the mattress, which was hailed by many people as a step in the humanizing of the bullfight and making it more acceptable to visitors in Spain is, in reality, a great blow against it" (p. 140). In Death in the Afternoon. Hemingway noted: "These visceral accidents, as I write this, are no longer a part of the Spanish bullfight, as under the government of Primo de Rivera it was decided to protect the abdomens of the horses with a sort of quilted mattress designed in terms of the decree 'to avoid those horrible sights which so disgust foreigners and tourists'" (p. 7).11

Next Hemingway itemized the problems the promoters faced: fair weather was a prerequisite; bullfighters' contracts had to be signed in the spring; consequently, injury, and sickness might keep the big gate attractions out of the bullring. Mediocre substitutes cut down gate receipts. Additional financial worries came from having to replace one or two bulls at the last minute or from an increase in rent for the bullring. In one of his few detailed examples, Hemingway explained why the promoters of the bull ring at Valencia ended up bankrupt for the 1929 season: the price for leasing the ring, the exigencies of the matadors, and the low cost for the front row seats. The list of cities which usually guaranteed a profitable bull ring was much the same as that in a feature on the bullfights in the New York Times during December 1929; Madrid, San Sebastian, Barcelona, Seville, Valencia, and Bilbao.12 But
in other cities Hemingway maintained that the individual promoter took a big gamble; the only "people who get the money are the matadors" (p. 142).

Using Marcial Lalande "who, last year [1929], was the best, the most skillful, the most consistent and the highest paid matador in Spain" (p. 142), Hemingway reckoned his gross income for 1929 at $172,000 against that of $33,000 by the leading bull breeder. Only the top twenty or so bullfighters of the "officially consecrated bullfighters" were the ones who made the money. From the figures Hemingway listed, the matador's expenses were obviously incidental; the matador had "one idea: to make all the money he can, because he never knows when an accident, a slip, or an error in judgment may bring him a wound that will incapacitate him, or, what is as bad, take away his courage" (p. 144). Hemingway described briefly how a badly wounded or badly scared bullfighter's performance militated against his popularity and drawing power. The professional training bullfighters receive depended on their financial backing; only one American, Sidney Franklin, had entered the competition. Quoting the Brooklyn-born bullfighter who claimed bullfighting was not really dangerous, Hemingway for once in this article revealed something of his own attitude toward the Spanish bullfight. Franklin "explained to me... that there is always a way to avoid being gored, that, in the words of Ricardo Bombita, it is not the bull who gores the man, but the man who gores himself on the bull by some mistake in technique; and I, who have seen nearly every bullfighter in the first twenty seriously wounded at least once, wanted very much to believe him and hoped it was all true" (p. 146). The eighth and last of Hemingway's notes in the Appendix to
"Bullfighting, Sport and Industry," named the bullfighters he had seen gored in the 1929 season (p. 150).

In the course of one of his longest pieces of non-fiction journalism, Hemingway spasmodically attempted not to sell the tragic element of the bullfight short despite his deliberate concentration on the business aspects. This first journalistic piece of the 1930's was definitely isolated from his total journalistic output for the decade. He exhibited his adaptability to Fortune's editorial requirements, and, at the same time, rid himself of some material that proved too cumbersome for Death in the Afternoon. There was practically nothing of a personal note in his Fortune article. The familiarity, the expertise, the intimate details were frozen by a clinical detachment which rendered the article barren of the Hemingway touch. Nevertheless the outline of Death in the Afternoon lurked in this sterile piece of competent research, Hemingway's single contribution to the business-orientated Fortune magazine.
Footnotes to Chapter I

1Hemingway, "The Dangerous Summer," Life, XLIX (September 5, 1960), 85.

2Carlos Baker, Hemingway: The Writer As Artist (Princeton, 1963), p. 145. Baker states that "some such book as Death in the Afternoon had been on Hemingway's mind for more than seven years before the final version appeared. His first letter to Maxwell Perkins on April 15, 1925, said that he hoped sometime to write a sort of Doughty's Arabia Deserta of the bullring, a large book full of pictures. . . .

"He returned to Spain in the summer of 1929 and made further notes on the status of the sport. But it was not until the fall of 1930 that he was able to report to Maxwell Perkins that the still untitled bullfight book was nearly finished."

Baker's book will hereafter be cited as Hemingway.


4Ernest Hemingway, "Bullfighting, Sport and Industry," Fortune, I (March, 1930), 83. All subsequent references to this article will be made in the text.

5This newspaper article has been reprinted in The Wild Years, edited and introduced by Gene Hanrahan (New York, 1962), pp. 221-229, under the title "First Visit to the Bull Ring."


7"Spain's Bullfights Share Public Favor with Football," New York Times, December 22, 1929, Sec. 8, p. 16.

8Hemingway, Death in the Afternoon (New York, 1932). All subsequent references to this book will be made in the text if possible; otherwise, the title will be cited as DIA.

9In the Fortune article, there are three richly colored reproductions: Bullfight by Francisco Jose Goya y Lucientes, p. 84; The Toreador by Edouard Manet, p. 85; The Family of the Gipsy Bullfighter by Ignacio Zuloaga, p. 88.

In black and white is "A Group of Ten Etchings by Goya from the Collection La Tauromaquia," pp. 86-87.


Not until 1929, however, did the New York Times in its article "Spain's Bullfights Share Public Favor with Football" state that the
horses are now more or less padded, since over 900 had been killed in 1928.

Sidney Franklin in Bullfighter from Brooklyn ([New York], 1952), p. 188, indicates that the protective mattress was under serious discussion during the 1929 season, and that he did what he could to prevent the covering from becoming mandatory. He says: "I called in the five top professional matadors in the business and with our attorney had an audience with Primo de Rivera. Just as I figured, it was a face-saving device for the dictator and he finally signed a temporary decree making protective pads on the horses in corridas mandatory for a three-month trial period due to go into effect at the beginning of the 1930 season in March. . . .

"In the very first trial the protective pad was so resounding a success that the temporary decree was made into permanent law without further experimentation. From that moment on, protective pads for the horses in bullfights were mandatory."

11Malcolm Cowley in "A Farewell to Spain," New Republic, LXXIII (November 30, 1932), 76-77, maintains that Death in the Afternoon has political implications because Hemingway detests Primo de Rivera for enforcing the regulation for belly-pads for the horses.

12Spain's Bullfights Share Public Favor with Football," p. 16.

13The high incidence of fatalities and injuries is also pointed out by Morris Gilbert in his feature article, "Why the Bullfight Exerts Its Lure" in the New York Times Magazine. November 24, 1929, p. 10. Gilbert notes that "within a month of the start of it [bullfight season], four years ago, four bullfighters had been killed, and twenty-two others severely injured."

14Franklin himself was badly gored on March 16, 1930, and spent the rest of the season "shuttling between the sanitarium and the bullrings." See his autobiographical Bullfighter from Brooklyn for additional details as well as his relationship with Hemingway, pp. 167-235.

15My inquiry to Fortune asking how the magazine obtained Hemingway's copy proved futile. Nor was there any explanation as to why his article was signed since the policy of the magazine is that the articles are unsigned. In a reply from Margot Keltner, March 16, 1965, I was told simply that "our information about Ernest Hemingway is rather scarce at this juncture."
CHAPTER II

NEW PURSUITS AND OLD HAUNTS

"Ernest Hemingway is back."
--New York Herald Tribune

I. "Marlin Off the Morro"

When the first issue of Esquire went on sale in the autumn of 1933, its most prominent achievement was strikingly displayed on the right side of the front cover: among the contributing writers were several of the leading twentieth century American men of letters. Conspicuously heading the roster was Ernest Hemingway. After a journalistic silence of more than three years, Hemingway had agreed to contribute to Esquire, "The Quarterly for Men," a quarterly that went monthly immediately after the overwhelming success of the first issue. The terms between Editor Arnold Gingrich and Hemingway left little to be desired, as the following letter implies. According to Mr. Gingrich, Esquire had no signed contract with Ernest Hemingway, but before the magazine began I made a personal deal with him that I would pay him twice what we paid anybody else, and that he would undertake to do a Letter from wherever he might be for every issue... There was no stipulated subject matter or word limit, for his articles, except an expected average of about 1500 words per letter. They could be about fishing, hunting, writing, traveling—about whatever he was doing that he felt like writing about.

He was a most conscientious contributor, going to great lengths, and expense, to get his copy in on time, and he missed, as I recall, only three issues in our first three years. He was also most helpful in suggesting other
contributors, and in permitting me to use the fact that he
was writing for us regularly as an inducement to get others
to contribute. . . .

I had agreed from the beginning to make no changes what­
ever in his copy, except normal corrections of spelling and
punctuation, and to get his agreement to any changes that
might be necessitated by considerations of libel, invasion
of privacy, etc., so there was never any trouble on this
score. I even, for the first six or seven of his letters,
got his approval of both the title and the subhead, after
which time he felt that he could trust me to do this without
checking every word with him.4

Hemingway's first letter, "Marlin Off the Morro," sub-titled
'A Cuban Letter,' genuinely fulfills the bargain. An intensively exposito­
tory piece on the habits of marlin off the Cuban coast, the letter never­
theless is stamped with many of Hemingway's stylistic techniques. The
opening sentence swiftly sets the scene: "The rooms on the northeast
corner of the Ambos Mundos hotel in Havana look out, to the north, over
the old cathedral, the entrance to the harbor, and the sea, and to the
east to Casablanca peninsula, the roofs of all houses in between and the
width of the harbor."5 In the next few sentences, his use of the second
person pronoun establishes a rapport with the reader who vicariously
experiences the preliminaries to the fishing trip. "You take a shower,
pull on an old pair of khaki pants and a shirt, take the pair of moccasins
that are dry, put the other pair in the window so they will be dry next
night, walk to the elevator, ride down, get a paper at the desk, walk
across the corner to the cafe and have breakfast" (p. 8).

Jockeying back and forth between the first and second person
pronouns, Hemingway next discusses the supplies on the boat. By listing
not only the best bait but the best beer and the best fruits, he scoffs
at the prohibitionists and simultaneously ingratiates himself to his
follow violators. His virtuosity in stimulating sense impressions is evident by the list of fruit he claims is best to have on hand:

"Filipino mangoes, iced pineapple, alligator pears" fixed with "pepper and salt and a freshly squeezed lime." Thus he caters to the gourmet clientele the slick-paged, high-priced (fifty cents) *Esquire* hopes to reach, and discloses his own liking for tasty food.

On board the thirty-four foot *Amita*, Hemingway takes time for pertinent introductions to Captain Joe Russell and mate Carlos Gutierrez. Since these men have certain characteristics of Hemingway's later fictional heroes, it is worthwhile to quote his thumb-nail sketches.

Joe Russell of Key West . . . brought the first load of liquor that ever came into that place from Cuba and . . . knows more about swordfish than most Keywesters do about grunts. The other man on board is the best marlin and swordfisherman around Cuba, Carlos Gutierrez, of . . . Havanna, 54 years old, who goes Captain on a fishing smack in the winter and fishes marlin commercially in the summer. I met him six years ago in Dry Tortugas and first heard about the big marlin that run off Cuba from him. He can, literally, gaff a dolphin through the head back-handed and he has studied the habits of the marlin since he first went fishing for them as a boy of twelve with his father (p. 8).

The sincere admiration Hemingway has for these two men is reiterated in several subsequent letters; and from the accumulated evidence in *Esquire*, the critical speculation that Joe Russell is the prototype of Harry Morgan in *To Have and Have Not*, and that Carlos is the forerunner of Santiago in *The Old Man and the Sea* (1952), is reasonably justifiable.  

As the *Amita* leaves the wharf, Hemingway sees such an impressive variety of fish that the Cuban waters sound like a fisherman's paradise. While trolling, Hemingway offers a straight expository narrative of his observations on the marlin. The remaining two-thirds of his approximately
2400-word letter discusses the habits of marlin: how they travel from east to west against the current of the Gulf Stream; how plentiful they are; how many the Hemingways have caught in a three-month period; how the white, striped, and black marlin run; how they hit a trolled bait; and how they may be caught. Expertise abounds. The author is factual, accurate, and enthusiastic about fishing for marlin in the Cuban waters. He includes pictures of the Cabanas harbor; marlin coming to gaff, taken on board and weighed in; pictures of the Hemingway fishing party in action; and pictures of his own biggest catch of the season.

What is ultimately of importance is that Hemingway's highly informative, conscientiously detailed article on marlin is superior to most other articles on deep sea fishing. Most of the sports periodicals up through 1933 give big game fishing no special attention; spectacular catches are occasionally noted; the emphasis lies more with the individual fisherman's efforts to land his fish than with any analytic perceptions the fisherman has formed; and few articles exhibit much technical craftsmanship. Then, too, newspaper columnists of the rod-and-reel school seldom have the space to write up highly detailed big game fishing articles; more often, their columns serve as glorified bulletin boards for names of prominent socialites who spent some time fishing. As Thomas Aitken notes in Outdoor Life: "New York social leaders have given big game angling their unqualified sponsorship and a daily New York angling column reads like society news."

Hemingway's letter sets the style: the personal touch comes through via Carlos, Joey Russell, and the variety of photographs; the
formal, serious touch comes through his observations of the marlin's habits. Personal and factual elements combine in such a notation as this: "Fishing with rod and reel from the middle of April through the 18th of July of this season we caught fifty-two marlin and two sailfish" (p. 39). He gives pertinent information about the largest black, striped, and white marlin. Among the seventeen photographs, there are two shots of the record black marlin. The caption reads: "Black marlin, 12 feet, 8 inches, 468 pounds, the biggest catch of this season, brought to gaff by E. H. in 65 minutes" (p. 9). Thus, he meets Esquire's terms of writing about whatever he is doing that he feels like writing about, while the sub-titles usually tell where he is when he is composing his letter.

Time magazine supplies a more informative and spicier bit to this particular Hemingway feat. Leading off with a quote from Max Eastman's infamous article, "Bull in the Afternoon," which appeared a few weeks before Hemingway landed his record catch, Time sallies forth:

"Gene Tunney, a writer who stands at the opposite pole from Hemingway, having abundantly established his prowess in action . . ."

When Critic Max Eastman wrote this last month in The New Republic in an article which sought to attribute Author Ernest Hemingway's fondness for bloodshed to a neurosis resulting from the war, loud were the protests from Author Hemingway's loyal admirers. A more convincing if less spontaneous rebuttal to the Eastman attack was last week offered by a 468-lb. black marlin.

Last fortnight Hemingway, a few Cubans and the usual wicker demi-john of wine went swordfishing. In July and August the big marlins come down from the Bahamas to the blue depths off Cuba's north coast. One of these sighted Fisherman Hemingway's hook-spitted mackerel, struck, and the battle was on. "He jumped," the stout scrivener said, "like in the Apocalypse!" Sixty-five minutes later the gleamy, purple-backed fish was gaffed, pulled over the launch's freeboard. Back at Havana Mr. Hemingway posed happily beside his catch as it was hung on the custom house scales. . . . The fish
weighed 468 lb., was 12 ft. 8 in. long. Not only was it the biggest marlin ever caught off the Cuban coast with rod and line* but neurotic Ernest Hemingway had fought the bucking sea bronco alone and without harness.

*Atlantic record is 502 lb., a fish hooked by Adman Louis Wasey off Cat Cay, Bahamas, last April. Mr. Wasey's fish, however, was fought by himself and another man. Therefore neither can claim the catch.9

The article concludes with a brief history of the comparatively new sport of catching swordfish with a hook rather than harpooning them, and names several of the most competent Florida fishing captains who work out of Montauk in the summer months in preference to the torrid Cuban waters. Captains Bill Hatch, Bill Fagan, Howard Lance, Charlie Thompson and Tom Gifford, named by Time, eventually find a spot in Hemingway's later Esquire letters.

On the whole, "Marlin Off the Morro," his first contribution to Esquire, has a smoothness, an evenness of tone which is sustained throughout the entire letter. Even his observations on the white, black, and striped marlin are matter-of-fact, succinct remarks, devoid of overly-scientific pontificating, yet strongly opinionated:

There are so many color variations, some of them caused by feed, others by age, others by depth of water, in these marlin that anyone seeking notoriety for himself by naming new species could have a field day along the north Cuban coast. For me they are all color and sexual variations of the same fish. This is too complicated a theory to go into a letter (p. 39).

This statement paves the way in big game fishing circles for a serious consideration of Hemingway's findings, particularly among dedicated big sea fishermen. His concluding observation that "in July and August it is even money any day you go out that you will hook into a fish from three hundred pounds up" (p. 97) invites competitive-minded sportsmen to try
their luck in the Cuban waters during the "torrid months." Limited in appeal though his fishing article may be, those who often say little in behalf of Hemingway's work have to acknowledge his skillful presentation of technical material--if they can be objective enough in their evaluation to distinguish between the novelist and the journalist, the man and the legend.10

Moreover, the purpose of Esquire--"to become the common denominator of masculine interests--to be all things to all men"--affirms Hemingway's right to choose his subject matter. If nothing else, he has fulfilled his part of the agreement by appealing to the devotees of deep sea fishing; furthermore, the letter is instructive enough, without any tone of condescension, to enlighten readers who have never set foot on a boat. Both Hemingway and his editors recognize the problem of trying to please all, as the editor acknowledges: "This is difficult to accomplish, all at a crack, and we would be foolish to expect to work out the formula down to the last little detail, in a first issue. One of the things that are needed, for the ultimate shaping of this magazine into what will be its final form, is a frank reaction from the readers. . . . The one test that has been applied to every feature that is in this first issue has been simply and solely: 'Is it interesting to men?' How often were we wrong? Come on, let's have it--we're leading with the chin."11

The answers to this invitation appear in "The Sound and the Fury" column beginning with the second issue of Esquire, and the column has since become an integral part of the magazine. These letters in time reveal acceptance and appreciation, as well as condemnation and ignorance, of
Hemingway's material. But, for the moment, Hemingway is paying little attention--publicly, that is--to the disgruntled "Sound and the Fury" gallery.12

Another Esquire feature, incorporated from the magazine's inception, is the "Backstage with Esquire" column, which reveals a sense of rapport between the editors and the contributors, and foresighted planning for subsequent issues. The first issue notes: "John Dos Passos is in Spain with his good friend Ernest Hemingway, having gone there after a summer spent at Antibes. Before returning to America, he will do the illustrations for Mr. Hemingway's Spanish letter, scheduled for the next issue." By the time the first issue of Esquire reached the public, Hemingway was on his way to Europe, going first to Spain and then to Paris before embarking on his big game hunting trip in Africa. When the second issue of Esquire went on sale December 15, 1933, newspaper ads proclaimed: "January Esquire is here... Ernest Hemingway is back—and John Dos Passos, and Gilbert Seldes and Bobby Jones and George Ade and ...14

II. "The Friend of Spain"

Hemingway's second contribution, "The Friend of Spain," sub-titled 'A Spanish Letter' (January 1934), was probably written sometime in late September or early October 1933, while he was in Madrid. Sophistication stamps the first two long one-sentence paragraphs: the delicacies in the window of the Calle Arlaban restaurant and the disabled, suffering, embittered drunken beggars outside the window furnish a harsh
picture of the internal problems of Spain. There is no comment on the situation—a typical Hemingway method.

In the bar, he joins the intimate, gossipy atmosphere with an old unidentified friend who is unable to tempt Hemingway with an absinthe. Their discussion centers on another old unidentified friend, on whom their opinions differ. Hemingway relates, "After three rounds in an uncomfortable atmosphere of mutual esteem and appreciation during which we made several engagements without actually naming a date, I left, very puzzled. I had finally succeeded in paying for a round and I hoped things might be getting back to a normal basis." 15

The very next day Hemingway realizes why his old friend had acted so strangely. The Sunday papers carry an article, "Mister Hemingway, Friend of Spain," a position Hemingway finds hard to accept. 16 The implications of such an epithet give him a soapbox for his own political opinions. A friend of France means that you are dead, that you have spent money, or that you have played up to people; a friend of Soviet Russia means that you expect to get considerable from the Soviet Republic or that you hope to implant their system of government in your own country. He does not know "just what constitutes a Friend of Spain, but when they call you that it is time to lay off. Spain is a big country and it is now inhabited by too many politicians for any man to be a friend to all of it with impunity. The spectacle of its governing is at present more comic than tragic; but the tragedy is very close" (p. 26). 17

Launching into a brief, generalized account of the Spanish economy, Hemingway fills in the implications of his first two opening
paragraphs and shows why he can no longer be considered a friend to all Spain.

A good deal more money is coming in in taxes than the royal establishment ever received, but now that money goes to the innumerable functionaries of the republic. These spread all over the country and while the peasants are as bad off as ever, the middle class is being taxed more than ever, and the rich certainly will be wiped out, although there is no sign of it yet; a great new bureaucracy is having more money than it ever had before and going in for much comfort, many vacations and considerable style. Politics is still a lucrative profession and those in the factions on the outside promise to pay their debts as soon as they get their turn in power (p. 26).

Proof of this may be seen in the reasons why the Spaniards are flocking to Santander and San Sebastian: the crowd at Santander ("one of the most unattractive Spanish towns") were there because the King had gone there "and were going to the seashore because, now, they had the money to"—not knowing "whether they were having any fun or not"; the crowd at San Sebastian ("one of the very pleasantest places of Europe") were there because "they knew what they had come for and were having a very good time" (p. 26).

Once Hemingway has mentioned San Sebastian, the next subject is easy to guess—bullfighting. The humor he denied his Fortune article now bubbles forth in "The Friend of Spain." His jocularity over a foreign correspondent's first dispatch filed from Madrid on "Bullfights on Wane as Football Sweeps Spain" is not merely a re-written Fortune piece, "Bullfighting, Sport and Industry." Not only does a lengthy feature article in the New York Times Magazine (February 26, 1933) have as a subhead, "The Bullfight on the Wane," but the foreign correspondent disagrees openly with several of Hemingway's pronouncements on the
corrida: "The grace of the professional bullfighters, the fine points of the sport which Ernest Hemingway stresses, are only parts of a drama that has vitally degrading features"; and later in the article: "Personally I don't know whether Ernest Hemingway is correct when he says the pads save the horses no pain. Neither does Senor Julia." On the head of these glib statements, it would not be out of character for Hemingway to be deriding his brash critic; besides, the personal touch is paramount at this moment in Hemingway's Spanish letter as he continues that the bullfight was a feature story he liked to write himself "because you finally got so you could do it quicker than most stories" (p. 26). But he does not confess that he did precisely this for the Toronto Star Weekly on several occasions in 1923 and 1924, nor does he say anything about his part.

Rather Hemingway plays the role of scholar-historian as he recalls that Washington Irving was the first to write on the bullfights "for the, then, New York Sun under the pen name of Irvin S. Washinton" (p. 26). Needless to say, Hemingway has somewhat colored the facts: Irving was addicted to pseudonyms but Irvin S. Washinton was not among them; a few of his letters do reveal a fascination for the Spanish bullfight; he wrote several letters for the New York Morning Chronicle but did not write of bullfighting per se to any extent for the newspapers. Asserting that no one has ever improved "on Irvin S. Washinton's original dispatch," Hemingway weakly maneuvers into an anecdote with this strange transitional statement: "A sad thing happened, tho, in connection with his Fortuna article, and his full-length study, Death in the Afternoon."
He recalls the plight of another correspondent "for the, then, New York Times [who] on arriving in Madrid cabled his story instead of sending it by mail. The Times sent him into coventry, I believe, and refused to admit receiving any communications from him over a period of years" (p. 26). Hemingway promised to look "them up if I ever got to New York and see if I could do anything about his strange plight. But when I got to New York they had moved. I tried to trace them, but it was no good. Years later I heard that the poor fellow was still in Madrid" (pp. 26, 136). This tale has its roots somewhere; a faint resemblance lies in one of F. Scott Fitzgerald's letters to Alexander Woollcott:

"The favor I want to ask you is to find out if there is stuff of his [Harold Stearns] lying unused and unpaid for in the World office. He says he's written and written and can't get an answer." Fitzgerald emphasizes that this is highly confidential; is Hemingway simply re-hashing an old gossip item?

Abruptly, however, Hemingway shifts from his teasing levity to a tone of blunt candor. His terse one-sentence paragraph, "Bullfighting, as usual, is in bad shape," becomes meaningful through his microscopic analysis of the performance of several leading bullfighters. Marcial Lalanda (on whom he had lavished such attention three years ago in Fortune) is now sarcastically belittled: "Marcial Lalanda has two children, over a million pesetas, a good bull ranch—rather a good big ranch for raising bulls; and a firm and sound resolution to take no more chances with horned animals. He knows enough so that he can appear in the ring with them and dispatch them without risk; but it is no fun for the spectators either" (p. 136).
Hemingway's appraisal of Ortega, Chico, and la Serna is an illuminating, vivid, and succinct analysis of each man's performance. The characterization becomes meaningful to the majority of Esquire readers (who have never been to a bullfight) through Hemingway's colorful action words: "[La Serna's] style with the cape is slow, delicate, but to me, unsound. He makes his passes with the cape by turning his body while keeping his arms out rather than keeping his body still and moving the arms ahead of the bull." This is enriched by incisive bits of character delineation: "Chico, a young, slim, brown, chinless Mexican with legs that hang from under his shoulders, a handful of crooked teeth, wonderful wrists, and great intelligence and knowledge of bulls is . . . held back by his negative personality in the ring. . . . Armilita's cold intelligence, his classic perfection and his superlative skill, which seems to eliminate danger, does not stay in their [the public's] memories" (p. 136).

In terse, informative sweeps Hemingway surveys the scene from the last of August through September 1933. La Serna receives particular attention and evidently Hemingway is still undecided about his ability. La Serna "is an unsound, enigmatic, interesting and highly irritating performer." Otherwise his remarks on six of the new fighters reveal little first-hand acquaintance on Hemingway's part. Only on the seventh and last of these new men is Hemingway's vision sharpened: "Florentino Ballesteros . . . seems to be a very competent, workmanlike fighter, skillful, without genius, but an excellent killer. He killed seven bulls in the little ring of Vista Alegre just outside of Madrid in his farewell performance before becoming a full matador, and bored the public with the
dullness of his excellence" (p. 136). The irony is effective; the finality of Hemingway's remarks is equally effective because of another abrupt shift in focus.

Without any transitional device, he goes on with a short, slightly nostalgic, resumé of the changes in the Madrid scene. The old Cafe Fornos is gone, Mansaneras is now a modern swimming installation; Madrid girls are now taller and thinner ("the example of the American cinema, possibly"); and lastly a look at the new American Ambassador to Spain (p. 136).

Hemingway's remarks on Claude Bowers and former ambassador Alexander Moore reveal a deeper knowledgeability than a cursory reading indicates:

Well, we have an ambassador from whom the Spaniards have learned that there are at least two kinds of American newspapermen who can become ambassadors. Their previous experience had been with Alexander Moore. Sometimes it makes you wonder, too, why aside from the desire to honor him, President Roosevelt should send such a very able newspaperman, and such a good Democrat, so far away from the scene of hostilities. Perhaps Mr. Bowers really wanted to be an ambassador. I never asked him (p. 136).

The fact that Moore had been such a personal friend of the Spanish King and that he had considered Primo de Rivera such "a wonderful patriot who thought only of the people" would make Moore, the former owner of the New York Daily Mirror, far from admirable by Hemingway's standards.23 The fact that Bowers had immediately established such cordial relations with the Spanish press, that he had played such a vital role in the Democratic campaign of 1928, and, possibly, that he had found his first bullfight such a thrilling spectacle would make Bowers, a former correspondent for the old New York World, more to Hemingway's liking.26
Hemingway probably met Bowers in the fall of 1933. In his Memoirs, Bowers recalls the pleasant evening he and his wife "entertained Ernest Hemingway and John Dos Passos and their wives as guests. Naturally it was after a bullfight that I first met Hemingway. He was then an enthusiastic friend of the Republic and spent much time in Spain following the corridas and the fiestas." Bowers remembers that "Quintanilla painted my portrait in 1933 for an exhibition planned in New York by Ernest Hemingway." Since Hemingway did not return to Spain again until 1937, and Bowers assumed the ambassadorship in June 1933, there seems to be enough evidence from his Memoirs that Hemingway's 1933 trip to Spain included at least one friendly call on the new ambassador.

That Hemingway earlier in his Esquire letter mentioned Washington Irving takes on new significance once we realize that Claude Bowers was also interested in Irving's Spanish adventures. Perhaps Bowers may have told Hemingway something about the Irving material which he had started working on at the Embassy. Bowers' Introduction to his book The Spanish Adventures of Washington Irving states that he began his writing on Irving "during my first years of my mission in Spain primarily for my own amusement... to re-create the Spain so loved by Washington Irving a century ago." Very early in the book, Bowers quotes from Irving's letters and journals, and asserts that Irving "frequently found his way to the bullfights, and it is impossible to conclude that he found these exhibitions shocking. There is evidence enough that he enjoyed them, and he came to know the names and methods of the matadors, but the people attending interested him quite as much." Bowers' findings, coupled
with his own attitude toward the Spanish bullfight, would obviously attract Hemingway's interest, an interest deepened by Hemingway's respect for Bowers' positions on the New York World and during the 1928 Democratic convention.

"The Friend of Spain" therefore finds Hemingway very much at home with his Esquire work. The humorous touches, the suggestive reminiscences may pad the article while, at the same time, these function to suggest incidents of Hemingway's bygone days in Spain--incidents written for a very limited, informed group of readers. His almost natural familiarity with the country gives his 2800-word letter an ease that labels him truly a friend of Spain, but one wise enough to know he cannot carry water on both shoulders because of the divergent political factions in the Spain of the 1930's. His political stance is slight but pertinent. He recognizes his limitations and admits his unwillingness to deal with political factions in general; yet he is fully aware of how charged the word friend is--friend when applied to either Russia, France, or Spain. Aware that Dos Passos and others are succumbing to Marxist ideologies, Hemingway proclaims his political independence--even of the Spain he genuinely loves. But this does not have to mean that Hemingway is ignorant of politics or, for that matter, of political ideologies. His early years as a foreign correspondent introduced him to the intrigues of international diplomacy; his friendship with highly competent journalists, such as William Bolitho, gave him an education in international affairs which some theoreticians never acquire; and his acquaintance with government personages, such as Bowers, and, even later, his meeting with
President Roosevelt,\textsuperscript{31} would suggest that he had more than an intuitive grasp of politics at his command.

III. "A Paris Letter"

The third Esquire piece, "A Paris Letter" (no sub-title), written during late October 1933,\textsuperscript{32} before Hemingway's African hunting trip, gives evidence of a certain recurring pattern. Each letter discloses his whereabouts, and relies on occasional reminiscence, harsh contrasts, bits of well-aimed gossip, first-hand knowledge of his subject, and spotty bits of slick sophistication. Such diversity makes it difficult to label any one section of an individual letter either pure hack work or unadulterated padding. At this period, Hemingway is particular about the material he is submitting for publication—and his apparent casualness is often a deliberately adopted pose.

Almost the first half of his 1900-word Paris letter is a fondly remembered hunting episode of October 1932 in Montana. He emphasizes what a fine time he had, and how much he hated to leave. "Most of the game had pulled out but it was very pleasant and a good time of year. But I thought I had to go." He describes the blizzard he drove through as he crossed Nebraska. "There is a special technique of driving in one that you have to learn. The trouble is to keep the windshield so you can see. You rig a candle in a can against the glass and that keeps the ice melted; for a little while. It is a technique that I haven't mastered. Well, that was last year." Nevertheless, there is always an opportunity to surmount a technical problem, once the rest of the difficulty is apparent. An intangible problem is something else.
As for the present, Hemingway is unable to cope with the situation in Paris, and he frankly admits it. "All I can do is go out and get depressed and wish I were somewhere else. It is only for three weeks but it is very gloomy" (p. 22). The reason for this hinges, in large measure, on the hard luck some of his old Paris friends have had, although Hemingway does not specifically identify them. To the typical Esquire reader, the following statements lack significance:

This old friend shot himself. That old friend took an overdose of something. That old friend went back to New York and jumped out, or rather fell from, a high window. That other old friend wrote her memoirs. All of the old friends have lost their money. All of the old friends are very discouraged. Few of the old friends are healthy. Me, I like it better out on the ranch, or in Piggott, Arkansas, in the fall, or in Key West, and very much better, say, at the Dry Tortugas (p. 22).

Some of the American expatriates of the 1920's would certainly know these "old friends." Several chronicles of the period offer possible clues. Both Exile's Return and Back to Montparnasse speak of Harry Crosby's shooting himself.\(^3\) This Must Be the Place describes Mike Campbell's taking an "overdose of something."\(^4\) Fitzgerald, in "Echoes of the Jazz Age," mentions that a friend of his "tumbled 'accidently' [sic] from a skyscraper in Philadelphia, another purposely from a skyscraper in New York."\(^5\) Even Gertrude Stein, the "old friend who wrote her memoirs," receives but scant attention, although Hemingway viciously retaliates in his next letter because Miss Stein had labeled him yellow.\(^6\) The friends who are discouraged and in poor health may possibly be either Fitzgerald, who, when Hemingway had seen him in early 1933, was in a bad way; or perhaps Evan Shipman, who had been quite affected by his father's death.\(^7\) But Hemingway shies away from too much retrospection,
although his purpose may have been to play the role of gossip columnist in much the way that Walter Winchell was doing in the New York Daily Mirror.

Hemingway turns next to the Parisian scene and gives a brief run-down of his personal observations. The gloomiest people are the painters, because they cannot sell their work; Montparnasse cafes are doing a steady business with the "French respectable bourgeoisie"; Nazis are spying on German refugees at the Dôme. Hemingway has been to the big Renoir exhibition, but he still prefers Van Gogh and Cezanne. He finds the food good, but expensive; champagne is the natural wine sold on draft for nine francs a wooden pitcher. So much for Esquire's artistic and gourmet clientele; Hemingway has reserved more extensive, although general, commentary for French boxers—in much the same way as he summed up bullfighting in his Spanish letter.

Again, his observations are candid and often severe; his fondness for boxing has not weakened his vision. According to Hemingway, "Marcel Thil, bald, shuffling, seemingly muscle-bound and very durable . . . still middleweight champion of the world to the French," is wiser to stay in France "where he is a great drawing card, rather than take a chance on what might be handed to him in the way of decisions in America. French fighters have always had bad luck in America" (p. 156). The boxers Hemingway selects have all, in some way, been victimized in America; consequently, he does not give the pertinent details, perhaps assuming that his Esquire readers have such facts at their fingertips. Carpentier is cited first—"long past the top of his form when he went over and not
big enough for good heavyweights who were at the top of their form" (p. 156). 38

He next praises Charles Ledoux as "one of the best in-fighters I have ever seen," a boxer whose career was interrupted by the war. The war calls to mind Eugene Criqui, whose face had been "horribly mutilated by a wound." 39 (Indirectly Hemingway may be reminding his readers that Jack Dempsey, who knocked out Carpentier, did not serve in World War I.) Hemingway's respect for the disfigured Criqui is evident by the flattering comparison he makes between Criqui's terrific right hand punch and that of the great Chicago left hook artist, Charley White, who, in Hemingway's opinion, "could hit the hardest for his size of any man I ever saw in the ring." 40

Hemingway skims over Criqui's winning the featherweight championship title from Johnny Kilbane 41 to emphasize that Criqui "signed a contract to fight Johnny Dundee within forty-five days, I believe, if he won" (p. 156). The brutal beating Criqui received is vividly summarized, a summary which testifies to Hemingway's virtuosity as a sports writer. "Dundee broke the metal apparatus that the plastic surgeons had made in Criqui's face instead of a jaw in the first round and Criqui, smashed, cut, bleeding, took a sickening beating for fifteen rounds while he hunted Dundee's jaw with that right hand. . . . Criqui lost his title the first time he defended it and before he had made any money from it" (p. 156). Alexander Johnston, in Ten - and Out! approximates Hemingway's account: doctors had rebuilt Criqui's jaw, shattered at Verdun, in what amounted to a miracle in plastic surgery. The Criqui-Dundee fight was "marked by one of the most boorish exhibitions that ever
disgraced modern boxing. Criqui was booed, jeered, palpably hurt by the abominable treatment."42

Hemingway then touches on another short-lived championship, that of Andre Routis over Tony Cansoerri on September 28, 1928.43 Almost a year later, Routis "lost his title to Bat Battalino44 who turned out to be managed by the same outfit that was handling Routis," who returned to France "with a certain amount of money, without his title and with his eyes permanently damaged" (p. 156). He winds up with a passing glance at Kid Francis,45 who "ranks with Routis and Ledoux"; and with cursory mention of Emil "Spider" Pladrner,46 who "had one great year as flyweight champion but he was too easy to hit." These are but a few of the French fighters who have fought in America; Hemingway emphasizes again that Thil "is very smart not to go over." Nor does Hemingway depend on the power of his innuendo only; he explicitly hammers his message home to his readers. "Europeans are as unsophisticated in what goes on behind the scenes in sports as we once were, and may be still, about what goes on behind the scenes in politics." This severe indictment carries far-reaching amplifications. It is but one more step for Hemingway to let the despondent undertow which dragged through his Paris letter spring to the surface.

What really makes you feel badly here though is not any of the things I mentioned earlier. People must be expected to kill themselves when they lose their money, I suppose, and drunkards get bad livers, and legendary people usually end by writing their memoirs. What makes you feel bad is the perfectly calm way everyone speaks about the next war. It is accepted and taken for granted. All right. Europe has always had wars (p. 156).
His own feelings are nakedly exposed in his ensuing argument: "But we must keep out of it. If kids want to go to see what war is like, or for the love of any nation, let them go as individuals. Anyone has a right to go who wants to. But we, as a country, have no business in it and we must keep out."

Wounded himself in the First World War, Hemingway has not forgotten the horrors of the battlefield, and he pleads again and again in the course of the 1930's for American neutrality. His uncanny foresight must be respected; even his sports survey functions analogously for this didacticism. The naivety of French boxers pillaged by a cunning, unscrupulous American boxing administration directly parallels the childish confidence of the American people duped by clever, decadent, wily European politicians.

His concluding paragraphs are his remembrances of Paris in the 1920's; his plea for American neutrality is his reaction to his own war experiences. Hemingway tries to stifle his feelings for Paris, but does not completely mask his fondness for her:

Paris is very beautiful this fall. It was a fine place to be quite young in and it is a necessary part of a man's education. We all loved it once and we lie if we say we didn't. But she is like a mistress who does not grow old and she has other lovers now. She was old to start with but we did not know it then. We thought she was just older than we were, and that was attractive then. So when we did not love her anymore we held it against her. But that was wrong because she is always the same age and she always has new lovers.

But me, I now love something else. And if I fight, I fight for something else. That seems to be about all for today (p. 156).

Actually this pent-up emotion provides an illuminating parallel with that in *A Moveable Feast* (1964), a nostalgic reverie in which Hemingway pours
out his love for his mistress of the 1920's in a tribute graced by the faultless style which itself had first been generated in Paris. The conclusion of this posthumous work, haunting and evocatively phrased, saturated with thirty-odd years of retrospection, is remarkably similar with its poignant feelings for Paris:

There is never any ending to Paris and the memory of each person who has lived in it differs from that of any other. We always returned to it no matter who we were or how it was changed or with what difficulties, or ease, it could be reached. Paris was always worth it and you received return for whatever you brought to it. But this is how Paris was in the early days when we were very poor and very happy.47

"A Paris Letter," portraying the changes which nine years, nine important years in which The Sun Also Rises, A Farewell to Arms, and Death in the Afternoon were published, is candid enough: Hemingway's sorrow over the death and the loss of friends, the dread of another war; the general gloom—all these press in on the author, who now loves and fights for something else. Is this last remark an example of the typical Hemingway bravado which simulates hard-heartedness, indifference and rejection of the city which gave him such "a moveable feast" as a young man?48 Or is the conclusion a reflection of a change in his outlook on life—a change-in-process in late 1933? Have fame and prosperity furnished him with the means to indulge his other loves, fishing and hunting; has he assumed such stature in his own eyes as an American writer that he will fight to retain his title by attacking anyone who criticizes him? But along with these insinuations and with his uncertain and wavering
attitude toward Paris, a "Paris Letter" is permeated with a despondency Hemingway cannot throw off, a despondency primarily caused by his sensing the probability of another war in Europe.
Footnotes to Chapter II


3 Mr. Arnold Gingrich wrote me: "The reception of that [first] issue was so overwhelming that the news company persuaded us to change frequency and go monthly immediately. Thus the second issue, bearing the legend 'now issued every month' was subtitled, as it still is, 'The Magazine for Men.'" (Letter to S. R. M., February 9, 1965).

4 Ibid.

5 Ernest Hemingway, "Marlin Off the Morro," 'A Cuban Letter,' Esquire, I (Autumn 1933), 8. All other references to this article will be cited in the text.

6 See Leicester Hemingway, p. 118: "Harry Morgan of To Have and Have Not was modeled after Josey [Russell]."

7 A random selection of articles on deep sea fishing in Field & Stream, and in Outdoor Life during the years 1931-1934 shows what scant attention this topic had received.

In January 1935, Outdoor Life started to distinguish between
"Angling" and "Big-Game Fishing" in its Table of Contents. Field & Stream makes no divisions for any articles.

By February 1935, Hemingway's fishing articles were being quoted, though sometimes questioned, in these magazines. He was quoted favorably by Thomas Aitken in "Marlin--Mighty Fighters," Outdoor Life, LXXV (February 1935), 50; and questioned less favorably by Lansdell Anderson in "Marlin--Blue and White," Field & Stream, XL (August 1935), 50. Zane Grey, "The Mako Shark," Field & Stream, XL (April 1936), 13, also questioned some of Hemingway's claims, particularly his picture of the Mako shark in "Marlin Off the Morro."

Certainly many of Donald Stilman's "Rod and Gun" columns in the New York Herald Tribune justify Aitken's remark. Erl Roman's "Angler's Notes" in the Miami Herald manages to blend the sporting and the social news more successfully. The scattered references to Hemingway's fishing exploits from about May, 1933, through the summer of 1936 make Roman's column a valuable one for students interested in Hemingway's Key West fishing activities.

Not until August, 1937, did Hemingway face Max Eastman over "Bull in the Afternoon." The results of his battle with Eastman in Max Perkins' office have never been conclusively disclosed. But when sections of "Bull in the Afternoon" are read, it is not hard to understand why Hemingway had been antagonized. Eastman accuses Hemingway of "sentimental poppycock," and declares that "to pump words over it [bullfight] like tragedy and dramatic conflict is mere romantic nonsense and self-deception crying to heaven." Unable to confine his criticism to Death in the Afternoon, Eastman accuses Hemingway of "wearing false hair on the chest" and other "evidences of red-blooded masculinity. It must be made obvious not only in the swing of the big shoulders and the clothes he puts on, but in the stride of his prose style and the emotions he permits to come to the surface there."

Small wonder Hemingway reacted against some of his literary, if they can be called that, detractors.

Time is misinformed on Wasey's catch. According to S. Kip Farrington, Atlantic Game Fishing (New York, 1937), p. 176, Mrs. Anne Moore hooked and fought the 502-pound blue marlin for more than four hours. Two hours later, Mr. Wasey landed the marlin.

Harry Hansen, "The First Reader," New York World-Telegram, July 23, 1935, p. 19, stated that Hemingway's contribution to American Big Game Fishing, the chapter "Marlin Off Cuba," was superbly written. Hansen was frequently unimpressed with Hemingway's work.
"As for General Content," Esquire, I (Autumn 1933), 4.

Later Esquire issues show that Hemingway very carefully read "The Sound and the Fury." He answered his critics in the following Esquire letters: "On Being Shot Again," June 1935; and "He Who Gets Slap Happy," August 1935.


Ernest Hemingway, "The Friend of Spain," 'A Spanish Letter,' Esquire, I (January 1934), 26. All subsequent references to this article will be made in the text.

I have been unable to locate this article, "Mr. Hemingway, Friend of Spain." I assume it appeared in some foreign newspaper on any one of the Sundays between August 27, and October 29, 1933.

Civil uprisings in Spain had become a constant threat by the early 1930's, most of them engendered through opposition to the dictatorial policies of King Alfonso XIII. In April, 1931, Alfonso was forced by the Republicans to call for new elections. The results were so strongly in the Republicans' favor that the King abdicated his throne. A new constitution was adopted, guaranteeing complete religious freedom and the separation of church and state.

The establishment of the Republic did not solve the internal dissensions, by any means. The conservatives made up primarily of the army, the wealthy land-owning aristocracy and the Church were bitterly opposed to the Republican legislation, while, at the same time, the lower classes were dissatisfied with the length of time it was taking the new government to enforce its reforms. Uprisings increased: a military revolt occurred in Seville in 1932; in early 1933, the lower classes of Barcelona expressed their dissatisfaction. See Hugh Thomas, The Spanish Civil War (New York, 1961), for a thorough analysis of "The Origins of War," pp. 3-113.

Frank L. Kluckhohn, "Twilight of the Bullfight in Spain," New York Times Magazine, February 26, 1933, pp. 10-11, 19. Kluckhohn is sure that the bullfight is doomed in Spain, especially because of the government's policy of breaking up the great estates where the fighting bulls are bred. Kluckhohn states that the worst thing about a bullfight is the way in which it transmutes the crowd "into cold brutality with every trace of humaneness erased." Youngsters no longer practice with a cape and muleta "in dreams of a non-arriving future but kick a football in present enjoyment."

Kluckhohn also sketches in some facts about Senor Julia, the man who induced Primo de Rivera to have the horses padded, and to keep children under fourteen from the bullfights. Senor Julia sees his task as that of applying the screws on bullfighting at the proper intervals and as taking full advantage of each outward swing of the tide. He started doing this, Kluckhohn asserts, when it looked as if bullfighting were to stay here forever. "This Sancho Panza doesn't care whether the President of Spain and two Ministers of the government are aficionados to the sport or that Madrid's Mayor was elected by the Town Council because he sat in the front row of the bullring year in and year out. He knows that the Ministers realize that the bull-raising estates must be broken up and given to the people if serious discontent is not to ensue. The Cortes has already voted it, and bullfighting will not be considered in the matter. . . .

"He says 'the bullfight will be dead in ten years.' It is certainly a question of a time limit."

Kluckhohn fails to say how critical of Hemingway this same Senor Julia is. In an article "Foe of Bullfights Assails Hemingway," New York Times, January 4, 1933, p. 5, Senor Joachim Julia, secretary of the Animal Protective Association, in Madrid is quoted as saying: Ernest Hemingway's Death in the Afternoon is "grotesque." Julia adds that Hemingway has "swallowed some of the fantastic bullfighters' stories.

"Imagine an author stating that the goring of blindfolded horses offers a comic element in the bullfight." Julia is further quoted as saying that Sydney Franklin, "undoubtedly the best bullfighter from Brooklyn," could not get a fight last season in Spain and was booted in those bullrings in Mexico where he appeared, but that he "does know how to capitalize himself."

Among the articles Hemingway sent from Spain to the Toronto Star were "Bullfighting Is Not a Sport--It Is a Tragedy," Toronto Star Weekly, October 20, 1923, p. 33. This has been reprinted in The Wild Years, pp. 221-229. Hemingway also sent "World's Series of Bullfighting a Mad, Whirling Carnival," Toronto Star Weekly, October 27, 1923, Magazine Section, p. 1. This is also reprinted in The Wild Years as "Pamplona: World Series of Bullfighting," pp. 229-238.


See William Cushing, Initials and Pseudonyms, First Series (New York, 1885), p. 466, on which Cushing lists names Irving used: Jonathan Oldstyle, Geoffrey Crayon, Fray Antonio Agapida, Diedrich Knickerbocker, Anthony Evergreen and Launcelot Langstaff.


One of Irving's letters states: "I did not know what a bloodthirsty man I was till I saw them [bullfights] at Madrid on my first visit. The first was very spirited, the second dull, the third spirited
again, and afterward I hardly ever missed. 'But the horses,' someone interposed. 'Oh, well, they were very old and worn out, and it was only a question whether they should die a triumphant death or be battered a few years longer.' See Pierre W. Irving, Life and Letters of Washington Irving, III (Philadelphia, 1872), 359-360.

According to Henry Pochman, Washington Irving (New York, 1934), cxii-cxiii, Irving first went to Madrid in 1826 as a member of the American Legation. He toured Spain and returned to London in 1829. From 1842 until 1845 Irving was Minister to Spain.

For a timely report on the state of Irving scholarship, see H. L. Kleinfield, "A Census of Washington Irving Manuscripts," Bulletin of the New York Public Library, LXVIII (January 1964), 13-32. Mr. Kleinfield states that the plan of the committee of scholars who have undertaken to edit Irving's journals and letters will include publication of travel journals, related notebooks and correspondence, all pertinent to Irving's personal affairs, much of which has never been printed before.

Letters of F. Scott Fitzgerald, ed. Andrew Turnbull (New York, 1963), pp. 486-487. I don't wish to push this suggestion too far, but Fitzgerald's letter from Paris in the fall of 1925 does smack of Hemingway's tale. Fitzgerald wrote to Woollcott (in New York): "It is the case of a newspaper man here named Harold Stearns, whom you may know, and who is down and out through, so he claims and so others claim, a sort of persecution on the part of Sinclair Lewis." [See also Charters, This Must Be the Place; reprinted as Hemingway's Paris, as told to Morrill Cody by James Charters, A Tower Book (New York, 1965), p. 49: Lewis "was not friendly to Montparnasse, saying that most of us were a crowd of drunks. He took it out in an article on Harold Stearns, the author of America and the Young Intellectual and editor of Civilization in the United States, whom he called 'the very father and seer of the Dôme' and 'an authority on living without laboring.'"]

Fitzgerald's letter to Woollcott continues:

"To what extent Lewis is after him I don't know but he came to me (he meaning Stearns) with the story that he could get no answer of any kind from the stuff he has sent the World or The New Yorker, stuff that was to some extent solicited.

"He has been helped here by various people (for the last month his typewriter has been in pawn in Deauville) but he is terribly depressed by what he imagines is a sort of universal blackball against him. The favor I want to ask you is to find out if there is stuff of his lying unused and unpaid for in the World office. He says he's written and written and can't get an answer.

"This is of course confidential and any answer I get from you I will communicate to no one but him. It is terribly sad to see a man of his age and intelligence going to pieces because of what may possibly be a series of accidents and coincidences. This possibility is what I'd like to clear up."

Fitzgerald may possibly have confided this story to Hemingway, since both were in Paris at the time, and Stearns was well-known to
Hemingway. A letter from Fitzgerald to Hemingway in late December, 1928, states: "Oh, yes—I met old H. Stearns just before leaving Paris and feeling drunk and Christ-like suggested a title to him, 'Why I Go on Being Poor in Paris,' told him to write it as an informal letter to me and I'd sell it. In a burst of energy he did and I sent it to Max who wrote a check for $100.00 for it. Now Harold writes me that $100 isn't very much (as a matter of fact it isn't much of a letter either) and exhibits such general dissatisfaction that I think he thinks I held out on him.

You've got to be careful who you do favors for—within a year you'll probably hear a story that what started him on his downward path was my conscienceless theft of his royalties." See Letters of F. S. Fitzgerald, pp. 303-304.

In Harold Stearns, The Street I Know (New York, 1935), Stearns updates this situation even more, although Stearns is living in Paris.

Stearns admits he can no longer get a job on the Tribune in Paris (p. 362). He recalls that "there were weeks at this time [1931] when, had you met me on the street and asked me where I had spent the night, I could not have answered truthfully. I don't know myself (p. 365).

"I ran into 'Hem' who had come back from America after his first success, and was then, if I recall correctly, on his way to Germany to see about some stage or translation rights of his book, 'A Farewell to Arms.' He did what he could—that is, he got my typewriter out of pawn, gave me some cash, paid for my hotel, and tried to suggest one or two possible markets for some articles. But by this time he was definitely out of the newspaper game—I think he was glad of it, too—and he had no leads to give me looking towards a regular newspaper job in Paris. He probably didn't realize the difficulties I was up against anyway in getting a job in Paris on a newspaper—how, by this time, the myth had grown that I could always make money on my own at the track and that I didn't need a job anyway, not to mention the fact, of course, that the whispering campaign about my health stood me in no good purpose either. However, this much I can say for Hemingway—and I am glad to say, too: He always has acted the way you would expect a friend to act in all the years I have known him; he has never 'let me down'; and, what I think I like best of all, he has always been honest with me. As probably he would write it, he has never kidded me" (pp. 367-368).

Although Stearns never refers to Spain as one of his haunts, Hemingway may be "touching up" the facts by substituting Madrid for Paris, and the New York Times for the old New York World. Hemingway does not date this anecdote in "The Friend of Spain," although he does make it clear that he is thinking of something in the past. The connection between this tale and what Hemingway was saying about Washington Irving is so awkwardly handled that he may be deliberately intending to mislead his readers as to the sources of his information in both cases.

how "the two chambermaids, Paco’s sisters, were on their way to the cinema to see Greta Garbo in ‘Anna Christie’." And while Paco is dying, his two sisters "were still in the moving-picture palace of the Gran Via, where they were intensely disappointed in the Garbo film, which showed the great star in miserable low surroundings when they had been accustomed to see her surrounded by great luxury and brilliance. The audience disliked the film thoroughly and were protesting by whistling and stamping their feet. . . . [Paco] died, as the Spanish phrase has it, full of illusions. . . .

"He had not even had time to be disappointed in the Garbo picture which disappointed all Madrid for a week."

Alexander P. Moore started as an office boy of the Pittsburgh Telegraph at the age of twelve. In a few years he was a reporter, then city editor and finally publisher. He was part owner of Telegraph, Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph, and Press. In 1904 he became owner, editor-in-chief and publisher of the Leader. On May 5, 1928 he purchased New York Daily Mirror and Boston Advertiser. He sold the Mirror in September.

He was appointed Ambassador to Spain in March, 1923. He had great admiration for King and Queen and paid a high tribute to Primo de Rivera, the Dictator. He called the General a wonderful patriot who thought only of the people of Spain. He was the first foreign representative to greet the Dictator when he took charge of the government. His resignation was announced from Madrid on December 15, 1925. The relationship between Moore and King Alfonso was more than one of an official character. See "A. P. Moore Dies: Envoy to Poland," New York Times, February 18, 1930, pp. 1, 17.

Bowers was sworn in as Ambassador on April 11, 1933 and was in Spain as ambassador by the first of June 1933. What may have influenced Hemingway’s remark about different types of newspapermen as ambassadors was the dispatch about Bowers' establishing "cordial relations with men of the craft to which he belonged until a few weeks ago." The New York Times said:

"After his arrival Mr. Bowers invited representatives of the Spanish press to his hotel. A score or more arrived where he had expected half a dozen and with them came correspondents from the other countries. The Ambassador gave out a prepared statement and said a few words of greeting. To his surprise one of the correspondents delegated himself spokesman for the group and made a gracious little speech in reply.

"It was not until later that Mr. Bowers learned he had broken precedent by the informality and friendliness of the reception. The newspapermen were both impressed and delighted. The Ambassador gave them to understand that he may be called upon at any time for information." See "Newspaper Men in Spain Hail Ambassador Bowers," New York Times, July 16, 1933, p. 2E.

Mr. Bowers states in My Life, The Memoirs of Claude Bowers (New York, 1962) that he was selected as the temporary chairman and keynote speaker at the Democratic National Convention in 1928. As he was still
writing for the World, Bowers was able to report how widespread and sinister the "implications of religious intolerance swept the country. I editorially urged that a systematic collection of the 'literature' of intolerance be made and preserved for historians of the future" (pp. 192-201). For further information of Mr. Bowers' role, see chapter 13, "Politics Turns Putrid."

26 Mr. Bowers' reaction to his first bullfight was dutifully reported in a dispatch, "Bowers Sees First Bull Fight: Is Impressed by Spectacle," New York Times, May 26, 1933, p. 1: "I was tremendously impressed with the spectacle. It evoked memories of spectacles in ancient Rome. I have never seen such color and tenseness in a crowd. The action of the matadors was a most thrilling combination of beauty of physical rhythm with the danger of death."

This dispatch gave rise to speculations on Bowers' reading material as an article, "Mr. Bowers Reads Hemingway" (Topics of the Times), New York Times, May 27, 1933, p. 12, indicated. The Times noted: "As for the matadors themselves, they were 'a most thrilling combination of beauty of physical rhythm with the danger of death.' This sounds so very much like Ernest Hemingway that one imagines Ambassador Bowers on his journey to Spain must have put in considerable time on board ship with 'Death in the Afternoon,' determined to learn to love bullfights. Presumably, it would never do for an Ambassador at an official fiesta to close his eyes and sit tight, as most Americans do at their first corrida."

Had Hemingway seen this dispatch, no doubt he would have enjoyed it. Like the author, Ambassador Bowers was quickly criticized for having enjoyed the bullfight: "That our Ambassador to Spain should be thrilled and impressed by the 'beauty' of the bull-fight is somewhat shocking to those of his compatriots who are striving to alleviate the suffering of animals. And disheartening, too, it must be for the very many humane Spaniards who would like to see this cruel spectacle banished forever from their country." See Marguerite C. Maire, "The Ambassador's Bull-Fight" (Letters to the Editor), New York Times, May 30, 1933, p. 14.

27 Bowers, My Life, pp. 267, 320.


29 A letter from Fitzgerald to Edmund Wilson [probably March, 1933], gives some idea of the political trend in the 1930's: "Alec [Woolcott] told me to my amazement that you had explained the fundamentals of Leninism, even Marxism, the night before and Dos [Passos] tells me that it was only recently made plain thru the same agency to The New Republic. I little thought when I left politics to you and your gang in 1920 you would devote your time to cutting up Wilson's shroud into blinders!" This same letter tells of Fitzgerald's meeting both Wilson and Hemingway in New York. See Letters of F. S. Fitzgerald, p. 345.
Part of a letter from Hemingway to Paul Romaine of the Casanova Booksellers written on July 6, 1932 states that he does not follow the fashions in politics, letters, religion, etc. He remarks "on the politico-literary tendencies of Dreiser, Dos Passos, and Edmund Wilson, and is indignant about these little punks who have never seen even street fighting let alone a revolution. "Now they want you to swallow communism as though it were an elder boys YMCA conference." See "Modern Literature," Parke-Bernet Galleries, Inc., May 4, 1965, pp. 24-25.

30 For the most skillful treatment of Hemingway's apprenticeship as a foreign correspondent, read Apprenticeship, especially chapters VI through XI.

31 Hemingway was invited by President and Mrs. Roosevelt to show the film The Spanish Earth at the White House, July 8, 1937.

32 Ernest Hemingway, "A Paris Letter," Esquire, I (February 1934), 22. This is the only one of Hemingway's Esquire articles that has no sub-title. All subsequent references to this article will be made in the text.


Another chronicle, Back to Montparnasse, Glimpses of Broadway in Bohemia (Philadelphia, 1931), pp. 144-145, by author-journalist Sisley Huddleston, states that "Montparnasse was recently startled at the news of H. C.'s [Harry Crosby's] end. Of him everybody spoke well."

34 Charters in Hemingway's Paris, pp. 79-80, tells how Mike (Mike Campbell of The Sun Also Rises) "ordered a cup of soup, put veronal in it, and shortly after fell asleep."

"Mike had previously made one effort to commit suicide, but in this case I think he simply took an overdose of sleeping powder by mistake, or perhaps the effect was especially strong because of drugs previously given him." See the chapter, "The Sun Also Sinks," in Hemingway's Paris for further information on Mike Campbell of The Sun Also Rises.

Both Hemingway's Paris and This Must Be the Place carry Hemingway's Introduction. At the end of the 1934 edition is Hemingway's notation: "Serengetti Plains, Tanganyika. December, 1933" (p. 13). Obviously, while Hemingway was in Paris, his talks with Jimmie Charters, the Barman, brought back many memories of Paris in the 1920's.

Although Charters refuses to identify Mike Campbell, Harold Loeb in The Way It Was (New York, 1959), pp. 247-300, makes it quite clear that Campbell in real life was Pat Swazey, and that Brett is actually Duff Twitchell. Carlos Baker uses a different set of names, and different spelling of the names.
Hemingway, p. 93, states that Loeb associates Lady Duff Twysden with Brett Ashley, and Pat Swasey with Mike Campbell.


Charters, in Hemingway's Paris, p. 94, says that "Patterson is a distant relative of both Pat Guthrie and Lady Duff Twysden."

James B. Mariwether, in "The Text of Ernest Hemingway," Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America, LVII (Fourth Quarter 1963), 412, speculates as follows: "Perhaps what we need for The Sun Also Rises is the preliminary cast of characters that Hemingway supplied for Herbert Gorman, identifying Jake as Hemingway, Brett as Lady Twysden, Bill as Donald Ogden Stewart, Cohn as Harold Loeb, and Braddock as Ford Madox Ford, as well as giving the originals of Prentice, Harvey Stone, Michael, and Frances." Gorman's copy, Mr. Mariwether notes, is in the collection of Mrs. Cohn.

In several letters to Fitzgerald, Hemingway settles the problem about the real Mike Campbell and Brett Ashley. Sometime around February 1927, Hemingway wrote: "Pat Guthrie after Duff got her divorce wouldn't marry her because she had lost her looks and now lives with Lorna Linsley who saved him from jail on a bad check and who can let him go to jail at any time. Duff is on the town. She kidnapped her kid from England and has no money to keep him—all her small amt. of income goes to keep the kid and nurse in south of france [sic] in reduced style of titled youngsters. I ran into her one night—she wasn't sore about the Sun—said the only thing was she never had slept with the bloody bullfighter."

In another letter, March 31, 1927, Hemingway tells Fitzgerald again that "Pat has left Duff and taken to living with Lorna Lindsay or Linalsay."

Once again in a letter written sometime after May 21, 1927, Hemingway tells Fitzgerald of some of the people in Paris: "Pat Guthrie who once lived with Duff Twysden is now being kept by Lorna Linsley who is looking even fresher and lovelier."

These letters may be found in Mayer, "The Influence of F. Scott Fitzgerald on William Faulkner and Ernest Hemingway," pp. 167-169.


36 In the Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas (New York, 1933), Gertrude Stein viciously attacks Hemingway in the course of her memoirs. See pp. 260-271, from which the following extracts are taken: "Gertrude Stein and Sherwood Anderson are very funny on the subject of Hemingway. The last time that Sherwood was in Paris they often talked about him. Hemingway had been formed by the two of them and they were both a little proud and a little ashamed of the work of their minds. Hemingway had at one moment, when he had repudiated Sherwood Anderson and all his works, written him a letter in the name of american [sic] literature which he, Hemingway, in company with his contemporaries was about
to save, telling Sherwood just what he, Hemingway thought about Sherwood's work, and that thinking, was in no sense complimentary. When Sherwood came to Paris Hemingway naturally was afraid. Sherwood as naturally was not.

"As I say he and Gertrude Stein were endlessly amusing on the subject. They admitted that Hemingway was yellow, he is, Gertrude Stein insisted, just like the flat-boat men on the Mississippi river as described by Mark Twain. But what a book, they both agreed, would be the real story of Hemingway. . . . And then they both agreed that they have a weakness for Hemingway because he is such a good pupil. He is a rotten pupil, I protested. You don't understand, they both said, it is so flattering to have a pupil who does it without understanding it, in other words he takes training and anybody who takes training is a favourite pupil. They both admit it to be a weakness. . . . And that is Hemingway, he looks like a modern and he smells of the museums. But what a story that of the real Hem, and one he should tell himself but alas he never will. After all, as he himself once murmured, there is the career, the career. . . .

He was also a shadow-boxer, thanks to Sherwood, and he heard about bull-fighting from me. . . . In these days Hemingway was teaching some young chap to box. The boy did not know how, but by accident he knocked Hemingway out. I believe this sometimes happens. At any rate in these days Hemingway although a sportsman was easily tired. He used to get quite worn out walking from his house to ours. But then he had been worn by the war. Even now he is . . . fragile. Whenever he does anything sporting something breaks, his arm, his leg, or his head."

This section of the Autobiography also appeared as "Ernest Hemingway and the Post War Decade" in the Atlantic Monthly, CLII (August 1933), 197-208.

Hemingway's retaliation begins with his remarks in "a. d. in Africa," Esquire, I (April 1934), 19. He carried it further in his Introduction to This Must Be the Place (and reprinted in Hemingway's Paris). He actually refers to "Alice E. Toklas" in his article, "The Farm," Cahiers D'Art, IX (1934), 28; and indulge's in his hurt feelings over being called "yellow" in Green Hills of Africa (New York, 1935), pp. 65-66. Even the posthumous AMF, pp. 11-31, 117-119, devotes three sketches to his relationship with Gertrude Stein.

37 Fitzgerald had written Max Perkins (January 19, 1933): "I was in New York for three days last week on a terrible bat. . . . Ernest told me he concealed from you the fact that I was in such rotten shape. . . .

"Am going on the water-wagon from the first of February to the first of April but don't tell Ernest because he has long convinced himself that I am an incurable alcoholic due to the fact that we almost always meet at parties. I am his alcoholic just like Ring is mine and do not want to disillusion him. . . . I thought he seemed in good shape, Bunny [Edmund Wilson] less so, rather gloomy. A decision to adopt Communism definitely, no matter how good for the soul, must of necessity be a saddening process for anyone who has ever tasted the intellectual pleasures of the world we live in."

(Letters of F. S. Fitzgerald, pp. 229-230.)
And in a letter to Edmund Wilson (March 1933), Fitzgerald states: "I came to New York to get drunk and swinish and I shouldn't have looked up you and Ernest in such a humor of impotent desperation. I assume full responsibility for all unpleasantness—with Ernest I seem to have reached a state where when we drink together I half bait, half truckle to him" (Ibid., p. 345).

As to Evan Shipman, Stearns in The Street I Know, p. 399, gives some information. Shipman came back to New York in August 1933. He had been "South in Florida with Hemingway when word reached him of his father's illness in Paris, and Evan had sailed directly from Havana. After his father's death abroad, he had not wanted to remain long in France, but had come home."

38 See Nathaniel S. Fleischer, Heavyweight Championship (New York, 1949), pp. 171, 274, who states that the Dempsey-Carpentier fight was a grossly mismatched affair. Dempsey, who weighed 188, knocked out Carpentier, who weighed 172 pounds, in four rounds in Jersey City, July 2, 1921.

39 Hemingway does not refer to the famous Ledoux-Criqui fight. But his assessment of Criqui's ability is in accord with that of Francois Terbeen, Les Géants de La Boxe (Paris, 1962), p. 220, who says: "One scarcely had time to see Ledoux with his guard up and Criqui right up on his toes; in a split second, Ledoux charged so furiously that Criqui was knocked over, thrown off balance and rolled on the ground. Furiously, he got up right away, but Ledoux attacked him again. . . . Stepping away, Criqui broke the "infighting" and regained his distance. Ledoux then charged like a ram but left himself wide open. This was his defeat. Criqui's right hook whiplashed his chin. Charles rolled over on the ground, but made the mistake of getting up while the referee was counting four, too dazed to avoid the next right hook, straight and exact, which laid him out for the count. Ledoux, who had never been knocked out before, had just been mowed down without warning. It is too bad that a fighter as gifted as Ledoux wanted to impose a force tactic on Criqui since he was a better boxer than Criqui and hit as hard as Criqui did. For Ledoux was a really fine champion: in 1913 in the United States twice he faced Kid Williams, who held the bantamweight title of the world, and wasn't beaten—except by the judges." (Trans. by Sister Maria Regina, O. P.)

40 Whether Hemingway had ever seen Charley White is debatable. As A. J. Liebling states: "A newspaper gives the reader the impression of being closer to life than a book, and he is likely to confuse what he has read in it with actual experiences he has not had.

"'You should have seen Charlie White,' a middle-aged bore may say to me in a bar. 'He had a left hook.'

'I too know White had a left hook, because I read about it so often, but it is no more or less likely that the fellow talking saw him than that I saw Ty Cobb, about whose base-running I talk with the same knowing ease." See "Professor Kills Santa Claus," The Wayward Pressman (New York, 1947), p. 19.
In Harvey Breit's "Talk with Mr. Hemingway," New York Times Book Review, September 17, 1950, p. 14, Hemingway seems to be repudiating any earlier statements of his which suggested he had seen Charley White fight: "If you fight a great left-hoocker, sooner or later he will knock you on your deletion. He will get the left out where you can't see it, and in it comes like a brick. Life is the greatest left-hoocker so far, although many say it was Charley White of Chicago."

Alexander Johnston, Ten - And Out! (New York, 1947), p. 361, relates that Kilbane's reign came to an end in New York City on June 2, 1923. His conqueror was Eugene Criqui, a Frenchman and an ex-soldier who had served through the entire war.

Ibid., p. 362. Johnston goes on to say: "Whenever some loud-mouthed boor bellows something about 'American fair play,' comparing it with the treatment our boxers receive abroad, I like to ask him if he attended the Dundee fight [July 26, 1923]. If he did, the question usually silences him."

43 According to Johnston, p. 363, "Andre Routis of France took the title from Cansoneri on a fifteen-round decision in New York."

44 "Johnston, p. 363, states that "Battalino beat Routis in ten rounds on September 23, 1929, in Hartford."

45 Terbeen, pp. 233-244, gives some pertinent comments on the Kid Francis-Al Brown fight at Marsailles on July 10, 1932. "Kid Francis after a tour in the USA had become the equal of the great American fighters. . . . The match was fierce . . . equal, interesting because the two men were in great shape. The Frenchman fought wholeheartedly charging from in front, and even taking the advantage in the last two rounds. But his movement, his closed guard and superb body blows did not succeed in putting out of order the beautiful boxing machine that was Al Brown. . . .

"Kid Francis (alias Francis Bonaugure) thus just missed but was very near the title of world champion but he remained the best bantam-weight of Europe as his record testifies with 76 victories over the best known fighters of his epoch, and only 6 defeats, two of which before Al Brown (1928, NY; 1932, Marsaille) and one before Fidel LaBarba (1931, NY) but again, one must state exactly that he had captured the best in points from the same Fidel LaBarba two years earlier at Vel'd'hiv in Paris. The American student and the scientific Marsalleries had enchanted the 'purists' by their vivacity, versatility and perfect knowledge of a noble art." (Trans. by Sister Maria Regina, O. P.)

46 According to Terbeen, p. 243, Pladner's principal victories as a flyweight occurred between 1926 and 1929. "He knew how to hit Frankie Genaro with such rapidity and precision that he created one of the most beautiful 'moods' of the great minutes of the sport."
Hemingway, *A Moveable Feast*, p. 211.

In 1950, Hemingway wrote to a friend: "If you are lucky enough to have lived in Paris as a young man, then wherever you go for the rest of your life, it stays with you, for Paris is a moveable feast." See the title page of *A Moveable Feast*.

As an indication of Hemingway's fondness for certain phrases and expressions, see *Across the River and Into the Trees* (New York, 1950), p. 273, for another use and regularized spelling of the term "movable feast." Colonel Cantwell says to Renata: "'Next Saturday is a movable[sic] feast, daughter. Find me a man who can tell me about next Saturday.'

"'I'll ask the Gran Maestro, maybe he knows. Gran Maestro when will next Saturday come?'

"'A Pêques ou à la Trinité,' the Gran Maestro said."

The Gran Maestro's comment ties in with the terminology used in the Catholic Church. Easter, Pentecost, and Trinity Sunday are "movable feasts" in the liturgical calendar. The term "movable feast" may be found in the index of most Catholic missals.

Even in *GHOA*, p. 191, which seems to have picked up many of the opinions Hemingway expressed in his *Esquire* letters, there is this same attitude toward Paris. Pop asks Hemingway:

"'Been in France lately?'

"'Didn't like it. Gloomy as hell!'"
CHAPTER III

THE AFRICAN SAFARI

"I knew a good country when I saw one. Here there was game, plenty of birds, and I liked the natives."

--Hemingway, Green Hills of Africa

I. "a. d. in Africa"

Written from Nairobi, Africa, on January 18, 1934, the first of Hemingway’s three African letters, "a. d. in Africa," sub-titled 'A Tanganyika Letter,' is evidently the work of a sick man in spite of the insipid humor and sickly exhibitionism in the opening paragraph.

To write this sort of thing you need a typewriter. To describe, to narrate, to make funny cracks you need a typewriter. To fake along, to stall, to make light reading, to write a good piece, you need luck, two or more drinks and a typewriter. Gentlemen, there is no typewriter.2

Hemingway immediately informs his audience that he has been flown to a hospital four hundred miles from his hunting party because he is suffering from amoebic dysentery and is "in bed, fully injected, with emetine" (p. 19). Ostensibly unable to joke, fake, or stall, Hemingway flings his venom at Gertrude Stein, and, in so doing, he goes far beyond the limits of propriety and good taste.

Leaning against a tree two days ago shooting flighting sand-grouse as they came into a water hole near camp after ten days of what Dr. Anderson says was a. d. all the time, I became convinced that though an unbeliever I had been chosen
as the one to bear our Lord Buddha when he should be born again on earth. While flattered at this, and wondering how much Buddha at that age would resemble Gertrude Stein, I found the imminence of the event made it difficult to take high incoming birds and finally compromised by reclining against the tree and only accepting crossing shots. This, the coming-of-Buddha symptom, Dr. Anderson\(^3\) describes as prolapsus.

His vulgarity released, Hemingway is more cheerful as he feels the "good effects of emetine within six hours and the remedy, continued, kills the amoeba the way quinine kills the malarial parasite" (p. 19).\(^4\)

Then, without a typewriter, he describes the African highland country, "brown land like Wyoming and Montana but with greater roll and distance." The upland bush country looks "like an abandoned New England orchard until you top a hill and see the orchard runs on for fifty miles. Nothing that I have read has given any idea of the beauty of the country or the still remaining quantity of game" (p. 19).

He next records (stalls, fakes, or makes light reading) the animals his party has already sighted on the Serengetti: lions, vultures, jackals, hyenas; in seventeen days they shot four of eighty-four lions, and shot thirty-five hyenas. Had he the ammunition he would gladly kill a hundred of the latter. (Hemingway's hatred for hyenas is persistent; in this Esquire letter he describes "hyenas going off in that drag belly obscene gallop" (p. 19); in Green Hills of Africa, he further catalogues their detestable characteristics and repeats the description just given;\(^5\) in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," Harry experiences fear and revulsion whenever the hyena comes near the camp.\(^6\) Furthermore, the Hemingway party has thus far bagged good heads of "Eland, Waterbuck, Grant Roberts! and other gazelles," antelope, leopard, impalla \([sic]\), and cheetah, the last,
"much too nice an animal to shoot" (p. 146). (By contrast, Francis Macomber shoots an impala "very creditably" after his failure to kill a lion.)

Stretched out in Esquire's page lay-out with an illustration and with one of Hemingway's photographs of a black-maned lion, "a. d. in Africa," one of Hemingway's shortest (approximately 800 words) letters, amounts to little more than satisfying his Esquire contract. Limited value lies in checking phrases of this letter against longer, more developed sections of Green Hills of Africa, "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" (1936), and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" (1936), but this first African piece is marred by his rancor toward Gertrude Stein. On the whole, the first Tanganyika letter is the weakest, most insignificant of his Esquire letters, notwithstanding the fact that his introductory paragraph functions, more or less, as an apologia for the entire letter.

II. "Shootism versus Sport"

'The Second Tanganyika Letter,' "Shootism versus Sport" (June, 1934), is a decided improvement over "a. d. in Africa," and is free from the ribaldry which Hemingway so vulgarly showered on Gertrude Stein in his first African letter. The lead sentence, "There are two ways to murder a lion," parallels several of the best opening sentences in certain chapters in our time. (His article, "The Shot," in True magazine (1951), however, reads in large measure like a parody of his style and material in "Shootism versus Sports." In this 1300-word Esquire article, he develops the word murder. Shooting lion from a car,
or at night with a flashlight from a blind is a violation of the hunting code in the same way that dynamiting trout or harpooning swordfish is. From the beginning of his writing career, Hemingway consistently condemned code violators, and again he grinds his ax: "Tourists who shoot in Africa are called shootists to distinguish them from sportsmen... Yet many men who go to Africa and return to think of themselves as sportsmen and big game hunters, have killed lions from motor cars or from blinds."

But cars are a necessity for hunting lion on the Serengetti plain because of the great distance between water holes. Besides the car means nothing to a lion. "If anything, since the practice of shooting a zebra and dragging it on a rope behind the motor car as a bait for lion in order to take photographs, the motor car may seem a friendly object" (p. 19). But Hemingway emphatically reiterates that it is illegal to shoot from the car and that it is "a cowardly way to assassinate one of the finest of all game animals." Following these strictures, his next sentence is perceptibly out of place. "But supposing, unexpectedly, as you are crossing the country, you see a lion and a lioness say a hundred yards from the car." This certainly seems slightly incongruous with the general format of ethics Hemingway is harping on, but perhaps explains why it is the white hunter who decides (in the first bit of sustained dialogue in his Esquire pieces): "I believe I'd take him. We might beat him but he's a damned fine lion" (p. 19).

Hemingway describes the protocol he and his white hunter observe in climbing out of the car: "You step out of the car from beside the driver on the side away from the lion, and the white hunter gets out on
the same side from the seat behind you" (19). (Wilson and Macomber are just as conscious of this protocol.) He has a "very different feeling" about lions as the car drives away; his fictional creation Macomber is so distraught under similar circumstances he forgets to take the safety off, thus spoiling his shot. Hemingway's shot in the lion's neck is a fatal one; the lioness goes off; the car returns; one of the gunbearers throws a stone at the lion to be sure he's dead. Looking at the lion, Hemingway regrets the camel flies and admits it was a lucky shot. "You say nothing about having squeezed off from his shoulder, and then, suddenly, a strain is over and people are shaking your hand. . . . He is a fine hide and all that but he was a damned wonderful looking animal when he was alive" (p. 150). Macomber's incompetent performance has more disastrous consequences.

The Esquire piece literally cuts short any emotional reaction: in a detached, matter-of-fact tone, Hemingway states tersely what a hunter must do if his shot should only wound the lion. This instructive paragraph is skillfully developed in "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" as Wilson carefully explains to Francis how they will go in after the lion. The detailed conversation between Wilson and Macomber discloses the thoroughness with which Hemingway blocked off his fictional techniques from his journalistic methods, when the subject was common to both. "Shootism versus Sport" ends on a repetitious, sermonizing note: Lion shooting "will be exactly as dangerous as you choose to make it. . . . You are out to kill a lion, on foot and cleanly, not to be mauled. But you will be more of a sportsman to come back from Africa without a lion than to shoot one from the protection of a motor car, or from a blind
at night when the lion is blinded by a light and cannot see his assailant" (p. 150).

Sections of this letter concerned with certain habits of the lion resemble superficially sections of "Marlin Off the Morro" on the habits of marlin, but the fishing piece owes much of its technical proficiency to the lengthy intervals of time which Hemingway has spent big game fishing. The hunting piece lacks the sure, familiar touch and substitutes a faintly pontificating one which renders it inferior by comparison, although there is no great loss of technical simplicity. Of course, much of Hemingway's skill inheres in his ability to reduce highly complex material into seemingly simple components. Too, he never devoted the time to big game hunting which he did to deep sea fishing; and, possibly, he may be deliberately underplaying his African experiences with an eye toward a fictional work. A few highly restricted glimpses of the skillful competence of his white hunter seep through the lion shooting scene in "Shootism versus Sport"; but, if he is attacking certain unnamed, but identifiable, wealthy tourists in "Macomber," Hemingway keeps at a safely objective distance in his remarks, to abort any real-life identification of the fictionally pampered Macomers. In his third Tanganyika letter, Hemingway again presents his highly proficient white hunters; their journalistic depictions may presage their fictional counterpart, Robert Wilson.
III. "Notes on Dangerous Game"

"Notes on Dangerous Game," sub-titled 'The Third Tanganyika Letter' (July 1934), foreshadows much of the ethical problem "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" is structured on. The first two paragraphs of the 1900-word Esquire letter determine the ethical implications:

In the ethics of shooting dangerous game is the premise that the trouble you shoot yourself into you must be prepared to shoot yourself out of. Since a man making his first African shoot will have a white hunter, as a non-native guide is called, to counsel him and aid him when he is after dangerous animals, and since the white hunter has the responsibility of protecting him no matter what trouble he gets into, the shooter should do exactly what the white hunter tells him to do.

If you make a fool of yourself all that you get is mauled but the white hunter who has a client wounded or killed loses, or seriously impairs, his livelihood. So when the white hunter begins to trust you and let you take chances, that is a mark of confidence and you should not abuse it. For any good man would rather take chances any day with his life than his livelihood and that is the main point about professionals that amateurs seem never to appreciate.17

The first of these paragraphs outlines the Macomber-Wilson relationship in toto; the second sets the stage for Macomber's fiasco, and intimates the problem which will face Wilson after Macomber's death. This second paragraph curiously juxtaposes Wilson's attitude toward his clients (he had hunted with some rare ones in his time and "their standards were his standards as long as they were hiring him. They were his standards in all except the shooting"18) with that of Philip Percival (in light of Hemingway's analysis given above).

On a larger scale, these paragraphs which talk of ethics, of professionals, of good men, of livelihood, bring to mind several of Hemingway's most eminent themes; for the moment he is unequivocal in expounding the standards of behavior so many of his characters are
measured against. In his *Esquire* piece, the white hunters, Philip Percival and Baron von Blixen,¹⁹ are pitted against the code and are praised unreservedly by the admiring writer. "They do not get mauled and ... their clients get record heads, record tusks and super lions year after year. They simply happen to be super hunters and super shots." Unless we have been alerted by Hemingway's comment on the professionals and the amateurs, the following sentence, the first of several parenthetical asides in the course of the letter, catches us off guard.

"(There are too many supers in these last two sentences. Rewrite them yourselves lads and see how easy it is to do better than Papa. Thank you. Exhilarating feeling, isn't it?)" (p. 19). Apparently, Hemingway is quite cognizant of his imitators and of his critics, as the next few paragraphs of his *Esquire* letter illustrate. Returning to his white hunters, Hemingway analyzes their talents in a splashy display of mock-heroic style, using but one complex sentence to exhibit his own skill with polysyllabic vocabulary and with literary devices: "Both mask their phenomenal skill under a pose of nervous incapacity which serves as an effective insulation and cover for their truly great pride in the reserve of deadliness that they live by" (p. 19).

The purpose of this sentence is both to stress the hunters' talents and the writer's talents, and to challenge his critics—if the next aside has been accurately interpreted: "(All right now, better that one. Getting harder, what? Not too hard you say? Good. Perhaps you're right)" (p. 19). The double-edge is self-evident: Either his imitators and his critics cannot juxtapose incongruities or create startling images
as artistically as he; or Hemingway himself finds this type of writing easier to grind out and yet ultimately far less effective.

He proceeds to quote Hix, using the white hunter's English speech mannerisms to heighten the effect. Excusing himself to an unwary client for "stopping a charging rhino at ten yards," Hix quips, "I could not let him come forever, what?" As though ridiculing writers who are aping his singularly effective re-creation of dialogue, Hemingway reproves their foolishness in the third aside:

(You see, this is where Papa scores. Just as you learn to better one of those awful sentences, with too many supers or too many verys in it and you think he's gone wa-wa on you, you will find that it is the thing he is writing about that is interesting. Not the way it's written. Any of you lads can go out there and write twice as good a piece, what?)

Ostensibly Hemingway also derides critical opinion which pretends to have arrived at the final word on Hemingway stylistics instead of investigating what he is writing about. But the title---"Notes on Dangerous Game"---cannot be underestimated; notes, which include a series of asides by an extremely crafty technician who is unusually well-informed about what most of his critics are saying, and one who is very much aware that his school of imitators have uniformly failed to reproduce "the way it's written"--a failure they cannot perceive in their futile attempts to imitate "the thing he is writing about."20

Instead of re-creating Philip's speech mannerisms too, Hemingway keenly scrutinises his professional abilities: "I have seen him, careful, cautious, as wary about procedure as Saleri, Marcial Lalanda, or any of the old masters of chance controlling, light up like a schoolboy at the approach of vacation, when all the safe and sane methods were finally exhausted or rendered impractical and there was no choice but to
go in after him as he went in after them in the old days before it was a matter of the safety of the client" (pp. 19, 94).

The next brusque aside implies that Hemingway may be referring to an experience in which Philip's integrity had been compromised; at the same time, Hemingway's irritation with his own way of earning his living manifests itself:

(Excuse me, Mr. P. You see I do this for a living. We all have to do a lot of things for a living. But we're still drinking their whiskey, aren't we?) (p. 94).

"Drinking their whiskey" is defined early in "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" when Robert Wilson muses to himself: "Drinking their whisky. That was the phrase for it when a safari went bad. You ran into another white hunter and you asked, 'How is everything going?' and he answered, 'Oh, I'm still drinking their whisky,' and you knew everything had gone to pot."21 Thus, in "Notes on Dangerous Game," Hemingway's open-ended aside affords several interpretations.

Is this a fleeting spasm of regret on Hemingway's part because he is prostituting his talents by writing for Esquire "for a living"? Is this aside, in context with what he just said about Philip, to mean that the Hemingway safari itself had in some way "gone to pot"?22 Is Hemingway inwardly conceding that, "for a living," he has projected a public image of himself as all-round sportsman--big game fisherman, big game hunter, bullfight aficionado, boxing expert--to enhance his own prestige, and through his articles in "The Magazine for Men," to augment his legendary stature? A grain of truth resides in all these assumptions.

Whatever the fundamental meaning, the narrative shifts in mood and tone when Hemingway speaks of people who usually make the African
shoot only once with the purpose of establishing a reputation as big game hunters, who "have shot dangerous game." The amateur client may rate his own marksmanship by the number of times the professional white hunter had to shoot. The next lengthy aside directed to Philip on how often he shot and what his motives for shooting were is ambivalent. Is Hemingway being conceited about his own prowess in recording that Philip shot only twice? Is his analysis of Philip's motive for shooting the buffalo an exhibition of how well Hemingway has learned the rudiments of big game shooting; or is he analogously exposing the absurdity of impugning motives to writers by his own attempts as an amateur hunter to justify the actions of the professional hunter?

In a more detached tone, the text resumes with a detailed summation of Philip's reasons for ranking leopard more dangerous than lion. The swift pace of the narrative effectively captures the speed of the animal; but Hemingway's sixth aside interrupts with a premeditated casualness which only faintly hints of Philip's deeper reactions.

(Mr. P. took the top of the head off one once with a load of number sevens and the leopard came right on by and on for fifteen yards. Didn't know he was dead it seems. Tripped on a blade of grass or something finally.) (p. 94).

This section of the letter may represent an intended display of experimentation with content and form, an experiment designed to throw his unsuspecting imitators further off the scent.

Turning to his own slight experience with buffalo, the killing of four of them, Hemingway finds little of the peril which hunting lion and leopard entails. Buffalo, in comparison with the Spanish fighting bull, are so slow that he sees no reason why a man cannot blow the front of a
buffalo's head in if he let the buffalo "get close and shot carefully with a heavy enough rifle" (p. 94). Macomber's last heroic moments reflect somewhat similar conditions. Hemingway's repeated endeavors in "Notes on Dangerous Game" to talk down the dangers involved in killing buffalo may indicate that the germ of his short story is actively clamoring for the artist's attention. Hence, his next aside terminates his long-winded instructions for hunting buffalo:

(There won't be any more asides you will be glad to hear. Am going to write Mr. P. a letter instead. The asides were put in when I read this over on the boat. Got to missing him) (p. 94).

On the subject of rhino, Hemingway's experience is limited, but he readily relates his impressions. The rhino is very fast and has "atrovably bad eyesight. . . . But fundamentally, to me, he seems a dangerous practical joke let loose by nature" (p. 94). Not having shot elephant, he remains silent, but he hopes to return to Kenya for six months "to try to get a really good one" and to correct the impressions of his first African trip.

Still, he cannot resist a last, short-anecdote aside to wind up his notes. One evening after fishing at Mombasa, Hemingway, Philip, and Alfred Vanderbilt are talking about the Esquire letters. Hemingway recalls that he suggested "Alfred write one about hunting elephant with Blix before he started to write on racing." Hemingway himself is going to write "on rhino and buffalo, etc." During this repartee, Philip has little to say. The following day the fishing party runs into a school of large dolphin; no matter how inexperienced a deep sea fisherman Philip is, there is always a dolphin on his line.
"How do you like it, Pop?" I asked him.

"God," he said, "I haven't had so much fun since the day you shot the buffalo." Then, a little later, "I'm going to write an article on it for Esquire. Call it Dolphin Fishing by One Who Knows." (p. 94).

This humorous touch undercuts much of what Hemingway has already written; how much he means it to is, of course, debatable. Philip, the self-acknowledged greenhorn at deep sea fishing, enjoys himself completely.

Obviously both can see the comedy involved in their respective learning processes, and Hemingway humorously objectifies his stance as the "experienced big game hunter" to expose his own inadequacies. He objectifies this one step further by hinting that his spoof on the Esquire readers is being revealed to them by a genuinely qualified professional hunter. Thus, his asides in this last Tanganyika letter are yoked together as a series of double-edged comments in which the professional cuts the amateur down to size. Hemingway's observations on dangerous game have a not-yet-familiar-enough ring, which doubly re-inforces the parenthetical comments he indulges in with such seeming nonchalance.

In Green Hills of Africa, he employs this parenthetical device once within the second half of an unusually long (for Hemingway) paragraph, but the material is more closely allied with that in several sections of A Moveable Feast rather than with the content of "Notes on Dangerous Game." Moreover, the jocular tone which characterizes several of the asides in the Esquire piece is non-existent in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," his one other Esquire contribution which employs this device at length; here, instead, the extended asides are grave, introspective, comprehensive, conscience-pricking scenes played out in the
mind of the dying writer, scenes which re-capture the past the artist failed to re-create.27

IV. Between Africa and Key West

On his return to the United States April 3, 1934, after almost eight months abroad, Hemingway "was in such high spirits that he granted an interview, something unusual for him." The bullfight was now too formalized, Hemingway maintained; consequently, his interest reverted to hunting. As he intimated in "Notes on Dangerous Game," Hemingway planned "to work like hell and make enough money so that I can go back to Africa and really learn something about lions."28 The New York Times quoted his comments on lions, comments expressed in the Esquire letters. The lion "does not want to fight, but sometimes man makes him, and then it is up to the man to shoot his way out of what he has got himself into."29 The reporter for the New York Herald Tribune quoted Hemingway more extensively:

"It's hard to describe just what there is to killing big game. . . . It's very exciting and - uh - it gives you a fine feeling. It's the sort of the same thing as any killing; that is, it's fine if you do a clean job of it and it's lousy if there's bad sportsmanship."

Hemingway further claimed he could not kill animals which he had trailed for photographs:

It's something like writing the truth about people on an island. . . . You can do one book on the subject but after a while you get to know and like almost everybody, then you're through as far as writing about them is concerned.

Hemingway saw ninety-six lions and he obtained photographs of twenty-nine lionesses "preening themselves like a group of finishing school girls."

(This simile is repeated later in a Spanish Civil War dispatch in which
he berates Loyalist troops for failing to hold positions which "girls of any good finishing school" could defend.)

His statements on the killing instincts of African game are noteworthy in light of what he already said in his Esquire letters; in one case, his observations may furnish a clue to the climax of "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber." Speaking of the Cape buffalo, Hemingway admits they can take a great deal of punishment but are very dumb. They may be treacherous when wounded, "according to Mr. Hemingway, who told how one of these beasts was wounded and lost itself in the bushes, only to charge on the Hemingway party. The author shot it at a distance of fifteen yards."

Hemingway informed newsmen he had some excellent photographs of lion making the kill but would not publish them until he has spent another year or so in Africa. He believes that "much time will be required to learn 'anything worth writing about.'" The tapered-off ending of the Herald Tribune interview is a masterful stroke of understatement: "As for authors, he discussed several writers at length, but strictly off the record."30 Eighteen months later, Green Hills of Africa sufficiently develops this tantalizing comment and illustrates that the necessity to spend more time in Africa before writing anything "worth writing about" had long since been put aside.

In New York, Hemingway eschewed the literary columnists and spent a few days with Robert Benchley. Benchley writes: "More to interrupt his lion-hunting story than anything else, I brought out my copy of In Our Time [sic] and suggested that, in memory of happy days around the Anise Deloso bowl at the Closerie des Lilas, it might be the handsome
thing for him to inscribe a few pally sentiments on the fly-leaf. Not, as I took pains to explain to him, that I was a particular admirer of his work, so much as that I wanted to see if he really knew how to spell." Benchley discloses that Hemingway autographed *In Our Time*, filled in all the publisher's blanks in *A Farewell to Arms*, and then wrote on the fly-leaf: "To R. (G.) B [sic] from E.(-). R. Corrected edition. Filled-in blanks. Very valuable. Sell quick." Benchley's humorous account, "Why Does Nobody Collect Me?" inadvertently betrays Hemingway's familiarity with the book-collecting game.

His return to Key West in early April marked the beginning of an extended period of big game fishing. Hemingway counted the days until his own cruiser, the *Pilar*, arrived from the Wheeler Shipyard in New York. With the *Pilar* came the independence and the increased financial burdens most boat owners experience. From 1927 on, the interest in big game fishing as a sport, a science, and a contest had increased tremendously in the United States and Hemingway's interest had grown commensurably once he settled permanently in Key West in 1931. "Marlin Off the Morro," his first *Esquire* letter, was a carefully prepared and documented account of his fishing activities, and, if some of his readers objected, there were many sincerely dedicated anglers who appreciated the knowledge he shared with them. *Esquire*, a man's magazine, would be the most logical place to continue further reports-in-progress concerning his own fishing experiences, particularly because *Esquire* classified his copy under the "Articles" section in the magazine.
Although Key West is an outlying point from Chicago (where the Esquire office is located), Hemingway's copy will still reach there in better time than his manuscripts from Europe and Africa had. After August 1934, consequently, many articles indicate he prepared his material approximately four to five weeks before Esquire went on sale, if we judge from the internal evidence of the letters themselves. In many cases, Hemingway effectively utilized the extended deadline he was working under to convey some sense of immediacy and of timeliness in his letters.

His intention to "write a novel with lion and buffalo hunting as the framework" took a slightly different direction in the "period of intensive writing"—the period from April 1934 until December 1936 when Hemingway covered the Spanish Civil War as a special correspondent. No novel of such a nature has yet appeared; one short story, "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" depends on this framework; and two fables dealing with a lion and a faithful bull appeared in Holiday magazine in 1951. Barring three lapses, his Esquire contributions appeared regularly from August 1934 through August 1936. Green Hills of Africa is Hemingway's attempt "to write an absolutely true book to see whether the shape of a country and the pattern of a month's action can, if truly presented, compete with a work of the imagination"; Green Hills of Africa is also his method to expand the African material in his Esquire letters to book-length proportions. The few short stories published during his years with Esquire are fictionalized narratives which incorporate fishing, hunting, or bullfighting. In his Esquire letters written after the African safari, there is a growing concern with technical experiments and a certain diversity of subject matter; in addition,
Hemingway betrays an increasing sense of animosity toward his critics. Several leading syndicated columnists, such as Heywood Broun and Westbrook Pegler, are targets of his displeasure; occasionally he flings a literary brickbat at William Saroyan, Alexander Woollcott, and even Ring Lardner and F. Scott Fitzgerald, to say nothing of the caustic tongue-lashings to "The Sound and the Fury" writers who debunk his Esquire letters. Nevertheless, it must be kept in mind that Hemingway's sardonic responses are, in many instances, his answers to what others incite.

In spite of the bluff, the bluster, and the bravado which Hemingway seems preponderantly endowed with, he is, in reality, hypersensitive to any form of adverse criticism, be it of Hemingway the artist, the man, or the legend. A poignantly retrospective passage in Green Hills of Africa betrays, to a certain extent, the effects of the derogatory assessments of both his artistic endeavors and his personal avocations:

If you serve time for society, democracy, and the other things quite young, and declining any further enlistment make yourself responsible only to yourself, you exchange the pleasant, comforting stench of comrades for something you can never feel in any other way than by yourself. That something I cannot yet define completely but the feeling comes when you write well and truly of something and know impersonally you have written in that way and those who are paid to read it and report on it do not like the subject so they say it is all a fake, yet you know its value absolutely; or when you do something which people do not consider a serious occupation and yet you know, truly, that it is as important and has always been as important as all the things that are in fashion, and when, on the sea, you are alone with it and know that this Gulf Stream you are living with, knowing, learning about, and loving, has moved, as it moves, since, before man, and that it has gone by the shoreline of that long, beautiful, unhappy island since before Columbus sighted it and that the things you find out about it, and those that have always lived in it are permanent and of value because that stream will flow, as it has flowed, after the Indians, after the Spaniards, after the British, after the Americans and after all the Cubans and all the systems of governments, the richness, the poverty, the
martyrdom, the sacrifice and the venality and the cruelty are all gone as the high-piled scow of garbage, bright-colored, white-flecked, ill-smelling, now tilted on its side, spills off its load into the blue water, turning it a pale green to a depth of four or five fathoms as the load spreads across the surface, the sinkable part going down and the flotsam of palm fronds, corks, bottles, and used electric light globes, seasoned with an occasional condom or a deep floating corset, the torn leaves of a student's exercise book, a well-inflated dog, the occasional rat, the no-longer-distinguished cat; all this well shepherded by the boats of the garbage pickers who pluck their prizes with long poles, as interested, as intelligent, and as accurate as historians; they have the viewpoint; the stream, with no visible flow, takes five loads of this a day when things are going well in La Habana and in ten miles along the coast it is as clear and blue and unimpressed as it was ever before the tug hauled out the scow; and the palm fronds of our victories, the worn light bulbs of our discoveries and the empty condoms of our great loves float with no significance against one single, lasting thing—the stream.
Footnotes to Chapter III

1GHOA, p. 285.

2Ernest Hemingway, "a. d. in Africa," 'A Tanganyika Letter," Esquire, I (April 1934), 19. All subsequent references to this article will be made in the text.

3Dr. Anderson is named by Martin Johnson in Safari (New York, 1928), p. 241, as the doctor in Nairobi who treated Mrs. Johnson during one of the Johnsons' African expeditions.

4Hemingway's remarks on amoebic dysentery did not go unnoticed by his Esquire readers. In "The Sound and the Fury," Esquire, II (June 1934), 166, Dr. Charles E. M. Fischer of Chicago challenges his statements. "I consider 'a. d. in Africa' so pernicious in its possible influence that I am urged to write you the following comment.

"Your author states 'According to Dr. Anderson the difficulty about a. d. is to diagnose it'—and while such statement may apply to the 'carriers' of the infection, our modern methods of investigation are fairly certain to reveal the disease, when such is present and the examination is made by one who really knows how.

"Further along, your author states that 'Anyway, no matter how you get it, it is very easily cured'—which is by no means true.

"In fact, some of our leading investigators of this disease have declared that 'once infected, always infected'—and while this may not be 100% so, it is true to a greater extent than those unfamiliar with the condition seem to appreciate.

"As to the 'emetine' which 'killed the amoeba the way quinine kills the malarial parasite'—this, also, is only sometimes true.

"However, were emetine so infallible as your author indicates you may be sure there would not be the half-dozen or so additional remedies, each of them with some virtue, produced by the different pharmaceutical manufacturers in the onslaught against the entamoeba histolytica—the pathogenic amoeba, responsible for this disease."

Hemingway never pretended to have shaken off this infection. He refers to its debilitating effects in GHOA, pp. 55, 134; and again in his May 1935 Esquire article, "a. d. Southern Style."

Perhaps Hemingway is answering Dr. Fischer's letter indirectly in one of his concluding statements in GHOA, pp. 283-284. "All I wanted was to live in it [Africa] and hunt. Already I had had one of the diseases and had experienced the necessity of washing a three-inch bit of my large intestine with soap and water and tucking it back where it belonged an unnumbered amount of times a day. There were remedies which cured this and it was well worth going through for what I had seen and where I had been. Besides I caught that on the dirty boat out from Marseilles. P.O.M. hadn't been ill a day. Neither had Earl. I loved this country and I felt at home and where a man feels at home, outside of where he's born, is where he's meant to go. Then, in my grandfather's time, Michigan was a malaria ridden state. They called it fever and ague. And in
Tortugas, where I'd spent months, a thousand men once died of yellow fever. New continents and islands try to frighten you with disease as a snake hisses. The snake may be poisonous too. You kill them off. Hell, what I had a month ago would have killed me in the old days before they invented the remedies. Maybe it would and maybe I would have gotten well."

5In GHOA, pp. 37-38, Hemingway writes: "Highly humorous was the hyena obscenely loping, full belly dragging, at daylight on the plain, who, shot from the stern, skittered on into speed to tumble end over end...

"Fisi, the hyena, hermaphroditic, self-eating devourer of the dead, trailer of calving cows, ham-stringer, potential biter-off of your face at night while you slept, sad yowler, camp-follower, stinking, foul, with jaws that crack the bones the lion leaves, belly dragging, loping away on the brown plain."

This hatred for hyena is not peculiar to Hemingway. In I Married Adventure (New York, 1940), p. 249, Osa Johnson says much the same: "Both Martin and I developed what amounted to a positive loathing for the hyena, and shot him on sight, without feeling or regret. He is an ugly, sneaking coward and apparently knows it, for he slinks along on his yellow belly with his tail between his legs and with never a show of spirit or clean, honest fight."

6In "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," Esquire, VI (August 1936), 197, Harry confesses his cruelty and meanness and injustice to his wife. "And just then it occurred to him that he was going to die. "It came with a rush; not as a rush of water nor of wind; but of a sudden evil smelling emptiness and the odd thing was that the hyena slipped lightly along the edge of it." All subsequent references to "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" will be taken from its first publication in Esquire.

7Ernest Hemingway, "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," Cosmopolitan, CI (September 1936), 166. "In the orchard bush they found a herd of impala, and leaving the car, they stalked one old ram with long widespread horns and Macomber killed it with a very creditable shot that knocked the buck down at a good two hundred yards and sent the herd off, bounding wildly and leaping over one another's backs in long, leg-drawn-up leaps as unbelievable and as floating as those one makes sometimes in dreams." All subsequent references to "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" will be cited Macomber, and pagination will correspond to that in Cosmopolitan.

8In "A Paris Letter" Hemingway kept his anger in check. As "a. d. in Africa" reveals, he is now fully incensed over her unflattering portrayal of him in the Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas.

Chronologically, Hemingway's first malicious retort occurred in December 1933, in his introduction to This Must Be the Place, pp. 11-12. Two-thirds is pointedly aimed at Gertrude Stein: "Once a woman has opened a salon it is certain that she will write her memoirs. If you go
to the salon you will be in the memoirs; that is, you will be if your name ever becomes known enough so that its use, or abuse, will help the sale of the woman's book. Even if your name means nothing to those strange folk who pay cash for literary reminiscences (I understand they have been banded into clubs or guilds, perhaps for their own protection) you will still have your place in the memoirs if you will devote yourself loyally enough and long enough to serving the cause of the woman and of her salon, and, quite too often, of her art. Such women usually write, but they have been known to practise sculpture and to paint as well. But if you are mentioned only for loyalty to the establishment and for services rendered, you must not expect a very lengthy citation.

"The best way to achieve an at all exhaustive mention (outside of having the salon woman purchase your sculpture, your paintings, your wash drawings, or perhaps your embroidered diapers, if embroidering is your art, while these objects are still very cheap and continue to hold them after they become expensive, so that mention of them would be calculated to increase their value) is to have the woman be fond of you and then get over it. The reasons for the getting over it may be many: you may be no longer so young; you may lose your teeth, your hair, your disposition, your money, your shoes, your shirts may not come back from the laundry; anything in fact. Or you may get very tired of seeing the woman or of hearing her talk. It may be that the getting over it is induced by domestic compulsion, or by the changes of the seasons, or it may be anything you say, but the memoir writer will usually prove that a lady's brain may still be between her thighs, even though those thighs—but let us not make jokes about thighs—and will treat you in her memoirs exactly as any girl around the Dome or the Select would; imputing you this, denying you that, and only withholding the Billingsgate because it would fit illy in the pantheon to her own glory that every self-made legendary woman hopes to erect with her memoirs.

"This is how to achieve a lengthy mention, if you want one. But you must start young. Literary ladies like them young or famous; and not too famous and famous in some other line. Literary salon women do not like Mr. James Joyce, for instance. They would be happier if there had not been any Mr. James Joyce. However, if you go to the salon you must expect to be in the memoirs."

Hemingway's next attack on Stein in "The Farm," Cahiers D'Art, p. 28, is more explicit but not so long-winded:

"When I first knew Miro he had very little money and very little to eat and he worked all day everyday for nine months painting a very large and wonderful picture called 'The Farm.' He did not want to sell this picture nor even to have it away from him. No one could look at it and not know it had been painted by a great painter and when you are painting things that must take on trust it is good to have something around that has taken as long to make as it takes a woman to make a child (a woman who isn't a woman can usually write her autobiography in a third of that time) and that shows even fools that you are a great painter in terms that they understand.

"After Miro had painted 'The Farm' and after James Joyce had written Ulysses they had a right to expect people to trust the further
things they did even when the people did not understand them and they have both kept on working very hard.

"If you have painted 'The Farm' or if you have written Ulysses, and then keep on working very hard afterwards, you do not need an Alice B. Toklas."

Again in GHQA, pp. 65-66, Hemingway says to his wife: "'Yes, and he [Percival] doesn't have to read books written by some female he's tried to help get published saying how he's yellow.'

"'She's just jealous and malicious. You never should have helped her. Some people never forgive that.'

"'It's a damned shame, though, with all that talent gone to malice and nonsense and self-praise. It's a god-damned shame, really. It's a shame you never knew her before she went to pot. You know a funny thing: she never could write dialogue. It was terrible. She learned how to do it from my stuff and used it in that book. She had never written like that before. She never could forgive learning that and she was afraid people would notice it, where she'd learned it, so she had to attack me. It's a funny racket, really. But I swear she was damned nice before she got ambitious. You would have liked her then, really.'

"'Maybe, but I don't think so.'"

The posthumous A Moveable Feast devotes three sketches to the relationship between Miss Stein and Hemingway during the years 1921 through 1926: "Miss Stein Instructs" (pp. 9-21); "Une Génération Perdue" (pp. 23-31); "A Strange Enough Ending" (pp. 115-119). The Autobiography, however, is never mentioned. That the slurs in it always nettled Hemingway is clear from his concluding remark in "A Strange Enough Ending" (p. 119): In the end everyone, or not quite everyone, made friends again in order not to be stuffy or righteous. I did too. But I could never make friends again truly, neither in my heart nor in my head. When you cannot make friends any more in your head is the worst. But it was more complicated than that."

9Ernest Hemingway, "Shootism versus Sport," 'The Second Tanganyika Letter,' Esquire, II (June 1934), 19. All subsequent references to this article will be made in the text.

10 Several of the opening sentences in the chapters of in our time (Paris, 1924) anticipate the lead sentence in this Esquire article. Chapter 3, p. 11, opens: "Minarets stuck up in the rain out of Adrianople across the mud flats." Chapter 16, p. 27, leads off: "Maera lay still, his head on his arms, his face in the sand." Chapter 17, p. 28, starts: "They hanged Sam Cardinella at six o'clock in the morning in the corridor of the county jail."

For a sample of shoddy journalism, read Hemingway's article, "The Shot," True, XXVIII (April 1951), 25-28, which comes very close to parodying "Shootism vs. Sport." For instance: "There are two ways to hunt pronghorn antelope; maybe three is juster." Hemingway still distinguishes between the professionals and the amateurs, but his humor comes very close to mockery.
On the subject of photographing animals, Hemingway may have in mind some of the methods the Martin Johnsons used in Africa. See "Johnsons Off Again for African Movies," New York Times, January 1, 1933, Sec. 2, p. 1, which describes photographic methods the Johnsons, on their fifth African expedition, will use for making movies.

If Hemingway did not meet them when he was hunting or when he was in the hospital in Nairobi, he may have heard about them from the white hunters. Possibly, Hemingway had read Safari, or had seen Simba, their movie on lions.

Another article, "Barrage of Flour Stops Jungle Lion," New York Times, August 10, 1934, p. 10, covers the Johnsons' return to the United States, along with the news that they had brought 160,000 feet of film for another full-length motion picture on African animals.

The only time Hemingway specifically refers to the Johnsons and their work in Africa is in Macomber, p. 169. Macomber is musing over his abysmally unhappy marriage in terms of what certain society columnists have said. "All in all, they were known as a comparatively happily married couple, one of those whose disruption is often rumored but never occurs, and as the society columnist put it they were adding more than a spice of ADVENTURE to their much-envied and ever-enduring ROMANCE by a SAFARI in what was known as DARKEST AFRICA until the MARTIN JOHNSONS lighted it on so many silver screens where they were pursuing OLD SIMBA the lion, the buffalo, TEMBO the elephant, and, as well, collecting specimens for MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY."

Martin Johnson summarized the adventures he and his wife experienced during their 1933-34 African trip in Over African Jungles (New York, 1935) (a year before Cosmopolitan carried Macomber). There is no mention of Hemingway; Johnson does tell of his work for the American Museum of Natural History (p. 93) and of his photographic accomplishments: "Thousands and thousands of feet of film had been developed, and in that collection, we felt sure, was material for the best picture of Africa that we had ever obtained. To cut it, however, to edit it, and to make it ready for 'the silver screen' we must return to America" (p. 240).

In Safari, pp. 248, 288, there are two photographs of Philip Percival: Both captions state he is among the best white hunters in Africa. Percival is the central figure in Hemingway's "Notes on Dangerous Game," Esquire, II (July, 1934), 19, 94; Pop in GHQA is also this same Philip Percival. In GHQA, p. 193, Pop asserts: "Most of the damned Safari books are most awful bloody bores."

In Macomber, p. 167, Wilson's advice to Macomber is similar. Wilson sights a marvelous lion about seventy-five yards from the car: "'Ahead and to the right. Get out and take him. He's a marvelous lion.'"

In Macomber, pp. 167, 169, Hemingway carefully indicates that Wilson has been riding in the back seat with Margot, and that Francis is in the front seat with the driver. After Macomber flees in terror from the wounded lion, he sits in the back seat with his wife, and Wilson moves to the front seat with the driver.
Observe Hemingway's description in *Macomber*, p. 168:

"As Macomber got out of the car, he had not thought how the lion felt. He only knew his hands were shaking and, as he walked away from the car, it was almost impossible for him to make his legs move. They were stiff in the thighs, but he could feel the muscles fluttering. He raised the rifle, sighted on the junction of the lion's head and shoulders and pulled the trigger. Nothing happened, though he pulled until he thought his finger would break. Then he knew he had the safety on, and as he lowered the rifle to move the safety over, he moved another frozen pace forward, and the lion, seeing the silhouette now clear of the silhouette of the car, turned and started off at a trot."

In *Macomber*, p. 168, Francis is jubilant about hitting the lion.

"I hit him," Macomber said. "I hit him twice."

"You gut-shot him, and you hit him somewhere forward," Wilson said without enthusiasm.

"The gunbearers looked very grave. They were silent now."

"You may have killed him," Wilson went on. "We'll have to wait awhile before we go in to find out."

In "Shootism versus Sport," p. 150, the author writes: "If you wound the lion in any but a vital spot he will make for the shelter of the donga and then you will have to go after him. At the start, if you can shoot carefully and accurately and know where to shoot, the odds are ten to one in your favor against anything untoward happening, provided you do not have to take a running shot at first. If you wound the lion and he gets into cover it is even money you will be mauled when you go in after him. A lion can still cover one hundred yards so fast toward you that there is barely time for two aimed shots before he is on you. After he has the first bullet, there is no nervous shock to further wounds, and you have to kill him stone dead or he will keep coming."

In *Macomber*, p. 168, the conversation between the professional hunter and his inexperienced client covers much the same matter, and assumes a sense of personal involvement, as Wilson tells Macomber that he has gut-shot the lion.

"What do we do?" asked Macomber.

"Not much choice," said Wilson. "We can't bring the car over. Bank's too steep. We'll let him stiffen up a bit, and then you and I'll go in and have a look for him."

"Can't we set the grass on fire?" Macomber asked.

"Too green."

"Can't we send beaters?"

Wilson looked at him appraisingly. "Of course we can," he said. "But it's just a touch murderous. You see, we know the lion's wounded. You can drive an unwounded lion—he'll move on ahead of a noise—but a wounded lion's going to charge. You can't see him until you're right on him. He'll make himself perfectly flat in cover you wouldn't think would hide a hare. You can't very well send boys in there to that sort of a show. Somebody's bound to get mauled."

"What about the gunbearers?"
"Oh, they'll go with us. It's their shauri. You see, they signed on for it. They don't look too happy, though, do they?"
"I don't want to go in there," said Macomber. It was out before he knew he'd said it.
"Neither do I," said Wilson very cheerily. "Really no choice, though." Then, as an afterthought, he glanced at Macomber and saw suddenly how he was trembling and the pitiful look on his face. "You don't have to go in, of course," he said. 'That's what I'm hired for, you know. That's why I'm so expensive.'
"You mean you'd go in there by yourself? Why not leave him there?"

Robert Wilson, whose entire occupation had been with the lion and the problem he presented, and who had not been thinking about Macomber except to note that he was rather windy, suddenly felt as though he had opened the wrong door in a hotel and seen something shameful.
"What do you mean?"
"Why not just leave him?"
"You mean, pretend to ourselves he hasn't been hit?"
"No. Just drop it."
"It isn't done."
"Why not?"
"For one thing, he's certain to be suffering. For another, someone else might run onto him."
"I see."
"But you don't have to have anything to do with it."
"I'd like to," Macomber said. I'm just scared, you know."
"I'll go ahead when we go in," Wilson said, 'with old Kongoni tracking. You keep behind me and a little to one side. Chances are we'll hear him growl. If we see him, we'll both shoot. Don't worry about anything. I'll keep you backed up. As a matter of fact, you know, perhaps you'd better not go. It might be much better."
"No, I want to go."
"All right," said Wilson. 'But don't go in if you don't want to. This is my shauri now, you know."

17 Ernest Hemingway, "Notes on Dangerous Game," 'The Third Tanganyika Letter,' Esquire, II (July 1934), 19. All subsequent references to this article will be made in the text.

18 See Macomber, p. 170; the day after Macomber's cowardly flight from the wounded lion, he willingly sets off again with Wilson to hunt buffalo. Wilson now rides in the front seat with the driver and the Macomers are in the back.

He had put the two in the back seat out of his mind now and was thinking about buffalo. The buffalo that he was after stayed, in the daytime, in a thick swamp where it was impossible to get a shot; but in the night they fed out in an open stretch of country and, if he could come between them and their swamp with the car, Macomber would have a good chance at them in the open.

He did not want to hunt buff with Macomber in thick cover. He did not want to hunt buff or anything else with Macomber, but he was a
professional hunter and he had hunted with some rare ones in his time. If they got buff today there would only be rhino to come, and the poor man would have gone through his dangerous game and things might pick up. He'd have nothing more to do with the woman, and Macomber would get over that, too. He must have gone through plenty of that before, by the looks of things. Poor beggar. He must have a way of getting over it.

"Well, it was the poor sod's own bloody fault. He, Robert Wilson, carried a cot on safari to accommodate any windfalls he might receive. He had hunted with a certain clientele, the international fast sporting set. He despised them when he was away from them, although he liked some of them well enough at the time; but he made his living by them, and their standards were his standards as long as they were hiring him. They were his standards in all except the shooting.

"He had his own standards about the killing, and they could live up to them or get someone else to hunt with them. He knew, too, that they all respected him for this. This Macomber was an odd one, though. Damned if he wasn't. Now the wife. Well, the wife. Yes, the wife. Him, the wife. Well, he'd dropped all that."

Philip Percival--Pop in GHQA--is held in very high esteem. In Johnson's Safari, p. 248, there is also high praise for him: "Percival is one of the outstanding big game hunters of Africa and a most delightful safari companion." Again, p. 288, Percival is pictured with another white hunter Pat Ayres, "the two best white hunters in Africa."

Twenty years later, Hemingway pays Percival a glowing tribute in "Safari," Look, XVIII (January 26, 1954), 30: "Philip Percival is the finest man that I know. . . . Philip has only one defect. He is going to die as all of us will. But no man will do it better or give it less importance. . . . He was also more fun to be with than anyone I know from any war or any peace. He loves the animals and respects and knows them as few other people ever can."

Baron von Hlixen appears again in AMF, pp. 191-193. Hemingway is in the Ritz Bar in Paris sometime after the end of World War II reminiscing with Georges, the bar chief, about the people they knew in the early Twenties in Paris. Georges recalls, "I remember you and the Baron von Hlixen arriving one night—in what year?" He smiled.

"He is dead too."

"Yes, But one does not forget him. You see what I mean?"


"Good," said Georges. "The Baron was not a man that you forget. And the name of the book?"

"Out of Africa," I said. "Hickle was always very proud of his first wife's writing. But we knew each other long before she had written that book."

20 A letter from Rian James in the April, 1934, Esquire, p. 12 stated: "Thus far the stuff by Hemingway... reads as though it was dug up out of an old trunk."

Hemingway may be answering several critics of his style. In the Nation, XXXII (February 18, 1931), 184, Isidor Schneider, "The Fetish of Simplicity" complained that the writers of the Hemingway school are responsible for the present over-accen on simplicity. They fall back upon colorless, average vocabulary and simple declarative sentences.

In the English Journal, XXI (October 1932), 6, Robert Morss Lovett, on the whole a more sympathetic critic, noted in his article, "Ernest Hemingway," that at times Hemingway mimics himself. "When he does this, his stark phraseology becomes grotesque and his minute detail turns to affectation."

Hemingway's Winner Take Nothing was published in New York on October 27, 1933. Many reviews found fault with the style and the simple, primitive vocabulary. Very possibly, Hemingway is settling the score in his aside in "Notes on Dangerous Game."

In the New Yorker, IX (October 25, 1933), 74, Clifton Fadiman, "Books: A Letter to Mr. Hemingway" asks Hemingway to give his readers something more than his "brilliant trick of incongruous juxtaposition," and not "to imitate your imitators."

Storm Jameson, "The Craft of the Novelist," English Review, LVIII (January 1934), 37-43, is more severe. Hemingway does not analyze, does not understand an emotion. His simplicity, Miss Jameson maintains, appeals especially to the over-sophisticated by offering the illusion of living by violent and sensuous impulses. He has been praised for his simplicity by those who have not perceived that he is simple because he has so little to say. The admiration lavished upon his skill is, in her opinion, a skill not worth doing.

21 Macomber, p. 33.

22 In GHQA, pp. 86, 137, there is a constant tension between Hemingway and Karl, who has better luck than Hemingway.

"Karl and I had each tried to give the other the better chance on everything that came up. I was, truly, very fond of him and he was entirely unselfish and altogether self-sacrificing. I knew I could outshoot him and I could always outwalk him, and, steadily, he got trophies that made mine dwarfs in comparison. He had done some of the worst shooting at game I had ever seen and I had shot badly twice on the trip, at that Grant, and at a bustard once on the plain, still he beat me on all the tangible things we had to show....

"We took turns hunting the hills and the flats and Karl became steadily gloomier although he killed a very fine roan antelope. He had gotten a very complicated personal feeling about kudu and, as always when he was confused, it was some one's fault, the guides, the choice of beat, the hills; these all betrayed him."

The two photographs printed with "Notes on Dangerous Game," p. 19, do not, however, reveal any friction. The captions read: "E. H. with a buffalo shot in the heavy bush in the vicinity of the M'bula Hills, above Lake Manyara, Tanganyika"; The other reads: "C. P. Thompson with a leopard of good size."
When Hemingway visited Africa again in 1954, Philip Percival's odd remark suggests something had gone wrong at Mombasa in 1934. Hemingway is depressed by the sight of the dry African countryside which he, his wife Mary, and Philip are traveling through outside Mombasa.

"I know how you feel, Pop," Philip Percival said, "but we'll find some places."

"I think it's lovely," Mary said, "it's rather like the Bible in the part where Lot's wife looked back and they turned her into a pillar of salt."


In "Notes on Dangerous Game," p. 94, Hemingway says:

"(You shot twice, Mr. P. Once at that leopard's mate when she broke back and you spun her over like a rabbit, and the other time when we caught the bull in the open and had two down and the third bull with the four solids in him going at that same gallop, all one solid piece, the neck a part of the shoulders, dusty black and the horns blacker, the head not tossing in the gallop. You figured he would make the bush so you shot and the gallop changed into a long slide forward on his nose.)"

This aside is similar to the description of the buffalo shooting in Macomber, p. 170:

"And then he was shooting at the bull as he moved away, hearing the bullets whonk into him emptying his rifle at him as he moved steadily away, finally remembering to get his shots forward into the shoulder, and as he fumbled to reload, he saw the bull was down. Down on his knees, his big head tossing, and seeing the other two still galloping, he shot at the leader and hit him. He shot again and missed and he heard the car-awonging roar as Wilson shot and saw the leading bull slide forward onto his nose. . . .

"Macomber felt a drunken elation. 'How many times did you shoot?' he asked.

"'Just three,' Wilson said. 'You killed the first bull. The biggest one. I helped you finish the other two. Afraid they might have got into cover. You had them killed. I was just mopping up a little. You shot damn well!'"

If Hemingway is deliberately slighting his own buffalo shooting, he opens all the stops in his description of Macomber's fatal experience. Wilson turns to congratulate Macomber in Macomber, p. 172:

"'He's dead in there,' Wilson said. 'Good work.' He turned to grip Macomber's hand, and as they shook hands, grinning at each other, the gunbearer shouted wildly and they saw him coming out of the bush sideways, fast as a crab, and the bull coming, nose out, mouth tight-closed, blood dripping, massive head straight out--coming in a charge, his little pig-eyes bloodshot as he looked at them.

"Wilson, who was ahead, was kneeling shooting, and Macomber, as he fired, not hearing his shot in the roaring of Wilson's gun, saw fragments like slate burst from the huge boss of the horns, and the head jerked. He shot again at the wide nostrils and saw the horns jolt again and fragments fly. He did not see Wilson now and, aiming carefully,
shot again with the buffalo's huge bulk almost on him and his rifle almost level with the oncoming head, nose out; and he could see the little wicked eyes and the head started to lower, and he felt a sudden white-hot, blinding flash explode inside his head, and that was all he ever felt."

In GHOA, pp. 70-71, Hemingway is reading Tolstoi's Sevastopol: "Then Sevastopol made me think of the Boulevard Sevastopol in Paris, about riding a bicycle down it in the rain on the way home from Strassburg and the slipperiness of the rails of the tram cars and the feeling of riding on greasy, slippery asphalt and cobble stones in traffic in the rain, and how we had nearly lived on the Boulevard du Temple that time, and I remembered the look of that apartment, how it was arranged, and the wall paper, and instead we had taken the upstairs of the pavilion in Notre Dame des Champs in the courtyard with the sawmill (and the sudden whine of the saw, the smell of sawdust and the chestnut tree over the roof with a mad woman downstairs) and the year worrying about money (all of the stories back in the mail that came in through a slit in the saw-mill door, with notes of rejection that would never call them stories, but always anecdotes, sketches, contes, etc. They did not want them, and we lived on poisieux and drank cahors and water) and how fine the fountains were at the Place de L'Observatoire (water sheen rippling on the bronze of horses' manes, bronze breasts and shoulders, green under thin-flowing water) and when they put up the bust of Flaubert in the Luxembourg on the short cut through the gardens on the way to the rue Soufflot (one that we believed in, loved without criticism, heavy now in stone as an idol should be)."

See AMF, passim. There are no italicized passages.

The content of the four italicized passages in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" parallels much of AMF, passim., although the significance is somewhat different.

"Stalking Lions Was 'Exciting' to Hemingway," New York Herald Tribune, April 4, 1934, p. 4. All other quotes from this interview unless otherwise cited.


Herald Tribune, p. 4.


According to Leicester Hemingway, pp. 146-147, the new boat was uppermost in his brother's mind as soon as he returned to Key West. Ernest "rechecked measurements according to plans and continued making small changes until the final work was completed. She was to be a
standard 38-foot hull, planked with white cedar and framed with steam-bent white oak, with frames closely spaced. In the very bow there was a cockpit, useful for storing anchors and with its forward hatch providing access to, as well as ventilation for, the forward cabin, which was a double stateroom. . . . Fuel tanks holding three hundred gallons were provided, as well as tanks for a hundred gallons of fresh water when cruising. She was to be named the Pilar after the Spanish shrine."

An article by Charles R. Meyer, "Boatman of the Month: Hemingway and the Pilar," Popular Boating, II (November 1957), 27, is inaccurate in stating that Hemingway and a shipyard worker trolled their way "south to Cuba during the winter of 1933" on the Pilar in a combination "shake-down" cruise and fishing trip.

33In fact, Esquire advanced money to Hemingway to buy the Pilar. According to Mr. Gingrich, "Very early after we got started—I believe in 1934 or early '35—Hemingway wanted some cash to buy a fishing boat of his own, The Pilar, and we advanced him the money he needed to complete the deal—I believe $5000 although it may have been more, but I think less than $10,000—perhaps it was some exact but odd figure between the two which represented the exact amount of cash he required to complete the deal, so that point on his payments for his subsequent contributions represented credits against that advance. As we did better, I would raise the amount of those individual credits until, as I say, the red-letter day came when I could wire him that 'because of a masterpiece ["The Snows of Kilimanjaro"], I was cutting two notches on the gun stock instead of one." Letter to SRM, February 9, 1965.

34Time, July 24, 1933, p. 24, mentioned that the method of harpooning deep sea fish had given way to the more competitive methods of hooking fish. The "Editor's Preface" to American Big Game Fishing, p. iii, emphasizes this fact. Eugene Connett states: "The sport of big game fishing is a comparatively new development in angling. In recent years a group of amateur sportsmen and professional boat captains have studied this thrilling sport with unremitting enthusiasm, and their efforts have now reached a point where the best methods, tackle, baits, etc., are sufficiently understood to make a volume of this sort invaluable."

35For instance, "A Paris Letter" appeared in the February 1934 Esquire, although events within the text refer to October 1933. Also, "a, d. in Africa" ends with Hemingway's notation: "Nairobi, January 18, 1934." but the letter did not appear until the April 1934 issue of Esquire.

36Hemingway was obviously given some "special" consideration. For instance, his September, 1934, "Defense of Dirty Words" refers to newspaper topics as late as July 9, 1934. The September 1934, Esquire was on sale August 15, 1934. Ordinarily, Esquire went on sale two weeks in advance of the month for which it was dated. Mr. Gingrich tells me that "the ten week deadline sounds about right, though we probably tried to hold to a twelve-week deadline as general practice, but in emergencies
were able to shade it down almost to eight." Letter to SRM, March 16, 1965.

37The two fables are "The Good Lion" and "The Faithful Bull," Holiday, IX (March 1951), 50-51.

In The Old Man and the Sea, Santiago, the old fisherman, falls asleep dreaming of young lions on an African beach.

38Hemingway missed three issues of Esquire: November 1934, and March and July 1936. He severed connections with Esquire after "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" in the August 1936 issue, and gave no reason for the abrupt break. He published three short stories dealing with the Spanish Civil War in the November and December 1938 issues, and in the February 1939 Esquire. "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" was reprinted in Esquire, XXXII (September 1949), and the name of F. Scott Fitzgerald is still in this issue. When Scribner's published "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," Fitzgerald's name was changed to Julian. No Esquire reprint, such as the annual hard-back Christmas book which Esquire published, uses the name Julian. Neither has The Bedside Esquire bothered to delete Fitzgerald's name.

39GHOA, "Foreward."

40Ibid., pp. 148-150.
CHAPTER IV

THOUGHTS WHILE FISHING

"I take no sides in this, because I fish for fun, not
for records."

--Hemingway, "On Mutilated
Fish"1

I, "Out in the Stream"

As its title indicates, "Out in the Stream," 'A Cuban Letter,'
loses no time in proclaiming Hemingway's return to fishing the Cuban
waters. The opening sentence of his 2000-word letter is a timely lead:
"The sun on the water is the toughest part of fishing the north coast of
Cuba for marlin in July and August."2 Hemingway offers several possible
ways of avoiding the sun: going eastward with the current in the morn­
ing, coming back against the current in the afternoon, wearing Crookes
(sun) lenses, applying coconut oil, and having patience. Yet "sometimes
all the fish will be in the short stretch between Havana and Cojimar and
there is nothing to do but work back and forth in and out of the sun and
take it." Hemingway himself has been afflicted with "a schnozzle like
some rare and unattractive vegetable and in the evening the sun slants up
off the water like molten lead and comes up under the long visor of one
of those down east swordfishing caps and broils as it works toward that
sun's ideal of a nose, the monumental proboscis of J. P. Morgan the
elder " (p. 19).
No matter; fishing gives him lots of time to think. He warns his readers there will be no action, no conversation. He classifies his piece as instructive and contemplative—"of the sort that Izaak Walton used to write (I'll bet you never read him either. You know what a classic is, don't you? A book that everyone mentions and no one reads) except that the charm, and quaintness and the literary value of Walton are omitted." Ever conscious of himself as a writer, Hemingway is not one to slight himself. "Are they omitted intentionally? Ah, reader, thank you. Thank you and that's mighty white of you" (p. 19). His enigmatic answer may be a suggestion to his readers to discover what is "intentionally" omitted, especially if "charm, quaintness and literary value" appear to be missing "intentionally"?

Comically he updates Walton's Piscator, now suffering from fisherman's seat, drinking Hattuey beer, and peering "past his monumental schnozzle and out over the sea," until he finally sees and hooks a big marlin. The big game fisherman-author drops the persona to permit his readers to share his experience:

To see that happen, to feel that fish in his rod, to feel that power and that great rush, to be a connected part of it and then to dominate it and master it and bring that fish to gaff, alone and with no one else touching rod, reel or leader, is something worth waiting many days for, sun and all, and as said, while you wait there is plenty of time to think. A good part of the things you think about are not put into a magazine printed on shiny paper and designed to go through the mails. Some they can put you in jail for if you write and others are simply no one's business but a great part of the time you think about fish (p. 19).

There may be an implicit significance to Hemingway's fastidious notation of certain angling regulations.

Has not Hemingway just admitted that anything which would necessitate censorship, constitute a violation of postal regulations, or
lead to a libel suit has been omitted? Yet his emphasis on the deep sea fishing rules coupled with thoughts which are "simply no one's business" may add up to a recent event in his own fishing adventures which deserves investigation. His brother recalls: "One of the most exciting events that season [1934] was the afternoon of May 23, when Ernest boated the biggest Atlantic sailfish ever taken on rod and reel." According to Leicester Hemingway, his brother had been fishing with the Rev. T. J. McGrath, who hooked the sailfish. Crippled with arthritis, Father McGrath was unable to land him. Hemingway landed the record catch one hour and fifteen minutes later. Leicester continues that the following morning the Miami Herald carried a front page story "on the taking of the new Atlantic record sailfish . . . written by Eye Witness." The first mention of the catch which I found in the Miami Herald is for May 26, 1934, buried in the middle of page 11. The lead sentence announces: "Ernest Hemingway, author, came into port today with what is believed to be the record sailfish catch for the Atlantic coast." Nowhere does the four-sentence dispatch (set in boldface) say that Hemingway caught the fish; moreover, McGrath's name or "Eye Witness" never appears at all.

The fishing column in the Miami Herald for June 3, 1934, adds several details to the sailfish catch and indirectly parallels certain remarks in "Out in the Stream." Columnist Erl Roman begins:

Ernest Hemingway of Key West, author and sport fisherman, who recently boated a sailfish measuring nine feet and three-fourths inch, with a girth of 35 inches, expressed the opinion that large sailfish do not come to surface until late in the day and that most fishermen have returned to dock just about the time the big ones are looking around for a bait to strike. He bases his opinion on the fact that most of the big sailfish he has caught were taken late in the afternoon, this one in particular, which weighed 119-1/2 pounds, being caught at dusk.
Mr. Hemingway has had many years' experience in Gulf Stream fishing and also, in fishing Cuban waters. He has landed some large specimens, notably a 468-pound marlin swordfish which he caught in Cuban seas last summer, claimed as the Atlantic ocean record, and the big sailfish taken recently which, so far as available records disclose, is an Atlantic ocean record. Naturally, any opinion he expresses on the subject of fishing should carry weight and be of interest to the whole tribe of sport fishermen, plus fishing guides and charter boatmen.5

But, for some reason, perhaps "simply no one's business," Hemingway makes no reference to this feat in his August 1934 Esquire letter nor in any subsequent letters. But that he attached some significance to it may be inferred from a comment in a letter from Max Perkins. He tells Hemingway that he has not heard "anything about that sailfish."6

The first detailed account by Hemingway is his letter to fisherman Lynn Bogue Hunt in Hunt's chapter, "Sailfish," in American Big Game Fishing, published in May 1935.7 Another Hemingway letter, to Thomas Aitken, big-game fishing editor of Outdoor Life, refers in passing to this particular record catch.8 That Hemingway is purposely shielding McGrath from publicity is possible, especially since he never once discloses that T. J. S. McGrath is a Jesuit priest. Besides, America, the Jesuit periodical, had recently blasted Hemingway's books so perhaps Hemingway is trying to spare Father McGrath any embarrassment within the order.9 Nevertheless, the quip in "Out in the Stream" about what is "omitted intentionally" may well have some relation to this event.

Otherwise, the major portion of his Cuban letter indulges in a series of speculative questions on fish: how the winds influence the biting habits of fish; what the possibility is of a connection between the mako and the swordfish; what causes the mako's seeming intelligence
and courage; what is the use of the sailfish's sail; why marlin always go from east to west; are counter-currents a possibility; and, are not different colored marlin simply sexual and age variations of the same fish? This last is a return to his theories promulgated the previous year, and probably the one speculation he has been consciously leading up to in this article.

Hemingway goes to great lengths to defend his thesis that white, striped, and black marlin are all one fish. Before presenting his data, however, he shrewdly forestalls any contradictory findings: "This may be wrong and I would be glad to have anyone disprove the theory as what we want is knowledge, not the pride of proving something to be true." He then displays his array of facts, beginning with the characteristics of white marlin, then striped, silver, and finally black marlin. He cites color, weight, appearance, and movement; he quotes market fishermen on the sex of the fish. As for the so-called "blue" marlin, he will give no opinion, hoping his summer fishing will yield pertinent data. He is disarmingly honest about his own credentials:

We have caught and examined some ninety-one marlin in the last two years and will need to catch and examine several hundred more before any conclusions can be drawn with even a pretense of accuracy. And all the fish should be examined by a scientist who should note the details of each fish (p. 158).

Abruptly ending his scientific pronouncements, Hemingway complains that catching fish has proved a fairly time-consuming occupation. He recommends subsidizing scientific investigations but his reasons, a humorous blend of personal and practical ones, verify that his ingrained tendency to appear the hard-boiled exhibitionist is deliberately inflated to distort any image that he may portray of himself as a scholarly
scientist. He is having trouble enough to operate his boat, and to meet the expenses big game fishing entails "out of the money you fenangle [sic] out of publishers and editors." Therefore, he is "too exhausted physically and financially to sit up nights counting the number of rays in the fins and putting calipers on the ventral spikes with four hundred water front Cubans wanting to know why the fish isn't being cut up and distributed. Instead you are sitting in the stern of the boat, feeling pretty good and having a drink while the fish is being butchered out. You can't do everything" (p. 158). Hemingway's irritation with publishers and editors is due to the fact that Scribner's did not think it feasible to bring out a cheaper edition of Death in the Afternoon at the time. Nor did his Esquire articles ever pay enough to cover the total cost of operating the Pilar. His dissatisfaction sinks to petty malice as he thinks of the wealthy people he knows who could subsidize anything. Instead, they are either busy studying how to get more wealth, or horses, or what is wrong with themselves with psychoanalysts, or horses, or how not to lose what wealth they have, or horses, or the moving picture business, or horses or all of these things together, and, possibly, horses (p. 158).

The deliberate repetition of the word horses shows that Hemingway is definitely after someone he knows. Perhaps it is Evan Shipman, preparing his book on horses, Free-For-All, for fall publication; or Alfred Vanderbilt, well-known as a "great lover of horses" and "crazy about anything pertaining to horses," according to society columnists. The psychoanalyst and moving picture business references no doubt convey a special meaning to Hemingway's in-group coterie.
A momentary gleam of insight must have flashed across his consciousness at this point; absorbed himself with big game fishing, he can ill afford to belittle others for their avocations. Hence, he slyly abandons this topic and summarizes his reasons for thinking that all marlin eventually become females. But Hemingway cannot resist the suggestive implications of this subject and, for a moment, he stoops to obscenity; his insinuations, which depend on double-entendre, resemble one of the standard techniques of several popular society and Hollywood gossip columns:

This time last year we caught a striped marlin with a roe in it. It wasn't much of a roe it is true. It was the sort of roe you would expect to find in certain moving picture actresses if they had roe, or in many actors. Examining it carefully it looked about like the sort of roe an interior decorator would have if he decided to declare himself and roe out. But it was a roe and the first one any of the commercial fishermen had ever seen in a striped marlin (p. 158).

An in-group would know whether Hemingway has a particular situation in mind, or if he is just flaunting the notion that effeminacy flourishes among actors and interior decorators. At the same time, he cleverly protects himself from either a libel suit or an infraction of postal regulations.

In a more serious vein, he resumes his theorizing: because the jewfish becomes a female in the last stages of its life, Hemingway believes the marlin does the same. "The real black marlin are all old fish. You can see it in the quality of the flesh, the coarseness of the bill, and, above all in fighting them, in the way they live [correction: tire]. Certainly they grow to nearly a ton in weight. But to me they are all old fish, all represent the last stages of the marlin, and they are all females. Now you prove me wrong" (p. 158).
Despite a few lapses into the guise of exhibitionist and gossip sheetster, Hemingway is otherwise serious enough about his material—to such an extent that the "Backstage with Esquire" column confesses their errors in printing his manuscripts.15 "Out in the Stream" functions in a quasi-scientific manner to elucidate Hemingway's criteria for assuming marlin to be all one species. In addition, Hemingway candidly invites the opinions of others and poses a series of questions, which he hopes some of the more serious-minded fishing devotees will answer.16 On the whole, the letter is a well-organized and smoothly written one, revealing Hemingway's capability to write up technical material with technical proficiency. There is a strong similarity in this matter with fictionalized passages which have to do with technical methods. (The fishing scenes in The Old Man and the Sea, the preparations to dynamite the bridge in For Whom the Bell Tolls (1940) are but two examples.) But the simplicity so characteristic of this "expertise"-content is not an easily achieved simplicity.

Moreover, an extraordinarily long sentence (for Hemingway) appears in this Esquire letter where he vehemently complains about his financial burdens. His use of a long sentence, which serves as an emotional climax for the subject at hand, crops up repeatedly in subsequent letters, and is occasionally exploited in Green Hills of Africa.17 In a lesser vein, it is evident that Hemingway, like angler-columnist Erl Roman, is completely rejecting the sarcastic comments which Westbrook Pegler recently hurled against woods-and-waters writers who do the compositions about fishing and toss in casual references to tapered No. 6 lines and gray hackles. . . . Take them away and you can have them, but I warn you that they belong to the same annoying family as those
writers who devise the syndicated daily golf hint which drives a million victims crazy every year and never yet has cured a slice.

How come, anyway, all this mystery and jargon in so simple a matter as snagging a fish by the lip and lifting him out of the water?18

II. "Defense of Dirty Words"

The New York Herald Tribune column, "Notes on Books and Authors," commented daily on August 15, 1934, that "Ernest Hemingway's 'Defense of Dirty Words' is a feature of the current issue of Esquire."19 Esquire's prospectus impartially announced: "Defense of Dirty Words" expresses "the viewpoint of the individual author on the subject of literary taboos" and "Mr. Hemingway may be typical of contemporary authors. . . . Esquire enters the ring only in the capacity of announcer, not as referee or judge, and after proclaiming all parties to be members of this club, bows discreetly out before the first punch."20 Thus unostentatiously was "Defense of Dirty Words" regarded by a prominent New York paper, and thus circumspectly was it referred to by the popular men's magazine. Two weeks after the September 1934 Esquire appeared, however, Hemingway's article had created more intense controversy than any other manuscript he ever submitted. It is necessary to examine the article first, with all its possible ramifications, before considering the animosity which "Defense of Dirty Words" engendered among the emotionally infuriated critics.

Flippancy, bordering on contempt, characterizes the first paragraph of Hemingway's 2200-word Cuban letter:

Inspired by reading a column of Mr. Westbrook Pegler we are going to try to keep this department clean. Since it has abandoned, temporarily, the higher carnivora, and seems to
deal, principally, with the migratory fishes of the gulf stream, this should be fairly easy. It is true that your correspondent has seen the marlin consummating the act of reproduction but since this merely consists in the female marlin heading into the current while the male marlin heads in the opposite direction, and while they are side by side, but with their heads far apart, the female expels the eggs and the male the milt, the male then catching the eggs in the basket-like opening of his gill covers, exactly as the grouper does in breeding, we hope this simple act, though undoubtedly difficult to perform (try it yourself), can be classified as good clean sport and a description of it calculated to raise the tone of the entire magazine.\(^{21}\)

Two points can be quickly dispensed with: one, Hemingway actually forsook the higher carnivora in the preceding issue of *Esquire*:\(^{22}\) and, two, since Mr. Pegler was already guilty of sneering at fishing writers,\(^{23}\) Hemingway may have been waiting for a propitious moment to retaliate. Moreover, the tingling sarcasm of Hemingway's lead-off-sentence is buttressed by the remainder of the first paragraph, establishing a continuity with the fishing article published the month before, in which Hemingway also colored his biological data with an off-handed air of lewd suggestivity.

Nevertheless, Hemingway loses no time in getting to the heart of what is annoying him:

What seems to have gotten under what used to be our skin before it peeled was a statement by Mr. Pegler that "Ring Lardner never wrote a dirty scene or line or even a dirty word, although he produced some pieces dealing with acts of misconduct by very unpleasant characters" (p. 19).

With his brief but oracular pronouncement on a contemporary literary figure, Pegler incited a devastating rebuttal from an unexpected quarter: fisherman-author-critic Hemingway. A former newspaperman, Hemingway begins as such by quoting the three subheads from Pegler's "Fair Enough" column ("Dirty Trend After War, Not Essential to Success, and Foolish to
Try Justification"), and by using many short one- and two-sentence paragraphs himself in "Defense of Dirty Words." Although Hemingway does not impute these subheads to Pegler (as a former newspaperman Hemingway knows subheads are regularly written by a staff editor), and even though he admits that, when Pegler writes about sports, he gives Hemingway "plenty more entertainment and amusement than your correspondent we are sure could ever give Mr. Pegler" (p. 19), Hemingway is incensed by the implications of these subheads. They add up to a misconception which he refuses to let go unnoticed, and he projects Pegler's single comment on Lardner into the major thesis of his Esquire letter to expose the inherent fallacy in such editorial proselytizing, and to contradict the general critical position regarding Ring Lardner.

Hemingway's first dissenting opinion reveals his judicious evaluation of the prevailing emotional climate surrounding Lardner, a climate which had greatly warmed since Lardner's death, September 25, 1933.

Ring Lardner has not been dead long enough for anyone more interested in literature than in the personality of his friends to criticize him with the impartial scalpel of the post-mortem examiner. But when it is done, and it will take a finely ground and disinterested scalpel to post him properly, for there were many places which Battle Creek, Michigan and Chicago made difficult to dissect, it will be stated that what kept Ring Lardner from being a great writer was the very thing for which Mr. Pegler praises him in his column (p. 19).

Hemingway was undoubtedly aware of the general run of rave reviews gushed forth on the 1934 Lardner collection, First and Last, edited by Gilbert Seldes. At the same time, Hemingway, through his speculations about Lardner's enduring fame, envisions himself as one "more interested
in literature than in the personality of his friends." Presenting what he insists will eventually bar Lardner from the ranks of the great American writers, he tries to do so "with the impartial scalpel of the post-mortem examiner," and with an intangible air of sincerity.

It was not that he [Lardner] did not care for the human race, any writer would need the breadth of love of an Aimee MacPherson to embrace all classes of it, but he felt superior to the part of it that he knew best. And I am a little afraid that Mr. Pegler is morally superior to it too (p. 19).

In Hemingway's estimation, this moral superiority bares itself in both Lardner's and Pegler's writings through their deliberate omission of dirty words. He hears, what Mr. Pegler calls dirty words, used almost every day. "Therefore how could a writer truly record any entire day and not use dirty words?" Hemingway asks.

As if determined to shock his readers, Hemingway contends that on certain days and in certain places in times of stress, one inevitably hears "at least one of the words which both the Latin race and ourselves use." He cites the principal word uttered by General Cambronne at the Battle of Waterloo:

It was a single word and it was spoken instead of that classic phrase "The old guard dies but never surrenders." The general said, "Merde" (p. 19).

Hemingway does not inform his readers that for years arguments had been raging in France over just what exactly Cambronne had said. Louis Garros in Le Général Cambronne (1934) painstakingly examines the validity of the evidence concerning le phrase et la mot. Garros argues that no one can conclusively prove Cambronne really said, "The old guard dies but never surrenders," because Cambronne himself always denied saying it. Garros strikingly coincides with Hemingway as Garros advances his
arguments: "Modesty? No: regard for the truth." And, as Hemingway emphasizes emotional stress at certain times and on certain days, Garros emphasizes the powerful tensions at work on June 18, 1815, when Cambronne found himself in the presence of the rout and of the English who were demanding the French surrender. Garros insists: "Don't you think that this word [merde] fit the situation? And that it fell without effort from the lips of this soldier?" Similarly, concern for the truth is predominant in Hemingway's assertion, "And no true idea of war can be conveyed without using the true words, nor can any true pictures of professional sport be given without using the words" (p. 19).

Hemingway himself is well acquainted with the pressures which keep the true picture off the printed page, and he literally sticks his neck out by uncompromisingly recording them. He is willing to admit that Lardner was restricted in his use of words for the daily paper and magazines. On the subject of censorship in the book-publishing business, however, Hemingway has his own past experiences in mind, although he speaks in rather general terms. "When a writer publishes a book, he can use whatever words he finds are necessary to the accurate presentation of the people he is writing about if he and his publishers will take the risk." (Did not Scribner's delete words from A Farewell to Arms, which a French publisher agreed to insert?) "There is a very definite risk of the book being suppressed." (This happened to A Farewell to Arms in Boston.) "There is a certainty of alienating many readers." (Hemingway was frequently victimized in this regard.) "It is inevitable that Mr. Woollcott and Mr. Broun will write something devastating about
small boys, back fences and the walls of privies." (Woollcott, a powerful figure through his "Shouts and Murmurs" column in the New Yorker, and his Sunday night radio broadcasts for the Columbia network, could make or break the sales of a book, as many of the New York publishing houses knew only too well.)

Personal columnist Heywood Broun was equally formidable through his widely syndicated column "It Seems to Me," (which one moment agreed with Judge Woolsey's decision to permit Ulysses to be sold in the United States, and the next moment berated Cosmopolitan for printing "a little passable Hemingway.") To Hemingway, "None of these contingencies is very important" (p. 19).

Distinguishing next between amateurs and professionals, he sets up a tacit analogy between boxers and sportswriters. Professional boxers fight for money and are hit plenty; professional writers, such as Lardner, Pegler and McGeehan (of the New York Herald Tribune) are pros because they write for money; all three are intellectuals. "Otherwise why would they feel superior to other pros because they make their money with their hands?" Hemingway's analysis of the late McGeehan's attitude is that McGeehan "felt his particularly offensive brand of superiority toward preliminary fighters because he made more money pounding a typewriter than they did pounding each other; while he hated the headliners because they made more than he" (p. 19). Lardner "felt superior to them because they were not respectable" (p. 19). Boxing articles by both writers were so condescending in their tone that Hemingway's criticism is justified; in 1934, however, these were daring charges to fling at a few of the major sportswriting figures.
When it comes to Mr. Pegler, Hemingway treads more cautiously, and formulates no cut-and-dried conclusions. He confesses:

I do not know how Mr. Pegler really feels because Mr. Pegler has to be funny once a day, or make it six days a week, the year around and when anyone has to do that it is often difficult to know how he feels exactly about anything, except getting his piece done (p. 19).

On one hand, this may be a half-intended parody of a "Fair Enough" column in which Pegler acknowledges that "some of the stylish, custom thinkers who work over each thought with extreme care, often spending weeks on a single lovely little job of ratiocination, think that I think trash. But I don't care to go that far. I admit I don't ratiocinate. It takes too much time, and I have to turn it out six days a week, including some days when the raw materials aren't very good and the mechanism is creaky." On the other hand, Hemingway is professional enough to realize the drain this sort of pressurized writing can be. Moreover, his next brief paragraph unequivocally expresses genuine admiration for certain Pegler columns:

But I respect Mr. Pegler. He is a pro and he was very, very good on the Astor wedding and his offer to take over the publication of the Astor-Gillespie correspondence and put it on a sound basis was top in columning (p. 19).

These articles, running intermittently during the second half of June 1934 in the "Fair Enough" column, are a superb display of Pegler's genius to be scornful, vituperative, sarcastic, humorous, derisive, and satiric. With Swiftian aplomb, he smashes the legendary Astor name into its real-life particles as he caricatures the foibles of several eminent members of the Astor clan. The analogy between the boxing ring and the wedding ceremony which Pegler triumphantly executes in the Astor-Gillespie articles brilliantly intensifies the scathing portrayals he creates of
one of New York's and Newport's leading families. As Mr. Pegler defiantly bombards the indolent rich who are seldom on the receiving end of such devastating criticism, it is plainly discernible why Hemingway genuinely respects Mr. Pegler's professional talent. Hemingway is big enough to join the chorus of praise for the columnist who, in the 1930's, commanded nation-wide attention through his dynamic "Fair Enough" column. By contrast, Hemingway's disdainful rejection of the amateurs, per se, may be his method of sniping at Woolcott and Broun. He speaks of amateur boxers: "The amateurs who stay in as amateurs a long time are those who are hard to hit and who know how to administer lots of punishment. They like it. If they turned professionals they would be hit plenty and would not like it" (p. 19).

Stylistically, Hemingway switches to a series of long paragraphs, and he focuses on an unidentified boxing pro. In the course of one paragraph, Hemingway, in the voice of several personae, plays the excited ringside spectator, the dead-pan reporter, the broken-jawed prize fighter, and the enraged manager—to highlight what is not amusing about the cauliflower industry. Speaking again for himself, he savagely condemns the interpretations McGeehan and Lardner foisted on the public. The cauliflower itself, "the mainstay of the McGeehan humor," is bad comedy because it is not true. (By graphically re-creating a fight he had seen in Toronto in which Bobby Eber's ear blew up like a "purple orange," Hemingway proves his point.) Lardner comes off worse: Ring Lardner "with never a dirty word wrote of these who make it with their hands in the nightly tragic somewhere [sic] of their combat, distorting the language that they speak
into a very comic diction, so there's no tragedy ever, because there is no truth" (p. 158B).

In high school Hemingway was taught that O. Henry claimed he had never written a dirty word or a dirty song and that he resented the comparison to DeMaupassant. Like Lardner and McGeehan, O. Henry was a "prince" in the eyes of others, Hemingway sarcastically mutters. DeMaupassant's personal life was far from princely, but Hemingway takes up the literary cudgel in his behalf and simultaneously presents a personal defense of dirty words, and, perhaps, a personal defense of his own Esquire letters as well:

But he [DeMaupassant] was a great writer. Sometimes he was a hack writer, but, along with his poor stories, he wrote more truly great stories than any other man except Rudyard Kipling whose work it is now fashionable to disparage because he was a fool about politics and had the misfortune to outlive his talent. When DeMaupassant wrote about prostitutes he used true words and wrote literature. O. Henry was morally superior to the committing of literature. No writer can write anything that is truly great when he feels superior to the people he is writing about, no matter how much compassion he may have. Ring Lardner wrote two fine stories. One, "Some Like Them Cold" was about someone that he was sorry for, and in his sorrow, forgot to be superior. The other was "The Golden Honeymoon" in which he wrote about people that he truly admired (p. 158B).

Presumably a defense of dirty words, Hemingway now moves into far deeper critical pronouncements on what is wrong with Lardner's work. The compassionate writer extends pity to his characters; but should this pity be administered in a high-handed, patronizing or condescending manner, the writer's superiority toward his characters betrays itself, and his compassion degenerates into contempt. O. Henry's moral superiority leads to self-righteousness; consequently, he seems to be above his characters. In Lardner's case, if he developed his comic diction for technical purposes, in time it so subsumed the content of his writings, that truth was obliterated.
DeMaupassant, on the contrary, is not the better artist merely because of his choice of words. Gifted with integrity, he presented a situation convincingly in his best short stories, without violating reality as O. Henry repeatedly did with his contrived endings which ruined his chance to create a first-rate short story. Again, Hemingway is a rather wise old man at the age of thirty-five. His appraisal of Kipling reveals a detachment which permits Hemingway to project the contemporary literary scene into its rightful perspective. In 1934, both professional and amateur critics were denouncing Kipling; Hemingway is acutely aware of passing literary fads: a writer is acclaimed one moment and damned the next. Contemporary criticism in the 1930's had failed to divorce the author as individual from the author as artist; it is absurd to judge an artistic creation on the basis of an artist's private life. Nor do these arguments weaken Hemingway's initial attack on Ring Lardner. In fact, each suggests even deeper flaws in Lardner's writing than merely his repugnance for dirty words.

Following this provocative commentary, Hemingway plunges into his fishing notes. Still on the defensive, he flatly disagrees with fishing books which describe the wahoo "as a hell of a fish to catch." On the contrary, after one terrific run, the wahoo is easy to catch, and is marvelous eating if cooked thoroughly—another point the fishing books fail to mention. The summer sailfish has proved a delightful surprise (although there is no mention of the 119-1/2 pound record catch): "Last June we took more sailfish in one boat than all the party boats off Key West caught during the winter season." Hemingway is most satisfied with
"the superior way in which the fish perform" (p. 158B). Their fight is as spectacular and determined as that of the white marlin, and they are excellent eating in summer. With a trace of levity and a touch of diplomacy, Hemingway reflects:

I am very glad to have been broke after Africa so that I had to stay here this June, working mornings and fishing in the afternoon, and was able to run into them. Otherwise I might have labelled the sailfish the rest of my life—as perhaps the early part of this libels Mr. Pegler. He may be wonderful in the summer (p. 158D).

Something of a grudging respect dictates his attitude toward Mr. Pegler; presumably Hemingway followed the "Fair Enough" column fairly regularly; Mr. Pegler's attacks on the Astors were spasmodically administered between June 15 and June 30, 1934. Pegler's one comment on Lardner (the second clause of one sentence), is buried in the middle of an article for July 9, 1934, which otherwise discusses the efforts of Legion of Decency to wipe out "dirty" stage and screen entertainments. Hemingway accuses Pegler of superiority, but he does not develop his charge, as he so carefully does with McGeehan and Lardner. Most of the Pegler columns pertaining to the prize fighting industry are studded with scorn and contempt for everyone and everything, from former Boxing Commissioner James A. Farley down to such amateur competitions as the golden gloves. The emphasis in "Defense of Dirty Words" is decidedly different from his "Paris Letter," which insisted that French boxers were often victimized by the American boxing administration.

Therefore, if he tempers his attack on Pegler in this somewhat wishy-wasy cover-up for an apology, Hemingway compensates by becoming almost childish for a moment in his comments on Lardner. It seems
ludicrous to describe Lardner in terms of a sailfish, until Hemingway's absurdity gives way to uncanny foresight in which he perceives how misconstrued his criticism of Lardner's work will be.

Then there was Ring Lardner. He looked a little like a sailfish with that nose and chin and those eyebrows but it would have been better to have laid off of him too. Nobody ever remembers what you say about anybody. Only that you Knocked a Good Guy. When he was in that hospital that he headed No Visitors in those pitiful dying radio censorship pieces that he wrote in the New Yorker, Max Perkins of Scribners wrote and asked if I would autograph a book for him. It was some book of mine that was coming out and he said Ring had asked him a couple of times about when it would be out. I wrote in it, "To Ring Lardner from his early imitator and always admirer, Ernest Hemingway" and that still goes. There was plenty to admire. But I wish he had felt differently, for the sake of American writing, about certain things and I am sorry if it is too soon after he is dead to speak about him as a writer without confusing it with what a good fellow he was. It is a compliment to pay of course. But certain compliments are seldom well received (p. 158D).

Lardner's New Yorker column, "Over the Waves," ran from June 18, 1932, through August 26, 1933. In one, "Pu-leeze! Mister Hemingway!" Lardner quotes the lyrics from a song of the same title submitted by the composer, who asked for Lardner's comments, "favorable or otherwise." Lardner replies in his article: "No criticism at all, Mr. Silver. But if I were that old goofer, Ernest, I would certainly sue." Yet, another Lardner article, "Lyricists Strike Pay Dirt," completely deserves the label, "pitiful, dying censorship" piece. Lardner, however, bluntly declared he would not be laughed out of his prudishness. In suggesting songs for Christmas shoppers, he mentions Pu-leeze! Mr. Hemingway! as "a swell tune and a good idea, marred by two or three words." In reality, the lyrics are trite and insipid. To call the "Over the Waves" articles "pitiful" borders on an act of kindness. Moreover, no matter what the grievances about censorship of his own work which Hemingway airs in
"Defense of Dirty Words," his evaluation of Lardner's prudishness is generally conceded today. In his book *Ring Lardner*, Donald Elder writes:

His fan mail was full of complaints about his prudishness, and even some of his friends and admirers discounted his radio crusade as a personal quirk. Fitzgerald referred to it deprecatingly as an "odd little crusade" that stemmed from his sexual repression. . . . It is true that Ring's distaste for pornography was almost obsessive and his prudishness pathological.

Minus the psychologists' jargon, Hemingway had analyzed Lardner's work in much the same light.

Finally, it is equally unreasonable to charge Hemingway with obscenity for the sake of obscenity; if nothing else, his article does not spew forth all the four-letter vulgarities he is so often accused of using throughout his books. His pointed allusion to General Cambronne is his intuitive recognition and acceptance of the emotional reactions of a human being, particularly in war. In June 1965, *Life* Magazine ran an excellent feature-length article on Battle of Waterloo. While half the French army lay dead on the field of war, many of the survivors, including the great Napoleon, fled towards Paris. Speaking of the Old Guard, *Life* comments:

The defiant stand of the Old Guard was hopeless against the overwhelming numbers of British and Prussians. But when British officers called on them to surrender, General Pierre Cambronne delivered an eloquent obscenity which is commonly translated: "The Old Guard dies but never surrenders!" And they died there on a battlefield already littered with nearly 50,000 French, Prussian and British casualties of the last great battle in the Napoleonic wars.

Although he is capable of such an understatement, Hemingway prefers to be explicit in "Defense of Dirty Words"; consequently, the scathing criticism lavished on this *Esquire* article seems almost the natural end result.
Of more importance is Hemingway’s incisive, penetrating diagnosis that Lardner distorted the truth so consistently in his boxing stories that he rendered them invalid, and ultimately untrue. This point in "Defense of Dirty Words" was seldom given serious consideration in the critical barrage fired at Hemingway. In 1958, W. C. Heinz, a former sportswriter for the New York Sun, published a book concerned with a boxer and his manager, The Professional. Hemingway described it as "the only good book I’ve ever read about a fighter and an excellent novel in its own right." Questioning Mr. Heinz about several of Hemingway’s judgments in "Defense of Dirty Words," I received a most illuminating answer:

As to Hemingway’s fairness in accusing Bill McGeehan, Ring Lardner and Westbrook Pegler of "moral superiority" in their attitude toward prize fighters, I find myself agreeing with him, and strongly. I am not sure, however, that it was solely a moral judgment that they were making. I think all three might well be accused of consistently evidencing a general superiority. McGeehan was the founder of the "Aw Nuts!" school of sports writing, and when he passed on Pegler inherited the throne. Their thesis—in opposition to the Oh Boy!" (or "Gee Whiz!") school—was that no event and no man in sports was really important. Of course, they would make certain exceptions, but this was their basic theory. As a humorist, and a great one, of the caricature genre, Ring Lardner wrote at the expense of the whole truth, and very often the big truth. One of his best known—perhaps best known—stories is "Champion." It is such a gross exaggeration that it is really a travesty and yet read straight and taught straight (in English courses) and played straight (by Kirk Douglas in the movies) it has done irreparable harm to the truth of boxing. Ring Lardner knew this. At least I believe so, because one of his sons (John, a fine writer himself) once told me that his father was deeply ashamed of that particular story. Anyway, sports writers, motivated by basic insecurity, envious of the physical prowess and attractiveness of athletes as well as their earning capacity, often tend to assume a cynical and superior attitude. Hemingway, who did try to find the deep and lasting truth, could not countenance that.
It is noteworthy that the two Lardner short stories which Hemingway plugged are in no way connected with any sport. That Hemingway openly acknowledged his debt to Lardner must be kept in mind: his admiration for Lardner as an individual never diminished in proportion with his disappointment in Lardner as an artist.

Six days after *Esquire* went on sale, Heywood Broun devoted his "It seems to Me" column to an attack on Hemingway, an attack of such low and personal invective that, by comparison, some of Hemingway's attacks on Gertrude Stein seem mild. Gilbert Seldes waited until the November 1934 issue of *Esquire*; then, he, too, in a full-length article hammered away relentlessly at Hemingway and his work, particularly *Death in the Afternoon*. Neither article went unnoticed. Hemingway delivered a crushing blow to each man in subsequent issues of *Esquire*. Furthermore, lesser figures in the newspaper world ranted and raved over what Hemingway said about Lardner, and what he said in defense of dirt. Conspicuously silent, however, was Westbrook Pegler.

The New York *Herald Tribune* saw to it that Hemingway had his wrists slapped for criticizing W. O. McGeehan. Richard Watts' "Sight and Sound" Sunday column hit Hemingway hard:

In a dramatic medium as careful of its language as the motion picture, there can be little more than an academic interest aroused in the recent cultural brawls over profanity and verbal vulgarity. Bitter attacks by the more genteel literary critics on the outspokenness of John O'Hara's sensational new novel, "Appointment in Samarra," and the distinguished Mr. Hemingway's childlike prattle in the current issue of "Esquire" about the lyric necessity of four-letter words should, perhaps, be left to other pulpits for consideration. Nevertheless the cinema has a way of being influenced by so many outside trends these days that it is, perhaps, not going too far afield to consider these literary wars in a column presumably devoted to the screen. I fear, though, that my remarks may
have an unfortunate way of seeming to take both sides, since I find Mr. O'Hara's use of what we may call frankness entirely right and justifiable, and Mr. Hemingway's philosophic justification of a similar frankness complete nonsense.

It is, unless I am doing the author of "The Sun Also Rises" an unpardonable injustice, Mr. Hemingway's contention that no writer who fails to use his quota of the sometimes forbidden Anglo-Saxon monosyllables can possibly belong in the first rank. It is his belief that failure to live up to the moral obligation to be outspoken kept Ring Lardner from being a really great author, and that an equal squeamishness, combined with an economic snobbery, prevented W. O. McGeehan from belonging to the elite circle. His point about McGeehan, while a sort of side issue in his argument, is typical of the Hemingway logic. Sheriff McGeehan, says the great man, could not write adequately about prizefighters because he had scorn for the preliminary battlers, who made less money than he did, and was jealous of the headliners, who made more. Furthermore, the Sheriff had never received a cauliflower ear, so what did he know about the pain caused by one of them? Thus does he go on in his merry way, this great logician of literature.

Now, there is no denying the brilliance of "The Sun Also Rises" and "A Farewell to Arms," two of the great glories of American literature, while it is my belief that "Death in the Afternoon," despite a certain juvenile interest in bloodshed and the mighty masculinity of bullfighters, is likewise an admirable and frequently exciting work. A man who can write three such books can make something of a fool of himself in a literary controversy if he wants to, and no one should deny him his inalienable right. In the case of Mr. Hemingway, though, I fear that all of the nonsense is a dangerous sign. It is not what he says, so much as the quality of the mind behind it, that should bother us. Unquestionably, there have recently been indications, even in the excellent "Death in the Afternoon," that Mr. Hemingway was beginning to suffer as an artist from an unhappy inability to grow up. It did not seem to be infantilism exactly, but there was something curiously immature in his constant preoccupation with blood and death, and the grim determination to be manly all over the place. Mr. Hemingway gets highly indignant when critics make comparisons with "bad little boys scribbling on back fences," but it is to be suspected that it is the truth of the comparison that annoys him.

It is by no means my contention that Mr. O'Hara is, as yet, a literary artist of the stature of Hemingway, but at least in "Appointment in Samarra" there is no indication that the ruddier passages are put there merely to show what a devil of a fellow the author is. The brilliant Judge Woolsey was right when, in his famous decision on that genuine masterpiece, "Ulysses," he pointed out that the honesty of an author's intent had a great
deal to do with the legitimacy of his use of certain material. I do not see, therefore, why any one should be shocked by Mr. O'Hara's frankness. As for Mr. Hemingway, the only reason to be shocked by his current boldness is that it is coming to seem less and less the honesty of a courageous writer than the muscle-flexing of a stockyard's Peter Pan.

Two days later, on August 28, 1934, F. P. A. in his "Conning Tower" joined the affray:

When Mr. Ernest Hemingway in his "A Defense of Dirty Words" in Esquire says that Ring Lardner's inability to use these words kept him from being a great writer, we share Mr. Richard Watts's opinion that Mr. Hemingway's article brims with puerility. If Lardner was not a great writer, it was not his--to our notion--innate decency that kept him from being one any more than Mr. Hemingway's use in print of a lot of words that he uses many times a day, and most of the rest of us use with varying degrees of frequency, makes him a great writer. There was was [sic] no Nice Nellieism about Lardner, in or out of print; he hated meanness and pretentiousness with a scorn whose expression would not have been strengthened by the use of the dirty words that are in the vocabularies of most of us. For tough words do not a writer make, nor dirty stuff a page.

Such was the typical expression of scorn which Hemingway brought down upon himself for his evaluation of Lardner. One bit of support, although an unpublicized bit, came in a letter from Max Perkins several weeks after "Defense of Dirty Words" was published.

I do not think I saw all the pieces in Esquire, though I must have read eight of them. The truth is I did like them, even including the one about Ring Lardner. I had heard some of them criticized, as that one was. But no one could have admired or been more fond of Ring than I was, and, although knowing you, I may have read something into it, from you, I did like it. Ring was not, strictly speaking, a great writer. The truth is he never regarded himself seriously as a writer. He always thought of himself as a newspaperman, anyhow. He had a sort of provincial scorn of literary people. If he had written much more, he would have been a great writer perhaps, but whatever it was that prevented him from writing more was the thing that prevented him from being a great writer. But he was a great man, and one of immense latent talent which got itself partly expressed. I guess Scott would think much the same way about it.
Perkins also understood that Hemingway had aired his personal views concerning the censorship occasionally imposed on his writing.

"Defense of Dirty Words," Hemingway's "brief" for American literature deserves to be re-evaluated at the present time. The power and prestige which Pegler, Woollcott, and Brown appropriated in their halcyon days of the 1930's has to be forcibly extracted from their columns and projected against a detailed social history of the 1930's to convey any idea of the grip they exerted on the American public. (Looking at the average annual income of each of these men for what is called the "depression" period is far more convincing.) To read a McGeehan boxing column is to become fully acquainted with the disdainful attitude he glibly conveyed. The puritanical streak which blighted Lardner's radio censorship crusade has been honestly diagnosed as a disease afflicting much of his work. The fact that Hemingway writes himself off as an imitator of Lardner, and that he divulges his reasons for thinking Lardner will never be a great American writer testifies to his insight and foresight. His courageous presentation of such thoughts about Lardner, particularly at a moment when the majority of critics are singing Lardner's praises, puts Hemingway outside the critical climate of the 1930's, but, in the 1960's, Hemingway's letter has earned its rightful place among serious critical assessments.

For "knocking a good guy," Hemingway shrewdly predicts that he will be excoriated, but the hostile repercussions may have been even more vindictive than those he anticipated. Whatever his enemies held against him, thanks to his thesis in "Defense of Dirty Words," Hemingway provided the opportunity for them to damn him in unreasonable, concerted fashion.
III. "Genio after Josie"

Hemingway's October 1934 article, "Genio after Josie," a far cry from the controversial subject of Ring Lardner's artistic weaknesses, reverts more to the general pattern of the earlier letters. The lead sentence of his 2,000-word Havana letter is indicative: "Last year working a big fish was much simpler." The past is often preferable, in Hemingway's estimation, to the present. In this case, Josie Russell, who handled the Pilar so skillfully, is no longer aboard. The beer place he runs in Key West is doing such "good business with the destroyers in port" that Josie is taking advantage of his good fortune.

A few snatches of informative dialogue (unusual in Hemingway's Esquire work) foreshadow the hot-blooded brawls among the vets in To Have and Have Not (1937). The description of Josie, "Old Josie with his broken whisper of a voice, his 'What about a really cold one, Cap?' his diamond stickpin that he always wore in town, and those gulf-blue eyes that can judge cards, clients, risks, the weather and the speed of a fish with the same exactitude," has its counterpart in Hemingway's overall characterization of Harry Morgan, the central figure in To Have and Have Not.52

Without Josie on the Pilar, Hemingway has been breaking his cook Juan in; the atmosphere is now very Spanish, and "in Spanish you cannot tell a man just to put her ahead." Confusion results; the crew fight among themselves, rather than fight the fish. Histrionically, Hemingway plays the martyr:

It is at this moment that your correspondent delivers the speech about how they are breaking his heart. How he, alone, the only man of intelligence on board, is forced to struggle
not only against the fish but against the imbecilic handling of the boat. How much the boat weighs, how fast the current runs, is he, alone, expected to reel the weight of the boat against the pull of the fish, against the current, alone, by himself, not aided but simply betrayed by these self-called fishermen who cannot hold a chair; for the love of God bring him a drink of water and let us be calm, calm, calm because they have all broken his heart.

This speech is a wow and brings tears to everyone's eyes and everyone is calm for some time (p. 21).

With this coy flashback to the Old Lady's plea for a table with a "wow" at the end (in *Death in the Afternoon*), Hemingway wrenches himself away from the anecdote-dependent-on-dialogue. Before discussing his fishing trips of the past month, he slyly observes that, after his "wow" of a speech, the crew work together in a heavy period of cursing "in which everyone insults everyone else so that they perform prodigies of strength"—and haul in the fish. Then "everyone embraces, all hard words are forgotten, and your correspondent goes down below, takes off the harness, shirt, undershirt, and sloshes water on his head and rubs down with alcohol) (pp. 21, 22).

Perhaps Hemingway read the "Rod and Gun" column which began with the question: "Can you account for the prevalence of profanity in salt water fishing?" Columnist Donald Stillman answered:

The reason salt-water anglers use more profanity than fresh-water anglers (if they do) possibly may be that the fresh-water angler fishes in a wilderness setting and the wilderness exerts a quieting influence on most men.

The same angler, who, when he hooks a big fish in salt water proclaims the fact to the world with a stentorian shout of "Fish on!" probably would hook and play in grim silence a big trout on the Nipigon River. But I am sure this angler would indulge in as much profanity over the loss of a big trout as he would over the loss of a big tuna.
Hemingway's answer is deceptive:

This method of talking and giving commands on a highly emotional basis while action is in progress is called by Carlos "genio," and he says no man can really fish big fish who has not "genio" (p. 22).

In other words, the ability to think clearly and quickly is disguised by the quick-tempered, emotional manner in which the big game fisherman, during crucial moments, issues his orders. Hemingway's problem, if we can take him seriously, is that it is hard enough to remember the words in English--much less Spanish during times "when your tongue sticks to the top of your mouth," or when you are "completely pooped." His tongue-tied condition is short-lived, and with a spark of humor, the old Hemingway bravado flares up:

But as soon as there is any sign of "genio" failing they all commence to look so gloomy that I manage to get out a remark about somebody's mother and everybody brightens at once, sure that the old man's "genio" is returning and that we will whip this fish yet! (p. 22)

His own fishing habits explained, defended and, perhaps, boasted about, he summarizes the fishing conditions off the Cuban coast in the Gulf Stream. No big fish have been sighted "up till now, the thirteenth of August," riding the swells; Bimini seems to be having a longer run of marlin; Hemingway's biggest catch in the past month has been a 420-pound "blue" marlin. He matter-of-factly states: "This fish was hooked on a trolled cero mackerel bait, on a 12/0 Pflueger swordfish hook, No. 13 piano wire leader, Hardy 20-oz. tip and Hardy 6-inch reel with 500 yards of 39-thread line and was gaffed and taken on board in one hour and twelve minutes from the time he was hooked. He jumped twelve times and
was a male fish" (p. 22). Such precise detail will keep the interested big game fishermen and fishing columnists happy.

Besides, Hemingway's regard for truth does not permit rumors about his "record" catches to go unchecked. In this case, he may be refuting a dispatch sent out from Miami to the New York papers: "Among the prizes brought in by Florida anglers was a 469-pound marlin caught by Ernest Hemingway the author." On the other hand, Hemingway may have decided to let Arnold Samuelson write the account of the 420-pound catch for Outdoor Life magazine. Hemingway focuses instead on a 324-pound female "blue" marlin he recently landed. As with his own catch, Hemingway again cites the pertinent data: type of bait, hook, leader, tip, reel, and thread line. This satisfies interested readers and, technically, balances the preceding list of details. But there are a few additional facts which Hemingway seems determined to reveal.

The 324-pound marlin was hooked and fought for over three hours by two anglers under impossible conditions in a small launch. When the Pilar came alongside, the two men asked to come aboard rather than return to the yacht which they had abandoned earlier in the day. The man who had hooked the fish asked Hemingway to take over the battle; an hour and three-quarters later, Hemingway landed the fish, dead, with the "cable twisted around its tail." In the course of this struggle, the "forty-seven foot motor yacht full of drunks" repeatedly circled the Pilar, endangering the lives of everyone,

while the man who had chartered the yacht waved a bottle and shouted, "Bring him in. What's the matter with you? Pull him in, etc." There was a lot of etc. In a high class burst of highly sincere "genio" I promised to beat the etc. out of him wherever and whenever I should run into him on shore (p. 22).
Hemingway is pertinacious in his attack on "sportsmen" in this Esquire letter, and later he again refers to this incident in American Big Game Fishing. He rants on in "Genio after Josie":

We sent word to the drunk or the swell fellow when sober, whichever you prefer, that we would take no apologies from him and I look forward very much to running into him in either of his states. I would prefer to work on him drunk so it would be messier and less competitive but I would be very happy to work on him sober so that he would remember it more clearly (p. 22).

His own "genio" diminished, Hemingway abruptly changes the subject to the results of his scientific investigations. He relates somewhat jubilantly that Henry Fowler of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural History has examined, "sketched, and described both of these blue marlin and readers of this section will be happy to know that the blue marlin are both male and female fish in the happiest and most normal fashion"; Hemingway maintains that the two marlin are but an age, environmental and sexual variation of the same fish. Furthermore, the Director of the Academy, C. M. B. Cadwalader has been Hemingway's fishing guest for the past three weeks. So there is little doubt about how serious Hemingway is. If he is name dropping, it is name dropping to convince others that he is earnestly pursuing his theories; the photographs which accompany his letter give further evidence to much of what he has been saying. One picture is of the 324-pound marlin; another shows Hemingway with Arnold Samuelson and Charles Cadwalader aboard the Pilar; and one is merely labeled "A Cuban sailfish."

Whenever he appears too scholarly, however, Hemingway intrudes upon himself in the by-now familiar pose of the comic, undercutting his own weightier pronouncements. To the interested anglers, he means it when
he informs them that he intends to stay with the big fish through September, in the hope of catching a thousand pounder. To the dis­gruntled, he promises that, if he is successful, they too will have to hear about it, "because your correspondent has to pay for the gas." To the general reader, including friends and enemies, he guarantees that if we lose one I promise not to write a word about it unless there are pictures of the jumps, in which case they will be accompanied by one of those funny pieces. You know, one of those marvelous funny pieces that make so many friends. Like the one about dirty words. Only, you know, much funnier (p. 22).

Hemingway has undoubtedly been warned that "Defense of Dirty Words" is explosive copy, and he is steeling himself for the repercussions.

His closing paragraph is the typically tapered-off, weak newspaper ending: "An airplane, celebrating the anniversary of the fall of Machado, has just crashed into a buzzard and has fallen into the sea" (p. 22). This item confirms the date August 13 [1934], given earlier in the letter. 59

To some readers, Hemingway's humor, coarse or gentle, overrides the content; others rebel, often unjustly, against such meticulous detail. Some readers react violently to the fishing articles as a whole, but such readers fail to place the letters within the general framework of the magazine. Obviously, in "Genio after Josie," Hemingway capitalizes on the opportunity to attack the "sportsman" who flaunted a fundamental boating regulation; and with the precise array of facts he displays, Hemingway intends that a few others will recognize the "swell fellow." If this is petty malice, the principle, nevertheless, remains intact: Hemingway refuses to permit the sportsman's ethics to be scoffed aside.
Whatever the personal spite in this letter, *Esquire* functions as a record of Hemingway's integrity on certain issues, the sportsman's code being one of these, which is a constantly recurring theme in his fiction.

A picture of the artist who prefers to share certain of his avocations with the public is gradually emerging. Fishing the Gulf Stream is, at this stage in his career, a strongly practiced avocation; *Esquire*, at this period in his life (not necessarily his career), has proved itself the medium through which Hemingway can correspond with others having similar interests. Furthermore, he is free to experiment with diverse methods and techniques of writing: "Genio after Josie" is an attempt to enliven a factually-detailed, albeit dry, article with patches of dialogue, anecdote, and personal experience. Therefore, to brush his years with *Esquire* aside as so much hack work is to miss observing the craftsman as he embellishes his journalistic career, a career enhanced by Mr. Gingrich's editorial permissiveness—which gives Hemingway free rein to write about "whatever interests him at the moment."
Footnotes to Chapter IV

1 "Hemingway on Mutilated Fish," Outdoor Life, LXXVII (June 1936), 71.

2 Ernest Hemingway, "Out in the Stream," 'A Cuban Letter,' Esquire, II (August 1934), 19. All subsequent references will be cited in the text.

3 Leicester Hemingway, pp. 161-167.

4 "119-1/2 Pound Sailfish Caught by Author," Miami Herald, May 26, 1934, p. 11. The rest of this news item (dated Key West, May 25) reads: "The denizen of the deep, landed after a battle of 45 minutes, weighed 119-1/2 pounds, and measured nine feet and three-fourths inches. The measurement around the girth was 35 inches and the sword was 15-1/2 inches long.

"Mr. Hemingway, who was fishing on his cabin cruiser Pilar, said that the fish leaped clear of the water 11 times and freed himself from the gaff twice after he had been brought alongside the boat."

5 Roman, "Angler's Notes," p. 29. Roman winds up that "it might not be a bad idea, on days when the full moon is due to appear over the horizon at an early hour, to try out the late sailfishing. It was on such a day as this that Mr. Hemingway caught his Atlantic ocean record sailfish and perhaps that full moon had something to do with it."

See also Erl Roman, "Angler's Notes," February 7, 1935, p. 6B. Roman quotes a wire he just received from Hemingway. In this wire, Hemingway credits McGrath with hooking the fish.

6 John Hall Wheelock, ed., Editor to Author: The Letters of Maxwell Perkins (New York, 1950), p. 90. Perkins' letter is dated June 28, 1934, so we may assume Hemingway wrote to him sometime after May 23, 1934, about the sailfish catch. Perkins answers: "I did not hear anything about that sailfish. It sounds wonderful."

7 Lynn Hunt in his chapter, "Sailfish," American Big Game Fishing, pp. 49-51, quotes directly from Hemingway's letter. Hemingway writes: "The big sailfish was caught on May 23, 1934, about 8 miles from Key West on what is called the 10 fathom bar just off the Western Dry Rocks. Thomas J. S. McGrath was fishing with me and we left the docks at 2:30 P.M. Inside of an hour he was hooked into a good sailfish on light tackle which a shark took from him after about forty-five minutes and fifteen jumps. I had an amberjack and grouper outfit 16 oz. Hardy tip, old style Pflueger Templar reel and 21 thread baited, and as I was handling the boat, etc. myself told him to slack this out while we put on another bait. The big sailfish smashed the bait almost as soon as it was out. McGrath shouted for me to take him, that his arm was still cramped from the other fish and that he couldn't deal with him. I told
him to stay with him, that I would handle the boat for him and that he would find his arm would clear up. But his arm was really bad and after a few minutes he insisted that I take the fish. He had been ill with arthritis and was in no condition to fish or would certainly have caught the fish. I took the fish over with no idea how big he was and was amazed at how he could pull. I promptly announced that he was foul hooked because no sailfish could pull that hard on 21 thread line. I treated him as though he were foul hooked and worked him very hard, standing up with him out on the stern. Brought him to gaff pretty quickly, saw how big he was, told the amateur gaffer to gaff him in the head; he pricked him somewhere toward the tail and we had fireworks. There was nobody to handle the wheel who had ever been on the boat before and I had less than two hundred yards of line. Fought him on the spring of the rod like a salmon with the lever drag off (you know how that old style Templar works) using my fingers for the braking. Was afraid to let him get out far for fear he would make a run and pop the line. Holding him close and bringing him up to easy gaffing six times with the citizen missing him each time, passed the rod, reel and all under the stern, under the propeller and rudder each time he went under the boat. He finally gaffed him and we took him on board 43 minutes after he was hooked. At no time, after I took him over, did he have more than sixty yards out. Most of the time he was about twenty yards out; but strong. He pulled like an amberjack; jumped clear eleven times. We weighed him on a tested scale before eight witnesses including Charles P. Thompson of this city, Darrell Lowe, Al Dudek, and others and he was 119-1/2 pounds. With a steel tape measured 9 feet 3/4 inch and girth 35 inches. Thomas J. S. McGrath of Shreveport, La., has all the measurements, length of bill, etc. The fish has been mounted and is in Key West for anybody to see. I would of course not send him in as a record since I did not hook him and McGrath would not because he did not land him. It was a female fish and was very beautifully built. Was caught on a flood tide around four-thirty in the afternoon in ten fathoms of water with a heavy, dark stream on strip mullet bait."

According to Leicester Hemingway, pp. 161-167, Leicester and his friend, Al Dudek, handled the wheel and gaffed the fish, respectively. Interestingly, Hemingway never refers to his brother Leicester.

The most foolish assertion of all in regard to the record sailfish is that in an article by William Forrest Dawson, "Ernest Hemingway: Petoskey Interview," Michigan Alumnus Quarterly Review, LXIV (Winter 1958), 117. Mr. Dawson tells of meeting the manager of a cleaning establishment in Petoskey. "The manager said he didn't know much about Hemingway, but he'd been on the Pilar when Hemingway caught his record sailfish off Bimini."

Hemingway on Mutilated Fish," Outdoor Life, p. 70, presents his views on types of rod-and-reel records, one of which should show the largest fish caught on rod and reel:

"A case in point is the 119-1/2-lb. Atlantic sailfish which was hooked and fought for a few minutes by T. J. S. McGrath, and then fought and landed by me. Neither McGrath nor I would enter this fish as a record for ourselves since neither of us hooked, fought, or landed the
f is h without assistance. But the unusual size of the fish for the
Atlantic Ocean is certainly worthy of record. It is the largest sailfish,
to date, caught in the Atlantic, but neither angler can claim it as a
record. McGrath had an arm crippled with arthritis and, while an
enthusiastic fisherman, did not want to hook into a big fish because of
his condition. In spite of this, he had just hooked and lost a sailfish
that a shark attacked after the fish had made 14 jumps. He had just
slacked out a line to hold it, while I prepared another bait, when the
big sailfish struck. His arm was so crippled from the work on the pre­
vious fish that he turned the big fish over to me to fight, under my
protest. Now, neither of us would claim the fish as a record, but the
fact remains that it is the largest caught on rod and reel in the
Atlantic, and should be so listed, together with the fact that it was
hooked by one man and fought and landed by another."

Is it possible that Hemingway's repeated citation of McGrath's
initials T. J. S. is Hemingway's sly joke on the Jesuits who have the
initials S. J. (Society of Jesus) after their names? Perhaps Hemingway
added the T, and reversed the letters to mean "The Jesus Society."

9See F. X. Talbot, "More on Smut," America, XLVIII (February 25,
1933), 501. Talbot argues that Hemingway's novels are vicious in their
depths yet written cleverly with a firm technique and a sophisticated
style. A word against them, Father Talbot sarcastically remarks, is a
sin against literature, culture, and civilization.

10That Hemingway is directing these findings to an interested
ichthyologist explains another remark in the letter from Max Perkins to
Hemingway: "You never told me if you joined up with that Philadelphia
museum. I always hoped you had done it, because not only might it be
financially advantageous, but it would give you a chance to enlarge your
name as a sportsman, and add a scientific element to it too. I guess
even if you have not made any connection this time, you will be likely
to do it later with some museum. I suppose the New York one would be
better." See Letters of Max Perkins, p. 90.

11The letter, ibid., indicates that Hemingway is hoping for addi­
tional remuneration from a new edition of Death in the Afternoon.
Perkins begins with an analysis of publishing conditions:
"I guess the only way to do is to drop the cheaper edition of
'Death in the Afternoon' for the present. It will not work out except
in the way we said, and then by only a slight margin. I only thought
that it might be well to do it that way, solely for the sake of bringing
the book forward again and holding it there. Everything you say is
logical, and ought to be sound (probably is sound too), but this cheap
edition would not interfere with the Modern Library taking the book, and
that would be the best outcome in the end. The regular cheap houses
would not take the book because they run entirely to fiction, but the
Modern Library does not care what anyone else does. They have a market
curiously their own. But I do not like the idea altogether myself, and
I guess we had better drop it, for this season anyhow."

In fact, Hemingway's first article, according to Mr. Gingrich, got him only $200, and this sum was twice the amount any other contributor received. Mr. Gingrich continues: "The rate of payment went up quickly, going to $250 at once—when we went monthly—and progressing upward by $50 steps until within about the first eighteen months or so it reached $500. Then when he sent us a story, at a moment when he couldn't think of a 'letter' to write to meet his deadline—this was in April of 1936—I credited his account with two payments instead of one—in other words $1000—since it was a story and not just an article or letter. (At that time Harry Burton of Cosmopolitan was paying him $3500 to $5000 per short story, and this story The Snows of Kilimanjaro, was about twice the length of such stories as One Trip Across and The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber which appeared in Cosmopolitan.) Letter to SRM, Feb. 9, 1965.

Perkins wrote Hemingway that Evan Shipman "said he would have his book done by the end of the summer. He looks as if he knew where he was going much better now, and I am in hopes it will be a fine book. It will be different from any other about horses." Letters of Max Perkins, p. 91.

Nevertheless, Free-For-All was not ready for publication until the end of 1935. In reviewing the book, Harry Hansen, "The First Reader," New York World-Telegram, November 1, 1935, p. 15, took time out to refer to Shipman's friendship with Hemingway. In his thumb-nail biographical sketch, Hansen noted: "Evan Shipman is the son of the late Louis Shipman, who wrote plays and edited Life. He was educated at Groton, and headed for Europe at first, where he met Ernest Hemingway. The latter dedicated 'Men Without Women' to him. When he came back to the United States he joined up with a combination such as the one he describes, traveling all over the country with trotting horses. Some of his stories have been appearing in Scribner's Magazine, and gradually the word has gone around that there's a new writer who knows racetrack outfits, which happens about once a decade."


An article by Polly Playfair, "Private Life of Our No. 1 Prince Charming," Miami Herald, Sunday Supplement, November 17, 1935, no pagination, confirms Vanderbilt's weakness for horses. He is described as "crazy about everything pertaining to horses." Furthermore, the wealthy young Vanderbilt has already inherited the sum of four million dollars and there is more coming in the near future.

"Mr. Vanderbilt's interests centre round the racing and breeding of horses, theatrical enterprises. . . . It says much for the personality of this millionaire sportsman that he is as popular with the devotees of the turf as he is with members of the stage and screen. . . .

"During the racing season young Vanderbilt rises every morning with his beloved equines, and personally supervises the early morning exercises. Such is his devotion to the animals that it was whispered at
one time he intended to remain on the single side of matrimony another
ten years to devote his entire time to his hobby."

It must be kept in mind that during the early 1930's, Hemingway
met many wealthy socialites, some who were interested in deep sea fishing,
and some who simply went through the motions as a status symbol. The dis-
tinction Hemingway makes between sportsmen and tourists, professionals
and amateurs, is as pertinent to fishermen as to hunters.

Psychoanalysis became a big thing in the 1930's. Freudian
analysis captured the interest of many of the formerly expatriated
Americans, both in real life and in fiction.

Fitzgerald's Tender Is the Night (New York, 1934) centers around
the problems created by a marriage between a psychiatrist and one of his
former patients. Hemingway had written to Fitzgerald on May 28, 1934, to
express his opinions about Fitzgerald's book. He is satisfied with the
description of the Gerald Murphys, but Hemingway charges that Fitzgerald
changes them into other people and "you can't do that Scott.

"Goddamn it you took liberties with peoples [sic] pasts and
futures that produced not people but damned marvellously faked case
histories." This letter is in Mayer, p. 172.

There can never be any doubt that Esquire was deferential to
Hemingway. Correction of errors is not customary in any popular magazine,
unless misrepresentation of fact detrimental to a particular individual
is involved. "Backstage with Esquire," Esquire, II (September 1934),
14D, printed the following recantation:

"This month's mention of Ernest Hemingway whose (highly recom-
manded) contribution is Defense of Dirty Words, on page 19, must take
the form of a defense of typographical errors. We have made bulls in
following the Hemingway copy for two months in a row. In July, on page
94, we spoiled one of the best sentences in Notes on Dangerous Game, by
making the copy read: 'bull' when it should have read 'buff.' Like this:
'when we caught buff in the open and had two down and the third buff with
four solids in him going at that same gallop, all one solid piece, the
neck a part of the shoulders, dusty black and the horns blacker, the
head not tossing in the gallop.' The real bad one, though, was in the
August issue, on page 158, where we printed 'live' for 'tire.' That
made no sense to anybody, and least of all to a fisherman. Here's the
way it should have been: 'The real black marlin are all old fish. You
can see it in the quality of the flesh, the coarseness of the bill, and,
above all in fighting them, in the way they tire.' If bad handwriting,
as we have frequently suspected, is one of the certain signs of a good
writer, then Mr. Hemingway is just the best."

Although it took some time for Hemingway to get much of a public
response to some of his theories, particularly about the species of
marlin, once these responses found their way into print, it was apparent
that his opinions had been given more than passing notice.

Thomas Aitken, "Marlin—Mighty Fighters," Outdoor Life, LXXV
(February 1935), 50-51, started the ball rolling: "For the last year one
of our most prolific writers on marlin theories and practices has been
Ernest Hemingway. Many of his writings on other subjects have caused heated discussions. I quote without comment from one of his 'letters' on marlin recently published:

"There are so many color variations, some of them caused by feed, others by age, others by depth of water, in these marlin that anyone seeking notoriety for himself by naming new species could have a field day along the north Cuba coast. For me they are all color and sexual variations of the same fish" ["Marlin Off the Morro"].

"In a more recent 'letter,' Mr. Hemingway states: 'We have caught and examined 91 marlin in the past two years and will need to catch and examine several hundred more before any conclusions can be drawn with even a pretense of accuracy' ["Out in the Stream"].

"There can, of course, be only one answer. The deeper we delve the more uncertain we become as to just what particular species, if any, we have on the end of a line."

Aitken went on in much the same way Hemingway had: it is up to the scientists to do the classifying, and the anglers the fishing; he listed spots recommended by several leading Florida anglers as their favorite "spot" for marlin fishing. Both charter guides and anglers are quoted. "Ernest Hemingway will tell you the north coast of Cuba is the place of places."

Aitken concluded that it is a pity they still know so little about the sport itself.

Hemingway's theories are closely scrutinized by Lansdell Anderson in "Marlin—Blue and White," Field & Stream, XL (August 1935), 20. "Ernest Hemingway, an angler and author who should know whereof he speaks, in a sex discourse on Cuban marlin, inclines toward the belief that all varieties—blue, black, striped and silver—are adolescent white marlin. He may be correct. I do not subscribe in full to his theory.

"Mr. Hemingway's contention that the large, well-rounded, striped marlin of the Atlantic is an age variation of the common white marlin is certainly tenable. I definitely agree with him on that point. They are regularly caught in the transition stage, around the 100- to 125-pound mark. But just because roe is rarely found in the striped marlin caught off Cuba it does not necessarily follow that all striped marlin are adolescent white marlin of male sex only. Since white and striped marlin are generally caught off Cuba from March to June only, is it not possible that they spawn elsewhere at some other time of the year? And that therefore Hemingway could not expect to find roe in those fish off Cuba? This theory is not upset by the fact that Cuban fishermen found roe in a striped marlin late in the season last year; rather, it is strengthened by that discovery.

"Now examine his theory that black marlin are old degenerate marlin of all varieties. And because roe is found in the huge black marlin taken in Cuban waters it does not necessarily follow that they are all female fish of common marlin origin as Hemingway would have us believe. Giant marlin resemble white marlin about as much as tigers resemble common house cats. That goes for their actions as well as
general appearance. If they are old white marlin, they must trade in the old body job for a new one along with their change of habits, fighting tactics and general color scheme. And do it overnight. None are ever caught in the transition stage. Since they do not show up off Cuba until July and August, is it not more reasonable to suppose that they move into those waters for spawning purposes at about the same time that the white marlin move out? And that they are merely cousins of the white marlin.

"It is Capt. Tom Gifford's contention that Hemingway's so-called black marlin of Cuba are identical to the variety of the marlin species that he has named the blue marlin of the Bahamas. And Gifford has fished Cuba. . . .

"This theory leaves us with at least two distinct varieties of the marlin species on the Atlantic: the common white marlin which mature into the striped variety; and the blue marlin; plus the added possibility of a third variety: Hemingway's black marlin which he describes as an ugly fish with a bill like a baseball bat, a rugged, heavy build and coarse meat."

The problem re-appeared in Thomas Aitken's short recapitulation, "Kinds of Marlin," Outdoor Life, LXXVI (December 1935), 75. Aitken began by quoting veteran Catalina guide, Capt. Harry Warner, who contended there is only one species, and therefore, should be only one recognized record for the entire family of marlin.

Aitken argued that there is no relationship between Atlantic blue marlin and Pacific striped marlin. "The mistake was made in the beginning when we all misunderstood things and started calling our great game fishes by wrong names. Atlantic black marlin are misnamed, as they are both really old blue marlin, according to both Hemingway and the American Museum of Natural History."

Aitken concluded that the species of marlin found around the world all exhibit distinct and definite characteristics "unless, of course, we are all wrong.

"What do you think?" he asked, thereby keeping the problem open for future discussion.

Aitken's reference to the Museum of Natural History probably had to do with an article by two of the curators of fishes at the American Museum, J. T. Nichols and F. R. LaMonte. "How Many Marlins Are There?" Journal of the American Museum of Natural History, XXXVI (November 1935), 327, settled for three well-marked species. Hemingway's name is never mentioned but, undoubtedly, he is one they have in mind where they say: "Some persons interested in the subject believe that there is but a single true marlin, and that the various forms represent age, sex, and individual variation."

See GHOA, pp. 68-69. The section is highly representative of Hemingway's occasional use of an extraordinarily long sentence. Unlike the emotional pitch in "Out in the Stream," however, the passage in GHOA has a peculiarly lyrical intensity about it, as if Hemingway were striving after a poetic prose, or experimenting with one of Faulkner's characteristic techniques.
"Fair Enough," New York World-Telegram, April 20, 1934, p. 21. Mr. Pegler spent several days at Matecumbe Key, Florida, in April 1934, and, judging from his columns, became rather disillusioned with fishing. He complained in his April 11, 1934, column, p. 23, that deep sea fishing is, from his viewpoint, hard labor. Once he finds out that the effort involved in catching tarpon does not include eating the same fish ("too boney") but that the fishing is done only "pour le sport" he is scornful:

"Now I know that whitewashing a fence may be either labor or sport according to the spirit in which the fence is approached by the individual, and I can concede that a fisherman might derive a certain excitement from being nearly yanked out of the boat for an hour by an anonymous fish which is going to be useless if and when it is brought in."

"The same physical effort could be had in any front yard by placing a chair on the grass and hiring someone to grab hold of the far end of a fishline and pull. . . ."

"During this time, also, the sun was beating down and the sea was throwing back the glare so the sunburn was proceeding from two directions. The trolling continued for about five hours, in the course of which, as the machinery in hand grew steadily heavier, a total of one fish, not positively identified, made a pass at the bait."

Very likely, Hemingway is watching "Fair Enough." There is a strong similarity between Pegler's last remarks about the sun, and the opening section of "Out in the Stream" in which Hemingway offers a few means of avoiding the glare from the sun.

Erl Roman, "Angler's Notes," April 30, 1934, p. 7, took Pegler's criticism, especially that leveled against writers of fishing lore, apart, without any fear of offending the disdainful journalist. Roman's defense is sound: "By catering to the whims of anglers and supplying the equipment they desire large industries have been built. In Miami alone $430,000 worth of fishing tackle was sold during 1933. Approximately 365,000 fishermen enjoyed their favorite pastime in these waters. Where there is that much interest evinced in a sport there is likewise just naturally bound to be some news attached to it. Those who write fishing columns, or fishing news, are merely catering to those who indulge in the sport of fishing. And the same is true of writers of other sports articles. In other words, there is, definitely, behind the writer of fishing news an industry of huge proportions and, in addition, a gallery composed of about 18,000,000 anglers in the United States. . . . Real fishermen are made of stern stuff, and, by outwitting fish, their brain becomes very nimble indeed, enabling them to peruse their daily fishing column without noticeable ill effects. . . ."

"Mr. Pegler says he doesn't know what he is going to do for sport. With his flair for simplicity, we'd suggest that he play 'beanbag.'"


As for the use of dirty words," Esquire, II (September 1934), 11.
21 Ernest Hemingway, "Defense of Dirty Words," 'A Cuban Letter,' Esquire, II (September 1934), 19. All subsequent references will be cited in the text.

22 See above, pp. 91-98, for a discussion of "Out in the Stream." Moreover, according to Baker, Hemingway, p. 165, "The composition of GHOA began mid-April 1934, soon after Hemingway's return to Key West. By June 20, he had reached p. 141 of the MS (ca. 20,000)." Since "Defense of Dirty Words" was not written until after the Pegler column on Lardner, it is likely that Hemingway decided to omit the higher carnivora in his Esquire work while working on GHOA.

Baker goes on: "By October 3, the word-length [of GHOA] was 50,000, and on November 16 Hemingway wrote Perkins that he had finished the first draft (73,000) words that morning. He had already been over the first half of it three times, rewriting and cutting. The completed MS was finally sent to Scribner's on February 7, 1935. It was serialized, with excellent decorations by Edward Shenton, in Scribner's Magazine, May to October 1935. It is of interest that the book began as a short story, growing to book-length as Hemingway's sense of the value of his subject grew; and that Hemingway compared it in his mind to 'Big Two-Hearted River.' The working title through 1934 was The Highlands of Africa. Hemingway decided on the present title sometime in January 1935."

23 See above, pp. 98-99.

24 The gist of Pegler's article in the New York World Telegram, July 9, 1934, p. 17, is that there is much to complain of in the moving pictures and that "the clergy are in a better position than any other force to make the movies be good." Pegler does not think the clergy are striving to force the elimination of crime and sex from the movies. He maintains: "The majority will be content to eliminate the dirt, and, while dirt is impossible to define, everybody knows dirt when he sees it, including directors, producers and the pretty gents and ladies who paint their faces and perform the make-believe for the cameras."

Under the first subhead, Pegler declares that there has been "a steady inching toward dirt in entertainment on the stage as well as in the movies since the war."

Under the second subhead, in the second of three paragraphs is the statement which Hemingway disputed: "George Cohan and John Golden have done very well in the theater without recourse to filth, and Ring Lardner never wrote a dirty scene or line or even a dirty word, although he produced some pieces dealing with acts of misconduct by very unpleasant characters."

Under the third subhead, Pegler states that the movie industry will be very foolish to "attempt to justify stuff which it knows to be low and strong and try to liken it to decent material." Pegler concludes that the clergy are determined to bring about reforms and that the movies have too long tried to see how much they could get away with.

Pegler defends the clergy's demand for decency in the movies and on the stage, and he logically presents the need for some type of
censorship. His reference to Ring Lardner, however, is obtrusive and unnecessary. This was the slip which Hemingway caught, and it is with this one remark that Hemingway concerns himself.

Scribner's tried to engage F. Scott Fitzgerald to edit a Lardner collection; in the end, Gilbert Seldes edited First and Last (New York, 1934).


F. P. A. in the New York Herald Tribune Books, June 10, 1934, p. 2, stated that there was "stuff that nobody but Lardner could write," and that the New Yorker radio pieces were "some of the merriest and bitterest stuff he ever wrote."


Mr. Patrick, speaking of the period after Lardner's death, observes: "Despite the reservations some critics expressed about Lardner's work and the disturbance which he stirred up in others by his seemingly blithe indifference to what he had achieved or what he might achieve, the chorus of acclaim rolled on, reaching a peak shortly after Lardner's death in 1933. However stated, the central keynote running through all the death notices was that 'with the death of Ring Lardner, one of the really important figures in our contemporary literature passes.'"

Aimee MacPherson was a famous (or infamous) evangelist, who converted thousands to her cause in the 1920's and early 1930's. From donations she received, she was able to build the Angelus Temple in Los Angeles, which could handle 5,000 people at one sitting. She claimed that she brought "spiritual consolation to the middle classes, leaving those above to themselves and those below to the Salvation Army."

Although her private life frequently merited unfavorable publicity, she was unique in the realm of evangelism. The newspapers of the 1920's and 1930's kept her activities before the American public. See "Aimee M'Pherson, Evangelist, Dead," New York Times, September 28, 1944, p. 19.


See also chapter 11 "La Phrase et le Mot" for an excellent summary of soldiers who testified that Cambronne did say the famous sentence. Hugo, Les Misérables (1862), is the first to print that Cambronne said "le mot." Over and above these details is the most important fact that Garros does have the specific testimony of Cambronne who denied he had ever said "la phrase."

Garros, p. 209, mentions that these old soldiers were much less impressionable than we are. They were used to such language, etc. And with the long hours of battle, etc. did they have time to make up beautiful sentences? "This sentence was probably made up by an editor of the Journal Général. In any case its success was immediate and the entire press seized upon it. In a few days, all of France knew of it."
Garros tends to think that Cambronne said the word and not the sentence: "It is very near certain--rather than say beyond a doubt that Cambronne hurled it at the enemy.

"But let us not forget that General Cambronne belonged to the Imperial Guard. That in spite of his plebeian origin, the Guard was aristocratic in habit and custom: the officers addressed one another as monsieur instead of calling one another by their grade. Cambronne was a 'bourgeois' but more than that--he was noble! Noble of the Empire, indeed! Baron even! He held on to his title, and his reputation as a well brought up man--One day, he realized that everyone turned back on his heels murmuring: 'Here is the man who said "m---" to the English.' This was perhaps very glorious but not illustrous. People were not coarse than as they are now."

Garros, p. 220, concludes with a note on the great impact of la phrase--"the symbol of French courage. Children learning history never forget it; they don't forget the word either, when one tells them, and the word remains forever--for them--the 'mot de Cambronne.'" (Trans. by Sister Maria Regina, O. P.)

Hemingway's argument in behalf of dirty words bears an uncanny resemblance to the general thesis which N. Garros develops in behalf of Cambronne's use of the word merde.

In the course of his introduction to his anthology, Men At War (New York, 1942), p. xx, Hemingway again returns to Cambronne in his reference to Stendhal's picture of a routed army at Waterloo.

"It was at Waterloo that General Cambronne, when called on to surrender, was supposed to have said, 'The Old Guard dies but never surrenders.' What Cambronne actually said was, 'Merde!' which the French, when they do not wish to pronounce it, still refer to as, 'the word of Cambronne.' It corresponds to our four letter word for manure. All the difference between the noble and the earthly accounts of war is contained in the variance between those two quotations. The whole essence of how men speak in actual war is in Stendhal."


Nevertheless, "by itself shit! is an expletive, not an imperative, and foreign-language equivalencies for shit, such as the French merde, seem likewise to have two usages, literal and figurative, or biological and non-biological, with no ambiguity resulting therefrom. . . ."

"Standing alone, it is a word of frustration, of disgust, of dismay or unhappiness. By itself, and in this form, its meaning is entirely free from biological connotations.

"This use of the word (in English and French) is repeated in many modern languages, where the closest equivalent is used in a figurative sense as an expletive of disgust."

In light of Sagarin's remarks, observe Hemingway's use of the word in Across the River and Into the Trees, pp. 18-19. Cantwell finally evens up the score for Hemingway on words which had so long been deleted from his work.
28. In his article, "The Text of Ernest Hemingway," p. 441, Mr. Meriwether offers pertinent information based on his interview with Maurice Coindreau who translated *A Farewell to Arms* into French in 1930: "According to Hemingway, Perkins had insisted upon the deletion from the typescript of *A Farewell to Arms* of a number of the standard Anglo-Saxon four-letter obscenities. When Maurice Coindreau undertook the translation of this novel, about 1930, Hemingway wrote him that these editorial deletions or changes had been made over his strong protest, and he would like them restored in the French translation. So he took Coindreau's copy of the first edition of the book and carefully inserted all the obscenities again. I do not know if the original typescript survives, with original obscenities and editorial markings, but in its absence I take it that for those passages, Coindreau's copy of the novel should become setting copy for the definitive edition of Hemingway."

In a subsequent article, "The Dashes in Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms.*" Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America, LVIII (Fourth Quarter 1964), 449-450, Mr. Meriwether states that he had the opportunity to examine both Hemingway's correspondence with M. Coindreau, and his penciled-in words over the publisher's dashes. Meriwether finds that "in fifteen places in the text Hemingway had filled in the publisher's dashes with simple one-word obscenities and in another, that involving Rinaldi's medicine, he had corrected a mistake." All of the expurgated bawdry is spoken by soldiers; its range is not wide. As Mr. Meriwether wisely notes, pp. 454-455: "Unexpurgated, the language of *A Farewell to Arms* intensifies the contrast between the lyrical, tender love scenes and the sordid brutality of the war scenes in which all the obscenity occurs."

What is of value to "Defense of Dirty Words" is Mr. Meriwether's perceptive remark: "Throughout his career as a writer Hemingway was concerned with the problem of artistic fidelity to the American vernacular, and it must have been highly irritating to him to be confronted again and again with the comstockery, and inconsistent comstockery at that, of various publishers."

See above, pp. 73-74, for Benchley's remarks on the blanks in *A Farewell to Arms.*

29. See the following articles: "Boston Police Bar Scribner's Magazine," New York Times, June 21, 1929, p. 2. The June issue of Scribner's has been barred by Michael H. Crowley, Superintendent of Police, because of the objections to an instalment of Ernest Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms" which is, in part, "salacious."

Scribner's issued a statement verifying their belief in the integrity and validity of the story. To them, the action in Boston is an improper use of censorship. The story as a whole is distinctly moral. They further maintain Hemingway set out neither "to write a moral tract nor thesis of any sort. His book is no more anti-war propaganda than the Kellogg treaties." The story will continue to run; only one-third has so far been published.

A second article, "Boston Bans Scribner's for July," New York Times, June 29, 1929, p. 8, simply tells that the ban started in June because of objections to "A Farewell to Arms."
Perhaps the sales of his books were harmed, to some extent, by the verbal browbeating from self-righteous critics. Talbot's article, "More on Smut," reached a wide Catholic audience, and was even cited in the New York Times, February 23, 1933, p. 15, under the headline, "Obscenity Scored in 3 Best Sellers": "Beneath the 'art and literary pretensions': . . . the novels of . . . Ernest Hemingway 'are crawling with vermin.'"

Hemingway, no doubt, saw the subtle slight administered by Alexander Woollcott in "Shouts and Murmurs," New Yorker, IX (October 21, 1933), 36. "Every now and then a writer succeeds in implanting a kindred sense of his utter dependability. I felt this as I sniffed inquiringly around two new books which have just arrived from the house of Scribner. . . . The other is an advance copy of a new work by the young master, on which he has bestowed the faintly pessimistic title, 'Winner Take Nothing.' This latest collection of Hemingway stories will have this as its first sentence:

It wasn't about anything, something about making punch, and then we started fighting and I slipped and he had me down kneeling on my chest and choking me with both hands like he was trying to kill me and all the time I was trying to get the knife out of my pocket to cut him loose.

Well, well, I thought, these boys [S. S. Van Dine and Hemingway], at least, are up to no new tricks. I felt, therefore, that I could put their works aside for the moment while I contemplated a puzzling phenomenon of American life."

Woollcott returned to the radio October 7, 1934, sponsored by Cream of Wheat.

"Book Notes," New York Herald Tribune, October 25, 1934, p. 18, gives an idea of his power in pushing book sales: Woollcott's talking about Hilton's Lost Horizon over the radio is probably responsible for the fact that Morrow has been selling an average of 518 copies per day for the last 8 days.

Broun, in "It Seems to Me," New York World Telegram, December 9, 1933, p. 15, admits that in principle he has "not the slightest hesitation in agreeing that the present court victory marks a new high in judicial liberalism."

Yet, in the very same column, Broun insists that he holds "no brief for--well, any of the Anglo-Saxon brevities. I didn't invent any of these words, and I use very few of them since I swore off playing poker."

Hemingway is criticized, somewhat obscurely, in "It Seems to Me," July 10, 1934, p. 17.

The temerity of Hemingway's remark, especially his reference to Woollcott and Broun, becomes more admirable once we realize the extent of their influence.

Charles Fisher, The Columnists (New York, 1944), pp. 10-11, discusses several columnists, including Broun and Woollcott, who command audiences of a size, diversity and devotion unknown either to newspapermen or more retiring literateurs of pre-syndicate generations.
"The columnists about whom it is most profitable to talk... are wafted throughout the nation by syndicates....

That school of columning most certainly began in the 'twenties and quite probably with the late Heywood Broun. At least, Broun and Walter Lippmann run a dead heat as the writers first to attract the serious attention of the nation....

The World established an entire stable of columnists there [Op Ed Page] and so set the tradition most newspapers follow today. There is a school which holds that the late Alexander Woollcott was the first intellectual newspaper writer. His assignment was as theatre reviewer, but into his critiques there slipped, inevitably, the Woollcottian view of events in no way associated with the drama. When Broun was moved over from the Sports Department to begin 'It Seems to Me' as a general column, he compensated by writing endlessly about the theatre.

"Broun moved on to the Tribune, the World-Telegram, and eventually to syndication."

34 According to Harry E. Heath, Jr. and Lou Gelfand in How To Cover, Write and Edit Sports (Iowa State College Press, 1957), pp. 24-26, the golden age of sports writing in the United States was from 1914 until 1930. Reporters whose by-line was known from coast to coast included Heywood Broun, Ring Lardner, and Bill McGeehan who kept their readers from weary, depressing war stories. With these sports writers, "the age of the high-salaried sports columnist had arrived."

In the early 1930's, this "Golden Age" began to dim. Sports writing was tempered by the times. "Some of the famous by-lines began to disappear from the sports pages. Westbrook Pegler went to the editorial page. Lardner died in 1933 at the age of 48, Bill McGeehan passed on the same year at the age of 54," and Broun, who had long since dropped sports coverage exclusively, "died in 1939 at the age of 51."


36 As a foreign correspondent in the early 1920's, Hemingway was constantly trying to get enough feature stories written in order to reserve time exclusively for his fiction writing. See Apprenticeship, pp. 126-127, 159-161.

37 Very briefly, the background on the Astor-Gillespie reference is as follows: John Jacob Astor III became engaged to Eileen Gillespie in January 1934. Three weeks later, their engagement was broken. At the end of May, Ellen T. French's engagement to young Astor was announced. The press had been unable to find out anything regarding the broken engagement. In the middle of June, the press learned that Miss Gillespie just returned Astor's highly valuable engagement ring. On June 17, New York newspapers carried the story of Astor's apology to Miss Gillespie. On June 19, it was revealed that Astor had a trust fund set up for Miss Gillespie immediately after their engagement in January. On June 30, Astor married Miss French in Newport. Astor's step-father, at this time, was Enzo Fiermonte, a light-heavyweight boxer.
A background such as this provided open season on the Astor family; such an invitation Pegler completely responded to, turning out three of the most entertaining columns he ever wrote.

The first, June 15, 1934, p. 17, deals with his offer to handle the correspondence; the other two, June 29, 1934, p. 19; and June 30, 1934, p. 17, cover the wedding preparations with an almost sophisticatedly vindictive touch. The three columns are re-printed here to speak for themselves, and to illustrate why Hemingway rates them "top in columning."

"Your correspondent" is a popular phrase among columnists; Hemingway, too, reverts to this in the first part of "Defense of Dirty Words," and occasionally in his other Esquire letters.

"Fair Enough," June 15, 1934, p. 17:

"If they haven't committed themselves too far already, will the Lawrence Lewis Gillespies, of Park Ave. and Newport, R. I., please get in touch with your correspondent at once, with a view to making a little money for themselves and also for your correspondent?

"The Lawrence Lewis Gillespies are the parents of the little girl who just barely missed becoming the stepdaughter-in-law of the potential light-heavyweight champion of the world, Enzo Fiermonte, when her engagement to young John Jacob Astor was called off.

"If the Gillespies' little girl had married young John Jacob she would have been entitled to sit in the Astor family group at the ringside when John Jacob's stepfather fights Slapsie Rosenbloom for the light-heavyweight championship and yell 'Hit him in the slats, Enzo!'

"However, that opportunity is past, and it is just the Gillespies' hard luck that they will never be able to claim step-kinship-in-law to a potential light-heavyweight champion of the world. They should have thought of this before.

"What your correspondent has in mind is the serial rights to the correspondence which was exchanged between John Jacob and themselves and the further possibilities of the stage, vaudeville, testimonials and moving pictures. Your correspondent has been around in this business for some years, and it pains him to see the Gillespies throwing away valuable material which could be marketed at considerable profit to themselves and your correspondent with professional handling. But first of all, your correspondent would earnestly advise the Gillespies to release no more of this material until they have conferred with him and heard his proposition.

"Astor missive would be exclusive: The Gillespies have a big thing there. The memoirs of Miss Evelyn Nesbit have been printed many times in the last twenty-some years, and they are running again, better than ever, at the present time. Miss Peggy Joyce's story is another twice-told tale which could be touched up slightly today and sold over again at good prices. But nobody has ever been able to offer the letters of a John Jacob Astor for publication, and if the Gillespies intend to publish this correspondence anyhow it seems a sinful waste to release it free of charge and as casually as the batting averages or a Monday morning statement of the Anti-Saloon League.

"Your correspondent would undertake to put on a great publicity campaign in advance of publication, with posters on the circulation wagons and double-trucks in the newspaper trade publications. If an old story
of Charles Dickens could sell for more than a quarter of a million at this date in competition with many other stories by the same author, the first rights to the first published letters of a John Jacob Astor should be worth enough to interest the parents of Enzo Piermonte's ex-step-daughter-in-law-elect.

"$1,000 a Week to Start: Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie could string out the story of the family quarrel with John Jacob Astor endlessly. They would not even have to write their own copy. There are staff ghosts who could take one little phrase out of one of John Jacob's letters to the Gillespies and write a fifteen-minute routine around it. They could get $1,000 a week to start and, if they had enough of those letters and personal recollections, and were able to put their act over with the same enthusiasm which they showed in their newspaper releases, they could rise to $3,000 a week in no time.

"In vaudeville they might like to use a little act which your correspondent has been working over in his spare time these last few days. It starts with Mrs. Gillespie reading the letters before the fire and remarking to Mr. Gillespie, 'Paw, do you really think that ring that John Jacob gave our little girl was worth $100,000 like he said?' Mr. Gillespie, fiddling with the dials on his radio, says, 'Hush, maw, Enzo Piermonte is fighting Rollo Rollova at the Ridgewood Grove A. C. tonight, and I want to hear the broadcast.'

"Remorse at the Fireside: The act then proceeds through a reading of some of John Jacob's letters, including his letter of apology for passing unkind remarks about the Gillespie family. Then comes the broadcast of John Jacob's stepfather's fight and the shrill voice of John Jacob's maw, crying, 'Over the heart, honey, he don't like 'em there.'

"Enzo wins the fight by a knockout, and each member of the family then says a few words on the air from the ringside.

"Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie sit silent, and just at the curtain Maw says, 'Paw, if you hadn't been so temperish with John Jacob we might have been at the ringside ourselves tonight among all the celebrities, instead of sitting here reading old letters.'

"This is just a bare outline of the possibilities. The marriage is off and that cannot be helped, but if the Gillespies will listen to reason your correspondent can put them over in a big, profitable way."

"Fair Enough," June 29, 1934, p. 19:

"All roads lead to Newport, R. I., where John Jacob (Jack) Astor, stepson of Enzo Piermonte, the fighting pugilistic idol of sunny Italy, marries Ellen Tuck (Tucky) French, daughter of Francis Ormond French, old-time Broadway hackman, Saturday afternoon. The match, hailed by the fans and critics as a perfect 'natural,' promises to be the matrimonial sensation of the summer season and the crowd is expected to reach bumper proportions.

"No estimate on the attendance could be obtained from the management today, but shrewd wedding fans and experts who have been attending such affairs for years look for the biggest turnout of dyed-in-the-wool enthusiasts since the first marriage of Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., the reporter whose exclusive stories on the intimate life of his own family have won him a place in journalism."
In fact, the management seems to have underestimated the drawing powers of Saturday's attraction, for the wedding is being held in Trinity Church, Newport, which has a limited seating capacity compared with some of the big wedding arenas in New York. This underestimate probably is due to a mistake in judging fan psychology.

"Financial Disagreement: The match originally was to have been between Jack and Miss Eileen Gillespie, of New York, but there was a disagreement involving financial terms and other matters. The deal was called off, and Miss Gillespie's father in the role of manager, held up Jack's forfeit, a diamond ring worth at least $100,000 until he apologized.

"For a time it looked as though Jack would not get married at all this season, but Miss French agreed to meet him at the church and the management decided to go through with the wedding with this substitution.

"Ordinarily, a substitution tends to dampen the interest of the fans, but in this case the ballyhoo built up tremendously, thanks to Miss Gillespie's parents, who issued a series of ringing publicity announcements. The present match now promises to outdraw the original.

"The fact is that, notwithstanding the belated showmanship of Mr. Lawrence Lewis Gillespie, the French family has much stronger drawing powers. Mr. Gillespie's contribution to the excitement was unintentional, but Francis Ormond French is a master of ballyhoo and has cooperated whole-heartedly in the publicity. He has taken a block of tickets himself, inviting Putzy Hanfstaengl, Adolph Hitler's man, for one of the guests, and will be present in person exerting that sure-fire personality which won him columns of publicity as the society hackman in New York.

"Enzo Is Depressed: From present indications it does not appear that Jack's stepfather, Enzo Fiermonte, will be present. He is reported to be feeling depressed at this time because the New York prizefight commission refused to permit him to fight Mr. Slapsie Rosenbloom for the light-heavyweight championship of the world. This ruling is generally regarded as class discrimination, and there is a spirit of revolt in Newport, Bar Harbor and the Long Island Hamptons as a result.

"Strictly speaking, Slapsie Rosenbloom is no better than anybody else, and the prizefight commission's un-American decree is regarded as another blow at the constitutional rights of the rich. Efforts now are being made to enlist the aid of the Civil Liberties Union to enjoin the commission from interfering with John Jacob Astor's stepfather's right to fight Slapsie Rosenbloom.

"In view of the rather strained situation Slapsie Rosenbloom will not be among the wedding fans in Newport, either.

"Nevertheless, the attendance is bound to establish a record for the depression and might possibly exceed some of the great turnouts of the old days in New York.

"Value of Ring Doubled: Not only has the interest practically doubled since Pa Gillespie's ringing announcements turned a comparatively routine Astor wedding into a major attraction, but the value of the $100,000 ring has doubled too. The ring now is described as a $200,000 ring, and although none of the fans has been allowed to view it, this estimate is taken in good faith by the public.

"The same believing disposition was always manifest with regard to the diamond championship belts for which the prizefighters used to
compete. Some of the diamonds in those belts were said to be Arkansas
diamonds, worth no more than $2 per karat, but at least the fans were
allowed to view them in the windows of the leading saloons and guess for
themselves. The $100,000 or $200,000 Astor diamond has not been placed
in any saloon window as an evidence of good faith as yet.

"Your correspondent had hoped to attend the wedding, but that
looks impossible now, as the only journalists who will be accredited are
duly certified society reporters. Your correspondent had hoped to crash
the gate carrying the water bucket for John Jacob Astor's stepfather,
Enzo Fiermonte, the fighting pugilistic idol of sunny Italy."

"Fair Enough," June 30, 1934, p. 17:

"Newport, June 30.--It looks as if John Jacob Astor's wedding,
in which Miss Ellen Tuck (Tucky) French is substituting for Miss Eileen
Gillespie, who withdrew from the match some time ago, will go through
this afternoon without any further substitutions. Both principals were
in camp at their respective quarters, and there was a great influx of
wedding fans during the forenoon.

"These included a wide variety of Astors and Vandervilts, more
or less removed, and, of course, a heavy influx of ordinary dyed-in-the-
wool wedding fans, attracted to Newport by the ballyhoo regarding the
size of the stake. John Jacob is said to stand $8,000,000 on the hoof
and to have given Miss French gifts worth about $2,000,000 in advance of
the ceremony.

"These figures, while they constitute no world record, represent
big money in a time of depression, and the charm of the financial statis-
tics was expected to draw a record attendance for Newport.

"However, although many secondary Astors and Vandervilts were in
town fanning over the impending wedding and recalling great weddings of
the past, there was no sign of the biggest Astor of them all. Mr. Vincent
Astor, President Roosevelt's friend and yachting shipmate and bankroll
man for a new Deal publication devoted to serious thinking, had intended
to be present when his young half-brother was matched with Miss Gillespie.
But after Miss Gillespie's father, Lawrence Lewis Gillespie, held up
John Jacob's forfeit, a $100,000 diamond ring, until he apologized [sic]
for not liking him and the match fell through, Mr. Vincent Astor changed
his plans.

"Mr. Vincent Astor had to rush off to Europe to answer the
phone, leaving John Jacob to find another second.

"Signora Fiermonte on Hand: John Jacob's mother, Signora Enzo
Fiermonte, will be present, but her husband, the fighting pugilistic
product of Sunny Italy, will be among the absentees according to the
latest gossip around the cigar store. Signor Fiermonte is reported to be
in training somewhere in a determined campaign to prove himself deserving
of a fight with Slapsie Rosenbloom for the light-heavyweight championship
of the world.

"Although Enzo is not an Astor himself, he is an Astor's step-
father, and there was an implied snub to the Astor name when the New York
prizefight commission decided that Enzo was not deserving of a match with
Slapsie Rosenbloom. The Astors have had generations of experience in all
the arts and forms of snobbery, but always up to this time they were the
snubbers and never the snubbees. To be snubbed is bad enough, but to be snubbed by the New York prizefight commission and on behalf of Slapsie Rosenbloom, of the Harlem Rosenblooms, is the most unkind cut of all. "There was a rehearsal of the wedding yesterday afternoon, an incident which may cause some of the fans to raise an eyebrow. However, it appears that it is customary to rehearse weddings in society in order that the principals will be versed in their lines and not forget themselves at the great moment and say, 'Who--me?'

"In the profession which John Jacob's stepfather and Slapsie Rosenbloom have the honor to adorn rehearsals are looked upon with suspicion by the fans. But wedding fans and prizefight fans are not fans of the same type. Wedding fans, particularly in society, regard the rehearsal of the ceremony as a wise precaution to avoid mistakes, especially in a case where there has been a belated substitution.

"Are They Churchgoers?: Both principals have been training on plain camp fare of caviar, plenty of fresh, wholesome plovers' eggs and truffles. The curious fans who are flocking into town ride by their respective quarters hoping to catch a glimpse but are unrewarded, although they may get a break this afternoon.

"It has been decided that anybody who can convince the regular ushers that he or she regularly attends Trinity Church is entitled to admission as long as there is room. However, this does not solve the problem of the wedding experts from the newspapers who have been pouring into town from all the major league cities of the East to cover the ceremony. Most of the journalists, unfortunately, would have a difficult time convincing anybody that they ever attend any church, much less Trinity Church of Newport, R. I.

"Your correspondent is now going to make the rounds of the leading garages to try to get a last-minute statement from Miss French's father, Francis Ormond French, the old Broadway hack driver, who is fond of giving statements.

"He will then search the local gin parlors for Dr. Ernst Hanfstaengl, Adolf Hitler's righthand man, who says gin is the drink of heroes and accepts the nomination by drinking gin. French and Putzy were undergraduates together at Harvard, and French invited Putzy to use one of his ringside tickets.

"Otherwise all is confusion."

380. Henry served three years in prison, charged with an unexplained shortage of money in an Austin, Texas bank in which he had been employed as a teller from 1891 until 1894.

Guy de Maupassant turned out a prodigious number of short stories, novels, plays, and travel sketches until he went mad in 1891, and was committed to a sanitarium, where he died in 1894. For a thorough discussion of his life and writings, see Francis Steegmuller, MAUPASSANT: A LION IN THE PATH (New York, 1949).

See Edward Shanks, Rudyard Kipling: A STUDY IN LITERATURE AND POLITICAL IDEAS (London, 1940), for a view of Kipling akin to that of Hemingway.
James A. Farley, the boxing commissioner who became Postmaster General in Roosevelt's cabinet in 1933, was repeatedly pulverized by Pegler's lethal remarks. Pegler never failed to remind his readers of Farley's former position as boxing czar. For instance, his "Fair Enough" column for March 3, 1934, p. 13, begins by asserting that the fight between Primo Carnera and Tommy Loughran in Miami established a new low in gate receipts. The two fighters were the two obvious reasons why people did not invest in the show.

Two more reasons for deterring the trade are "that the two funniest and most provocative prize fight commissioners that ever lashed about them with the bladders of high authority in pugilism had passed from the scene within the last year. . . . Mr. Farley, who governed pugilism by ear with an easy disregard for the rules which he had laid down himself, had progressed to greater responsibilities in the post office and patronage. . . .

"The sports journalists used to make more or less merry over his informal ways with the laws of pugilism. But the political correspondents in Washington are a wretched lot, and they would be likely to ride a man out of office and smear up an entire administration if they should ever catch him conferring favors of corresponding size on his friends at the expense of the official rules and ethics of public office. . . .

"The amateurs represent a sort of coolie labor. For the protection of the prize fight profession they ought to be enjoined."

See above, pp. 37-44.

Ring Lardner, "Over the Waves: 'Pu-leeze! Mister Hemingway!" New Yorker, VIII (October 1, 1932), 38.

Ring Lardner, "Over the Waves: 'Lyricists Strike Pay Dirt,'" New Yorker, VIII (November 19, 1932), 47.

This first group of "Over the Waves" articles begin: "No Visitors, N.Y." Probably Max Perkins asked Hemingway to autograph Death in the Afternoon for Ring. (The last half of the "Over the Waves" articles are headed: "Do Not Disturb, N.Y.")


See pp. 156-167 for the full story of the battle in print between Broun and Hemingway.

See pp. 167-174 for a brief consideration of Seldes' article and Hemingway's vicious response.

50 Letters of Max Perkins, p. 96. Perkins dates this letter November 28, 1934; from what he says about Hemingway's Esquire letters, it seems safe to assume Hemingway had brought them to Perkins' attention.

51 Ernest Hemingway, "Genio after Josie," "A Havana Letter," Esquire, II (October 1934), 21. All subsequent references to this article will be made in the text.

52 The first two sections of To Have and Have Not (New York, 1937) were published as short stories, the first "One Trip Across," Cosmopolitan, XCVI (April 1934), 20-23, 108-122; and the second as "The Tradesman's Return," Esquire, V (February 1936), 27, 193-196. There is little in either one similar to "Genio after Josie."

Only Josie's comment, "What about a really cold one, Cap?" carries overtones of an earlier remark made in "One Trip Across," p. 112, when Harry, dejectedly, says to Frankie, "Well, we might as well have a cold one."

Notice Josie's description of the barroom fights in "Genio after Josie":

"Josie said, 'Ernest, you ought to have seen it. Skinner had to mop the blood off the floor with a mop and a bucket. Fights! I never saw better fights in the ring. And all night long.'

"'Did you have to get the cops in?' I asked him.

"'I never put a man in jail in my life,' Josie said.

"'If they break anything let them pay for it when they're sober. That helps the good name of the place.'

"'What if they take a swing at you, Cap?'

"'What would they want to take a swing at me for? They like to fight among themselves.'

"'But he had the good old cut off billiard cue behind the bar in case anyone ever should make a mistake.'

In To Have and Have Not, pp. 207-209, Richard Gordon is watching a very drunken "Vet" argue with Freddy, the bartender, in a scene similar to the above:

"Freddy spread his hands on the bar. He was watching the Vet.

"'You're a goddamn liar,' said the Vet, and picked up a beer glass to throw it. As his hand closed on it, Freddy's right hand swung in a half circle over the bar and cracked a big saltcellar covered with a bar towel alongside the Vet's head.

"'Was it neat?' said the red-headed Vet. 'Was it pretty?'

"'You ought to see him tap them with that sawed-off billiard cue,' the other said. . . .

"'I've seen a dozen laying against the wall over there on a big night,' the red-headed Vet said. 'One morning I seen that big boogie there mopping it up with a bucket. Didn't I see you mop it up with a bucket?' he asked the big Negro bartender."
In *Death in the Afternoon*, pp. 180, 182, the Old Lady wants a story about abnormal people. Hemingway repeats one a newspaperman told him about two American homosexuals who spent the night in a Paris hotel fighting between themselves, one minute asking the newspaperman for help, and the next minute, telling him to mind his own business. A few days later the correspondent pointed out to Hemingway, who saw them frequently after that, sitting on the terrace of the Café des Deux Magots.

"Old lady: And is that all of the story? Is there not to be what we called in my youth a wow at the end?"

"Ah, Madame, it is years since I added the wow to the end of a story. Are you sure you are unhappy if the wow is omitted?"

"Old lady: Frankly, sir, I prefer the wow."

"Then, Madame, I will not withhold it. . . . The younger . . . had his hair hennaed."

"Old lady: This seems to me a very feeble wow."

"Madame, the whole subject is feeble and too hearty a wow would overbalance it."


"Erl Roman, "Angler's Notes," July 23, 1934, p. 9, refers to a fishing news dispatch sent to New York under a Miami dateline from the Associated Press. Roman quotes parts of it. Hemingway is listed for catching a 469-pound marlin. Either this is old news (and slightly inaccurate at that)—a 468-pound fish was caught by Hemingway in 1933; or this is simply news which made no attempt to verify fishing reports. Roman does not dispute any of the statements.

On another occasion, however, Hemingway wired Erl Roman about an error in "Angler's Notes" on Hemingway's fish records. The following item appeared in Roman's column, February 7, 1935, p. 6B: "Ernest Hemingway, well-known author, wires me from Key West that I made an error when I credited him with catching 104 marlin in two months off the Cuban coast. 'It was 104 marlin in three seasons,' he says. 'And,' he adds, 'that 119-1/2-pound sailfish, the largest ever taken in the Atlantic ocean on rod and reel, was hooked by T. J. McGrath of Shrevesport, La.' It might be added that Mr. McGrath fought the fish for a short period, and then realizing that he did not possess the strength to land it, turned his rod over to Mr. Hemingway, who continued the fight and finished it in true sportsmanlike fashion. The big sailfish is now mounted and decorates the wall of Mr. Hemingway's study."

According to *Leicester Hemingway*, pp. 172-173, Arnold Samuelson arrived in Key West in the summer of 1934 with the single-minded purpose of having Ernest teach him to write. Samuelson is the "Maestro" in the *Esquire* letter "Monologue to the Maestro" (October 1935). Leicester adds, "The Maestro had never been on a boat before, but in the months aboard the *Pilar* he learned enough about writing to sell articles about fishing with Ernest."

Samuelson's article, "Beating Sharks to a Marlin," *Outdoor Life*, LXXV (June 1935), 30-31, 54, tells how sharks cut the line on which
Hemingway hooked a big marlin. In hot-tempered anger, Hemingway curses heavily.

Carlos is at the wheel and fails to understand the commands. Hemingway fires at him in Spanish. The second half of Samuelson's article tells of the 420-pound catch which Hemingway slights in "Genio after Josie." Juan has taken over the wheel—and handles the Pilar rather well. Despite the array of details, "Beating Sharks to a Marlin" just doesn't come off—technically, that is—in comparison with any of Hemingway's fishing articles.

Several of the pictures are the same as those in "Genio after Josie." Charles Cadwalader is in one of them, along with Hemingway and Samuelson. Samuelson never mentions Hemingway's younger brother.

Even with this harangue, Hemingway could not let the matter die. In the course of "Marlin Off Cuba," American Big Game Fishing, pp. 55-81, Hemingway fills in more details somewhat diplomatically.

Discussing the different ways marlin strike when a fisherman is either drifting or trolling, Hemingway has little to say on the subject of drifting, because he claims he misses the excitement of the strike, and has a definite advantage over the fish from the start. Nevertheless, he consulted a pioneer rod and reel fisherman for big marlin, Mr. H. L. Woodward.

Hemingway quotes directly from Woodward's letter and the implications are plain: "I shall give you such pertinent information as I can regarding my fishing, but it is the sport that counts and not the individual. Therefore, where not absolutely necessary, please leave my name out of the text of the article. Now for the information."

If we think Hemingway is self-effacing in publishing Woodward's curt command, we soon get the drift of Hemingway's method.

Woodward tells of some of the best fighting fish he has hooked and landed in the Gulf Stream while drifting. Of relevance is the statement: "The 324-pound marlin which was hooked by Dr. Hernandez, fought for two and a half hours by myself and landed by you on your boat, was one of the best fighting fish that I have ever hooked on the surface. The unfortunate part was that this fish fouled the leader with his tail within the first hour. He made a very spectacular fight for the first forty minutes on the surface and moved so fast that at times we had a double bag in the line."

Keeping in mind that American Big Game Fishing was published in May 1935, we must look again at Hemingway's description of this 324-pound catch in "Genio after Josie," p. 22: The "blue" marlin "had been hooked by two anglers fishing in a small launch and fought for three hours. . . . without a chair and the fish had sounded with five hundred yards of line out when, the sun starting to set, we ran close alongside to ask if they wanted us to stand by during the night. At their suggestion we took them on board to fight the fish from our chair. . . . The angler who had hooked the fish asked me to take it over and after working an hour and three-quarters we brought it up to gaff at half past eight in the dark, stone dead, the cable leader twisted around the tail."

I assume that Mr. Woodward had already seen Hemingway's Esquire piece, hence, his icy command to Hemingway to keep names out of "Marlin
Off Cuba," especially the name of the person who had chartered the 47-foot yacht.

In *American Big Game Fishing*, pp. 73-74, Hemingway elaborates further on Woodward's letter: "The 324-pound fish Mr. Woodward refers to was hooked by Dr. Hernandez in a small launch without a fishing chair, was fought under impossible conditions by Woodward until, as it was getting rough and the sun was going down, our boat which had been standing by in case they would be caught out in the dark with the fish, took both anglers on board to let them work the fish from a proper chair. The fish was finally brought up, dead, tail tangled in the leader, from a depth of 500 yards. At least there were five hundred yards of 30-thread line cut, straight down, when the doctor, whose first marlin it was, suggested that a third angler have a try at the fish. The bringing-up process took one hour and three-quarters. It was interesting to see that a dead 324-pound fish could be raised from that depth on 30-thread line, but it is an experience the repetition of which is to be avoided." The invective is missing; but Hemingway has the satisfaction of identifying the two anglers in the launch.

According to Leicester Hemingway, p. 186, Ernest invited ichthyologists from the Philadelphia Academy of Science out to study the habits of marlin in the Gulf Stream. And one species of fish, the *Neomerinthe Hemingwavi*, was named after Ernest, its discoverer."

In *American Big Game Fishing*, p. 13, Lynn Hunt praises Hemingway for having invited ichthyologists to Key West to study specimens in their natural habitat, and hopes "that more sportsmen in the future will invite scientists to study and accompany them on their sailfishing expeditions."

But Henry Fowler, "Description of a New Scorpaenoid Fish (*Neomerinthe Hemingwavi*) from Off New Jersey," *Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia*, LXXXVII (1935), 41-43, does not cite Hemingway as the discoverer of a new species, as Leicester Hemingway says. The name is given: "(For Ernest Hemingway, author and angler of great game fishes, in appreciation of his assistance in my work on Gulf Stream fishes.)" The specimen had been discovered in deep water off southern New Jersey, and was sent by Mr. Otway H. Brown.

Additional proof of Hemingway's interest in scientific investigation is found in Roman's "Angler's Notes," February 17, 1935, p. 8B. Roman quotes a Key West dispatch. A blue marlin, the second of its species, was caught in the Gulf Stream off Key West by a Gilbert Perkins fishing with charter boat captain Eddie Saunders. "The fish was given to Ernest Hemingway, the author, who has offered it to the Philadelphia Museum."

Six years later, Francesca LaMonte and Donald E. Marcy, in their article, "Swordfish," *Ichthyological Contributions of the International Game Fish Association*, I, No. 2 (June 16, 1941), 12, thanked one of the vice-presidents of International Game Fish Association, Ernest Hemingway, for his contribution of a "young Swordfish measuring slightly over four feet in length."

59Machado had been forced to flee from Cuba when university students and army men rebelled against his dictatorial methods August 13, 1933.
CHAPTER V

THE CONTEMPORARY SCENE

"Nobody but fools ever thought it was an easy trade."

—Hemingway, "Nobody But Fools . . ."

I. Quintanilla

Whatever Hemingway's luck on his September fishing trip, his

Esquire readers did not hear about it. Leicester Hemingway records that, during the first part of September, his brother pursued the big fish, but there is no record of any other spectacular catch for 1934. Much of late September and October Hemingway devoted to the story of his African hunt, and to business arrangements for an exhibition of Luis Quintanilla's etchings at the Pierre Matisse Gallery in New York from November 20 to December 4, 1934. Although Hemingway's catalogue, Quintanilla (now a collector's item), is reprinted with a few deletions in the February 1935 Esquire, as "Facing a Bitter World. A Portfolio of Etchings by Luis Quintanilla," the internal evidence of the 1500-word essay dates it October 1934. For this reason, it is feasible to discuss the Quintanilla brochure at this point. Hemingway's second brochure, Quintanilla: An Exhibition of Drawings of the War in Spain, written for a March 1938 exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, and his unusually long introduction to All the Brave (1939), a book of Quintanilla's war drawings, contain several important facts about the period from October 1934 until 148
May 1938. These two items will therefore be considered after the 1934 Quintanilla catalogue has been examined.

The opening paragraphs (partially deleted from Esquire) adroitly display journalist Hemingway's effective use of paradox and irony:

If this exposition of dry points by Luis Quintanilla had been two months ago, the list of patrons would have been headed by His Excellency the Spanish Ambassador, His Excellency the American Ambassador to Spain and followed by other dignitaries and names of people.

As it is there are no patrons, the artist is in jail in Madrid charged with being a member of the revolutionary committee of the October revolt in Spain with the prosecuting attorney asking a sentence of sixteen years at hard labor for him, and the only excellencies are in these magnificent etchings.

The unrest which Hemingway observed in Madrid in 1933 finally erupted in a Socialist uprising, October 4, 1934. Hemingway goes on to quote a cryptic cable he received from Madrid, "Luis Hoosegowed" signed Ziff Allen; the same day he received an invitation to a literary "tea" for the guest pickets of the Macaulay Publishing Company "signed by a man who, since two years, cannot write fifty consecutive words without using the word revolution."

Quintanilla is under arrest, charged with allowing Socialists to use his Madrid apartment as a hideout during the unsuccessful uprising; Ziff Allen is Jay Allen of the Chicago Tribune, a foreign correspondent who knows Hemingway and Quintanilla quite well. The Literary Tea, "The Event of the Year," is probably the one given by novelist Louis Adamic on September 20, 1934, for more than 100 authors, editors, writers, and newspapermen, picketing the Macaulay offices in New York in protest against the discharge of four employees. For more than three months, picket lines have intermittently plagued the downtown New York publishing
In his leaflet on Quintanilla, Hemingway shrewdly seizes the opportunity "to tell the Macaulay office workers that they [are] ignorant of what revolution [means]." His 360-word sentence-paragraph-definition of the word revolution excoriates those who use the word "too easily, to save their souls or to make a career." Quintanilla, who has the right to use the word, "is very sparing of it." Another lengthy one-sentence-paragraph fills in certain facts pertinent to Quintanilla's background, but Hemingway's convoluted prose style does not render the brochure light reading. He balances these Faulknerian passages with a few incisive observations on Quintanilla's artistic achievements; and he depicts Quintanilla's world as one "where there is light and depth and space, humor, pity and understanding, and a sound earthy knowledge that gives us the first true Madrid that we have seen since Goya."

Embittered by the possibility that the thirty-nine-year-old artist may spend his next sixteen years in jail, Hemingway resorts to sarcasm and melodrama, thereby dampening his overall message:

> You who read the catalogue are all right, you know. You must not feel badly. Do not let it disturb you. Madrid is a long way away and you never heard of this man before. What did he get in trouble for anyway?
> Sure. That is the way to look at it. But look at the etchings. Take a good look at the etchings.

Despite this momentary lapse, had the critics who branded Hemingway callous and insensitive plumbed the depths of subtle feeling and thought underlying the emotionally-charged surface of the brochure, perhaps their opinions of Hemingway and his work would have been profoundly altered.

The bitterness so rampant in his 1934 brochure is replaced in Hemingway's terse 300-word brochure, *Quintanilla: An Exhibition of Drawings of the War in Spain* (1938) with mingled feelings of sincere
respect for the courageous Spaniard and genuine regret over the destruction of his life's work. In a brief, but informative conversation between Hemingway and Quintanilla, we learn that the artist's studio with all his pictures in Madrid, and all his frescoes in University City and the Casa del Pueblo have been destroyed by fascist bombers, artillery fire and machine gun bullets. Not only is Quintanilla a great Spanish painter, but he is also a great man, if we judge from the details of Quintanilla's activities as an ardent Republican, which Hemingway sketches in.

Once the fascists were stopped outside Madrid, the Spanish government ordered Quintanilla out of the army; after a few diplomatic missions, he returned to the front to make the drawings for his 1938 exhibit. "The drawings are of war. They are to be looked at; not written about in a catalogue." As far as Hemingway is concerned, "The drawings say all they need to say themselves."  

Hemingway uses this program note again for the first of his "Three Prefaces" to All the Brave (1939); he dates it March 10, 1938, Key West, and makes but one change: the word introduction is substituted for the word catalogue in the closing lines. Nine days later, Hemingway, for the third time in a little more than a year, departed for Spain to cover the Spanish Civil War for the North American Newspaper Alliance. In mid-April, however, he received word from the publisher of Quintanilla's book about his introduction. Between the First Preface and the Second, Hemingway therefore inserts a brief note (approximately 250 words) to inform his readers that the publisher in New York has just wired him, threatening to cancel the contract unless Hemingway submits,
"by a certain date," a short critical introduction of 1,000 words or less as he promised. Hemingway confesses that he thought that Elliot Paul (who collaborated with Jay Allen in having the book printed) would contribute a fine long one; this, along with Luis's drawings, would compensate for Hemingway's failure to produce his 1,000 words.13

His Second Preface, about 1100 words long, follows. The heading, "April 18, 1938, Somewhere in Spain," vaguely suggests Hemingway's mood. Preoccupied with the thought that the Republican army must hold the line at the Ebro, Hemingway betrays his bitterness, ennui, and world-weariness with insignificant affairs, which include writing introductions. As for the traditional function of the introduction, to explain and lead into the subject proper, he brusquely knocks it asunder. Hemingway's introduction, or preface, is largely taken up with Hemingway. He finds nothing bright or cheery about writing an introduction by the light of two candles; anybody who dislikes it can write another, and he will sign his name to it.

He acknowledges that an introduction should consider its subject. In the case of Quintanilla, his work has all been destroyed; there is no point in belaboring his misfortune, nor in comparing Quintanilla with Goya. Because this is an introduction to drawings of war, Hemingway decides there should be some reference to war itself. Drawing on the catechetical technique, to convey his own attitude toward war, Hemingway answers: "I find it unpleasant. I have never liked it. But I have a small talent for it." Even though Quintanilla's drawings are very good, Hemingway does not like drawings of war; all that he does like in war is
"to win it and get it over with and have peace." In this event, he will go to the Stork Club.

Reprimanding himself for this levity, Hemingway reiterates how difficult it is to write about Quintanilla's paintings, so trivial an item in comparison with the defense of the Ebro. Several padded paragraphs follow, including a few contemptuous remarks to the publisher who demands a longer introduction. But "the writing is not easy" for Hemingway, "because everything except the Ebro seems very unimportant tonight."

A month later, still "Somewhere in Spain," Hemingway composed a Third Preface, close to 1,000 words in length, in which he exonerates himself of much of his Second Preface. He begins with the assertion: "At best an introduction is only a literary curiosity"; therefore, he is willing to "let that particularly churlish piece of writing stand. It is a good example of the peculiar, unattractive, surly righteousness which certain phases of war can produce in people."

In a few unusually personal passages, Hemingway speaks for himself. He first apologizes to Quintanilla for his unjust treatment of him in his Second Preface; he is confident Luis will understand why he was so bitter and unjust a few weeks before. As for his reference to the Stork Club, Hemingway delivers an interesting defense:

That looks like levity and levity is unpardonable in a serious writer. I have learned that, because when I have committed levity it has never been pardoned. A serious writer should be quite solemn. If you joke about things, people do not take you seriously. These same people do not know there are many things you could not go through and keep sane if you do not joke, so it will be well to explain that levity has not been committed. The reference to The [sic] Stork Club is serious.
His confessional pose is convincingly maintained as he admits that, despite his fondness for war correspondent work, he cannot help but think what a meal he could have at the Stork Club, particularly after he has been served "a plate of water soup, a single fried egg and one orange." Furthermore, some nights as he lies in the dark, pictures of war, and military, political and personal thoughts assail him. "But sometimes you would think about how nice and noisy it would be at The Stork now, and that if you were at The Stork you would not have to think at all. You would just watch the people and listen to the noise."

Hemingway recalls the old days in Madrid when he, Elliot Paul, Jay Allen, and Quintanilla could eat at one of many places as sumptuously as one does at the Stork Club. Now, the Madrid of 1938 is hard-pressed for sufficient food regardless of variety. The Stork Club is a "symbol of how well you would like to eat," as well as a reminder that the war in Spain is being fought "so that everyone can eat as well as the best."

In general, the Third Preface crystallizes several pervasive effects which the Spanish Civil War is exerting on Hemingway. A strongly pessimistic strain emerges as he speaks of the past:

> There should be a lot about the old days in this, but a strange thing about the war is that it destroys the old days. Each day wipes out each other day and by the time you have two or three hundred days of it in the same scene where once you lived in peace, the memories, finally, are as smashed as the buildings. The old days and the old people are gone and nostalgia is something that you read about in books."

Surprisingly, it is through one of his very few specific references to Quintanilla's art in this last Preface that Hemingway is forced to proclaim his own determination to write as truthfully as he can about the
war he is now witnessing; a war in which the one remaining simplicity is to take orders and obey them blindly.

If you are a writer and, now that you have seen it, you want to get some of it down before it should cauterize itself away, you must renounce the luxury of that simplicity. In writing you have to make your own mistakes. So now you are ready to make them for awhile.

I would like to hope that, in writing from now on about this war, I will be able to do it as cleanly and as truly as Luis Quintanilla draws and etches. War is a hateful thing. It is inexcusable except in self-defense. In writing of it, a writer should be absolutely truthful because, of all things, it has had the least truth written of it. . . .

To write about it truly you have to know a great deal about cowardice and heroism. For there is very much of both, and of simple human endurance, and it is a long time since anyone has balanced them truly.

I envy Quintanilla very much that he has his drawings made. For now I have to try to write my stories.17

Between the time in which Hemingway sponsored the first American exhibition of Quintanilla's work and that in which he composed the program note for the Museum of Modern Art, and his "Three Prefaces" to All the Brave, a definite change is discernible. Sarcastic, angry, and bitter in 1934, Hemingway has, by 1938, once again experienced a personal confrontation with the horrors of war. His sarcasm and his bitterness have dwindled in intensity although he is still capable of expressing his irritation with the demands of the book-publishing business. The poseur, so frequent a figure in his Esquire letters, and a somewhat elusive personality in the Second Preface, is practically a non-entity in his Third Preface. Choice bits of gossip, aimed to an in-group in his Esquire letters, are virtually non-existent in his introduction to All the Brave.

On the other hand, there are several clearly defined patterns. Hemingway's journalistic technique persists during this period in his use
of short, often two and three sentence, paragraphs. As in his Esquire letters, Hemingway is still fully involved with what is happening to him at the moment, or what he is doing. His 1934 and his 1938 observations on Quintanilla also emphasize his life-long abhorrence of violence. Above all, Hemingway's relentless concern over the artist, his integrity, his commitment, and his relationship to the contemporary scene permeates his writing—not just that of the 1930's, but that of his entire writing career. Fiction, non-fiction, articles, interviews, letters—all bear witness to one of the fundamental issues in his professional writing credo.

II. "Old Newsman Writes"

Fishing stays unnoticed in Hemingway's December 1934 Esquire letter, "Old Newsman Writes," which counterattacks the scathing denunciation by Heywood Broun in "It Seems to Me" (August 18, 1934). Never once, however, does Hemingway's "researched" retaliation approach Broun's highly emotional and subjective tirade over "Defense of Dirty Words," especially regarding his "high-hat" treatment of Ring Lardner and Bill McGeehan.

Broun's first sentence, "Ernest Hemingway's 'A Farewell to Arms' still stands in my estimation as the best of American novels," is harmless enough. What follows is not. Without further pleasantries, Broun asserts, "And yet the man annoys me." He bluntly confesses that he does not like Hemingway, the complete snob, poseur, phoney, professional tough guy, fake, small town shocker, and big bad wolf, who has not the slightest comprehension of the things he writes about, such as the prize
ring. "The stories and the phrases which Hemingway proudly exhibits as
the fruits of his emancipated ego I would toss into the tin can along with
the rest of the bait." Hemingway has shot his bolt; "there is going to
be an increasing demand that authors know their stuff." The proletarian
novels, those "which deal with man's economic problems in a troubled
world" are the ones which will engross readers in the future, says
prophet Broun. Even Hemingway's talk about bulls is "one-third pure
fake." Broun cannot understand "how a man who wrote as bad a book as
'Death in the Afternoon' could also have achieved 'A Farewell to Arms.'"¹⁹

With this diatribe ringing in his ears, Hemingway dispatched his
December 1934 Esquire letter from Cuba. His opening sentences serve
notice on Broun's carping journalistic endeavors:

Your correspondent is an old newspaper man. That makes us
just one big family. But the bad luck for the customers is
that your correspondent was a working newspaper man and as
such used to envy the way columnists were allowed to write
about themselves (p. 25).

These remarks keep the letter free to move in any direction; but it is
evident that Hemingway is going to meet Broun on his own ground—that of
a newspaper columnist. Hemingway refers to his own experiences in Asia
Minor in the fall of 1922 when the Toronto Daily Star sent him to
Constantinople to report on Kemal's recapturing Smyrna. His cablese
output was "something on this order: 'KEMAL INSWARDS UNBORNED SMYRNA
GUILTY GREEKS';" at the same time, he read "long blob-blobs by his then
favorite columnist on the columnist himself, his child, what he thought
and how he thought it" (p. 25).

Implying, and rightly so, that his Near East experiences furthered
his knowledge of world affairs,²⁰ Hemingway now speculates as to "what
was on the mind of the good grey baggy-pants of the columns when he used to write those I, me, my pieces but I am sure he had his troubles before he took over the world's troubles and, anyway, it has been interesting to watch his progress from an herbivorous (out-doors, the spring, baseball, an occasional half-read book) columnist to a carnivorous (riots, violence, disaster, and revolution) columnist" (p. 25). Many of the "It Seems to Me" columns in the New York World, and later, in the World-Telegram, betray the "progress" which Hemingway lampoons.21

On the other hand, if Hemingway did not consistently read "It Seems to Me" (which first appeared in the New York Morning World September 7, 1921), he could have based much of his criticism in "Old Newsman Writes" on the "It Seems to Me" column for September 15, 1934. Broun indulges in a nostalgic recapitulation of his own journalistic "progress": how he wrote first about books; next, about his personal experiences; then, his infant son; and, eventually, casual pieces. "To my astonishment," Broun confesses, "I found that it was possible to get paid for the very simple task of writing about yourself and your own experiences."

The charge which Hemingway levels against him—an herbivorous to carnivorous columnist—Broun unconsciously proves. The Sacco-Vanzetti case (1927-1928), Broun recalls, "moved me to write the first violent newspaper pieces I had ever done." Broun does not disclose that these pieces led to his being fired from the New York World in 1928; the New York Telegram quickly hired him, and gave him the freedom to write on anything he pleased, at a starting salary of $30,000 a year. "Suddenly," Broun relates, "it was no longer possible to write about bullheads or crickets
or the manner in which autumn comes to the maples of Hunting Ridge. It seemed a little silly to write about a fish and put it into a paper which was filled with assassinations, riots and revolutions.\(^{22}\) At the close of the 1920's, Broun, the first major columnist of opinion, by modern standards, was at the height of his popularity.

By Hemingway's standards, however, most personal columnists or columnists of opinion are jackals, who live on meat—regardless of who kills the meat for them. \(^{23}\) Winchell kills his own meat and so do a few others. But they have news in their columns and are the most working of working newspaper men.\(^{24}\) No doubt Hemingway knew Winchell personally, and thought enough of him to extend this compliment.\(^{25}\) The inference that Broun is not a working newspaper man becomes increasingly explicit: "So let us return to the ex-favorite who projects his personality rather than goes for the facts" (p. 25). Severe as Hemingway's evaluation is, he has analyzed the major weakness in Broun's column. For one thing, Broun frequently depended on his former wife Ruth Hale (a feminist character in her own right) for many of his ideas; by 1934, the actual news coverage in any one of his columns is very slight;\(^ {25}\) Broun confesses that he "stays up till all hours to get the morning papers and find out who is dead and where the shooting is. On many occasions it is quite possible to get genuinely aroused about some snide performance by the captains and the kings."\(^ {26}\)

By this time, too, Broun's personality has become all-obtrusive—to such an extent that his column frequently consists of letters to himself, birthday greetings to himself, and, on occasion, even interviews with himself.\(^ {27}\) In the course of 1934, his continual harping on strikes
and revolutions has become wearisome; consequently, in 1935, the New York World-Telegram changed Broun's "spot" on the page lay-out: the highly sensational Westbrook Pegler (who, in December 1933, forsook his sports writing column to swell the ranks of the personal columnists) captured Broun's place. The caustic write-off in which "old newsman" Hemingway buries Broun is coldly analytic and deeply perceptive:

The trouble with our former favorite is that he started his education too late. There is no time for him, now, to learn what a man should know before he will die. It is not enough to have a big heart, a pretty good head, a charm of personality, baggy pants, and a facility with a typewriter to know how the world is run and who is making the assists, the put-outs and the errors and who are merely the players and who are the owners. Our favorite will never know because he started too late and because he cannot think coldly with his head (p. 25).

The next third of the 2300-word 'letter from Cuba' instructs Broun and the other "present literary revolutionary mouthpieces," namely, editorial writers of the established New Republic and the newly-founded Monthly Review, on the prerequisites for a successful revolution. Although both magazines seem addicted to articles on revolution, the first issue of the Monthly Review (June 1934) also rapped Hemingway for his indifference to the struggles of humanity. Now Hemingway lectures, again in the guise of an old foreign correspondent and student of contemporary history:

If you study history you will see that there can never be a Communist revolution without, first, a complete military debacle. You have to see what happens in a military debacle to understand this. It is something so utterly complete in its disillusion about the system that has put them into this, in its destruction and purging away of all the existing standards, faiths and loyalties, when the war is being fought by a conscript army, that it is the necessary catharsis before revolution (p. 25).
Hemingway advises the "literary revolutionary mouthpieces" to study a little contemporary history, although "no history is written honestly." Only what one has actually seen and followed can be depended upon in Hemingway's scale of interpretation. Unfortunately, "these boys started too late. Because it isn't all in Marx nor in Engels, a lot of things have happened since them. What the boys need, to play the races successfully is past performances" (p. 25). This analogy may be Hemingway's method of debunking another foolish "It Seems to Me" column about the morning work-out which trainer Maxie Hirsch gives his horses; the same column totally ignores the actual racing performances.30

Hemingway supports his thesis with a run-down of several countries which were ripe for revolution after the first world war, and an explanation as to why "everywhere [revolution] came it was aborted." After her disastrous Caporetto retreat, Italy's victory on the Piave, implemented by the Banca Commerciale, the Credito Italiano, and the "merchants of Milan who wanted the prosperous socialist co-operative societies and the socialist municipal government of that city smashed," paved the way for Fascism, and prevented revolution. Clemenceau's ability to hold on at Vincennes after the failure of the Chemin des Dames offensive kept France, like Italy, from total defeat, and thus prevented revolution. The revolution in Germany was "conditioned and held in check by the way in which the war had ended and those who had never accepted a military defeat hated those who had and started to do away with the ablest of them by the vilest program of assassination the world has ever known." Karl Leibnecht, Rosa Luxembourg, Walther Rathenau and Ernst Roehm, the pervert,
were all murdered "by an unvarying process of intelligent assassination." The October 1934 revolution in Spain failed because "the mass of the people were not ready for it and they did not want it." As for Russia, Hemingway is terse but not uninformed: "You will see that finally it [war] will become necessary for the health of the so-called communist state in Russia. But the penalty for losing a war badly enough, completely and finally enough is the destruction of the state. Make a note of this, Baggy-pants." (Brown was notorious as a sloppy dresser. He often looked like "an unmade bed.") Thus does Hemingway lay bare the shallow thinking of Brown et al., through his capsule summary of abortive uprisings among European countries from 1918 through 1934.

The last third of his letter shifts to the influence of the literary revolutionary mouthpieces on contemporary writers. Ambition has led certain novelists to sell out to a political cause. And, as in many of his Esquire letters, Hemingway points to some of his own friends:

A lot of my friends have gotten excellent jobs and some others are in jail. But none of this will help the writer as a writer unless he finds something new to add to human knowledge while he is writing. Otherwise he will stink like any other writer when they bury him; except, since he has had political affiliations they will send more flowers at the time and later he will stink a little more (p. 26).

Answering Brown's accusation that he has not the slightest comprehension of the things he writes so well about, Hemingway constructs his own theories of the artist's responsibility to his vocation and, simultaneously, he demolishes Brown's demand that the artist supply proletarian fiction:

The hardest thing in the world to do is to write straight honest prose on human beings. First you have to know the subject; then you have to know how to write. Both take a
lifetime to learn and anybody is cheating who takes politics as a way out. . . . Books should be about the people you know, that you love and hate, not about the people you study up about. If you write them truly they will have all the economic implications a book can hold (p. 26).

The vagaries the critics have succumbed to need not concern the truly dedicated artist. Hemingway admonishes: "Don't let them suck you in to start writing about the proletariat, just to please the recently politically enlightened critics." Broun is thus reduced to one of the rank-and-file-Marxist-converted, all of whom Hemingway confidently predicts will soon "be something else." One of their targets, cheered one year and damned the next, Hemingway is more philosophic than bitter, although a trace of enmity emerges: "I've seen them be a lot of things and none of them was pretty. Write about what you know and write truly and tell them all where they can place it. They are all really very newly converted and very frightened, really, and when Moscow tells them what I am telling you, then they will believe it." Acutely cognizant of the writer's dilemma in the early 1930's, a dilemma nurtured by the powerful, politically-orientated, critical opinions of the literary mouthpieces, Hemingway, somewhat stoically, pontificates:

You must be prepared to work always without applause. . . . All the critics who could not make their reputations by discovering you are hoping to make them by predicting hopefully your approaching impotence, failure and general drying up of natural juices. Not a one will wish you luck or hope that you will keep on writing unless you have political affiliations in which case these will rally around and speak of you and Homer, Balsac, Zola and Link Steffen. You are just as well off without these reviews (p. 26).

But the fact that Hemingway, while defining the author's credo, repeatedly exhorts, instructs, and pleads with his fellow writers to
preserve their integrity, to withstand the passing fashions of critical pressures, to remain politically uncommitted no matter how rigorous the reviews against their writings, establishes with certainty his ability to stand aloof and appraise his own time with a profound insight which is seldom attributed to him. Now, in the 1960's, *Writers on the Left* by Daniel Aaron reconstructs the turbulence of the 1930's, and "A Sense of Guilt" by Malcolm Cowley (depending heavily on hindsight) interprets the reasons why writers succumbed to Marxist beliefs. Both works have barricaded the swirling political currents of the 1930's into much the same framework as that which Hemingway constructed in 1934.33

Since "Old Newsman Writes" appears in the December *Esquire*, Hemingway recommends for Christmas reading two books which exemplify his theories on novel writing in general: *Appointment in Samarra* by John O'Hara, "who knows exactly what he is writing about and has written it marvelously well"; and *War and Peace* by Tolstoi, minus "the big Political Thought passages because they are no longer either true or important, if they ever were more than topical." Hemingway urges his readers to "see how true and lasting and important [in *War and Peace*] the people and the action are" (p. 26). Few would argue with *War and Peace*, although Hemingway's comments on the political passages would grate many of his enemies; the majority of reviews of O'Hara's book were extremely favorable, although Westbrook Pegler cast a strongly dissenting vote.34

Hemingway, no doubt, kept a vigilant eye on "Fair Enough."

In summary, it must be admitted that the scorn, the derision, and the ridicule which Hemingway is so frequently accused of heaping on others are, in a certain sense, negligible in "Old Newsman Writes." Brown
attacked first in what was tantamount to a childish tirade. (Hemingway had not been that severe on him in "Defense of Dirty Words.") Hemingway's answer is a harsh, but truthful, commentary on "It Seems to Me." Broun remains unnamed save for the "good grey baggy-pants of the columns" epithet, as Hemingway realistically evaluates the dribble poured into Broun's column day after day. No other names are given; rather an "if the shoe fits, wear it" attitude hovers over Hemingway's pronouncements, especially those referring to the New Republic and Monthly Review editorial writers, and to the politically motivated writers and critics.

Yet it is as a newsman that Hemingway first speaks, shrewdly divulging how profitable an education in world affairs he received as a foreign correspondent. His journalistic cabalese fuses with his artistic lyricism in a lengthy-one-sentence-re-creation of the shocking moment when the Garde Republicaine charged into the parade of mutilated war veterans:

Because they ended up as winners, revolution was doomed in France and anybody who saw, on Clemenceau's orders, the Garde Republicaine, with their shining breast-plates, their horse-hair plumes, and those high-chested, big-hoofed, well-shod horses, charge and ride down the parade of mutilated war veterans who were confident the Old Man would never do anything to them, his poilu that he loved, and saw the slashing sabers, the start of the gallop then, the smashed wheel chairs, men scattered on the streets unable to run, the broken crutches, the blood and brains on the cobble-stones, the iron-shod hooves striking sparks from the stones but making a different sound when they rode over legless, armless men, while the crowd ran; nobody who saw that could be expected to think something new was happening when Hoover had the troops disperse the bonus army (p. 25).35

The voice of the artist finally speaks as Hemingway rejects the political fads of his day, and proclaims his determination to write and re-write until he has "communicated the emotion, the sights and the sounds to the
reader"; happy in the knowledge that "if the book is good, is about something that you know, and is truly written and reading it over you see that this is so you can let the boys yip and the noise will have that pleasant sound coyotes make on a very cold night when they are out in the snow and you are in your own cabin that you have built or paid for with your work" (p. 26).

His seriousness is sustained throughout "Old Newsman Writes"; no light-heartedness vitiates his analysis of the literary and political situation of the 1930's. Victimized himself by the coyote-sounding critics, Hemingway re-affirms his independence—political and artistic—and renews his pledge of artistic integrity:

All good books are alike in that they are truer than if they had really happened and after you are finished reading one you will feel that all that happened to you and afterwards it all belongs to you; the good and the bad, the ecstasy, the remorse and sorrow, the people and the places and how the weather was. If you can get so that you can give that to people, then you are a writer. Because that is the hardest thing of all to do (p. 26).

Brown's dulled perception once again misses the gist of this Esquire piece. In "It Seems to Me," he concedes that he is the primary target in "Old Newsman Writes"; yet, Brown maintains a personal integrity as he once again praises A Farewell to Arms, at the same time that he acknowledges his own limitations and intentions as a writer:

Ernest Hemingway doesn't mention me, but I suppose I have a right to bow and blush when anybody writes of "the good gray baggy-pants of the columns." I learn further that, "It is not enough to have a big heart, a pretty good head, a charm of personality, and a facility with the typewriter to know how the world is run and who is making the assists, the put-outs and the errors, and who are merely the players and who the owners. Our favorite will never know because he started too late and because he cannot think clearly with his head."
I then discover that Mr. Hemingway, who lives 'way off in Cuba, thinks that I'm a communist. . . .

Bitter grapes grow along the walls of the mansions of the isolated. The towers are too tall, and their dwellers can't keep up with things which happen in the alleys and the side streets. Still, sometimes one of the recluses writes a lovely book like "A Farewell to Arms."

I couldn't do that. It isn't that it's too late. I never had it in me. My possessions are a job, a pretty good head, an obligation, and a hair shirt.36

Thus did the Broun-Hemingway battle terminate publicly November 21, 1934. What ultimately emerges from "Old Newsman Writes" is Hemingway's penetratingly objectified vision of the confused journalists, writers, critics, all trapped in their own subjectively-rationalized political commitments, too zealous or too ambitious to remain aloof and buck the tide of a passing fashion.

III. "Notes on Life and Letters"

In sharp contrast to "Old Newsman Writes," Hemingway's objective rebuttal of Broun's emotional denunciation, stands his January 1935 Esquire article, "Notes on Life and Letters," an irate, and indecent letter directed to Gilbert Seldes, Alexander Woollcott, and William Saroyan. The first paragraph, far from the typical leads Hemingway has used, is a long-winded, parenthetically constructed diatribe which disposes of Gilbert Seldes via advertising slogans, radio commercials, patriotic phrases, and a short, but abusive, bit from Hemingway's short story, "Fathers and Sons":

The magazine, it seems, is coming out early; a break for all of us who can not wait a whole long month to get another shot of Gilbert Seldes, (it's a vice with me, I tried to break it off. They said all it would bring was blindness, insanity and death but I said no, I'd paid the fifty cents, I could take it or I could leave it alone. Besides I knew his brother
George and he was a damn fine newspaper man. Go on. Leave me alone. Let me read Seldes if I want to. It's no worse than a bad cold and if you get it at the start you can knock it out with this stuff I'm going to give you. No man need fear Seldes any more. Come on out from under those wheel chairs. Throw away your crutches. There's no danger, men, as long as old Doc Hemingstein is in the magazine. Just take it in your stride. Don't let it bother you or cause you even one sleepless night. You need not even miss a day at the office. Now you know freedom from fear, but hell to write one in a hurry to catch the air mail.\textsuperscript{37}

Hemingway is still writhing from the \textit{Esquire} article, "The Prize-fighter and the Bull" (November 1934), in which Gilbert Seldes severely belittled Hemingway for his remarks on Ring Lardner in "Defense of Dirty Words." The passage in Seldes' article which dictates Hemingway's lewd innuendo on masturbation reads as follows: "It is taking sex and digestion pretty seriously to suggest that the words which the modest will not use have a cabalistic value. The doctor and the criminal court have precise descriptions of all these acts and the words they use can be printed in the papers. The fact that lay people use other words is of slight importance."\textsuperscript{38}

Hemingway's rebuttal is one of his most scurrilous. Saying that blindness, insanity and death result from reading Seldes, Hemingway is referring to a passage in "Fathers and Sons":

His father had summed up the whole matter by stating that masturbation produced blindness, insanity, and death, while a man who went with prostitutes would contract hideous venereal diseases and that the thing to do was to keep your hands off people.\textsuperscript{39}

As much as Hemingway dislikes Gilbert Seldes, he considers George Seldes a "damn fine newspaper man." Hemingway met George Seldes in Europe in the 1920's, when both were foreign correspondents.\textsuperscript{40} His antipathy toward Gilbert Seldes, however, extends back into the 1920's,
according to Leicester Hemingway, because Seldes, one of the editors of 
_Dial_, rejected Hemingway's stories, and advised him to stick to journalism 
and drop any illusions of becoming a writer.  

Literally finishing off Seldes in one paragraph, Hemingway pounces 
on his second detractor, Alexander Woollcott. In this case, Hemingway 
resorts to Woollcott's technique--"one of those devastating anecdotes" 
only this anecdote concerns Woollcott himself. The Old Lady (in _Death 
in the Afternoon_), resurrected for the occasion, asks hopefully if the 
anecdote is "just a little off color." Solemnly mocking the editorial 
comments in _Esquire_, Hemingway crisply replies: "No, Madam. It is not. 
For we are writing for a magazine of almost two hundred thousand circu-
lation and you will find nothing off color, as you call it, in what we 
write here." Hemingway then repeats the well-known (and foolish) anecdote 
about General Pershing and his inspection of the staff of _Stars and 
Stripes_. Sergeant Woollcott had been supremely gratified when Pershing 
told him he was very soldierly. Hemingway adds that the story is much 
better when correspondent Boz Hawley tells it because Hawley does such 
a good imitation of Woollcott's high-pitched voice. "You'd think Wooll-
cott was right in the room with you. Wouldn't that be something? I 
wonder what would happen if he actually was in the room." Answering his 
rhetorical question, Hemingway cuts a little deeper: 

Now you stop crying little girl. We won't let him in. He 
stays out, see? We won't let him come and take you off to 
see no horrid nasty _Alice in Wonderland_. You're safe her, 
kid, nothing can harm you here. The editor has got children 
of his own. And then they said he had off color stuff in 
his magazine. Hell, nobody's safe these days (p. 21). 

After Woollcott for something he may have said against Hemingway 
and _Esquire_ during his Sunday night radio broadcast, Hemingway
reinforces his parody by using the little girl, a frequent character in Woollcott's "Shouts and Murmurs" column in the New Yorker. Nor can Hemingway resist ridiculing Woollcott for editing Alice in Wonderland. Hemingway's irritation may also stem from Woollcott's disparaging comment in While Rome Burns (1934). Woollcott finds fault with Dorothy Parker on one issue: her admiration for Ernest Hemingway. However, Hemingway, in "Notes on Life and Letters," does not specify any particular tongue-lashing which Woollcott administered. Moreover, whatever grudge he held against Woollcott, he did not let it interfere with his judgment of Woollcott's writing. In 1942, when the anthology Men at War, which Hemingway edited, was published, Woollcott discovered that two of his essays, "Hands Across the Sea," and "Father Duffy" were among Hemingway's selections. In a letter to Thornton Wilder, Woollcott wrote: "Ernest Hemingway is publishing this week [October 22, 1942] a thousand-page anthology called Men at War. I first heard of it from Gerald Murphy who had received an announcement from Scribner's which described it as a book written by Julius Caesar, Alexander Woollcott, U. S. Grant and others. I found I actually have two pieces in it and am thereby mysteriously gratified."

Sailing into his third detractor William Saroyan, Hemingway opens all the stops to give both Saroyan and his book, The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze and Other Stories (1934), the full benefit of his bruised sensibilities. He chops Saroyan's material into shreds and dexterously parodies his "style" throughout "Notes on Life and Letters." In spite of his glib superficiality, Hemingway delivers an incisive criticism, as he ridicules Saroyan's stories, "Seventy Thousand Assyrians" and "Myself upon the Earth," and parodies Saroyan's parody of Hemingway's style.
Anybody can write like somebody else. But it takes a long time to get to write like yourself and then what they pay off on is having something to say. Listen, Mr. Saroyan maybe I'm a little drunk but this is all right. See? We were all hungry, see? We all hocked our typewriters, see? Only we had something else to write about at the time besides ourselves.... You've only got one new trick and that is that you're an Armenian (p. 21).

And Hemingway advises Saroyan to remember Michael Arlen, another writer soon forgotten by the same people who thrust him into prominence for a time.49

Mimicking Saroyan further, Hemingway comments on what a beautiful day it is, and how he is waiting to hear Ted Husing talk "about the plays they're going to use at the big cement bowl." (Hemingway probably means the radio broadcast of a November football game.) He lashes out again at Saroyan, but now he reveals why: Saroyan "started bandying names in a story he wrote. A godamn sight better names than any name he'll ever pick. He was talking about Dos, and Joyce and Faulkner. You see he thought using their names put him in their class. Why the poor ignorant bastid. He was asking for it wasn't he?" (p. 159)

Saroyan is guilty of this foolish boast. In his short story, "Myself Upon the Earth," he stupidly claims: "I can write any sort of story you can think of. If Edgar Rice Burroughs were to die this morning, I could go on writing about Tarzan and the Apes. Or if I felt inclined, I could write like John Dos Passos or William Faulkner or James Joyce. (And so could you, for that matter.)"50 The distinctive individuality which characterizes the writings of Faulkner and Joyce, especially, makes it impossible to accept such a ridiculous assertion. Although Hemingway specifically grounds his attack against Saroyan on
this stupid statement, he no doubt has in mind "Seventy Thousand Assyrians" in which Saroyan flaunts his contempt for Hemingway and Death in the Afternoon:

I hope some day to write a great philosophical work on tennis, something on the order of Death in the Afternoon, but I am aware that I am not yet ready to undertake such a work. . . . (It may seem to some sophisticated people that I am trying to make fun of Hemingway. I am not. Death in the Afternoon is a pretty sound piece of prose. I could never object to it as prose. I cannot even object to it as philosophy. . . . Even when Hemingway is a fool, he is at least an accurate fool. He tells you what actually takes place and he doesn't allow the speed of an occurrence to make his exposition of it hasty. This is a lot. It is some sort of advancement for literature. To relate leisurely the nature and meaning of that which is brief in duration.)\(^\text{5}\)

Such an insipid evaluation signifies why "Notes on Life and Letters," subtitled 'Or a manuscript found in a bottle,' may be considered a wholesale assault on Saroyan, an assault made doubly effective by Hemingway's spasmodic claim that he is drunk (but still able to burlesque Saroyan).

Besides derisively imitating Saroyan's awkwardness of expression, Hemingway finds that much of the content in The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze and Other Stories is positively worthless, and invites a scornful rejoinder. One, in particular, "Among the Lost," is nothing but a sickly contrived pastiche of quotations from other writers, especially Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot.\(^\text{52}\) Hemingway relegates both Saroyan and his work to absolute mediocrity in his closing remarks:

We all wish you a lot of luck, Mr. Saroyan, and, as I say I don't charge you a nickel for this and everytime they see the name Saroyan it makes an impression on them. It does. Soon the world will echo to it like Roland's horn at Roncevaux. (You can use that some time in a piece. . . . It's a literary reference. You like them I know. They're easy to find. There's a book full of them. Putnam's Dictionary of Thoughts\(^\text{53}\) they call it. Hell, I'll give you mine, pal. You can go a long way with that Dictionary of Thoughts using the same style
you got right now. You'll think 'em to death, kid. Keep moving around. Don't let them get set.) . . .
Listen to the boys now echoing to it.
The boys: You know that piece he wrote about that fellow, that Greek?
No. Which one?
The boys: I thought it was lousy (p. 159).

"Notes on Life and Letters," which, on first reading, seems one of Hemingway's poorest letters, is, essentially a tour-de-force of the bright young author of the moment--Saroyan. The calculated off-hand dismissal of his writing becomes unusually meaningful through this superficially weak ending in which Hemingway apparently fails to identify which piece about "that Greek" is lousy. The indefinite pronoun it renders Hemingway's appraisal applicable to any one of Saroyan's short stories. "Notes on Life and Letters," with its ostensible disregard of form and technique, parodies The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze and Other Stories through an entertaining, but skillful, burlesque.

During 1934, Saroyan skyrocketed to fame, assisted by extremely favorable press notices and reviews, out of all proportion to the merits of his work. Despite Saroyan's popularity, the 1600 word "Notes on Life and Letters" testifies that Hemingway is once again defending himself against those who have caustically belittled him, but he never once alludes to what exactly Seldes, Woollcott, Saroyan, or his other detractors said about him. On the contrary, "Notes on Life and Letters" reads as if only Dos Passos, Joyce, and Faulkner had been criticized by Saroyan. Granted, Hemingway balances the score for them; but he drastically settles his own grievances against Saroyan, Woollcott, and Seldes at the same time. Saroyan's clumsiness in expressing himself affords Hemingway an experimental medium for his own opinions. Even the
commercializing refrain in his assault on Seldes ridicules Saroyan's story, "Aspirin is a Member of the N. R. A.," which sinks to moments of sheer advertising slogans. The viciousness which Hemingway could resort to is unequivocally revealed in his obscene treatment of Gilbert Seldes.

Hypersensitive, scornful, contemptuous, nasty, scurrilous, virulent—whatever Hemingway is branded, nevertheless it must be remembered that he was frequently attacked first; then, depending on who said what, he usually had the last word. In some cases, if his detractor was someone he trusted and befriended, the wounds cut deeper, and he reacted violently: Gertrude Stein is an excellent example. If a fellow-writer played critic, he left himself wide open for Hemingway's rebuttal: Hemingway meets Saroyan and, for that matter, Broun, Seldes, and Woolcott on their own ground—and literally destroys that ground from underneath them. Hemingway's criticism of Ring Lardner could not be construed as a personal attack; consequently, the reactions-in-print by Broun and Seldes brought out the worst in Hemingway. However, the 1930's witnessed "many literary brickbat" hurled between authors. What is somewhat inconsistent is that in "Notes on Life and Letters," Hemingway flings his venom as caustically and abusively as his fellow scriveners whereas, only one month before, in "Old Newsman Writes," he detached himself so completely that he could reconstruct the immediate literary scene with perceptivity and objectivity.
Footnotes to Chapter V


2Leicester Hemingway, p. 179.

3The Pierre Matisse Gallery sponsored Quintanilla's first exhibition in the United States. John Dos Passos and Ernest Hemingway were the patrons, and both contributed an essay for the brochure, Quintanilla, Pierre Matisse Gallery Catalogue, New York, November 20 to December 4, 1934, no pagination. All references in the text are to this catalogue.

4Ernest Hemingway, "Facing a Bitter World. A Portfolio of Etchings by Luis Quintanilla," Esquire, III (February 1935), 25-27. See the following editorial note:

"Early in December, at the Pierre Matisse galleries in New York, Ernest Hemingway and John Dos Passos sponsored an exhibition of etchings by Luis Quintanilla, for the purpose of (a) making the Spanish Government realize the artistic importance of this man whom they now hold behind bars, and (b) raising money to assist Quintanilla in his present difficulty. Both these points are brilliantly covered by Hemingway and Dos Passos in their program notes which are here reproduced as textual accompaniment to a representative selection of the etchings from the exhibition. Space limitations necessitated some few excisions from the Hemingway script. The Dos Passos note is complete."

Several etchings accompany the program note in Esquire.

5According to Hugh Thomas, The Spanish Civil War, p. 78, the Socialist uprising of October 4, 1934, was characterized by such confusion among the Socialists that, by the end of the day, the Government controlled the situation.

See "Americans See Madrid Battle," New York World-Telegram, October 8, 1934, p. 2: "Louis Quintanilla, painter, whose home was headquarters of the Socialist youth executive committee, was among those under arrest today. He is well known in the U. S. colony here, and was scheduled to exhibit in New York this autumn."

Another dispatch by Leland Stowe, "Madrid Police, Shooting Wild, Cow Population," New York Herald Tribune, October 9, 1934, p. 8, reports that correspondent Jay Allen's apartment windows were shattered by bullets fired by jittery policemen, who then searched his apartment. It took American newspapermen there some time to convince the Spanish police they were not revolutionaries.

6In an article, "Police Accept Invitation to Arrest Authors," New York Herald Tribune, June 7, 1934, p. 19, the names of several pickets are released, including Malcolm Cowley, Michael Gold, Nathan Asch, Edwin Rolfe and Cornelia Street. They had a four-mile ride around
Manhattan "in a stuffy patrol wagon," but their case was dismissed in Yorkville Court the same day.

In September, the picket lines swelled. The article, "Publishers Bid to Macaulay Strikers' Party," New York Herald Tribune, September 19, 1934, p. 11, clarifies Hemingway's remark about the literary tea:
"Striking employees of the Macaulay Company, book publishers, of 381 Fourth Avenue, evolved an innovation both in literary teas and strike picketing yesterday when they announced that all book publishers of the city had been invited to a tea in honor of the strikers on Thursday afternoon September 20 at 428 Lafayette Street by Louis Adamic, author of 'Dynamite,' a book about industrial strife."

Another article, "Movie Writers Aid Book Strike," New York World-Telegram, September 19, 1934, p. 20, tells that thirteen Hollywood writers formed a committee to protest the Macaulay action of firing four workers for union activities. In a telegram, the "Hollywood writers urge all writers to refuse to adapt Macaulay books and to have no dealings with your company until workers fired for union activities are reinstated."

"Mr. Schneider striking press agent, poet, novelist and literary critic said that the writers who signed the telegram included Dore Schary, John Dos Passos, and Guy Endore.

Two days later, "Book Strike Aided by Literary Tea," New York Times, September 21, 1934, p. 25, discloses the pledge of help promised the Macaulay workers from over the 100 authors and publishers who attended Adamic's party.

Only Westbrook Pegler, "Fair Enough," September 24, 1934, p. 21, has little sympathy with the striking clerical help, and the picketing authors and publishers. Pegler scornfully notes that among the seventy-five authors who threaten to boycott the Macaulay Company are "some of the most widely unknown authors in the writing industry"; yet, for some queer reason, the newspapers "accept the authors own estimate of themselves and exaggerate the significance of all they say and do."

Harry Hansen, "First Reader," New York World-Telegram, December 1, 1934, p. 17. Hansen was one of the few perceptive readers to note Hemingway's distinction between the uprising in Spain by the Socialist workers and the picketing in New York by uninformed authors.

See "Art: 'Luis Hoosegowed,'" Time, XXIV (December 3, 1934), 41. Time quotes most of the definition of revolution to indicate how infuriated Hemingway is about Quintanilla's arrest. Time provides a few additional facts which, more or less, justify Hemingway's explosive reaction: In the bloody unsuccessful October revolution, Quintanilla played no active part but allowed his Madrid penthouse apartment to be used as a hideout by four Socialists while he prudently absented himself for four days. When he returned to his apartment street fighting was still going on. Police raided the house and found Quintanilla and four revolvers.
In Spain if a man has three revolvers, shotguns or rifles in his home he may conceivably be a sportsman or a collector. If he has four he is plotting against the government."
A dissenting opinion is cast by Royal Cortissoz, "Art: Etchings by Luis Quintanilla," New York Herald Tribune, November 24, 1934, Sec. 5, p. 10: "The Spaniard whose prints make the current exhibition at the Pierre Matisse gallery, Luis Quintanilla, is a revolutionary at present in difficulties with the authority of his government. This apparently, is a matter of some consequence to Mr. Ernest Hemingway, who writes an overwrought and unnecessary introduction to the catalogue." Quintanilla's work is dismissed as that of a "moderately clever Spaniard."

Howard Devree, art critic for the New York Times, is more objective. In "A Rebel Spanish Etcher," November 22, 1934, p. 19, Devree notes: "Even without Mr. Hemingway's pronouncement and memories of the Goya of the capriccios, the work of Quintanilla would speak for itself. It would speak of affiliations with such widely diverse artists as Lautrec, Daumier, Biddle and George Grosz as well as Goya. Not that Quintanilla is eclectic. But these would sympathize with the spirit of his work and in varying degrees with his technique. He obtains in the etchings currently shown effects ranging from the lithographic almost to silver-point.

"But, excellent as the craftsmanship is in these etchings, the subject matter is still more likely to impress the casual visitor. Some of the street scenes, interiors, theatrical and circus vignettes, and the like, might have been suggested by Pio Baroja's novels—that diabolical trilogy of the Spanish slums.

"At any rate the visitor to the galleries—whether his interests are primarily in Spain, revolution, modern etching or mere technique—will find M. Matisse's latest current venture as an impresario unusual and very well worth attention."

See also Devree, "Varied Fare in the Local Galleries: Spanish Etchings," New York Times, November 25, 1934, Sec. 9, p. 8x.

Hemingway, Quintanilla: An Exhibition of Drawings of the War in Spain, Museum of Modern Art Catalogue, March 1938, no pagination.

"Three Prefaces" run from p. 7 through p. 11, and amount to approximately 2500 words, including the note which first appeared in the Museum of Modern Art catalogue.

Hemingway states: "A serious writer is not to be confounded with a solemn writer."
Ernest Hemingway. "Old Newsmen Writes," 'A letter from Cuba,' Esquire, II (December 1934), 25-26. All references to this article will be made in the text.

Heywood Broun, "It Seems to Me," New York World-Telegram, August 18, 1934, p. 13:

"Ernest Hemingway's 'A Farewell to Arms' still stands in my estimation as the best of American novels. And yet the man annoys me. Some of my complaints are narrow, petty and personal, and so, by a strong act of will, we will leave them to the last. My other disaffections rest upon the broad ground of public policy. I cannot for the life of me understand how a man who wrote as bad a book as 'Death in the Afternoon' could also have achieved 'A Farewell to Arms.' The former marked Hemingway as the complete snob and poseur.

"The artist who turns his back upon the world of affairs by crawling into an ivory tower is somewhat more courageous than the one who leaps into the bull ring and begins a silly and passionate litany concerning matadors. Nero may have fiddled while Rome burned, but that was a more dignified preoccupation than going into a swivet of emotionalism about beef butchers in red pants.

"Trying to Contain Myself: Possibly I am too complimentary to Ernest Hemingway. I do not like the man, and yet I must admit that I know no other phoney in the whole course of English letters who could write so well concerning things about which he had not the slightest comprehension.

"Take 'Fifty Grand' as an instance. In a dozen places the detail of the bout might well be corrected by fifty million training camp hangers-on. Hemingway simply does not know his prize ring, and yet his tale remains a magnificent short story. Damon Runyon could sit as professor to Hemingway in both the color, background and authenticity of the fight description. But Runyon has written nothing fit to stand beside Hemingway's masterpiece.

"It may be that I am placing too great a stress upon inaccuracies. After all, literature does not quite demand that an author shall be wholly faithful to fact. It is enough if he merely seems so. Hemingway did not write his tale for Tunney, Dempsey and Runyon, who might smile at his misconceptions. However, I am suddenly seized by an uneasy suspicion that Hemingway's talk about the bulls is also one-third pure fake.

"When a man has written a great novel--and I do not think that any feeble word should be used in regard to 'A Farewell to Arms'--it is dangerous to predict that he has shot his bolt. I think that Ernest Hemingway has shot his bolt. I hold to this belief because I feel that in the current year and in the seasons to come there is going to be an increasing demand that authors know their stuff.

"The Proletarian Novel: You may not like the phrase 'the proletarian novel,' and as far as I'm concerned I will not quarrel if you invent for yourself another label. The fact remains that as far as the eye can reach readers are going to give their engrossment chiefly to those novels which deal with man's economic problems in a troubled world. I would not bar out love or fantasy or even picadors, but it is my belief
that for the moment they have no place in the front benches.

"Accordingly it seems as if Mr. Hemingway is out of luck. In a less class-conscious world he could put over his pose and pretense of being the professional tough guy. Five years ago he might have flexed his muscles and struck terror into the hearts of all beholders. But now a more captious community will merely look and say, 'What's with you?'

"If I seem bitter about a native author who is certainly not devoid of talent I can explain the causes of my resentment. In a recent article published in Esquire ('the magazine for men') Hemingway has undertaken to be pretty high-hat about Ring Lardner and Bill McGeehan. Lardner was at least his equal as a literary artist. Bill McGeehan wasn't. But in his own particular medium Bill could have run rings around this fake Firpo.

"A Record Built on Setups: The trouble with Hemingway lies in his publishing associations. He has delusions of grandeur, and they are based on nothing better than the fact that he can write phrases which shock the life out of old Mr. Bridges, of the house of Scribner. Upon such feeble triumphs the man presumes. He has the nerve to assert in his article for 'the magazine of men' that if any author writes with candid frankness 'it is inevitable that Mr. Woolcott and Mr. Brown will write something devastating about small boys, back fences and the walls of privies.'

"I'll take this upstart on at catchweights, and before the evening is done my blue language will have him hanging on the ropes. The stories and the phrases which Ernest Hemingway proudly exhibits as the fruit of his emancipated ego I would toss into the tin can along with the rest of the bait.

"I am not worthy to tie the shoelaces of this man in his estate as a master of English prose, but I certainly am not prepared to accept the airs and pretensions of a small town shocker in his role as the big bad wolf."

20. See Fenton, Apprenticeship, pp. 170-187, for an excellent analysis of the Journalism Hemingway wrote on the Greco-Turkish crisis, September-October 1922.

Fenton states: "The Asia Minor assignment gave Hemingway's understanding of war a depth impossible on the basis of his Italian experience alone. His education was extended by another lesson in geopolitical realities. The area of his physical background had been enlarged; a Balkan campaign had given him a wider base for the worldliness by which he illuminated so much of his early work. Few young men of twenty-three could draw on a Near East experience. Hemingway drew on it heavily. Of the sixteen brief inter-chapters in In Our Time, in 1925, three of the most forceful came from the Asia Minor assignment. . . .

"He was equally absorbed by the technical possibilities of cabelese." It seems very likely that the section in "Old Newman W rites" dealing with the slaughter of the French mutilated veterans is Hemingway's attempt in Esquire to experiment once again with the possibilities of cabelese.
On the subject of spring, Broun wrote in the World, February 24, 1925, p. 13, "It felt like a spring Sunday, and it looked like. Besides, the girl and the young man in the taxi ahead were kissing. That's quite in accord with the tradition of spring—and of Sunday."

On the outdoors: World, June 10, 1926, p. 29, "Once upon a time that tree could see all the way to the Hudson and across into Jersey. When storms came roaring over the Palisades the old chestnut bickered around with the wind and arched its back and touched its toes. That's the stuff to keep the sap moving."

On baseball, in the World-Telegram, October 5, 1934, p. 299, "Before there was a Dizzy Dean, Ring knew him from head to pitching cleat. And when the lank righthander pulls the string and lets a fast one go I seem to hear applause from high Olympus... as the strikes chug by."

These three quotes are in Heywood Broun, It Seems to Me 1925-1935 (New York, 1935). Pagination refers to this text.

All other quotes are from Broun's column in the New York World-Telegram. Only the date and page are listed.

On the occasional half-read book: "I can't read 'Ulysses.' I can't even get through page—whatever the number is... I will grant, of course, that it is a serious work of art, even though it bores me." Dec. 9, 1933, p. 13.

On the subject of riots: "The street fighting in Paris and the even bloodier Austrian civil war are tokens of this state of ferment. Nothing was settled by the violence which Paris knew for a couple of days. I doubt extremely whether the battle of Karl Marx apartment house in Vienna will be truly decisive." February 14, 1934, p. 15.

On the subject of violence: "Anybody with the slightest familiarity with labor wars in America must realize that at least 90 percent of the violence has been introduced by the employers. If a worker throws a rock a hired guard responds with a machine gun. I still have no belief in violence but if we are to be rid of it we ought to have Mayors and Governors and Presidents who are just as quick to restrain the company gunman as the worker with a slingshot." February 8, 1934, p. 17.


Whatever Hemingway's relationship with Winchell, he goes out of his way to commend Winchell because of the insinuations Broun made in his column for September 18, 1934, p. 17: "I don't suppose that Walter Winchell was the first columnist to whom a secretary ever sent a letter. But he has practically copyrighted that form. With all due deference to Mr. Winchell's secretary I sometimes gravely suspect that he uses the device in order to epistleize himself."

In "The Christmas Gift," Pt. II, Look, XVIII (May 4, 1954), 80, Hemingway sheds a bit of light on his relationship with Walter Winchell during the 1930's: "I thought of Mr. Walter Winchell and how we used to sit up late together with Damon Runyon, when Mr. Runyon was still a living man and fine companion and not yet a Fund."
See Dale Kramer, *Heywood Broun: A Biographical Portrait* (New York, 1949), for a kind, but impartial, account of Broun's life. Kramer brings out that Broun's wife, Ruth Hale, an arch feminist who would not even use the title Mrs. Broun, often furnished the ideas for her husband's column (pp. 92, 108); that his column inclined more and more to personal opinion rather than to first-hand knowledge of facts; and that "Broun had built a solid reputation for his suits as 'the grey' and 'the brown,' while caricaturists and fellow paragraphers had assisted in making his name synonymous with careless attire" (p. 146).


See the following "It Seems to Me" columns in which Broun wrote letters to himself: September 18, 1934, p. 17; birthday greetings to himself: December 8, 1933, p. 17; interviews of himself: December 19, 1933, p. 19; and August 11, 1934, p. 13.

Hemingway's comment about Broun's "charm of personality" refers to "It Seems to Me," August 4, 1934, p. 13. In part, Broun said: "In other words, charm is what a man turns on after the well has run dry. I speak with authority, because about ten years ago I discovered to my horror that I had charm... I made a vow to shed a gram of charm every day."

Among the editorial writers of *New Republic* in 1934 were Malcolm Cowley, Edmund Wilson, Bruce Bliven, and Gilbert Seldes. Edmund Wilson and Gilbert Seldes were the *New Republic* editors to whom Hemingway was addressing his remarks. But there were many unsigned editorials on the subject. See the *New Republic* for September and October 1934.

The *Monthly Review* began publication in June 1934. Among the editors were Joseph Koven, Oakley Johnson, and Isidore Schneider. The latter was addicted to articles on Revolution. See "What Price Counterv Revolution," *Monthly Review*, I (June 1934), 17-18; "Fellow Professionals, What Do We Stand To Lose?" I (September 1934), 6-8.

Hemingway was probably fuming over an article by Joseph Koven, "The Liberal Literary Legion," The *Monthly Review*, I (June 1934), 44-45, which led off with a crushing blow at Hemingway. Koven described him: "Artist-in-ordinary to America's pseudo-intelligenz to whom the cock-and-bull struggles of neurotic adventurers are infinitely more important than the life and death conflicts of humanity."

See "It Seems to Me," August 6, 1934, p. 15.

Karl Liebknecht (1871-1919) was an active member of the German Socialist Party. In 1907 he was sentenced to eighteen months in prison for a speech attacking German militarism. In May 1916, he was drafted. Because he took part in an anti-war demonstration in Berlin, he was arrested and sentenced to four years in prison. In October 1918, he was freed by an amnesty. He became leader of the Spartacus Party which, in
December 1918, became the German Communist Party, which demanded "free socialist republic" and an alliance with the Russian Bolsheviks. During a Berlin workers' uprising in January 1919, he was again arrested, and "on January 15, he was murdered on the pretext he was trying to escape. His body was thrown in a canal and later recovered and given a public funeral." See Collier's Encyclopedia, Vol. XIV, p. 617.

Rosa Luxembourg (1870-1919) was a revolutionary Marxist socialist theoretician and a leader of the German Communists in 1918-1919. In 1914, she was imprisoned for inciting German soldiers to mutiny and for making accusations of brutality against German officers. She was held in protective custody until the end of World War I. She then helped Karl Liebknecht to organize the Communist Spartacus League and to edit its paper, Rote Fahne, Red Flag, which, during the revolution that followed the German military collapse, incited the German proletariat to revolution and seizure of power. "In street fighting on January 15, 1919, which she and Liebknecht instigated and led, both were taken prisoner. She was killed by a rifle butt on the way to prison." See Collier's, Vol. XV, p. 124.

Walther Rathenau (1867-1922) was a German industrialist and economist. In 1915 he went to Switzerland and organized the industries which were supplying materials to Germany. He served as Minister of Reconstruction from May to October 1921, and he was appointed Foreign Minister in February 1922. "The Allies found him easier to deal with than other German statesmen, and he was instrumental in lowering the reparations demands made on Germany. He tried to implement the peace treaty and to help Germany integrate itself into the international situation. He concluded the Rapallo Treaty with Russia, canceling their reciprocal war demands. He was assassinated on June 24, 1922, in Berlin, by Royalist nationalists, who disapproved of his international views, which they blamed on his Jewish faith," See Collier's, Vol. XIX, p. 666.

Ernst Roehm, on the other hand, was one of Hitler's most trusted cohorts. He was leader of the SS troops in Germany during Hitler's rise to power. Nevertheless, when Hitler's "purge" began on June 30, 1934, Roehm, mainly because of his infamous homosexual activities, was one of the first to be assassinated. See the New York Times, June 30, 1934, p. 1; and July 1, 1934, p. 1.

32Hemingway's flippant remarks are allied with his earlier poem. "Valentine: For a Mr. Lee Wilson Dodd and Any of His Friends Who Want It," Little Review, XII (May 1929), 42, is directed to Dodd for his hostile review of Men Without Women.

In "Simple Annals of the Callous," SEL, IV (November 19, 1927), 322-323, Dodd wrote that it was impossible to criticize a book without criticizing a man, and that he could conceive of Hemingway's "choosing the short and simple annals of the hard-boiled, but not without reference to other possible species of human existence. In the callous little world of Mr. Hemingway, I feel cribbed, cabined, confined--I lack air."

Hemingway's poem vulgarly replied in part: "Sing a song of critics / pockets full of lye / four and twenty critics / hope that you will die. . . . / If you do not like them lads / One thing you can do / Stick them up your --- lads / My Valentine to you."
33See Daniel Aaron, Writers on the Left: Episodes in American Literary Communism (New York, 1961). Chapters 8 through 18 are especially good in showing the powerful pressures on writers during the 1930's, and the gradual disappointments on the part of many writers in the promises of the party. Aaron mentions Hemingway several times in passing; at no time does he pin any political label on Hemingway.

Cowley's article, "The Sense of Guilt," Kenyon Review, XXVII (Spring 1965), 261-278, is most valuable because of Cowley's position during the 1930's. He admits that by the second half of the decade he had lost many of his illusions about the Communists. Several remarks paraphrase some of Hemingway's pronouncements in "Old Newsman Writes."

For instance, Mr. Cowley states: "We writers, professors, publicists might contribute something to the defense of the Soviet Union—and hence we were solicited, importuned, published, assembled in congresses, gently admonished, wildly praised, and in general made to feel our importance as never before."

Again, Mr. Cowley remarks: "The hope of proletarian revolutions was fading away except in Spain; the menace of Fascism was increasing everywhere."

Mr. Cowley quotes Philip Rahv, another veteran of the 1930's: The intellectuals of the American Left "had attached their loyalty to the Soviet Union and in no sense to Marxism. Insofar as they took Marxism into account at all, it meant merely what, at any given moment, Stalin said it meant."

In retrospect, Mr. Cowley thinks many were motivated by greed for personal power, or an abject worship of Stalin, or simply by the fact that at the time, Communism was the lesser of two evils—the other, Fascism and Nazism.

Hemingway's independence of thought along political lines, however, is evident from his earliest writings as a foreign correspondent for the Toronto papers. In the Thirties, when a stand had to be taken, Hemingway was frankly anti-fascist, but never pro-communist.

34The full page ad in the New York Herald Tribune Books, October 7, 1934, Sec. 8, p. 17, quotes excerpts from more than twenty reviewers, all in agreement about O'Hara's first novel, including one statement by F. Scott Fitzgerald: "John O'Hara's novel indicates the tremendous strides that American writers have taken since the war."

Pegler writes in "Fair Enough," New York World-Telegram, October 16, 1934, p. 17, that Appointment in Samarra is "a wantonly and unnecessarily filthy volume... Of all the persons with whom your correspondent has discussed this book not one has failed to marvel at the audacity of the writer and publishers in putting on paper for general circulation the book to which I referred."

35In August 1932, President Hoover ordered tear gas and bayonets used on the bonus armies that had marched to Washington to demand some financial assistance.

37 Ernest Hemingway, "Notes on Life and Letters," 'Or a manuscript found in a bottle,' Esquire, III (January 1935), p. 21. All references to this article will be cited in the text.


In the course of his attack on Hemingway, Seldes gives Lardner's story "Champion" a very high rating, emphasizing that the language is not distorted into a comic diction. Lardner's people are "horribly like ourselves."

Seldes concludes: "Mr. Lardner despised people, if he did, because they were swine; Mr. Hemingway sneers at people because they are not bulls. I stick to Mr. Lardner, considering his attitude of mind more civilized. I also like him because he wrote more than two fine stories."


40 See George Seldes, You Can't Print That! (New York, 1929), for a thorough discussion of his views on the responsibilities of the journalist; his opinions of Mussolini have much in common with those of Hemingway. See also Fenton, Apprenticeship, pp. 197-200.

41 Leicester Hemingway, pp. 178-179, recalls that Ernest "was being written about Gilbert Seldes in Esquire. This was ironic because when Seldes had been editor of the Dial in Europe he had turned down Ernest's chapters of In Our Time and in doing so had advised Ernest to stick to newspaper work and drop any illusions about becoming a writer. Ernest had kept that letter of rejection. He figured it gave him a valuable kick in the slats whenever he needed one. Ernest had some amusing and highly libelous things to say right then."

Two recent texts on the history of the Dial do not, however, corroborate Leicester Hemingway's statement. Nicholas Joost, in Scofield Thayer and the "Dial" (Southern Illinois University Press, 1964), mentions that in January 1923, Gilbert Seldes sailed for England and that Kenneth Burke remained in New York as managing editor. Seldes, Joost states, p. 75, "never accepted fiction or major essays without submitting them first to Thayer or Watson." Joost claims, p. 60, that "Thayer and Watson rejected Hemingway's early poems and stories even though Ezra Pound recommended the young writer to Thayer." And once again Joost adds, p. 248, that "on at least three occasions Ernest Hemingway, encouraged by Ezra Pound, had submitted poems and stories to the Dial in the early and the mid-Twenties and that once the Editor and twice Alyse Gregory had rejected Hemingway's work, with politeness but with, nonetheless, definiteness and without an invitation to submit further work."

In Joost's opinion, p. 253, the Dial did err regarding Hemingway.

A second study of the Dial is that of William Wasserstrom, The Time of the "Dial" (Syracuse University Press, 1963). Here the facts are slightly different and worth quoting in full. Wasserstrom asserts, pp. 88-89: "Hemingway never forgave the editors for their neglect of his early poetry and prose, and, indeed, became a main source of opinion concerning their disregard of younger writers. Once in the 1930's, in the
late hours of a party given by Paul Rosenfeld, he telephoned Miss Moore and said that he would send a cab if she would come and tell him why The Dial had refused to publish his work. He had heard rumors that she was responsible. Malcolm Cowley, incidentally, in 1924 wrote to Miss Moore complaining about Hemingway's faith in rumor: 'He might have hunted me up and found out what I had to say.' Hemingway claimed that he submitted poetry and was told that he would never be much of a poet; there remains no memory or record of this transaction. Once or twice he offered a sketch of war. The editors were unable to agree on its merits and they solicited Miss Moore's opinion: 'I have read Mr. Hemingway's story with great interest,' but as it stands 'I would say no.' One or two rejections hardly define neglect. Furthermore, from 1924 until 1929, The Dial published essays in review of virtually all his work. In 1924, when Hemingway was one of a dozen interesting new writers, it offered an essay by Edmund Wilson, a brisk study of Three Stories and Ten Poems and In Our Time. The publishing of a signed review by one of the best new critics was no accident; it implied respect for both reviewer and book reviewed. . . . Wilson's review said of Hemingway's earliest published work that the 'poems are not particularly important but his prose is of the first distinction.'

In his notes, pp. 171-172, Wasserstrom mentions the scurrilous poem Hemingway composed about The Dial: "The Soul of Spain (In the Manner of Gertrude Stein)," Querschnitt, IV (Autumn 1924), 230. Wasserstrom does not note that two lines, "The Dial does a monument to Proust. / We have done a monument to Ezra," parody Cowley's memorial essay "A Monument to Proust," in the May 1923 Dial.

Wasserstrom adds that a letter from Hemingway (January 21, 1925) to The Dial "congratulated the editor for having chosen Miss Moore to receive The Dial Award. But no one seems to know who started the rumor about The Dial's opinion of Hemingway's verse. 'Ezra Pound . . . sent six of Hemingway's poems to Scofield Thayer,' Charles Fenton says. The Apprenticeship of Ernest Hemingway (New York, 1954), 146."

That these two texts do not agree on who exactly rejected Hemingway's work, and that Charles Fenton takes no side leaves the issue unsolved; Leicester Hemingway's remark, therefore, has a certain significance.

42 Boa Hawley had been a staff writer for the Stars and Stripes. See Samuel Hopkins Adams, A. Woollcott: His Life and His World (New York, 1945), p. 86.

Hawley is also identified in Pegler, "Fair Enough," New York World-Telegram, December 6, 1935, p. 27: "Hudson Hawley, the American journalist, first saw European soil as an infantry buck private in a New England division in the fall of 1917, and was requisitioned as a copy-reader for the first edition of the Stars and Stripes. Thereafter he slept in a bed, like censors, generals and war correspondents. Mr. Hawley is a bureau manager in Rome now and an international journalist of long seniority."

The antipathy between Woollcott and Hemingway may be seen in a letter Woollcott wrote in 1941 to Rebecca West, p. 283: "At the White House I was in the room recently occupied by Martha Gallhorn [Mrs. Ernest Hemingway], who, with Hemingway in tow (I find comfort in the fact that women do not stay married to Hemingway), is now somewhere between Hong-kong and the Burma Road to which she has been assigned by Collier's."

For examples of this "little girl" bit, see the following "Shouts and Murmurs" columns in the *New Yorker*: 'Rebuke,' IX (September 23, 1933), 31; and 'Our Little Ones,' IX (October 21, 1933), 36.

Alexander Woollcott edited *Alice in Wonderland* (New York, 1925); he also did the introduction to the *Complete Works of Lewis Carroll* (New York, 1939). Hemingway's remark therefore has a certain significance.

Woollcott's *While Rome Burns* (New York, 1934) sold extremely well. (Many of his essays are from his "Shouts and Murmurs" column in the *New Yorker.*) In "Our Mrs. Parker," pp. 142-152, Woollcott lavishly praises Dorothy Parker's writings. However, "disparagement to Mrs. Parker is so habitual that she has no technique for praise, and when she feels admiration, can find no words for it."

"Thus when she fain would burn incense to her gods—Ernest Hemingway and D. H. Lawrence—she cannot make herself heard at all, and becomes as gauche as an adoring shopgirl in the presence of Clark Gable. But just let her get a shot at a good, easy target like A. A. Milne, and the whole town listens."

Woollcott may be referring to her "Profile" of Ernest Hemingway, "The Artist's Reward," *New Yorker*, V (November 30, 1929), 28-31. There are several perceptive and far-sighted observations in "The Artist's Reward." It seems evident that Dorothy Parker knew Hemingway fairly well. Robert Benchley, of course, was on excellent terms with both Miss Parker and Hemingway.

But Hemingway's name appeared with Woollcott's (and Edmund Pearson's) on a book jacket of *The Chink in the Armour* (New York, 1937), by Mrs. Marie Belloc Lowndes. The blurb reads: "A Petition... It is lamentable that 'The Chink in the Armour'—that uncanny masterpiece of dread and suspense—should be so little known in this country and virtually unobtainable here. We beg you [Longmans, Green & Co.] to publish it so that we may get it when we want it and give it to our friends. [Signed] Ernest Hemingway Alexander Woollcott Edmund Pearson.

I am indebted to Mr. William White for permitting me to use this little known Hemingway item.

See William Saroyan, *The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze and Other Stories* (New York, 1934), passim, to decide how completely Hemingway parodied his subject and style.
Saroyan's Preface, p. 12, makes fun of Hemingway, perhaps.
Saroyan writes: "If you write as if you believe that ultimately you and everyone else alive will be dead, there is a chance that you will write in a pretty earnest style."

All references are to The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze and Other Stories.

^Hemingway is attacking "Seventy Thousand Assyrians." The speaker, waiting for a hair cut, muses, p. 28: "Outside, as Hemingway (The Sun Also Rises; Farewell to Arms; Death in the Afternoon; Winner Take Nothing) would say, hair cuts were four bits."
In the same story, p. 33: "I am an Armenian. I have mentioned this before. People look at me and wonder, so I come right out and tell them... It is a meaningless remark, but they expect me to say it, so I do."

The same story has a reference to Michael Arlen, which accounts for Hemingway's reference. The speaker says, p. 40: "Michael Arlen is an Armenian, too. He is pleasing the public. I have a great admiration for him, and I think he has perfected a very fine style of writing and all that, but I don't want to write about the people he likes to write about. Those people were dead to begin with."

Although neither Saroyan nor Hemingway mentions Arlen's books, The Green Hat (New York, 1924) was one of his most popular. By 1930, Arlen's star had set.

50 Saroyan, "Myself Upon the Earth," p. 57.
51 Saroyan, "Seventy Thousand Assyrians," p. 34.
53 The literary reference book is that by W. Gurney Benham, Putnam's Dictionary of Thoughts (New York, 1930). There is, however, no special reference in this edition to "Roland's horn at Roncevaux."
54 Saroyan, "Aspirin is a Member of the N. R. A.," pp. 137-138, has many lines of slick advertising jargon: Aspirin helps you to sleep. It stifles remembrance. Aspirin "is helping to keep people going to work."
CHAPTER VI

THE PLEASURES AND THE DISAPPOINTMENTS OF THE PAST

"This past was never my past life which truly bores me to think about and is often very distasteful due to the mistakes that I have made and the casualties to various human beings involved in that sad affair."

--Hemingway, "The Christmas Gift"

I. "Remembering Shooting-Flying"

In complete contrast with almost everything Hemingway has written thus far for Esquire is his February 1935 letter, "Remembering Shooting-Flying." The rancor, the antipathy, the derision, the scorn are virtually non-existent in this Key West letter which depends primarily on a remembrance of things past, particularly various hunting experiences in Hemingway's life. The opening lines veer towards despondency: "There is a heavy norther blowing; the gulf is too rough to fish and there is no shooting now." But the artist in Hemingway shies away from this mood by re-creating the experience itself: "But when you cannot shoot you can remember shooting and I would rather stay home, now, this afternoon and write about it than go out and sail clay saucers in the wind and wishing they were what they're not."\(^2\)

With all his talents on display, Hemingway convincingly demonstrates why he finds no pleasure in any substitutions for the real thing. First, he suppresses his emotions and strengthens his detached attitude
as he speaks about "a lot of damned fine things" he can enjoy—in this case, books.

I would rather read again for the first time Anna Karenina, Far Away and Long Ago, Buddenbrooks, Wuthering Heights, Madame Bovary, War and Peace, A Sportsman's Sketches, The Brothers Karamazov, Hail and Farewell, Huckleberry Finn, Winesburg, Ohio, La Reine Margot, La Maison Tellier, Le Rouge et le Noir [sic], La Chartreuse de Parme, Dubliners, Yeats's Autobiographies and a few others (p. 21).

Besides these classics, Hemingway asserts that one of the very good new books of 1934 is Malraux's Le Condition Humaine; but he will give no opinion about the translated version, Man's Fate. Tongue-in-cheek, he checks his own digression: "But this is supposed to be about shooting, not about books, although some of the best shooting I remember was in Tolstoi and I have often wondered how the snipe fly in Russia now and whether shooting pheasants is counter-revolutionary." This one wry innuendo, coming on the heels of his recommended reading list, recalls his sentiments concerning writers and politics in "Old Newsman Writes."

Otherwise, in "Remembering Shooting-Flying," Hemingway holds his peace on politics, and carefully establishes the topic of his letter:

When you have loved three things all your life, from the earliest you can remember; to fish, to shoot and, later, to read; and when, all your life, the necessity to write has been your master, you learn to remember and, when you think back you remember more fishing and shooting and reading than anything else and that is a pleasure (p. 21).

What follows is a lovingly detailed, occasionally poetic description of several past hunting episodes, more autobiographically revealing, on the whole, than much of his other writing on the same or kindred subjects. He maintains such a restrained air of spontaneity that what could degenerate into a slickly written piece preserves instead a high degree of artistic integrity. The intermingled use of the pronouns you and I
enriches the dreamlike moment he generates, while the substantial use of facts pierces through the mist of the past to furnish an air of solid specification: "You can remember the first snipe you ever hit walking on the prairie with your father. ... You can remember the miracle it seemed when you hit your first pheasant when he roared up from under your feet to top a sweet briar thicket and fell with his wings pounding" (p. 21).

Through these graphic recollections of his father, and of hunting with his father, "Remembering Shooting-Flying" begins to assume a further dimension. A valuable frame of reference to this section of his 2,000-word Esquire letter is his short story, "Fathers and Sons." In this story, Nick Adams is driving through a country which is not his own, but which, nevertheless, brings to mind hunting episodes he had had with his father. Nick is very grateful to his father "for two things: fishing and shooting. His father was as sound on those two things as he was unsound on sex, for instance, and Nick was glad that it had been that way; for some one has to give you your first gun or the opportunity to get it and use it, and you have to live where there is game or fish if you are to learn about them, and now, at thirty-eight, he loved to fish and to shoot exactly as much as when he first had gone with his father. It was a passion that had never slackened and he was very grateful to his father for bringing him to know it."4

The next section of "Remembering Shooting-Flying" seems as if it can be incorporated into "Fathers and Sons." Hemingway thinks of the spot where he shot his first pheasant; he went by there five years ago
(1929); what had been the north prairie where he hunted snipe in the spring as a boy is now a subdivision of mean houses. The earmarks of American life—a hot dog stand, a filling station, a housing development—have desecrated the briar thicket and the prairie. If we assume that Hemingway is composing this Esquire letter in early December 1934, is it possible he is recalling his trip home to Oak Park, Illinois, in early December 1928 (six years ago), when he learned his father had shot himself to death? Is the love of hunting, the legacy his father left him, associated momentarily with Hemingway's next thoughts?

The house where I was born was gone and they had cut down the oak tree and built an apartment house close out against the street. So I was glad I went away from there as soon as I did. Because when you like to shoot and fish you have to move often and always further out and it doesn't make any difference what they do when you are gone (p. 21).

Next, he thinks about the first covey of partridges he had seen when he was hunting with his father and an Indian named Simon Green on Horton's Creek. This is certainly in keeping with what he has just been writing (and thinking) about:

They looked as big as turkeys to me and I was so excited with the whirr of the wings that I missed both shots I had, while my father, shooting an old lever action Winchester pump, killed five out of the covey and I can remember the Indian picking them up and laughing. He was an old fat Indian, a great admirer of my father, and when I look back at that shooting I am a great admirer of my father too. He was a beautiful shot, one of the fastest I have ever seen; but he was too nervous to be a great money shot (p. 21).

Of course, this "money shot" may be an allusion to his father's disastrous speculations in the Florida real estate market when he lost "savings that he had invested in land which suddenly had no resale value." It is interesting, too, that Hemingway remembers his father's nervousness in
the same passage in which he remembers the old Indian's admiration for Dr. Hemingway.

In brutal contrast, Hemingway's short story, "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife" (December 1924), reveals the contempt the Indians have for Nick's physician-father, who tries to claim as driftwood logs which have been lost from the log booms; the unadmiring half-breed Indian Dick Boulton insists these logs are stolen property. Hemingway's later story, "Fathers and Sons," portrays Nick's father somewhat differently. Nick never precisely states that his father was a great shot; but he insists that the one great gift his father had was his eyesight. Along with this, Nick adds, his father was very nervous. "Then, too, he was sentimental, and, like most sentimental people, he was both cruel and abused. Also, he had much bad luck, and it was not all of it his own. He had died in a trap that he had helped only a little to set, and they had all betrayed him in their various ways before he died. All sentimental people are betrayed so many times. Nick could not write about him yet, although he would, later, but the quail country made him remember him as he was when Nick was a boy and he was very grateful to him for two things: fishing and shooting. 6

"Remembering Shooting-Flying" catches threads from both stories: "Then I remember shooting quail with him when I do not think I could have been more than ten years old" (p. 21). Exhausted by the weight of the gun, the youngster ends up with a bloody nose when the gun back-fires. Young Hemingway then spots a quail which his father had unknowingly hit with a stray pellet. To win his father's approval, he passes the quail off as his own.
"Did you get one, Ernie?"
I held it up.
"It's a cock," he said. "See his white throat? It's a beauty."

Re-capturing the emotions he experienced, Hemingway continues:

But I had a lump in my stomach that felt like a baseball from lying to him and that night I remember crying with my head under the patchwork quilt after he was asleep because I had lied to him. If he would have waked up I would have told him, I think. But he was tired and sleeping heavily. I never told him (p. 152).

The awareness of the lost opportunity, the awareness of mixed emotions, shame, contrition, fear and regret—the mature author re-creates all these through his complete identification with the ten-year-old boy. This accomplished, Hemingway refuses to dwell any longer on his boyhood transgression, pausing only to mention that two boys whipped him because they did not believe he had shot the pigeons he was carrying. "I called [one] a liar and the smaller of the two whipped hell out of me. That was an unlucky trip" (p. 152).

If Hemingway is meting out poetic justice to himself in this Esquire letter because of a deception he never confessed to as a child (but is now able to write about, in the words of Nick Adams), it is noteworthy that in "Fathers and Sons" Nick Adams is whipped by his father for lying to him. In this case, young Nick, who hates the smell of his father, gets rid of the hand-me-down underwear which his father made him wear. He is whipped because he tells his father he lost it. Afterwards Nick sits in the woodshed, with "his shotgun loaded and cocked, looking across at his father sitting on the screen porch reading the paper and [thinks], 'I can blow him to hell. I can kill him.' Finally he felt his anger go out of him and he felt a little sick about it being the gun that his father had given him."
Otherwise, the recollections which Nick has of his father closely parallel those which Hemingway experiences in the first half of his \textit{Esquire} letter. Nick analyzes his relationship with his father in "Fathers and Sons":

Now, as he rode along the highway in the car and it was getting dark, Nick was all through thinking about his father. The end of the day never made him think of him. The end of the day had always belonged to Nick alone and he never felt right unless he was alone at it. His father came back to him in the fall of the year, or in the early spring when there had been jacksnipe on the prairie, or when he saw shocks of corn, or when he saw a lake, or if he ever saw a horse and buggy, or when he saw, or heard, wild geese, or in a duck blind; remembering the time an eagle dropped through the whirling snow to strike a canvas-covered decoy, rising, his wings beating, the talons caught in the canvas. His father was with him, suddenly, in deserted orchards and in new-plowed fields, in thickets, on small hills, or when going through dead grass, whenever splitting wood or hauling water, by grist mills, cider mills and dams and always with open fires. The towns he lived in were not towns his father knew. After he was fifteen he shared nothing with him.\textsuperscript{8}

The first section of "Remembering Shooting-Flying" concludes with Hemingway's admission of the lie he told his father, and the whipping he received from two other boys for a lie he did not tell. Since he does not refer to his father again in "Remembering Shooting-Flying," several of Nick's thoughts may justifiably function as transition and explanation: "His father had the finest pair of eyes he had ever seen and Nick had loved him very much and for a long time. Now, knowing how it had all been, even remembering the earliest times before things had gone badly was not good remembering. If he wrote it he could get rid of it. He had gotten rid of many things by writing them. But it was still too early for that."\textsuperscript{9}

The next shooting remembrance in the \textit{Esquire} letter is that of duck hunting and geese shooting. Hemingway avoids any reference to the
exact time and place, save that it is a "day cold as this." Only the
mention of the geese and duck blind in "Fathers and Sons" suggests what
Hemingway is now going to omit intentionally in "Remembering Shooting-
Flying." The hunting scenes which make up the second half of his
approximately 2,000-word letter are not identified so often either in
context, or in similar passages in his other writings. Cleverly, he
employs the weather as a unifying and transitional device.

Now it is colder still and we found ptarmigan in the rocks
on a high plain above and to the left of the glacier by the
Madelener-haus in the Vorarlberg with it blowing a blizzard
and the next day we followed a fox track all day on skis and
saw where he had caught a ptarmigan underneath the snow. We
never saw the fox.

There were chamois up in that country too and black cock
in the woods below the timber-line and big hares that you
found sometimes at night when we were coming along the road.
We ate them jugged and drank Tyroler wine. And why, today,
remember misses? (p.152)

Years before, Hemingway told of the chamois and black cock in his
article "More Game to Shoot in Crowded Europe than in Ontario," in the
Toronto Star Weekly (fall 1923). In A Moveable Feast, there is a
similar passage in which Hemingway poignantly re-creates the winter of
1926-27 at the Madelener-haus in Austria:

I remember the smell of the pines and the sleeping on the
mattresses of beech leaves in the woodcutters' huts and the
skiing through the forest following the tracks of hares and
of foxes. In the high mountains above the tree line I remem-
ber following the track of a fox until I came in sight of him
and watching him stand with his right forefoot raised and then
go carefully to stop and then pounce, and the whiteness and
the clutter of a ptarmigan bursting out of the snow and fly-
ing away and over the ridge... Sometimes for dinner there
would be jugged hare with a rich red wine sauce, and sometimes
venison with chestnut sauce.

The imaginary re-living of these hunting experiences in "Remembering
Shooting-Flying" culminates with several long one-sentence paragraphs in
which Hemingway remembers the partridges they used to have outside of Constantinople and "never will be able to afford again."

On the other hand, shooting plover "on a different continent" is too close in time to his African hunting trip for a successfully imagined re-creation. Another inordinately long sentence disposes of the otter, mallards and drake which Hemingway saw when he was shooting ruffed grouse in Clark's Fork, Wyoming in the early 1930's. These last few scenes are again too close to the present to permit Hemingway to re-create them imaginatively. Inching back to the realm of the journalist, he tapers off defensively:

Why does the curlew have that voice, and who thought up the plover's call, which takes the place of noise of wings, to give us that catharsis wing shooting has given to men since they stopped flying hawks and took to fowling pieces? I think that they were made to shoot and some of us were made to shoot them and if that is not so well, never say we did not tell you that we liked it (p. 152).

The sustained emotion-recollected-in-tranquility which has controlled three-fourths of "Remembering Shooting-Flying" begins to weaken when Hemingway dispels the nostalgic mood which envelopes the hunting scenes with his father; a gradual restraint emerges as the European scenes progress and the shaping powers of his imagination begin to lessen in an inverse proportion. Finally, the proximity in time, which relies on memory and permits no sub-stratum of emotional response, colors his description of his hunting experiences between 1930 and 1934. He concludes with the assertion that wing shooting is the purgation given to men--to some men, that is; and Hemingway, one of these, is twice blessed in so far as he can summon the powers of his artistic imagination
to remember shooting-flying when he cannot, in reality, experience, or participate in, shooting-flying.

II. "Sailfish Off Mombasa"

Hemingway's next Esquire contribution (March 1935), another Key West letter, "Sailfish Off Mombasa" is similar to his preceding piece, "Remembering Shooting-Flying." Again he reconstructs an earlier event—this time, fishing the year before off the East coast of Africa; however, his whimsical touch does not seep into this letter at all. "Sailfish Off Mombasa" chronologically follows "Notes on Dangerous Game," his third African letter, in which he joked about Philip Percival's initial deep-sea fishing trip. But "Sailfish Off Mombasa" lacks the humor of many of his asides in "Notes on Dangerous Game." Through appropriate vocabulary and matter-of-fact statement, Hemingway's irritation with the fishing conditions off Mombasa becomes discernible:

This time last year we were fishing for sailfish off the East coast of Africa up around Malindi in a lousy boat called the Xanadu with an engine that was gone; the rings were bad, the valves stuck and the boat's bottom was so foul the motor would not drive her four miles an hour even when it was hitting well.12

Repeated mechanical failures plus intense summer heat increase the discontent on board the supposedly "seaworthy, cabin-cruiser in excellent condition, guaranteed to do eight miles an hour"—especially when the fishing party has to stand by and watch countless dolphin swim around and away from the boat because the motor has "broken down for the eightieth time." Had the man who chartered them the boat been on board, the best form of revenge, they agreed, would be to push him overboard into the ugly red gray patch of horribly moving angle worms "sharp pointed at the ends," and never still.
His revenge appeased by this picture (one, by the way, similar to that of writers in New York: "All angleworms in a bottle, trying to derive knowledge and nourishment from their own contact and from the bottle"), Hemingway admits they have caught sailfish, jacks, groupers and other types of fish. The ninety-seven pound sailfish, caught by Alfred Vanderbilt, is the biggest, but with time and a decent boat their record may have been better.

Instruction and description form a major portion of "Sailfish Off Mombasa" as Hemingway discusses the East African coast and the Florida reef, their currents, climates, and fish. But there is an important distinction between the East African natives and the Florida fishermen: The African "natives are poor fishermen, primitive, with much fear and little knowledge, yet they will make a good living as fish sells well in the markets" (p. 21). During the two weeks Hemingway fishes off Mombasa, he sees neither marlin nor broadbill, although many natives describe them. Bait is easy to get, and Hemingway is certain the gas and oil of a boat, "such as the Pilar," can easily be paid for by the money made selling fish. "A boat like the Pilar that we fish in off Cuba and Florida would be comfortable there in any season as the sun is the worst thing and in any boat with an intelligently worked out protection against the sun, without obstructing the free passage of the breeze, you could not notice the heat" (p. 21). Possibly Hemingway expects to fish again off the African coast under better circumstances; hence he seems determined to dispel the theories about the dangers of the tropical sun. He has fished "bareheaded a month at a time in July off Cuba which is nearly as far south as Senegal and again, in June, in those latitudes [he has] seen
days when the sun seemed deadly and you needed a wet straw sponge fisherman's hat or even a pith helmet to keep it off" (p. 21).

Sailing to Africa in November 1933, Hemingway observed the elaborate precautions the French took at Port Said: donning pith helmets and lowering canvas storm curtains around the dock. What annoyed him as he and Charles Thompson were playing checkers was the fear the deck steward professed for Thompson because a thin bar of sun was striking his back. In sharp contrast, when Hemingway returned from Mombasa on the Swedish ship Gripsholm in March 1934, it was too cold to bathe on deck "from the equator on until Port Said." Further up the coast of Africa and through the Red Sea, Hemingway remembers that "we spent the biggest part of the day swimming and lying around the pool in bathing trunks and there was not a case of sunstroke nor more than a couple of bad sunburns on board. The ship was fast and there was always a breeze" (p. 156).

He does not minimize the dangers of the tropical sun but he insists that the sun is as dangerous in other places under certain adverse conditions.

Such are his thoughts as he lies at anchor in the Cabanas Harbor where it is too dark to see the "green hills and the gray of the Royal palms on them and the mountains dark behind." His longing for Africa is intensified by the visit to the boat of two soldiers: a Negro, and a mixed blood with Chinese eyes. In one of the comparatively few Esquire letters in which Hemingway indulges in dialogue, the three discuss Africa and the fishing and hunting. Their simple question-answer repartee anticipates his final sentence: "Many people are homesick for Africa without knowing it." All three have experienced much the same yearning without explicitly admitting it.
A shorter, approximately 1500 word, more simply handled article, "Sailfish Off Mombasa" needs the vitalizing force which renders "Remembering Shooting-Flying" so much more effective. Only in the closing interlude with the two men from the garrison has Hemingway weakened in his rigid detachment. His facile recapitulation of the African fishing trip, bolstered by such details as sunbathing, playing checkers, and the horribly moving worms, offers information enough to round out his piece—but, on the whole, "Sailfish Off Mombasa" is not a particularly noteworthy article. There is an air of "left-over notes" which stultifies much that he says; only the slight passage of dialogue enlivens his letter, and hints that he is longing to return to the African country again.
Footnotes to Chapter VI


2 Hemingway, "Remembering Shooting-Flying," 'A Key West Letter,' Esquire, III (February 1935), 21. All subsequent references to this article will be cited in the text.

3 Hemingway twists these sentiments in his autobiographical note to George Schreiber, Portraits and Self-Portraits (Boston, 1936), p. 57. Hemingway writes about himself thus: "Since he was a young boy he has cared greatly for fishing and shooting. If he had not spent so much time at them, at skiing, at the bull ring, and in a boat, he might have written much more. On the other hand, he might have shot himself. He would rather read than do anything else except write, and nothing can make him so happy as having written well."

4 "Fathers and Sons," Winner Take Nothing, p. 228.

5 Leicester Hemingway, p. 109.

6 "Fathers and Sons," pp. 227-228.

7 Ibid., pp. 239-240. 8 Ibid., pp. 238-239. 9 Ibid., pp. 230-231.

10 This article appeared in the Toronto Star Weekly, November 3, 1923, p. 20. It is in The Wild Years as "Hunting on the Continent," pp. 259-264. Hemingway stated: "Switzerland is the home of the chamois. I have never come any closer to the chamois than in the form of a gasoline strainer. . . .

"There are still chamois. But they live very high and far off and are very rarely shot and only then by an expert mountaineer and climber who works with field glasses and a telescope sight. Switzerland is a good game country though. Full of rabbits, big snow hares, partridges and the giant black cock. Black cock, or Capercailzie, are a sort of glorified partridge with glossy, iridescent plumage. They are larger than a big Orpington chicken, terrific flyers, and live in the forests of Switzerland and nearly all central and western Europe."

11 AMF, pp. 201, 206.

12 "Sailfish Off Mombasa," 'A Key West Letter,' Esquire, III (March 1935), 21. All references to this article will be cited in the text.

13 CHOAA, p. 21.
Hemingway's son Patrick, who is teaching conservation to future game wardens at the College of African Wildlife Management in Arusha, in the shadow of Mount Kilimanjaro, was quoted in "Chip off the Old Hemingway," *Life*, LIIX (August 6, 1965), 39, as saying: "When my father visited me here, he said he wondered why he'd waited so long to get back. He thought this was a wonderful place to raise children, and he said that if the Spanish civil war hadn't started, he might have come out here to live."

In "People," *Time*, LXXXVI (July 9, 1965), 41, the thirty-six year old former white hunter says further: "I know what appealed to my father about Africa... We were given a continent to play with in America, and in some respects it hasn't quite turned out the way we'd hoped. The charm of Africa is that we've been given a second chance."
"I had always run as an adjusted person though various tin horn biographers had attempted to prove otherwise."

--Hemingway, "The Christmas Gift"¹

I. "The Sights of Whitehead Street"

Hemingway's next Key West letter "The Sights of Whitehead Street" (April 1935)² stands out in sharp relief from his other letters because of the numerous topical references, such as the National Recovery Administration, Hugh Johnson, Donald Richberg, child-labor laws, and the Key West branch of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, which date the letter with the first years of President Roosevelt's recovery program (1933-1935). Moreover, a scattered assortment of in-group remarks about an unidentified editor, Jock Whitney, Dorothy Parker, and Donald Ogden Stewart, limit the appeal of this letter even further.³ Nevertheless, the evenly sustained humor in the 1700-word piece is double-edged: Hemingway undercuts much of the hostile commentary leveled against him and his work as he humorously ridicules himself and the myths which surround him and his books.

With a faint touch of braggadocio, Hemingway concentrates first on exploiting the Hemingway legends, which have conditioned much of the
prejudicial commentary on his work. Almost deliberately Hemingway enlarges his legendary stature by calling attention to the fact that he is one of the "sights" of Key West, and is listed as such on a map prepared by the local F.E.R.A. for tourists to the area.

The house at present occupied by your correspondent is listed as number eighteen in a compilation of the forty-eight things for a tourist to see in Key West. So there will be no difficulty in a tourist finding it or any of the other sights of the city, a map has been prepared by the local F.E.R.A. authorities to be presented to each arriving visitor (p. 25).

Located between Johnson's Tropical Grove (number 17) and the Lighthouse and Aviaries (number 19), Hemingway laughingly admits that he is not competing with them or with any other attraction, such as the Sponge Lofts, Typical Old House, or the Abandoned Cigar Factory. To ward off unwanted sight-seers, he has hired an old Negro, who looks as if he has leprosy, to stand at the gate and say, "Tse Mr. Hemingway and I'se crazy about you." Hemingway observes that some of the easily impressed tourists flee along Whitehead Street towards Fort Taylor "with the aged negro hobbling after them on his crutches shouting out to them tales of how he caught gigantic marlin and sailfish and details of his sporting exploits with animals whose names he has a lamentable habit of confusing" (p. 25). Thus does Hemingway debunk the derision he is being subjected to because of his big game pastimes. Even better are the Negro's stories about his career as a writer, particularly how he wrote a book "De Call to Arms." Hemingway's deceptive levity glides through the following scene as he tells what he heard the old Negro say.

In some odd way he had confused the plot with that of another best seller, Uncle Tom's Cabin, and his description of how he wrote the passage where Missy Catherine Barkley pursues the Italian army with blood hounds over the ice would have been
mirth provoking if it had not been so realistic. One of his rather reluctant audience asked him why he always wrote in the first person and the old man seemed stumped for a moment but finally answered, "No sir. You're wrong, sir. I don't write in the first person. I don't fool with no person at all. I write direct on the typewriter."

"But were you really in Italy during the war, Mr. Hemingway? Or was the background of your best seller purely imaginative?"

This always sets the old man off for he loves to talk about Italy which he describes as the place where "he first get that leppacy disease," but his audience rarely stay to hear the end of that story.

Hemingway's children and his hired Negro are his ghostwriters in "The Sights of Whitehead Street." Years later (1959), Hemingway returns to the ghostwriting theme in "The Dangerous Summer." He tells of his visit with the bullfighter Antonio Ordonez and his wife Carmen.

Antonio and Carmen had read, together, the novels and stories of mine that had been translated into Spanish and he wanted to discuss them. When he found that my handwriting was about as bad as his he practiced making his very handsome and accused Bill Davis, who had beautiful handwriting and obviously owned many thousands of books, of being my "Negro" or ghostwriter in Spanish.

"Ernesto can't really write," he said. "Mary [Mrs. Hemingway] has to copy and translate what he writes on the typewriter. Mary is a woman of education and culture and she helps him. But Bill is his Negro. He tells the stories to Bill on trips or when they go into town and then Negro writes them. Now I know the trick."

"Well it's a good trick," I said. "My Negro can drive too."

"I'll tell you terrible stories; unbelievable stories. Then you tell them to Negro and he'll make them literary. We'll sign them with both our names and put the money in the partnership."

"I mustn't overwork Negro," I said. "I don't want him to fall asleep at night on the road."

"We'll fill him up with black coffee and vitamins," Antonio said. "Maybe we better keep on selling the stuff under your name alone for a while until mine is better known as a writer. How are we doing under your name?"

"We're getting by."

"Is it true we can only win that Swedish prize once?"

"Yes," I said.

"What injustice," Antonio said.
Evidently Hemingway clung to some of his ideas throughout his lifetime, as this section of "The Dangerous Summer" indicates. The same bluster and bravado, so characteristic of many of his Esquire letters, and so much a part of "The Sights of Whitehead Street," stayed with Hemingway over the years. Both selections reveal his concern with his public "image," in spite of his casual, facetious, and jocular remarks. In "The Sights of Whitehead Street," he begins to refute those who belittle his first-person technique and those who question the veracity of the Italian settings in A Farewell to Arms, and, more generally, those who question the truthfulness of his work as a whole. The spoofing Hemingway is giving himself becomes intensified as he relates how he handles unwanted visitors when the old Negro is off duty. Reconstructing his interview with a Mr. Questioner, "a prominent businessman and fellow member of the Player's Club," Hemingway permits his intruder to sneer at his interest in fishing and then at his writing. Egging him on, Hemingway informs his visitor that the three Hemingway children (Bumby, eleven; Patrick, six; Gregory, three) are now writing, although their work doesn't command the high price which his does. If Hemingway has something on an editor, he asks two dollars a word for his own work. Hemingway fabricates further: he sells the stuff his boys write under his own name after he has touched up the punctuation a bit; and, to give the legendary stories more substance, he admits how difficult it is to keep his children's standards up because they write "such damned sad stuff when you over-beat them there's no market for it until you get down around a dime a word" (p. 25).
The implications are many-sided: he is ridiculing the critics who have labeled him hard-boiled, callous, insensitive, and immature; he is castigating those who have branded his work autobiographical; and he is sneering at those who belittle his fishing and hunting tales in *Esquire.* He expresses his contempt for the publishing market and is obviously teasing a recent guest of his by insinuating that he has been caught in such a compromising situation with a woman that he will have to pay Hemingway more to keep the affair from being publicized—which is exactly what Hemingway does in this letter. Max Perkins visited Hemingway in the early weeks of 1935, and presumably these insinuations are directed to him. Although Hemingway delights in such shock-effects, he admits the old badger game doesn't pay well any more because the National Recovery Act has tried to stop it. In fact,

Johnson cracked down on us about the kids. . . . Tried to call it child labour, and the oldest boy over ten. I had to go to Washington on it. "Listen, Hugh," I said to him. "It's no skin off the ants of conscience in my pants what you do to Richberg. But the little boy works, see?" Then I walked out on him. We got the little fellow up to around ten thousand words a day after that but about half of it was sad and we had to take a loss on that (p. 156).

Hemingway capitalizes on the notoriety which Hugh Johnson and Donald Richberg are receiving, thanks to Johnson's articles in the *Saturday Evening Post.* Johnson charges that Richberg is helping the N.R.A. die a speedy death; and Johnson further asserts that the N.R.A. is responsible for abolishing child labor, and establishing regular hours, higher wages and better working conditions.11

Inflating his legendary stature more, Hemingway pretends to be a child-beating ogre of a father, who keeps his children up nights to write because they concentrate better; in the morning he goes over their work,
which he puts out under his own name. Feeding the foolish and gullible
Questioner another chapter for the Hemingway fantasy, he adds:

The name's sort of like a trade-mark. The second rate stuff
we sell under other names. You've probably seen some of it
around. There was quite a lot of it around at one time. Now
there's not so much. We marketed it under too many names
and it killed the market.

Don't you write any yourself anymore?

Just a little to keep it going. The boys are doing fine
and I'm proud of the boys. . . . I'll never forget how proud
I was when young Patrick came in with the finished manuscript
of Death In The Afternoon. He had done the whole thing from
a single inspiration. Damned odd story. He saw a negro
funeral going by of the Sons and Daughters of Rewarded Sorrow,
a sort of insurance agency that's quite popular down here,
and as it was the afternoon at the time that gave him his
title. The little chap went right ahead and dictated the whole
thing straight off to his nurse in less than a week (p. 156).

The nuances in this spiel are many: Hemingway's children approxi-
mate his style more closely than his imitators, who have flooded the
market with shoddy second-rate material. Writers like Morley Callaghan,
James Cain, and Erskine Caldwell\(^{12}\) have been accused of imitating
Hemingway, although he names no one in this letter. And if the critics
consider Hemingway simple because his imitators have erected such a cult
in behalf of simplicity, Hemingway willingly abets the general misinter-
pretation by attributing Death in the Afternoon to his son Patrick,
four years old in 1932. Is Hemingway doing his obtuse critics one
better by ascribing his bullfight treatise to the inspired workings of a
child's mind, or is he depending on his appreciative audience to testify
that Death in the Afternoon represents years of research and study?
At the same time, by contributing his share to the grossly exaggerated
stories about his writing methods, and about him as a person and a
writer, is Hemingway indirectly referring to an article which Dorothy
Parker wrote about him in 1929? She bluntly stated: "One hesitates
... to add to the measure of bilge that has already been written;
probably of no other living man has so much tripe been penned and spoken."
In "The Sights of Whitehead Street," many of his remarks enhance Miss
Parker's candid assessment. Moreover, in this *Esquire* letter, Hemingway
uses the phrase, "Sons and Daughters of Rewarded Sorrow"; Miss Parker
called her essay "The Artist's Reward."

The title of this interesting composition is taken, unasked,
from a letter from Ernest Hemingway to his friend, Scott
Fitzgerald. "I am now," he wrote, "in the state of depression
where you've gone over and over until you can't tell whether
anything you've written is any good or not; this is called
the Artist's Reward."13

In early 1935, is Hemingway more uncertain of his artistry
because of the extremely poor reception given *Death in the Afternoon*,
the generally mixed reviews accorded *Winner Take Nothing*, and the per­
sonal attacks flung at him in some of these reviews? In his concern
sub-consciously manifesting itself in "The Sights of Whitehead Street"
because the first part of his next work, one of non-fiction, *Green Hills
of Africa* (1935) is to appear in the May 1935 issue of *Scribner's
Magazine*? Does he realize the impetus the Hemingway legend may receive
once his hunting trip becomes a hard-cover publication?14 Within the
superficially humorous framework of "The Sights of Whitehead Street,"
which distorts, bloats, and punctures the Hemingway legend, all these
possibilities inhere.

In fact, Hemingway's double-edged humor sharpens as he continues
talking to the obtuse Questioner. *Death in the Afternoon* is potential
material for Hollywood, Hemingway told his son Patrick, if they "can get
some moron to buy it." Patrick thinks of the handy man Williams whom his father refers to as "a black moron"; Williams does buy the book and goes to Hollywood to try to sell it to Jock Whitney for Technicolor. Hemingway's 1935 reading public would probably catch the significance of this: Whitney, at that time, was financing the first full-length film in the new technicolor process.15 Calling Williams a black moron may be his method of criticizing the book-publishing axiom which urges that Negroes be treated as inferior to whites if the author wishes to have a receptive southern market; or he may be revealing a personal bias of his own. But his unqualified praise for Joe Louis in "The Million Dollar Fright" reveals that color is no barrier in Hemingway's evaluation of a man's worth. His belittling attitude towards Williams may therefore be a deliberate pose by which Hemingway is indicating his annoyance with the likes of such books, which Hollywood has become so taken up with.

Hemingway offers his own ideas to the listening Questioner.

We're using genuine negro dialect with certified white characters, many of them daughters of the Confederacy. . . . We're going to write an epic. They're working on it day and night. Bumby has the historical sense, Pat does the dialogue and Gregory does plot. You see we've got a new angle. It's an epic about the Civil War but the trouble with most epics is they weren't long enough but what somebody would be able to read the epic and pass the word it was lousy. We figure to run to three thousand pages (p. 156).

Hemingway's irritation with the exigencies of the book publishing business seeps closer to the surface. He is disgusted (and perhaps disillusioned) that So Red the Rose, Stark Young's book on the Civil War, is selling so well; critics agree the book is "epic in scope"; and Hollywood is constantly publicizing the forthcoming film version. (So
Red the Nose, published in 1935, is an obvious pun on So Red the Rose.
The contents are another matter. So Red the Nose contains a list of
cocktail recipes, each submitted by a well-known author, and each named
for one of the author's books. Hemingway's concoction is called "Death
in the Afternoon Cocktail." Is Hemingway once again implying that his
children could do better work than many writers whose mediocre produc­
tions are getting far more praise than they deserve? Is the length of a
book the criterion of its worth? To keep the full strength of his scorn
from overpowering his letter, Hemingway jokingly assigns the component
parts of the book to his three sons; at the same time he may be sneering
at Hollywood writers who re-work material into historical, dialogue, and
plot categories.

Hollywood is intimately involved in this last section of "The
Sights of Whitehead Street." Hemingway tells his interrogator that if
the proposed epic is successful, he is going to let his son Patrick go
to the coast. However, only a few Esquire readers will know why Patrick
wants to see Donald Ogden Stewart, and why Hemingway wants to see Dorothy
Parker. But Hemingway does not understand why his son is so anxious to
see Stewart. "What do you suppose has got into a hard-working kid like
that? What does he want to see Stewart about? Maybe an old debt or
something like that. Kids are funny that way. Now I forgot anything we
owed Stewart years ago" (p. 156). If Hemingway was in any way influenced
by Stewart in the early 1920's, he is obviously repudiating his "debt"--
in very well-chosen words. According to Charles Fenton, "in the months
immediately after his abandonment of newspaper work ... Hemingway was
inclined to think of himself at least in part as a humorist. This
attitude was stimulated by his friendship with Donald Ogden Stewart, whom he had first met in Europe in 1923, and of whom he saw a great deal in 1924 and 1925. He was much impressed by the satirist's work—and its success—and particularly by Mr. and Mrs. Haddocks Abroad. One of the last pieces of journalism Hemingway attempted at this time, indeed, was a humorous account of bullfighting which Stewart rejected in 1924 for Vanity Fair. Still this may not be the reason why Hemingway is casting Stewart off; after all, he depicted Stewart most favorably as Bill Gorton in The Sun Also Rises (1926). In "The Sights of Whitehead Street" (1935), the fact that "a hard-working kid" wants to see Stewart may suggest that Stewart, who is doing very well financially as a Hollywood script writer, is not hard-working, by Hemingway's standards. Westbrook Pegler says as much in his sarcastic evaluation of script writers, who command salaries out of all proportion to the merits of their work. Pegler writes:

"Babe Ruth's top year was $85,000. Somerset Maugham outmoneys the Babe at his best, and some others who have no reason to envy the greatest ball player of them all are Charlie McArthur, Donald Ogden Stewart, Edna Ferber, and Ollie Garrett." Pegler cynically advises that the aspiring athlete "trade in his boxing gloves and his baseball equipment toward a second-hand typewriter and a pound of copy paper and . . . start putting down words and phrases. The young man could at least aspire to $200,000 a year, some years, including his royalties and movie rights." Hemingway may be confessing that Stewart's influence (like Lardner's influence) played its role during Hemingway's child-like (or formative) period when he did not recognize the artistic limitations of the men he admired.
The heretofore literal-minded Questioner experiences a slight awakening when Hemingway speaks about Stewart (although Hemingway may be implying that the most unperceptive can see Stewart's limitations), and he beats a hasty retreat, chirping that Hemingway has been most interesting. The dry retort is a masterful stroke of the serious and the sardonic: "Details of a man's work are always interesting." Hemingway's instructions to his houseboy Nathaniel to keep the front door locked conclude with an ambiguous afterthought:

If one strains the imagination so late in the day, one is always liable to rupture it. Yes, thank you Nathaniel. Yes, another (p. 156).

On one level, Hemingway is acknowledging the spoof he has just played on the gullible interviewer; on another, he is suggesting the spoof which writers play on the public with their tales about Hemingway. A certain strain of bitterness is buried under the humorous surface and somewhat more ironic depths of "The Sights of Whitehead Street." Hemingway may be feeling the pinch financially in refusing to compromise as others have done. Too, he may be more deeply distressed by the fantastic uproar Death in the Afternoon created than he wants to admit. May not one of the sights hidden from view on Whitehead Street be a harassed and bewildered author who has just completed another piece of non-fiction, Green Hills of Africa—but an author unable to predict on what terms the critics will judge his African hunting trip.

II. "a.d. Southern Style"

In "a.d. Southern Style," the Key West letter for May 1935, Hemingway implicitly acknowledges that many of his letters, particularly his recent ones, have lacked action; he has relied on dressing up events
of the past. Even the amoebic dysentery contracted a year ago is still with him, but in this letter his remarks on the infection are dictated by the present. His children gleefully watch him inject himself with emetine; and the Yatren pills he consumes are "buck-shots" in their view. As usual, the risqué touch flourishes on this infection:

For years your correspondent wrote in bed; only stopping it when he found all his characters were getting to spend all their time in bed too. Now, of course, there is the risk of the creations of your correspondent's fancy all becoming amoebic-dysentery addicts... Thinking it over, though, your correspondent has decided that an amoebic heroine could probably never compete with an anemic heroine in glamour, even though, at a distance, people might not be able to tell the difference.

Pretending that the rigors of the treatment have affected his memories of the past, Hemingway states he will write about the future.

Feigning reluctance to prophesy on a large scale, Hemingway recalls three farsighted dispatches he had written in the 1920's for the Toronto papers. Not one was well received, and the third, his interview with Clemenceau, was returned. As a result, Hemingway has learned the difference between betting on something "when you finally saw it coming absolutely clearly and unmistakable [sic]" and "knowing it had to happen" (p. 25).

Such is the extended bit of padding which precedes his announcement that he is going "to Rimini for the run of Giant Tuna and the blue marlin. These tuna are supposed to run over a thousand pounds and over and no one has caught one yet" (p. 25). What he fears is the loss of his expensive lines; and thinking of the devoted care Carlos gives them, he wonders how Carlos will react "in the presence of these giant tuna stripping and popping his beloved lines." What is more significant is
that no one has landed a giant tuna before the small fish sharks attack
and mutilate it.

Hemingway plays down the big news that Bimini has become a highly
competitive fishing spot by the spring of 1935; nor does he offer any
account of his own fishing activities of the past several months. He
simply explains a bit further why his letter lacks action, and very
briefly touches on his future plans.

At Bimini we want to check up on the marlin before the run
starts off Cuba and then fish the Cuban run in July and August.
Working in Key West finishing a book these letters have,
lately, lacked action. There is no quieter and less eventful
life than that of a writer when he is working hard. If he is
working as hard as he should everything goes into the writing.
But toward the end of April we plan to clear the Pilar for
Bimini, go up the Gulf Stream well out, to catch the force of
the current the way the steamers do, and, when off Alligator
Light, head her across the stream where we've never been.
Then, if we have any luck, there should be action for a few
months and I will try to get some into these letters (p. 156).

Despite the candid and, as far as it goes, accurate enough appraisal of
the material he is sending to Esquire, it seems possible that his remark
in "The Sights of Whitehead Street" about cashing in on his name may be
an unconscious mea culpa. There is a preoccupied spirit behind the
lines of the brief 1500-word "s.d. Southern Style"; is the emetine
responsible for the pot-boiler quality; is Hemingway skeptical about his
luck in the Bimini waters; or is he simply grinding out copy to meet his
Esquire deadline? The letter merely reveals that Green Hills of Africa
is about finished and that Hemingway is about ready to embark on
another fishing adventure in new waters. Subconsciously, Hemingway may
be wondering how some of his shark-like critics will attack his experiment
in *Green Hills of Africa*—namely, his attempt to see if an absolutely true book, truly presented, can compete with a work of the imagination.

### III. "On Being Shot Again"

The action Hemingway promised was not long in coming. His June 1935 *Esquire* letter "On Being Shot Again" starts off with three paragraphs of detailed instructions on how to shoot a horse and a shark, and how to kill any large animal instantly. The fourth paragraph discloses the reason for these thoughts:

> Your correspondent's mind has been turned to shooting and he is inspired to offer this information on account of just having shot himself in the calves of both legs. This difficult maneuver to perform with a single bullet was not undertaken as an experiment in ballistics but was quite casual. Your correspondent was once criticized in a letter by a reader of this magazine for not being a casual enough traveller. Trying to become more casual, your correspondent finally ends up by shooting himself through both legs with one hand and while gaffing a shark with the other. This is as far as he will go in pleasing a reader.24

The "reader" (Mrs. Doug Shearer) complained in September 1934 in "The Sound and The Fury" column: "Don't make us snatch at the troll-line of his [Hemingway's] travels. It takes a much more casual person to be an interesting traveller." Criticism such as this did irritate Hemingway; and if too sensitive a spot was pricked, Hemingway was not above responding.

Hemingway now fills in the details of "being shot again." On the way to Bimini with Dos Passos and Henry Strater, the President of the Maine Tuna Club, the excitement begins as soon as Strater and Hemingway find they have hooked sharks (*galanos*) instead of large dolphin. Hemingway's *galano* starts popping the lines (not the expensive ones he spoke so wistfully of in "a.d. Southern Style"), and Hemingway starts popping some
high class obscenities which antedate some of those in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1940). On the third bait he slacks out on Strater's line, Hemingway notices:

This bait the galano swam around several times before taking; evidently he was tickled by the two lengths of double line which now streamed in catfishlike uncatfishivity (your correspondent has been reading, and admiring, *Pylon* by Mr. William Faulkner), but finally swallowed the bait and started off, bending the President's heavy hickory with the pull of the new thirty-nine thread line while your correspondent addressed the galano, saying "All right you illegitimate, let's see you pull, you illegitimate" (p. 25).

Not only the "catfishlike uncatfishivity" is Faulknerian; but the length of Hemingway's sentence is characteristically Faulknerian.25

Dos Passos is busy taking pictures, Strater is busy with his own shark and, as Hemingway is gaffing his, he shoots it in the top of the head. The gaff shaft breaks and Hemingway discovers he has shot himself in the leg. He admits that no one else heard the gun go off, nor can he account for more than the one shot. But he has a number of lacerations on both legs. Puzzled, Hemingway wonders where the other wounds are from. "Could I have pulled the trigger twice or three times without knowing it the way former mistresses did in the testimony regarding Love Nest Killings. Hell no, thought your correspondent. But where did all the holes come from then?" (p. 156) Because there is no bullet hole in the cockpit of the *Pilar*, Hemingway thinks the bullet is in the calf of his leg; on the basis of this incident, he justifies his introductory paragraphs to this Gulf Stream letter.

Strater cuts his line and the *Pilar* returns to Key West for a six-day wait before heading for Bimini. The closing fifth of the letter, either sincerely directed to big game fishermen or deliberately attached
to lengthen his article to 1900 words, is a random collection of
Hemingway's fishing notes for the past eight months. No matter what the
books say, Hemingway is willing to go on record with his observation that
sailfish do not tap a bait to kill it. Furthermore, large fish hang
around both green and loggerhead turtles in order to feed on smaller
fish; lastly, blue marlin turned up during the past winter at Key West.
Once again Hemingway looks forward to his Bimini trip as he concludes:

On the way to Bimini we want to troll well out toward the
axis of the Gulf Stream and see what we can raise. There is
a lot of very fine looking current out there with a world of
flying fish in it, that we have had to cross going back and
forth to Cuba and you cannot tell what we may hit. Your
correspondent plans not to hit himself in the leg (p. 157).

Much of this letter is based on the single anecdote which Hemingway duti-
fully records. His report on being shot, however, amounts to a mediocre
attempt to enliven his Esquire material.

If Hemingway is catering to his fishing audience, then his
pseudo-diary account is more or less justifiable. Otherwise, "On Being
Shot Again" reveals only that the anticipated encounter with sharks has
become a reality. Nevertheless, Hemingway's exploits are scrutinized by
many of his friends and enemies. Scott Fitzgerald wrote to Max Perkins
on May 11, 1935, about the shooting incident: "In Katy Dos Passos'
version the bullet bounced off the side of the boat, but I suppose when
Ernest's legend approaches the Bunyan type it will have bounced off the
moon, so it is much the same thing." The Sights of Whitehead Street" 
forces the legendary material into prominence; "On Being Shot Again" 
inherently possesses the germ of another legend.

More ironic and harder to verify with certainty are several
remarks by Dos Passos about this particular fishing trip, because of
several discrepancies in his article in *The Fisherman* (January 1958) and another in *Sports Illustrated* (June 1964). Dos Passos speaks of Hemingway's first trip to Bimini in pursuit of the big tuna in both articles, but only in *Sports Illustrated* does he refer to Hemingway's shooting himself.

It must have been in the early years of the Depression, perhaps in '33 or '34, that we all went over to Bimini from Key West... 

We planned a trip to Bimini all that winter, but it kept having to be put off for some reason or other. The first time we started we'd barely reached the purple water of the Gulf Stream when poor old Hem shot himself in the leg—in the fleshy part, fortunately—with his own rifle trying to shoot a shark that was making for a sailfish somebody had alongside and was trying to gaff. Old Hem was the most accident-prone man I ever knew in my life. We had to turn back and take him to the sawbones at the hospital. We were so mad we'd hardly speak to him...

If I'm not mistaken this trip to Bimini was the first time the Old Master really went out after tuna. He'd been reading Zane Grey's book about catching great tuna on the seven seas (and a surprisingly well-written book it is) and wanted to go Zane Grey one better. The Old Master had always been serious about trout streams, but in our early days around Key West he tried out deep-sea fishing for the fun of it like the rest of us. It was only gradually that competitive fishing for tuna and marlin took such a hold on him.

Time has dimmed some of the details in Dos Passos' remembrance of the Bimini fishing trip perhaps, but he verifies Hemingway's *Esquire* letter in one major detail: Hemingway did shoot himself shortly after they started off to Bimini and had to return to Key West for medical attention.

IV. "The President Vanquishes"

Hemingway's opening sentences in his Bimini letter, "The President Vanquishes" (July 1935), are a leisurely, almost misleading introduction to the action-packed report that follows.
You write this at three o'clock in the morning lying at anchor outside of Bimini harbor. There is a nearly full moon and you dropped out of the harbor to avoid the sandflies. Everyone is asleep below and almost everyone is snoring and you are writing on top of the house by the light of the riding light. It is almost light enough to write by moonlight. Yes, you can do it; but the penciling shows so gray on the paper that you go back to the riding light. A breeze is coming up from the southwest and you know that if we get a southwest blow now it will bring the big tuna.

However, the trip has not been in vain. Bigger marlin than Hemingway has ever seen are in the Bimini waters, and, unlike the marlin off Cuba, these remain in certain spots for extensive periods. What should be an easy catch, however, is complicated by the number of fish sharks and "the big brown, wide finned sharks we call Galanos" which attack the hooked marlin as soon as he is killed, or sooner if the marlin is "hooked deeply and bleeding."

Still, the chances of landing a record fish are enticing, and the competition is keen. Hemingway mentions that charter captain Tommy Gifford's "long fights with big marlin were in the early spring months when sharks, presumably, were not as thick." But an article by Lansdell Anderson, entitled "Blue Marlin," somewhat contradicts Hemingway's remark. Anderson, who accompanied Gifford in the early spring months, writes:

"Every single tuna and a majority of the blue marlin brought in by the other boats were lacerated by the numerous sharks that prowled the Stream in search of easy prey. Tommy preferred to take a beating himself, and always insisted on boating a live fish rather than to allow the killing touch to be delivered at long range. Under those conditions, few big fish are laid on the dock without the telltale marks of the sharks on their bodies." The method that Hemingway proposes for landing a big
marlin is very much the same: "I believe, a big marlin to be landed un-mutilated should be brought to the boat in an hour or, at most an hour and a half; of course a thousand pound fish, if he did not jump, and was hooked in the mouth might fight for hours with his strength intact and as long as he was strong and not bleeding sharks would not hit him."

For the first time in the course of any of his Esquire letters, Hemingway directly refers to the picture which accompanies the piece—in this case, to let the reader see what remained of a marlin caught by Henry (President) Strater. Certainly some of the germinal ideas of The Old Man and the Sea are in this report of Strater's encounter with what would have been a record catch. The jumping, sounding, circling maneuvers of the marlin, accomplished in a far shorter period of time than those of the marlin the old fisherman Santiago hooked, are successively out-classed by Strater's skillful maneuvers. Just as "the fish was whipped, coming steady, easy and completely whipped," the first of the sharks hit; Hemingway and the rest of the fishing party "break down and cry." His spirit broken, the dead President now battles a dead fish. Almost two hours later, they put what was left of the marlin—500 pounds—in the boat, and caught two more "without noticing them very much and the big one bulked big as a dead brewery horse under the canvas" (p. 23). (In Anderson's "Blue Marlin," we read that Tommy Gifford had been Rip Farry's chartered captain. Farry loses several big fish when his lines break and when sharks attack the tuna.)

There is little else in "The President Vanquishes" to suggest The Old Man and the Sea. The last third of Hemingway's first Bimini
letter (approximately 1500 words) dutifully records the consoling speech Hemingway gives Strater after the Bimini natives have finished a ditty which tells that Strater's fish was bigger than Mr. Wasey's. (Louis Wasey was, in a large measure, the man responsible for the big marlin and tuna fishing in the Bimini-Cat Cay waters.) Hemingway's words serve notice on some of the less sports-minded fishermen as he re-asserts his own ethic:

Listen, President, you never saw an imposter bring an 800 lb. marlin to gaff in forty minutes. You were a bloody marvel.
And the long, long fights with heavy tackle are gutless fights unless the fish is foul hooked. And the fights where they drink a bottle of whiskey means they never fought. And the fights in shallow water don't compare with yours. You're good [], President. You made your fight and he made his and you killed the bastard. You couldn't figure on the sharks (p. 167).

Moreover, Hemingway accepts the odds involved in deep-sea fishing; he does not argue about them.

After this staunch declaration, Hemingway relates that the following day they saw another marlin large enough to convince him that all the present records are nonsense. "The thing to do if you want a record is to have the luck to find one big enough and stick the hook into him someplace where he won't throw it." His fishing party has decided that most of the boats at Bimini "are using too long leaders," which tangle the fish and cause them to die [sic] deep."

And he singles out charter captain Bill Fagin who "lost a marlin with a forty-eight inch tail spread to the sharks when the leader caught around the fish's tail. . . . Fagin [sic] who has caught more small marlin than any other charter captain has had terrible luck with the big ones" (p. 167). However, shortly after Hemingway wrote this Esquire letter, Fagin's luck changed considerably.
Tommy Shevlin, who chartered Fagin, caught the record 636-pound blue marlin. Hemingway was prophetic in saying that "if fish run as big through June as those we have seen, someone will get a huge one" (p. 167).

What disgusts and sickens Hemingway on this trip is the waste of edible game fish. He suggests a smoke house to clean and cure the fish which could then be sold in Cuba "and would bring in a steady revenue to the town." And he concludes didactically:

Killing fish for no useful purpose, or allowing their meat to waste, wantonly, should be an offense punishable by law. But those who should [sic] make the law should also provide a means of disposing of the fish (p. 167).

Thus, the first of Hemingway's Bimini letters is not only written to the serious minded deep-sea fishermen but is also aimed at the not so ethically minded sportsmen; yet there is a more universal appeal in "The President Vanquishes" than in some of his other fishing articles because of Hemingway's simple but poignant handling of the age-old struggle between man and nature.

V. "He Who Gets Slap Happy"

Hemingway's next Bimini letter, "He Who Gets Slap Happy" (August 1935), is a vindictive retort to those who have been ridiculing his fishing letters. No doubt the most infuriating letter is that in "The Sound and the Fury" (May 1935) which sneered at Hemingway's accounts and labeled the sport "about as tough as catching flies around a garbage can with fly paper and just as sporting." Consequently, the opening paragraph of "He Who Gets Slap Happy" is one of the lowest, crudest responses which Hemingway can sink to:

It is all just as serious as you take it. Certainly a fish is only a fish while a man is more than often a sonofabitch
and you cannot make a good nine ounce tip out of a sow's ear
nor a sportsman out of what you give horses when you touch
them with a spur. What is a sportsman anyway? In what does
he differ from the average four letter man?

His catechetically stated answer moves away from this vulgarity and
approaches the overall meaning of his epigraph in _Winner Take Nothing_.

In "He Who Gets Slap Happy," Hemingway insists that a sportsman must love
to practice "any difficult art for the pleasure he derives from doing it."
Success, recognition, fame, profit, all these are secondary considera-
tions—he must love to do it. "A four letter man is one who because he
does not enjoy doing a thing believes it impossible for anyone else to
enjoy doing it and so sneers at them" (p. 19). Obviously, the psychology
underlying these statements can be extended into many other fields of
social relationships.

Hemingway asserts that America has always been a country of
hunters and fishermen and that as many people were attracted to North
America for the good free hunting and fishing as ever came to make their
fortunes. As for the others, Hemingway rages:

But plenty came who cared nothing about hunting, nothing
about fishing, nothing about the woods, nor the prairies,
nor the small hills, nor the many rivers, nor the big lakes
and the small lakes, nor the sea coast, nor the sea, nor
mountains in summer and in winter, nor the trees turning in
the fall, nor when the geese fly in the night, nor when the
ducks come down before the autumn storms, nor prairie chick-
ens in a corn field, nor about the timber that is gone, nor
the marshes, nor about a frozen country road, nor looking
from one hill across to another, nor about leaves burning in
the fall, nor about any of the things that we have loved.
Nor do they care about anything but the values they brought
with them from the towns they lived in to the towns they
live in now; nor do they think anyone else cares. They are
very sure no one cares to read about hunting and fishing
because they don't.

So I say the hell with them. When they finally make
their money they will imitate the people who do the things
because they like to; not because it is the thing to do.
Then when they become Post-Depression sportsmen they can look up the back numbers and see what it is all about.

Meantime let them write letters to the magazine about how lousy letters such as this one are. It has been a long time since your correspondent could not take it and he is still able to hand a little back (p. 19).

Through this all-encompassing tirade, Hemingway very consciously answers much of the criticism which his work has been getting month after month in "The Sound and the Fury" column. Over and above this, many of the disgruntled readers have failed to realize that he is not writing fiction for Esquire, and that Esquire has always classified his work under the heading, "Articles." (Every cover and every table of contents classifies the material printed in Esquire.) Hemingway offers a razor-sharp distinction between what is written for a book and what is written for a periodical:

A writer should judge a book he finishes by the quality of the stuff he is able to cut out and still have his book intact. If he cuts out damned good stuff the chances are that what remains is better. The only way he can judge the impact of anything he writes in a periodical is by the type and quantity of four letter folk that protest.

Those who write in have read and reacted to his articles; sarcastically he argues that many would have been happier had they never learned to read, "but what is happiness to the Slap Happy?"

Hemingway cuts more deeply as he highlights the ignorance of his carping readers with a meaningful analogy. In Josie Russell's bar, a group of veterans from the C. C. C. camp at Matecumbe ask Hemingway to point out Custer in the lithograph of Custer's Last Stand. This particular lithograph, according to Westbrook Pegler, has "hung in a thousand saloons and stirred a manly resentment and warlike love of race and country in persons who had peered at the massacre through the bottom of
three or more glasses. Hemingway ironically juxtaposes such taken-for-granted reactions; the vets in Josie's bar decide that Custer is giving the Indians hell, and that what Custer is doing there "ain't nothing to what he [sic] done in France." Hemingway comments wryly: "Your correspondent returned to the bar leaving them still contemplating Custer's Victory" (p. 19).

A quick run-down of his Bimini trip fills in the last third of his 1500-word article. The tuna came late, but Hemingway was there to catch his share. The captions of the accompanying pictures give a bit more information: Hemingway's 319-pound tuna was "landed after a run of forty-eight minutes"; his 381-pound tuna was the "first big one ever landed intact south of New York." Hemingway adds that bigger catches have since been made by Kip Farington [sic] fishing with Tommy Giffor; and by "a man named Ripley, you can believe it or not," fishing with Howard Lance, another charter boat captain (with Hemingway when he caught the two tuna just mentioned). Hemingway still prefers the fight and the thrill a marlin offers.

His concluding paragraph is typical Hemingway bravado. He now uses a Tommy gun on sharks to keep them away from a hooked fish. Almost coyly, he ends up:

It works beautifully (incidentally the gun never comes into the U.S. It is loaned by a friend who keeps it in another country) but as Katy Dos Passos says, "It does seem such a long way from Isaac Walton" (p. 182).

John Dos Passos presents a slightly different version of this fishing trip. Hemingway, he claims, was after the tuna "with that implacable impatient persistence of his." Both Dos Passos and his wife
were with him when he hooked his great tuna. It proved to be an all day affair, and, by nightfall, many yachts had gathered around. Before Hemingway could get the tuna on board, the sharks arrived, and all that he hauled aboard was the head, backbone and tail. "Looking back on it," Dos Passos recalls, "this day's work may well have sown the seed that grew into The Old Man and the Sea. The Canary Island fisherman's stories played their part, but there is nothing like personal experience." Among the on-lookers was William B. Leeds. "The name cropped up in every Sunday supplement. The Tin Plate King. Royal marriages. A million-dollar divorce. This particular member of the Leeds family had a very large white yacht stuffed with machinery and an occasional blonde." A squall came up, and Leeds invited Hemingway and his party on board. Although Dos Passos and his wife had no desire to go, they were forced to take refuge on Leeds's yacht for the night. When morning arrived, the Old Master "had the submarine gun affectionately cradled in the crotch of his arm. Maybe he traded the backbone of the tuna for it."

On the whole, Hemingway's Bimini letters have a far less legendary air about them than the articles by Dos Passos. Never once does Dos Passos refer to Henry Strater, whereas Hemingway never mentions Leeds by name. As for the Tommy gun, Hemingway probably wanted one; consequently, his closing lines in "He Who Gets Slap Happy" do not essentially contradict Dos Passos on this score.

There is less disparity in Leicester Hemingway's version of the Bimini trip of 1935. He remembers that Ernest left for Bimini April 7, 1935 only to return a few hours later with his legs covered with blood. After treatment by Dr. Warren and a few days rest in which he wrote an
amusing article for Esquire ("On Being Shot Again"). Ernest returned to Bimini. Leicester's reference to the weights of the first big unmutilated tuna are different: he claims Ernest caught tuna weighing 514 and 610 pounds, "the first big unmutilated tuna that had ever been taken there [Bimini]." One further item in Leicester's account may explain Hemingway's antipathy toward four letter men. Leicester recalls that one evening on the Bimini dock in May 1935, Ernest was drawn into a heated argument by a drunkard who charged Hemingway with rigging up pictures of spectacular catches. A fight ensued; before it ended, Ben Finney, Howard Lance, Bill Fagan [sic] and several other fishing captains appeared. Later in the evening, Hemingway learned that the man with whom "he had traded words and blows was reputed to be Joseph Knapp, owner and publisher of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American magazine, and others."39

A news dispatch from Key West in the Miami Herald on Hemingway's trip to Bimini generally corroborates Hemingway's Esquire articles.

Ernest Hemingway, author, is in Bimini waters, seeking what he believes will be the greatest sporting thrill of his life.

When he sailed from Key West this week on his yacht Pilar for Bimini to fish for giant tuna and marlin he carried in tow a 10-foot skiff. He plans to fish part of the time from this small boat in hopes that he will hook into one of the giant fish and be carried through the water in the small craft by the fish in its dash for freedom. [One additional element of The Old Man and the Sea may be in this statement.]

"I have heard that those giant tuna can travel at a rate of 60 miles an hour," the author said. "I just want to see if this is true. I am willing to ride behind one of them in my small boat if I can hook into one of them." [The legendary Hemingway may be seen here.]

Hemingway is accompanied on his trip by Henry Strater, president of the Maine Tuna Club; John Dos Passos, author and Charles Thompson of Key West.40

In the final analysis, it seems that Hemingway's version of his fishing trips must be given primary consideration; the discrepancies in other versions eventually add up to an unreal, legendary figure, trading
on a name, a personality, and a hyperactive imagination. Occasionally, a more objective treatment is presented in several of the fishing books which appeared in the 1930's. Moise Kaplan in Big Game Anglers' Paradise (1937), describes the June 1935 fishing at Bimini as a time when many cruisers were busily engaged in trying to secure record weight marlin or tuna. "Ernest Hemingway, novelist from Key West, aboard his yacht Pilar was attended by Captain Tommy Gifford (one of the best in the 'profession'), from Miami, and two other assistants. On this trip Hemingway's bait was struck by a mako, which, because of its leaping and other acrobatics when hooked, is the only shark classed as a gamefish. When struck up on the scale of Eddie's dock at Bimini, the mako registered 786 pounds, we being one of the unofficial 'committee' to verify this weight." Kaplan also mentions that it was not unusual to see mutilated marlin and tuna--often there was less than three-fourths of the original fish, with part or even all of the backbone exposed; and Kaplan shares the general opinion that the Bimini waters would yield larger fish than any that had yet been caught. 41

Another book on the subject is Farrington's Atlantic Game Fishing (1937), which boasts of an introduction by Ernest Hemingway. 42 His introduction is interesting: he refers to Bimini as a sporting proposition for big game fishermen on condition that new types of tackle are used according to fishing contest regulations by those who claim that they are trying to catch record size fish. Elaborating on the sportsman's ethic, Hemingway paraphrases much of his advice to the disconsolate Henry Strater in his first Bimini letter. For many years, he says, only the leisure class and retired businessmen were able to afford big game
fishing because of the expenses entailed. Records were set, however, mostly by exceptions to these two classes, and the record fish were caught by fair methods. "Those who took their fishing seriously, devoted much time to it and brought to it a little something besides money and ambition. But it always seemed a shame to me that such a fish as the sailfish, one of the most beautiful in the sea, should be caught say ninety times out of a hundred, by some fat-bellied old slob who did not even know the fish was good to eat or some rich young twirp who could not hit a ball out of the infield" (p. xx). In the past few years young athletes have been attracted by the thrill of fighting the fish. However, "new winches and unbreakable gear used unscrupulously" have made it imperative, in his opinion, that simple and decent rules be set up if big game fishing is to continue competitively. If not, Hemingway "would like to go back to fishing for fun and take a day off and go fishing over by the concrete ship" (p. xxii). His outbursts on the sailfish and the infractions so many amateur anglers are guilty of keep this 1300 word introduction similar in theme and expression to many of his Esquire letters.

In *Atlantic Game Fishing*, many facts which Hemingway has already given in his *Esquire* fishing pieces are substantiated, although occasionally Farrington seems to suffer from hero-worship--hero-worship of Hemingway the fisherman, not Hemingway the author. Regarding the Bimini fishing trip in 1935, Farrington cites Hemingway's mako shark catch in June 1935 as the North American record and the second largest in the world. He states that Hemingway was the first to catch an unmutilated tuna at Bimini, thereby accomplishing what is considered one of the feats
in the annals of Atlantic Coast fishing. 43 (In "Angler's Notes" for January and February 1935, Erl Roman frequently remarks that no one has succeeded in landing an unmutilated tuna in the Bimini waters.) Farrington writes that Hemingway was the first to prove it could be done by boating a 310-pound tuna, followed a few days later by one of 381 pounds. 44 (These two catches are verified by pictures which accompany Hemingway's August 1935 letter "He Who Gets Slap Happy.") In speaking of his own catches in June 1935, Farrington recalls that he caught his 542-pound tuna during a squall (an episode quite similar to the one Dos Passos relates about Hemingway), and that he was forced to lash his tuna to the side of the boat during his return trip to Bimini.45 Hemingway is probably referring to this catch in "He Who Gets Slap Happy."

With these materials in mind, we can see Hemingway's fishing letters in Esquire in a certain perspective. His ill-tempered counter-attack against the slap happies in his second Bimini letter must have stemmed, in part, from the fact that those who complained the loudest often knew the least about the excitement which colored his fishing adventures. After all, his very first fishing letter for Esquire, "Marlin Off the Morro" contained no rancor, gossip, or ill-feeling; to many people with whom he fished, Hemingway must have been accepted on his own terms—a seriously-minded fisherman who happened to be a writer. In many cases, those furthest removed from Key West, and those most ignorant of deep-sea fishing criticized him the most violently. That Hemingway used Esquire as a vehicle for his notes on deep-sea fishing did not, in any way, detract from the fundamental purpose of the magazine—to be a magazine with something of interest for every masculine reader.
Hemingway's Bimini trips, as might be expected, captured the myth-making powers of some of his casual acquaintances. In dealing with Hemingway's 1936 fishing trips to Bimini, Jed Kiley in Hemingway: An Old Friend Remembers exploits the Hemingway legend to its utmost. According to Kiley, Hemingway made the trip to Bimini during a terrific three day storm with only a young Cuban mate on board. Kiley, Floyd Gibbons, and Hemingway fished from Gibbons' boat; Hemingway caught one tuna which was mutilated by sharks. Returning to Bimini, they encountered Ben Finney and Woolworth Donahue and dined aboard Donahue's deluxe cabin cruiser, much to Hemingway's annoyance. Another day Hemingway dared Kiley to swim to shore and back in shark-infested waters while Hemingway covered him with a Tommy gun. After Kiley won the bet, Hemingway jumped overboard and floated around, much to everyone's consternation. A few days later, Hemingway abruptly left Bimini, telling Kiley and Gibbons he was going to cover the Spanish Civil War.

Professor Carlos Baker cuts Kiley's book down to size on several points. He claims Kiley had a "distant view of Bimini-bound Hemingway running the Pilar out of Key West Harbor into the teeth of a storm." At Bimini in the spring of 1936, Kiley and newspaper correspondent Floyd Gibbons did go tuna-fishing and shark-shooting aboard the Pilar. "So long as no one takes Kiley seriously, the book will do no more harm than a re-issue of the tall tales of Paul Bunyan and his Great Blue Ox," Baker contends. Leicester Hemingway mentions that in 1936 Dos Passos and his wife were at Bimini, and that "Floyd Gibbons of the Hearst newspapers decided to stay all summer because of the amount of fishing news coming from Bimini." No account of the 1935 Bimini fishing trips mentions Jed
Kiley, although the Miami Herald reported that Floyd Gibbons was vacationing in Miami, accompanied by Gerald Kiley of Paris and Hollywood, "well-known fiction writer and co-author of the dialogue in the war picture, "All Quiet on the Western Front." Who can be sure if Gibbons, Kiley, and Hemingway ever met between April and August 1935?

Mr. Arnold Gingrich recalls several of his fishing trips with Hemingway and Dos Passos during these same years, and he denies flatly that Hemingway ever gave him any real appreciation of the deepest pleasures of big sea fishing. His portrait of Hemingway the fisherman is far from flattering.

Ernest was a meat fisherman. He cared more about the quantity than about the quality, and was more concerned with the capture of the quarry than with the means employed to do it. He was also—and this is what no true angler is—intensely competitive about his fishing, and a very poor sport. If the luck was out, then nobody around him could do any right, and he was ready to blame everybody in sight, ahead of himself. When things were going right, he was quick to promote everybody in his company to high rank as good fellows, and was jovially boastful about their every least accomplishment, as well as his own. But let a hook pull out and his attitude was never to praise the fish that managed to bend it, but only to blame the hookmaker.

From such a description as this, to say nothing of the other reminiscences of Hemingway's fishing career in 1935 and 1936, we see many facets of his personality. It is foolish to deny that, at times, Hemingway must have been an extremely irascible fisherman. Although he occasionally reveals streaks of such a temperament in his Esquire articles, it is obvious why both the legendary and the enigmatic stories about him have persisted. It was one thing for Hemingway to create his public image or to inflate his legendary stature; it was quite another for anyone else to deface this public image or to puncture his legendary height.
Perhaps Archibald MacLeish, who also fished with Hemingway in the 1930's, comes closest to dissecting, or, at least, analyzing the roots of the private and public personality Hemingway displayed.

Hemingway's life was a strange life for a writer, as we think of writers in our time. Writers with us are supposed to be watchers: "God's spies" as John Keats put it once. They are supposed to spend themselves observing the world, watching history and mankind and themselves—particularly themselves: their unsaid thoughts, their secret deeds and dreads. Hemingway was not a watcher: he was an actor in his life. He took part. . . . What he took part in was a public—even a universal—history of wars and animals and gigantic fish. . . .

A strange life for a writer. . . . which is perhaps why Hemingway attracted, alive, more critics of more schools and more opinions than most writers who have been dead for centuries. Writers generally are judged by their work, but Hemingway's life kept threatening to get in the way of his work with the result that his critics never found themselves in agreement.
Footnotes to Chapter VII


2. Ernest Hemingway, "The Sights of Whitehead Street," 1*Esquire,* III (April 1935), 25, 156. All subsequent references to this letter will be cited in the text.

3. The N.R.A. or National Recovery Administration was established in 1933 to draw up industrial codes; in the three years the N.R.A. functioned, a blanket code for all industries was adopted, and well over 500 codes of fair practice were adopted for various industries. In a short time, the N.R.A. was attacked as authoritarian; in 1935 the Supreme Court ruled against it; by January 1936, the N.R.A. existed only in skeleton form.

Hugh S. Johnson (1882-1942) formulated plans for selective service in the United States Army, administered the draft, and served on the War Industries Board in World War I. He resigned from the army as a brigadier general in 1919 and became a business executive. He served as head of the National Recovery Administration in 1933 and 1934.

Donald Richberg (1881-1960) was an adviser to the N.R.A. before becoming its chief administrator in 1935. After the N.R.A. was declared unconstitutional, Richberg returned to law practice.

Agitation for the passage of an amendment to the Constitution on the subject of child labor was intensely revived in 1935. In part the proposed amendment would give Congress the right to regulate and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age.

The F.E.R.A. was known in Florida as the Florida Emergency Relief Administration, the local branch of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration.

The in-group remarks concerning John Hay Whitney, Dorothy Parker and Donald Ogden Stewart will be discussed later in this chapter.

4. The map was drawn up sometime between August 1934 and February 1935. I wrote to the Key West Chamber of Commerce for a copy. Although the Manager, Mr. James T. Gay, was unable to locate the one Hemingway refers to, he sent me material and information concerning some of the sights in Hemingway's *Esquire* article.

Hemingway's home is listed as number four in the most recent Points of Interest Map. The Oldest House, the Lighthouse, the Turtle Crawls are on this map which lists thirty-one points of interest. Mr. Gay tells me that the Ice Factory Hemingway mentioned is now the Market Place. The cigar factories, once the big industry in Key West, have moved to Tampa, except one in Pirate's Alley, Front Street, Key West. Letter to S.R.M., April 7, 1965.

Hemingway's home has a brochure of its own. This is listed as the "Ernest Hemingway Home and Museum, 907 Whitehead Street." Mr. and Mrs. Jack Daniel, who bought Hemingway's estate, have converted it into a museum. The Daniels told me that "Hemingway came to Key West in the Spring of 1928--direct from Paris. He had read articles by Zane Grey on fishing here. Hemingway liked Key West so much he stayed and bought the house in 1931." Letter to S.R.M., February 14, 1965.
In part, the brochure put out by the Hemingway Estate Museum reads: "When Hemingway became the owner of picturesque white structure he completely renovated the interiors and built the first swimming pool in Key West. It was an expensive procedure and while paving around the pool was still wet, Hemingway tossed down a penny and stamped it into the cement, saying, 'There goes my last cent!'"

When the F.E.R.A. was called in to help the people in Key West in July 1934, there were no special exhibits. In an article, "Key West Is To Be Restored By Free Labor Of Her Citizens," New York Times, August 12, 1935, Sec. 8, p. 9, it is noted that Key West "might be turned into an exceptional resort and tourist objective."

Hemingway's choice of a Negro is not accidental. Key West in the 1930's contained people of three races: Nordic, Latin, and Negro, according to the New York Times, ibid.

On the question of the first-person technique and the autobiographical sense, Hemingway stated in "Behind the Scenes," Scribner's Magazine, LXXXV (May 1929), 43: "The author wishes to state that this book [A Farewell to Arms] is fiction; that although it is written in the first person it is not autobiographical and that it is no more intended as a picture or a criticism of Italy or Italians than was "Two Gentlemen of Verona." By 1935 it seems that very few critics had taken such a message as this into consideration.

On the prices that a book may bring, Hemingway is probably chafing over a letter from Max Perkins, November 28, 1934, in which Perkins strongly advises him to publish Green Hills of Africa by itself. Perkins states: "It detracts from a book to add anything else to the same volume. It does not make it more desirable, but less so. This comes partly from the fact that publishers are always padding books, and everybody is on to it. They get a story of 25 or 30 thousand words and it is too short to interest the trade, the price would have to be so low that the margin is too small. The public seems to object to small books, so then they proceed to pad it. Either they pad it by putting in a great many half-titles and some illustrations or, much more often, by asking the author for pieces to add to it, or stories."

"Ernest Hemingway: An American Byron," Nation, CXXXVI (January 18, 1933), 63-64, maintains that Hemingway's rebellion is open defiance of conventional morality, expressed with the casualness of a hard-boiled reporter. Clifton Fadiman, "Books: A Letter to Mr. Hemingway," New Yorker, IX (October 28, 1933), 74-75, states Winner Take Nothing illustrates that the roots of brutality have been developed as literary material to the saturation point. Henry Seidel Canby, "Farewell to the Nineties," Saturday Review of Literature, X (October 28, 1933), 217, decides that Winner Take Nothing depends upon present day brutality.

Thomas Beer, "Death at 5:45 P.M.," American Spectator Year Book (New York, 1934), pp. 231-235, decides after reading Death in the Afternoon, that he doubts if Hemingway believed in anything. Wyndham Lewis, "The Dumb Ox, A Study of Ernest Hemingway," American Review, III (June 1934), 289-312, unleashes one of the most personal assault. Lewis thinks Hemingway is callous, insensitive, sounds like an animal. (In A Moveable Feast, pp. 108-109, Hemingway settles the score. Lewis "had a face that reminded me of a frog, not a bullfrog but just any frog, and Paris was too big a puddle for him. . . . Lewis did not show evil; he just looked nasty. . . . Under the black hat [which Lewis wore], when I had first seen them, the eyes had been those of an unsuccessful rapist.")

Max Eastman, "Bull in the Afternoon," p. 94, proclaimed that Hemingway's writing is not juvenile romanticism; it is child's fairy-story writing.

J. Kashkeen, "Ernest Hemingway: A Tragedy of Craftsmanship," International Literature, V (1934), reprinted in John K. McCaffrey, ed., Ernest Hemingway: the Man and His Work (Cleveland, 1950), pp. 63-94, is somewhat in agreement with Max Eastman. Kashkeen states that "Hemingway's heroes are infantile American fashion. Theirs is not the weak-minded lying of the 'ramolis' admirers of pseudo-childish nonsense, it is simply the fancy of a strong and healthy youngster for the playthings of men—the pipe, the gun, the bottle, the fishing nets, the brothel, to a certain point the badge of an arditii."

Among the critics who labeled Hemingway's writings autobiographical are Leighton, "An Autopsy and a Prescription"; Canby, "A Farewell to the Nineties"; Lawrence H. Conrad, "Ernest Hemingway," The Landmark, XVI (August 1934), 398; Louis Galantiere, "The Brushwood Boy at the Front," Hound & Horn, III (January-March 1930), 259. Galantiere read Scribner's note, but claims that no matter how loudly the publishers protest, A Farewell to Arms, in his opinion, still gives off an odor [sic] of autobiography. Arthur Dewing, "The Mistake about Hemingway," North American Review, CXXXII (October 1931), 370, contends that Hemingway's writing has been limited because his narrators and his heroes contain so much of Hemingway himself. Granville Hicks, The Great Tradition (New York, 1933), p. 274, argues that the Hemingway heroes, who have their own conception of the good life, hunting and fishing, are really Hemingway himself.

The critics in the 1930's who belittled Hemingway's work for Esquire magazine are Edmund Wilson, "Letter to the Russians about Hemingway," New Republic, LXXXV (December 11, 1935), 135-136. Wilson states that the "picture we have of Hemingway seems mainly inspired by the idea which he imagines his public have of him when they read the
rubbishy articles he writes for the men's wear magazine, Esquire."

Herbert J. Muller in Modern Fiction: A Study in Values (New York, 1937), pp. 395-402, claims that after A Farewell to Arms, Hemingway's subsequent work was disappointing; Hemingway still suffers from the malady contracted from war--his Esquire work is cheap and slovenly.

10See Letters of Max Perkins, p. 98. Perkins says he "might come down to Key West."

In a letter to Thomas Wolfe dated January 21, 1935, Perkins states, p. 99: "I'm committed to Key West now, however, impossible it seems to go."

"Angler's Notes," February 3, 1935, p. 7B, confirms that Max Perkins visited Hemingway in Key West. Erl Roman devotes his entire column to the day he spent fishing with Hemingway and Perkins. "We jumped a whole school of sailfish at American Shoals, had a 'tiple-header,' and succeeded in landing three. . . . Mr. Perkins next hooked a sailfish. It was the first one he had ever hooked and, like lots of other first times' this one was the worst. . . . Mr. Hemingway is planning to spend this summer in Bahaman waters in search of big tuna and marlin."

11Hugh Johnson minced no words on what he thought of his N.R.A. successor, Donald Richberg. In Johnson's article, "The Future," Saturday Evening Post, CCVII (January 12, 1935), 5-7, 76-84, he criticizes Richberg soundly. Referring to Richberg's demand "that industry at once give employment to 10,000,000 men," the general writes that "to make this demand and couple it, as Mr. Richberg did, with a threat that unless industry does so employ these millions the government will, smacks of the modern caveman who wooed the object of his affection with the statement: 'Love me, ___ ___ you, or I'll beat you to death.'"

The New York Times in "Johnson Outlines His Recovery Plan," January 8, 1935, p. 6, stated that Richberg warned the Saturday Evening Post it would be held legally responsible in the event he was libeled by Hugh S. Johnson.

Richberg had undoubtedly been informed of Johnson's forthcoming series of articles in the Saturday Evening Post in which Johnson complained loud and long about the work he had begun in the N.R.A. which was now being left to die.

See the following serialized articles by Johnson called "The Blue Eagle From Egg to Earth" in the Saturday Evening Post, CCVII, January 19, 1935, pp. 5-7, 68-76; January 26, 1935, pp. 18-19, 83-91; February 2, 1935, pp. 18-19, 82-88; February 9, 1935, pp. 18-19, 80-85; February 16, 1935, pp. 18-19, 74-81; February 23, 1935, pp. 18-19, 91-97; March 2, 1935, pp. 18-19, 76-81.

In the first installment, Johnson claimed that Richberg first stepped into the N.R.A. limelight because of the dead cats that were flung at Johnson on Richberg's account more than for any other reason.

Richberg was recommended as a brilliant unknown, and Johnson felt at first that he and Richberg were in complete agreement.

On the subject of child labor, Hemingway perhaps had in mind Johnson's Saturday Evening Post article for January 19, 1935. Johnson maintained that the N.R.A. created over two and a half million jobs, abolished child labor, ran out the sweatshops, and established principles of regular hours, wages and working conditions.

The fact that Johnson was so colorful a newspaper item on occasion and expressed himself so forcefully in some of these articles may account for Hemingway's interest in him.

In To Have and Have Not, the name Johnson appears in the first part and the name Johnston in the third. Neither man is admirably portrayed, nor is there any certainty they are the same person. Nevertheless the change in spelling may show Hemingway's awareness of the disagreement about the spelling of Johnson's name. An article, "Johnson and/or Johnston," New York Times, December 13, 1936, Sec. 4, p. 9, noted that "General Hugh S. Johnson's name was Johnston originally. He dropped the 't,' but his son Lieutenant Kilbourne Johnston restored it, which was most mystifying to persons who saw father and son working together under the Blue Eagle and later in the W.P.A. in New York."

I don't want to over-emphasize this but the problem of spelling is raised by George Stevens, "Two Kinds of Life," Saturday Review of Literature, XVI (October 16, 1937), 6-7. Stevens feels that in Johnson's case, Hemingway was expressing his most vituperative contempt for the "haves." To Stevens they are tiresome because all are alike, hence Johnson at opening and Johnston at end.

This could be a printer's error. The first part of To Have and Have Not appeared as "One Trip Across" in Cosmopolitan for April 1934, and Johnson is spelled Johnson.

As for the third part, there is a word-of-mouth story behind the novel according to Malcolm Cowley, "Hemingway: Work in Progress," New Republic, XCII (October 20, 1937), 305-306. Cowley claims that To Have and Have Not was practically finished when Hemingway left for Spain in 1936 [actually, Hemingway sailed February 27, 1937 and returned in May 1937]. The book, Cowley states, was longer, and ended in utter discouragement. When Hemingway returned from his first stint as wartime correspondent for the North American Newspaper Alliance, he was so enthusiastic over the Spanish Loyalist Cause, that he destroyed large parts of the novel.

I cannot subscribe completely to this because the first two-thirds of the novel, "One Trip Across," and "The Tradesman's Return," February 1936, differ very slightly from To Have and Have Not. Moreover, both "The Tradesman's Return," and the second part of To Have and Have Not speak in most uncomplimentary terms about "some kind of s.o. from Washington, a big alphabet man." To Have and Have Not adds only the name, Frederick Harrison, to the doctor, not of medicine, who claims to be "one of the three most important men in the United States." In both versions, Captain Willie asks the doctor if he "is mixed up in the prices
of things we eat. Ain't that it: Making them more costly or something. Making the grits dearer and the grunts cheaper." (Tradesman's Return," p. 195); and in To Have and Have Not, p. 84: "Making the grits cost more and the grunts less."

The N.R.A. fathered many other organizations (referred to by their initials) and established price-fixing regulations. By 1936 many of the N.R.A. offshoots were declared unconstitutional; the second part of To Have and Have Not and "The Tradesman's Return" are dated. The criticism of the executives of these organizations is constant in both versions.

Cowley also finds a serious weakness in Hemingway's attitude toward his characters: "This time he really hates the writers and pictures them not as human beings but as mere embodiments of lust or folly, as wolves or goats or monkeys disguised with little mustaches and portable typewriters."

In the third part of To Have and Have Not, Hemingway violently assails his characters—but not just the writers.

And, if this third section were reworked during the summer of 1937, then Leicester Hemingway, pp. 200-201, has a pertinent point: Ernest spent much of the summer trying to raise money for the Spanish Republic: "Through his big-game fishing he had met many of the wealthy inheritors of American fortunes. He concentrated on these people, knowing that if they could develop social consciences they could aid the Spanish cause quickly and effectively, through the funds they controlled. But he ran into disappointments. What seemed so clear-cut to him was murky and full of hidden pitfalls to others. When asked to give medical aid and contribute to alleviate the suffering on both sides of the war, some of his friends would have nothing to do with the idea. Some were afraid that if they gave aid it would assist only the Communists, who were known to be siding with the Spanish Government against the Germans, Italians, and rebel Spanish generals."

In the past few years (1932-1936), Hemingway frequently lashed out in print at people who opposed him. Possibly he did re-work the last part of To Have and Have Not to attack the wealthy yachtmen who denied his request. If so, because their portraits are so unflattering, they would be the last to suggest Hemingway was depicting them.

The "trademark" reference is Hemingway's method of attacking the writers who imitated him, and reveals his knowledge of what the critics said about them. Schneider, "The Fetish of Simplicity," Nation, February 18, 1931, bluntly states that the "writers of the Hemingway school are responsible for the present over-accent on simplicity. . . . They have reduced characters to types. . . . Their bare writing presumes a public that is insensitive to style, one on the level of children." Fadiman, New Yorker, October 28, 1933, in speaking of Winner Take Nothing, remarks: "Unless you started to imitate your imitators, I doubt you could write a bad one."

As recently as 1962, Dwight MacDonald, "Ernest Hemingway," Encounter (London), XVIII (January 1962), 115-121, bluntly stated that "Hemingway's tragedy as an artist is that he has not had versatility to run fast enough from his imitators. . . . He could only indulge in
inventive against the critics—and do it again." Macdonald brands Cain, Caldwell, O'Hara, Hammett, and Chandler imitators.


14For a cursory summary of how the Hemingway legend flourished in the 1930's, see John A. Jones, "Hemingway: The Critic and the Public Legend," Western Humanities Review, XIII (Autumn 1959), 387-400. Mr. Jones claims that "it was not enough for the critics that Hemingway avoided social issues; worse than this, he had written for Esquire magazine. . . . In several of the articles, Hemingway's tone was brazen; and when he wrote of critics he was sometimes brutal and insulting. Frequently photographs of the author, smiling as he posed with a dead marlin, kudu, or lion accompanied his articles. He always posed himself as a symbol of the masculine and the healthful, and the critics (or anybody he did not like) as symbols of the puerile and the abnormal. Hemingway has always claimed that he did not read his critics and that he is indifferent to them; but the Esquire articles and his next book, The [sic] Green Hills of Africa, show that he had taken to reading them and that what he read—particularly about the author's obligation to be socially, economically, or philosophically relevant—stung him."

15An article by Douglas W. Churchill, "Hollywood Follows the Rainbow," New York Times, January 27, 1935, Sec. 8, p. 5, gives some pertinent information on this topic. "After a number of false starts, the new three-color Technicolor is well on its way to the screen in a full-length feature film. . . . With production far advanced, the Pioneer unit of RKO-Radio hopes to present within a few weeks a completed 'Becky Sharp,' with Miriam Hopkins as star, filmed entirely in the new process.

"It cannot be said that the rest of Hollywood shares Pioneer's enthusiasm over the venture. While other studios have used, and expect to use, color sequences in their pictures, they are somewhat fearful of the added cost and the problems entailed. But they remember also that many of them regarded sound as a passing fancy. Hence their disbelief is not being proclaimed in public.

"'Becky Sharp' . . . is expected to cost about $800,000, of which a large percentage is attributable to the added expense of color. . . .

"This adventure in color is being financed by John Hay Whitney, who owns a substantial portion of the Technicolor process. He spends a great deal of time at the studio as an observer in most of the experiments and as a participant in conferences of major importance."

16So Red the Nose or Breath in the Afternoon, ed. Sterling North and Carl Kroch (New York, 1935), no pagination.

17Hemingway may be parodying some reviews of Stark Young's book, So Red the Rose (New York, 1934), in which all these terms appear at some point.

18Fenton, Apprenticeship, p. 203.
Two other dispatches which Hemingway had written for the Toronto papers were dismally received. One, when Hemingway had predicted that the German mark would follow the Austrian kronen to worthlessness, he was warned not to write "bear stories"; second, interviews that Hemingway had had with Mussolini before his march on Rome were "buried opposite the financial page." See Fenton, Apprenticeship, pp. 204-223, for further examples of the copy editor's low opinion of Hemingway's dispatches.


^ Backstage with Esquire column for May 1935, p. 22B, mentions the book. The May Scribner's will carry the first part of Green Hills in [sic] Africa, "Ernest Hemingway's first narrative since 1929. There would have been a magazine war between Scribner's and Esquire for the possession of the script, but for the fact that Esquire's first rule of policy, announded in its first issue, prohibits our use of continual stories. Green Hills in [sic] Africa is the first thing in eighteen months that has made us chafe at the restrictions of our own rules."

^ Ernest Hemingway, "On Being Shot Again," 'A Gulf Stream Letter,' Esquire, III (June 1935), 25. All subsequent references to this letter will be cited in the text.

Hemingway had been watching Faulkner's work for several years. In a conversation with the "Old Lady" in Death in the Afternoon, p. 173, he says: "As age comes on I feel I must devote myself more and more to the practice of letters. My operatives tell me that through the fine work of Mr. William Faulkner publishers now will publish anything rather than to try to get you to delete the better portions of your works, and I look forward to writing of those days of my youth which were spent in the finest whorehouses in the land amid the most brilliant society there found. I had been saving this background to write of in my old age when with the aid of distance I could examine it most clearly.

"Old lady: Has this Mr. Faulkner written well of these places?
"Splendidly, Madame. Mr. Faulkner writes admirably of them. He writes the best of them of any writer I have read for many years.
"Old lady: I must buy his works.
"Madame, you can't go wrong on Faulkner. He's prolific too. By the time you get them ordered there'll be new ones out.
"Old lady: If they are as you say there cannot be too many.
"Madame, you voice my own opinion."

Later, Hemingway and the "Old lady" again speak, pp. 179-180, of Faulkner. She asks Hemingway to tell her a story, "not . . . another one about the dead. I am a little tired of the dead."
"Ah, Madame, the dead are tired too.
"Old lady: No tireder than I am of hearing of them and I can speak my wishes. Do you know any of the kind of stories Mr. Faulkner writes?

"A few, Madame, but told baldly they might not please you. . . .
What sort of story would you like first?

"Old lady: Do you know any true stories about those unfortunate people?

A few, but in general they lack drama as do all tales of abnormality since no one can predict what will happen in the normal while all tales of the abnormal end much the same."

Hemingway is most likely referring to Faulkner's Sanctuary (New York, 1931), a tale of perversion and abnormality which brought Faulkner more attention than that of all his other earlier works combined. By book-selling standards, Soldiers' Pay (New York, 1926), Mosquitoes (New York, 1927), Sartoris (New York, 1929), The Sound and the Fury (New York, 1929), and As I Lay Dying (New York, 1930) were all failures.

If Hemingway is being sarcastic to the Old lady about Faulkner's success, he is aware that Faulkner had written a good many novels before he received any recognition whatsoever. Hemingway may also be giving Faulkner credit for helping to give the writer more freedom.

"On Being Shot Again" mentions Pylon by name; however, the method of expressing this admiration may be mocking Faulkner's lengthy sentence structure.

June 1935 seems the moment for calling attention to the legendary Hemingway of the pared prose, and the reticent Faulkner of the overgrown prose. For one thing, June 1935 Scribner's Magazine contains the extraordinary long sentence which fills pp. 70-71 in Green Hills of Africa; for another, the following item, "Can You Face a Long Sentence?" Golden Book, XXI (June 1935), 556, quotes one long sentence from "Fathers and Sons" and one equally long, although decidedly more polysyllabic, from Pylon.

Hemingway's opinion of Pylon remained consistent. See "News-makers," Newsweek, LXIV (October 19, 1964), 62. "Like most of the late Ernest Hemingway's writing, a 1956 letter to a friend went straight to the target and smacked hard. And since it dealt so pungently with another esteemed author—the late William Faulkner—the letter fetched $1,550 at a New York City auction last week. Hemingway wrote: 'The most readable of Faulkner is Sanctuary and Pylon. I think he is a no good son of a bitch myself. But some of the Southern stuff is good and some of the negro stuff is very good. Also a short story called The Bear is worth reading.'"

26Letters of F. S. Fitzgerald, p. 264. Fitzgerald adds that he would "like to see Ernest but it seems a long way [the distance to Key West perhaps] and I would not like to see him except under the most favorable of circumstances because I don't think I am the pleasantest company of late."

the recollections of fishing with Ernest Hemingway... he needed no notebook to stimulate his memory. He had something far better: a crystal-clear portrait of Hemingway in his mind."

See also John Dos Passos, "The Fishing Times of a Great Author," *The Fisherman* IX (January 1958), 37, 83-84. Much of this article is reprinted in his *Sports Illustrated* memoir, although the publisher's letter in *Sports Illustrated*, p. 4, claims: "This is the first thing [Dos Passos] has ever written about his old friend." But several passages in the 1958 article are repeated verbatim in the 1964 account. The shooting is the one glaring addition to the *Sports Illustrated* article.

28 Ernest Hemingway, "The President Vanquishes," 'A Bimini Letter,' *Esquire*, III (July 1935), 23. All subsequent references to this article will be cited in the text.


30 This picture of Hemingway and Strater with the mutilated fish is framed by a sketch of eight admiring Bimini natives.

31 Anderson, "Blue Marlin," pp. 24-26, 65-67. In Anderson's next article, "Our Day Off," *Field & Stream*, XL (July 1935), 32-33, 65-67, he tells of the persistent number of sharks he and Gifford ran into during the spring months at Bimini. However, the latter part of the article, Gifford's struggle with a blue marlin, makes no mention of any sharks in its glowing description of Gifford's successful fight.

32 According to Farrington, *Atlantic Game Fishing*, pp. 175-178, Wasey purchased the Cat Cay island in 1931 and two years later, during the winter of 1933, he engaged Tom Gifford as guide. The real Bimini eye-opener came when Wasey landed a 502-pound blue marlin, which had been hooked and fought for some time by Mrs. Anne Moore. From that moment on, March 1933, Bimini's reputation as the greatest "hot spot" in the fisherman's world was assured.

33 See "Takes Record Blue Marlin," *Outdoor Life*, LXXVI (September 1935), 56. Shevlin caught the fish June 18, 1935 off Bimini "from the Florida Cracker II captained by Bill Fagen. Shevlin battled the record fish for 2 hours and 31 minutes before bringing it to gaff.

"The marlin, which was unutilated, was identified by several experts, including Al Pflueger, Miami taxidermist, Ernest Hemingway, author and marlin authority, Lynn Bogue Hunt, marine artist, Capt. Tommy Gifford, guide, and by Capt. Fagen, a recognized authority on the fish. In addition to setting a record for its species, the fish was the largest marlin of any kind ever taken 'legally' in the Atlantic."

Fagen, like Hemingway, predicts "that many much larger fish will be caught in Bimini."
Ernest Hemingway, "He Who Gets Slap Happy," 'A Bimini Letter,' *Esquire*, IV (August 1935), 19. All subsequent references will be cited in the text.


"This is a beef against Hemingway. This fishing that he thinks makes the gong ring isn't even a tinkle. Last year I was down Long Key, a fishing spot. I was steered there for a rest. It's a small island, or what they call a Key and has one hotel. There were about thirty Flushbottoms and Hemingways there—all gone simple over fishing. After about three days I got needled about this racket. I went out alone in one of the tubs and by the afternoon the Captain didn't have enough flags left for the sailfish I hooked. You see, they hoist a flag every time you land one. It's just a gag—the great fishermen come sailing into the dock, fish flags flying. But this wasn't my entire catch. The boat was loaded with grouper, amberjack and barracuda—plenty pounds of fish. At the dock a flunkey unloaded the catch, weighed the big ones to see if you broke some sort of record, somebody took some pictures, then the flunkey tossed the whole catch off the dock to the sharks. Great sport—eh feller? Any sap can catch a boatload nearly every day. It's about as tough as catching flies around a garbage can with fly paper and just as sporting."

Although the letters in "The Sound and the Fury" which refer to Hemingway's fishing articles are, for the most part, unfavorable, few are as intensively anti-Hemingway, anti-fishing as this.

The epigraph (composed by Hemingway) in *Winner Take Nothing*, title page, reads: "Unlike all other forms of lutte or combat the conditions are that the winner shall take nothing; neither his ease, nor his pleasure, nor any notions of glory; nor, if he win far enough, shall there be any reward within himself."


Pegler adds that those who had seen the lithograph "will remember the fallen cavalrymen strewn upon the ground, the Indians circling close to the general, who stood there fighting to the last, and their own impotent rage as they perceived the assassins sneaking up behind him, unnoticed, tomahawks in hand, to slay the gallant officer."


Leicester Hemingway, pp. 181-184.

"Author Is Fishing in Bimini Waters," *Miami Herald*, April 21, 1935, p. 6B.

All references to the Introduction will be cited in the text.

42 S. Kip Farrington, Jr., *Atlantic Game Fishing*, pp. xvii-xxii.


44 *Ibid*.


46 Jed Kiley, *Hemingway: An Old Friend Remembers* (New York, 1965). Hemingway wrote to Kiley in 1954: "You can write anything you please as you recollect it about me... But please don't expect me to authenticate it or authorize it" ("Publisher's Introduction," p. 5). These reminiscences first appeared in *Playboy* in 1956 and 1957.


49 *Leicester Hemingway*, pp. 190-191.

50 "Gibbons Says Europe Is Itching for War," *Miami Herald*, March 24, 1935, p. 6E.

51 Arnold Gingrich, "Horsing Them in with Hemingway," *Playboy*, XII (September 1965), 123.

CHAPTER VIII

DISASTER: AT HOME AND ABROAD

"Some people used to say; why is the man so preoccupied and obsessed with war, and now, since 1933 perhaps it is clear why a writer should be interested in the constant bullying, murderous, slovenly crime of war."

--Hemingway, "Introduction" to A Farewell to Arms

I. "Notes on the Next War"

"Notes on the Next War" (September 1935) is the first Esquire letter in which Hemingway displays his sincere concern and reveals his genuine awareness of the ominous turn in world affairs. The Esquire editorial unequivocally describes his article on the Italo-Ethiopian situation: "Hemingway's piece this month is one of the best things he's ever written." During the first half of 1935, Mussolini's ambition to annex Ethiopia has been gaining momentum; the Abyssinian chieftain Haile Selassie's appeals to the League of Nations have brought no results; by July 1935, the invasion of the African country is imminent as Mussolini's troops mass on the east African coast.

"Notes on the Next War," 'A serious topical letter,' reeks of the scent of war which Hemingway has detected. His opening paragraph prods the reader:

Not this August, nor this September; you have this year to do in what you like. Not next August, nor next September; that
is still too soon; they are still too prosperous from the way things pick up when armament factories start at near capacity; they never fight as long as money can still be made without. So you can fish that summer and shoot that fall or whatever you do, go home at nights, sleep with your wife, go to the ball game, make a bet, take a drink when you want to, or enjoy whatever liberties are left for anyone who has a dollar or a dime. But the year after that or the year after that they fight. Then what happens to you? (p. 19)

He answers his rhetorical question in clear, cold, factual statements. The government will profit financially; those on relief will be drafted; propaganda, greed, gain will motivate our leaders to get us in if there is a general European war. Hemingway foresees unlimited possibilities for the radio to disseminate propaganda. The only way we can stay out of war, he asserts, is not to give any one man or group of men the power to put the United States into war. As he continues, he reveals a political and social astuteness which has seldom been credited to him.

Hemingway may deliberately profess little interest in politics, but he was keenly aware of the increased powers Franklin Roosevelt had been assuming during the two and a half years that he had been pulling the country out of the depression. Early in 1935, Roosevelt advocated American adherence to the World Court at Geneva, but found himself greatly at odds with the Congress and the American public. As the Italian menace to Ethiopia crystallized, so did the American idea of an arms embargo, which had been considered periodically during the past ten years. "The increasing tensions in Europe in 1935 and the threat of war between Italy and Ethiopia led both Congress and the public to demand a definite neutrality policy." In a press conference July 24, 1935, Roosevelt stated that he did favor neutrality legislation in the event of war but was afraid the present session of Congress would be unduly
extended in drafting such measures. Without going into particulars he added that some features of a neutrality bill might provide for discretion and that some others might not. Roosevelt understood the drift of events abroad and was personally in favor of a discretionary embargo, which would maintain executive control over foreign policy and permit international cooperation against an aggressor. But his declining popularity in 1935 made it necessary that he proceed cautiously in order not to alienate the support of strong isolationists in Congress.

Like the majority of Americans, Hemingway is adamant in his demand for complete neutrality, a demand conditioned by the recent report of the Nye Committee, which revealed that financiers and munitions makers had pushed a reluctant United States into the First World War. Consequently Hemingway pulls no punches in one of the most straight-forward, logically expressed letters he has yet written for Esquire:

No European country is our friend nor has been since the last war and no country but one's own is worth fighting for. Never again should this country be put into a European war through mistaken idealism, through propaganda, through the desire to back our creditors, or through the wish of anyone through war, notoriously the health of the state, to make a going concern out of a mismanaged one (p. 19).

Immediately he begins his probing analysis of European affairs; obviously, his knowledge, interest, and understanding of contemporary history by no means terminated with his last newspaper dispatches to the Canadian papers in 1923.5

Hemingway notes that only Finland is still paying her war debts to the United States. The newspapers repeatedly stressed that Italy, Hungary, Estonia, Poland, Latvia refused to pay their debts to the United States. Hemingway pessimistically states that Finland, too, will learn
better. "We were a new country once and we learned better." No country can be trusted on anything if she does not pay her debts. "So we may discard any treaties or declarations of intentions by any countries which do not coincide completely and entirely with the immediate and most cynical national aims of those countries" (p. 19).

Italy is the most glaring example of a nation greedy for colonies. Mussolini's ambition has shifted to East Africa "where he has obviously made a deal with the French to abandon his North African plans in return for France allowing him to make war on a free sovereign state under the protection of membership in the League of Nations" (p. 19). Hemingway has observed the Italian leader whom he interviewed in 1923. Consequently, the comprehensive analysis Hemingway furnishes on Mussolini's designs indicates how accurately he appraised the Italian twelve years earlier. Now Hemingway's historical insight is further enriched by all the journalistic expertise at his command which prevents "Notes on the Next War" from becoming a sterile or impersonal analysis-by-fact feature.

Hemingway recalls that any time the internal condition of Italy, particularly her economy, has been bad, Mussolini's threats of war against a foreign country have blinded the Italian patriots to everything but that enemy. With France and Yugoslavia, Mussolini went only as far as the threat of war because he still remembers the Italian losses at Caporetto, "although he has trained a generation of young Italians who believe Italy to be an invincible military power" (p. 19). Hemingway relies on his readers to supply the missing details of Mussolini's tremendous influence and power over the Fascist organizations in Italy. Now, Mussolini is directing his attention to a feudal country which
cannot contend with the instruments of modern warfare. From all appearances, "the stage is as nearly set as it ever can be for an Italian victory and such a victory as will keep the Italians' minds off things at home for a long time. The only flaw is that Abyssinia has a small nucleus of trained, well armed troops" (p. 19). Hemingway does not make any predictions about the crisis; on the whole, his evaluation of how handicapped Ethiopia is agrees with that of most American correspondents. However, Hemingway is one of the first to analyze the Italo-Ethiopian situation in detail, a factor which supports the rarely recognized claim of his cognizance of social and political problems.

How other European nations view the Italian designs is Hemingway's next consideration. France is glad to see Italy fight: the defeat Italy suffered at Adowa in 1896 may be repeated in 1935--no matter how much Mussolini exaggerates the Ethiopian force which inflicted the "Black Caporetto."? Besides, the cost of war will prevent Italy from starting trouble in Europe; without allies, without coal and iron, she cannot afford a European war; only the air-force she is building makes her a serious threat.

England is as happy as France, but she has several other personal reasons as well: an Italian victory would end the Abyssinian raids along the Kenyan border; England has to arrange a project in northeastern Ethiopia to water the Sudan no matter who wins; her finances will increase from the heavier Italian trade through the Suez Canal or the straits of Gibraltar. On the other hand, Germany's pleasure about the impending struggle is motivated only by her selfish desire to regain her African
colonial possessions. Under Hitler, Germany "wants war, a war of revenge, wants it fervently, patriotically and almost religiously" (p. 156).

This is the danger and the difference between the European countries: the people of France and Great Britain do not want war; Italy and Germany are puppets in the hands of Mussolini and Hitler, men who through the power of propaganda have convinced their people that they want war. The propaganda machines in these two countries have absolutely obliterated the truth. Economics is no longer the primary factor which determines if a nation will begin war.

Harshly, Hemingway delivers his polemic against war, a polemic influenced by his interpretation of the contemporary state of affairs in the United States and in Europe:

War is made or planned now by individual men, demagogues and dictators who play on the patriotism of their people to mislead them into a belief in the great fallacy of war when all their vaunted reforms have failed to satisfy the people they misrule. And we in America should see that no man is ever given, no matter how gradually or how noble and excellent the man, the power to put this country into a war which is now being prepared and brought closer each day with all the premeditation of a long planned murder. For when you give power to an executive you do not know who will be filling that position when the time of crisis comes (p. 156).

His sentiments, shared by many Americans in mid-1935, question President Roosevelt's demands for neutrality legislation, which would give him very broad executive powers.

As for war, Hemingway finds nothing "sweet and fitting" in dying for one's country. His famous passage in A Farewell to Arms is tersely affirmed and graphically defended by Hemingway's list of how a man may "die like a dog for no good reason." This grisly list in "Notes on the Next War" also recalls the list in "A Natural History of the Dead"
(1932); but Hemingway claims no "category of horrors" is effective enough to keep men from war. His long one-sentence description of the ways a man may be blown to hell betrays him emotionally, but this is no blood-lust revel. In his journalism, Hemingway fastidiously stresses the minutest detail with the hope his readers will recognize the horror he defines as war.

To Hemingway, war and murder are interchangeable terms. The elite, those who want to go to war, are the first to be killed; the rest of the war is fought by the enslaved forces who are taught to fear death more "from their officers if they run than possible death if they stay in the line of attack" (p. 156). Modern war permits no victory because the men who fought the war are dead. Seven million died in the last war and Hemingway foresees the murder of seven million more through Hitler, an ex-corporal and former morphine addict, and through Mussolini, an ex-corporal, ex-anarchist, great opportunist, realist and former journalist.

Since Mussolini is not yet ready to fight in Europe, he has chosen Ethiopia, "a foolproof, quick and ideal campaign. But it may be that a regime and a whole system of government will fall because of this foolproof war in less than three years." This flicker of optimism Hemingway supports by referring to the financial burden which German officer Von Lettow-Vorbeck inflicted upon allied forces through his guerilla warfare in Tanganyika and Portuguese Africa. Now if Abyssinia chooses guerilla warfare, Italy's money, youth, and food supplies may be drained away, and her men will return sick and disgusted with "the
government that sent them to suffer with promises of glory. It is the disillusioned soldiers who overthrow a regime" (p. 156). With an almost rueful optimism, Hemingway concludes that the African war may prolong the temporary lull in Europe; that something may happen to Hitler; but that we must not get involved in "the hell broth that is brewing." All the disillusionment which he has nursed since the end of the First World War is compressed into his final sentence: "We were fools to be sucked in once on a European war and we should never be sucked in again" (p. 156).

There is no let-up in the seriousness of his message. A former newspaperman and one who has kept in contact with several foreign correspondents, Hemingway has remained well-informed about internal European dissensions after the First World War; as a result, "Notes on the Next War" is more forcefully persuasive than any other Esquire letter heretofore. Only in pleading Luis Quintanilla's cause and in portions of "Old Newsman Writes" has he in any way approached the position which he here boldly defines: we must stay out of European entanglements no matter how much we are pressured; Hitler and Mussolini, the scourges of Europe, will stop at nothing in their dreams of conquest; the impersonality of modern technological warfare will never lessen the suffering of the soldier in battle. If this is fear on his part, it is an honest, inspiring fear born from his personal experience in World War I where he witnessed the desecration of the human body, time and again, on the battlefield, and where he himself was seriously wounded.
No words are wasted in this 2400-word letter: there is no
padding, nonsense, personal animosity, or bravado. There is one touch of
sophisticated humor: "The French remember Adowa and less possibly though
more recently, Baer and Braddock (who knows but what Owney Madden may
have bought a piece of the Ethiopians?), and they know that anybody who
fights may be beaten" (p. 19).12

Accused of alienating himself from society, Hemingway brilliantly
analyzes present-day foreign relations on the basis of "past performances"
of the last twenty years. Nor is he devoid of "social consciousness,"
all critical commentary to the contrary. Hemingway is no singular figure
in the United States at this crucial moment in world affairs; he is one
of many arguing, cajoling, and demanding that isolation and non-
intervention be stringently defined now, before the European powers suck
us into their next war.

II. "Who Murdered the Vets?"

If "Notes on the Next War" is a public indication of Hemingway's
socio-political consciousness, then "Who Murdered the Vets?" (his first of
three contributions to New Masses, September 17, 1935)13 is an inflamed
manifestation of his aroused social-political consciousness, as he
scathingly denounces the government bureaucrats who left the veterans to
die on the Lower Matecumbe Key in the hurricane of September 2, 1935.14

All the innuendos which an experienced newspaperman can pack into
a headline story, Ernest Hemingway superbly accomplishes in his
powerfully-incriminating opening lines:

Who am they annoy and to whom was their possible
presence a political danger?
Who sent them down to the Florida Keys and left them there in hurricane months?
Who is responsible for their deaths? (p. 9)

This is not the cry of the radical, the Marxist, or the politician; this is the voice of one man who has known many of the veterans personally, has joined with them in a round of beers at Josie Russell's bar in Key West, has pointed out General Custer to them without humiliating them for their ignorance, and has accepted them for what they are—never forgetting that they are human beings, and therefore more valuable than property.

The dangers to property are recognized ones during the hurricane months of August, September, and October; that is why "wealthy people, yachtsmen, fishermen such as President Hoover and President Roosevelt, do not come to the Florida Keys in hurricane months" (p. 9). Sarcastically, he continues:

But veterans, especially the bonus-marching variety of veterans, are not property. They are only human beings, and all they have to lose is their lives. They are doing coolie labor for a top wage of $45 a month and they have been put down on the Florida Keys where they can't make trouble. It is hurricane months, sure, but if anything comes up, you can always evacuate them, can't you? (p. 9)

Resorting to one of the skills at which he is most adroit, namely, instruction, first-hand know-how, Hemingway explains the way a storm comes, and he uses as his point of reference the precautions he took after reading the warnings in Saturday evening's paper. Sunday he made his boat as safe as possible; Monday he nailed the shutters on his house and brought everything movable inside. By Monday midnight, the storm was at its fury, and by two a.m. it passed over. Two full days is about the minimum of time to prepare for a hurricane. "Sometimes you have longer" (p. 9).
The clarity, the simplicity and the logic of his account intensify our understanding of what disaster a hurricane may bring, and his picture is realistically drawn for those who have never experienced one. Through his emphasis on time which unifies his impassioned prose, Hemingway moves closer to the scene of horror by his statement that it was not until late on Wednesday "that a boat got through to Matecumbe Key from Key West."

Writing this article five days after the hurricane, Hemingway quotes the number of dead estimated each day by the Red Cross:

The Red Cross, which has steadily played down the number, announcing first forty-six, then 150, finally saying the dead would not pass 300, today lists the dead and missing as 446, but the total of veterans dead and missing alone numbers 442 and there have been seventy bodies of civilians recovered. The total of dead may well pass a thousand as many bodies were swept out to sea and never will be found (p. 9).

As an eye-witness, however, Hemingway is not alone in questioning the Red Cross figures. One newspaper dispatch for September 5, 1935, reveals that a court clerk telegraphed Florida Governor Dave Sholtz that "fatalities may reach 1,000. . . . I found the dead scattered all up and down the keys. . . . And winds and tides that forced houses out into the water must have been so terrific that they tossed many persons out past shore to drown."17

Hemingway stresses that civilians were free to leave the Keys; the veterans "never had a chance for their lives." With his characteristic sympathy for the veterans, Hemingway remarks how, in time of war, soldiers who have incurred their superior's displeasure are sometimes sent into extraordinarily dangerous zones until they are no longer a problem. He cannot believe this would occur in peacetime. "But the Florida Keys, in hurricane months, in the matter of casualties recorded
during the building of the Florida East Coast Railway to Key West, when nearly a thousand men were killed by hurricanes,\(^{18}\) can be classed as such a position. And ignorance has never been accepted as an excuse for murder or for manslaughter" (p. 9).

The implication is obvious: Are those in authority so ignorant that the lives (not even necessarily the well-being) of others are at stake? Hemingway returns to his initial thesis bolstered now by specifically meaningful qualifications which lend weight to the refrain he constructs:

Who sent nearly a thousand war veterans, many of them husky, hard-working and simply out of luck, but many of them close to the border of pathological cases, to live in frame shacks on the Florida Keys in hurricane months?

Why were the men not evacuated on Sunday, or, at latest, Monday morning, when it was known there was a possibility of a hurricane striking the Keys and evacuation was their only possible protection?

Who advised against sending the train from Miami to evacuate the veterans until four-thirty o'clock on Monday so that it was blown off the tracks before it ever reached the lower camps? (p. 10)

With brutal logic, Hemingway demonstrates how effective, even artistic, his style can be when the subject permits nothing less.

What follows is the horror Hemingway himself met when he reached Lower Matecumbe and found bodies floating in the ferry slip, lying in the mangroves, tangled in the mangroves, and high in the trees, and everywhere in the sun. Should anyone think the veterans are better off dead Hemingway urges that he
carry just one out through the mangroves, or turn one over that lay in the sun along the fill, or tie five together so they won't float out, or smell that smell you thought you'd never smell again, with luck. But now you know there isn't any luck when rich bastards make a war. The lack of luck goes on until all who take part in it are gone (p. 10).
And with scorching contempt, Hemingway asks the novelist who told the literary columnists he was staying in Miami to see a hurricane for his next novel how his novel is coming along. As if furnishing material for the book, Hemingway announces that eight of Camp Five's 187 men survived and that only 69 bodies have been found. In short, jerky, staccato-like phrases, Hemingway forces the reader to experience the shock of finding a body:

Hey, there's another one. He's got low shoes, put him down, man, looks about sixty, low shoes, copper-riveted overall, blue percale shirt without collar, storm jacket, by Jesus that's the thing to wear, nothing in his pockets. Turn him over. Face tumefied beyond recognition. Hell he don't look like a veteran. He's too old. He's got grey hair. You'll have grey hair yourself this time next week. And across his back there was a great big blister as wide as his back and all ready to burst where his storm jacket had slipped down. Turn him over again. Sure he's a veteran. I know him. What's he got low shoes on for then? Maybe he made some money shooting craps and bought them. You don't know that guy. You can't tell him now. I know him, he hasn't got any thumb. That's how I know him. The land crabs ate his thumb. You think you know everybody. Well you waited a long time to get sick, brother. Sixty-seven of them and you got sick at the sixty-eighth (p. 10).

In this extended monologue, Hemingway pushes his ability to re-capture the moment itself to its limit. What he leaves out proves that what he keeps in is far superior in this approximately 2,000-word feature.

As rarely as Hemingway exploits his fictional techniques in his journalism of the 1930's, here, whether so inflamed by the needless atrocity he has witnessed, or so determined to re-create the ghastliness in order to indict the irresponsible few who left these men to die, Hemingway smashes all barriers of personal restraint as he cries out against the wanton execution on the Matecumbe Key. Only momentarily does his anger abate, as the natural tranquility which follows a storm, but
the thought of the dead swiftly re-kindles his incendiary inquiry:

And now it's calm and clear and blue and almost the way it is when the millionaires come down in the winter except for the sandflies, the mosquitoes and the smell of the dead that always smell the same in all countries that you go to—and now they smell like that in your own country. Or is it just that dead soldiers smell the same no matter what their nationality or who send them to die?

Who sent them down there?
I hope he reads this—and how does he feel? (p. 10)

Contemptuously, Hemingway wonders if those responsible for such a holocaust will die without a hurricane warning, or if they will have an easy death, unlike the hauntingly evocative re-creation Hemingway imagines of the veterans' last agony, when

the wind makes a noise like a locomotive passing, with a shriek on top of that, because the wind has a scream exactly as it has in books, and then the fill goes and the high wall of water rolls you over and over and then, whatever it is, you get it and we find you, now of no importance, stinking in the mangroves (p. 10).

Hemingway, employing all the searing contempt he can unleash, repeats the accusation of his opening lines, as he indicts those guilty of

stupidity, negligence and manslaughter:

You're dead now, b rother, but who left you there in the hurricane months on the Keys where a thousand men died before you in the hurricane months when they were building the road that's now washed out?

Who left you there? And what's the punishment for manslaughter now? (p. 10)

Artistic technique and journalistic skill fuse completely in

Hemingway's explosive attack on Washington bureaucracy, millionaire playboys, and publicity-conscious novelists. He pinpoints his fury against the impersonal, authoritarian system which can juggle the blame for a needless catastrophe, especially if the persons in charge remembered Anacostia flats in which over a thousand veterans met their deaths. His
epigraph, "I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered; there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive, and they are for the town's end, to beg during life," quoted from Falstaff's cowardly speech in Henry IV is intensified in meaning by Hemingway's vicious response: "Yes, and now we drown those three." Each monosyllable carries its full weight of meaning. The marriage of journalism and literature operates more skillfully in "Who Murdered the Vets?" than in any other single piece by Hemingway. The months on the Gulf waters have not deadened his sensitivity to the plight of his fellows; without recourse to any philosophical ideology, Hemingway implicitly damns the impersonality of a system which shuttled these men off to a remote area to forget about them; nevertheless, his most impassioned, inflamed criticism is hurled at the persons who should have ordered the veterans removed from the Florida Keys before the hurricane destroyed what was left of their identity.

III. "The Malady of Power"

In contrast to the generally unfavorable reception Hemingway's Esquire letters suffered, the response to his September article, "Notes on the Next War," in "The Sound and the Fury" column was more pleasant than that of any other letter he submitted. The first paragraph of his November 1935 letter, "The Malady of Power," indicates that Hemingway knows exactly what is said about his writings:

If you tell it to them once they think it is marvelous. When you tell it to them again they say, "We heard that before somewhere. Where do you suppose he got that from?" If you tell it to them a third time they are bored to death and they won't listen to it. It may be truer every time. But they get tired of hearing it.
Expressing the slightest disdain toward his fickle readers, Hemingway gently chides them to prepare for "A Second Serious Letter." In a deceptively indifferent tone, he declares his approach will be different: this time he is going to use a series of anecdotes to keep his readers from tasting "the castor-oil in the chop suey sandwich." He bluntly confesses: "But having read the President's reported statement to a group of Representatives that he could, if he would, put the U.S. into war in ten days, this one is still about the next war" (p. 31). Immediately, the title assumes another dimension, more significant perhaps because Hemingway provides no further explanation, assuming that his readers are informed on the day-to-day events in Washington.

What Hemingway has in mind is the Neutrality Bill signed by the President August 31, 1935. As he signed this controversial measure, the President reiterated the intention of the United States to avoid any action that could involve the country in war. Roosevelt was not in favor, however, of the inflexible provisions of the embargo on arms, ammunition, and implements of war because he maintained neither Congress nor the President could foresee what situations might arise in the future. He wanted further consideration of the bill (and would be sure of getting it because the nondiscretionary embargo was but a six-month measure), but he told newsmen that the act met the needs of the existing situation. Commenting on his remarks, Time magazine delved deeper to discover what lurked behind them; ten days later Time reported:

These tempered words would not have greatly interested Washington had not the story leaked out of what had taken place in the President's office ten days earlier. Nine Representatives had marched in and resolutely told him that
the discretion he desired, to declare an arms embargo against either of two warring nations was, in effect, the power to drag the U. S. into war, a power no prudent President would want and no rash President should have. Angered by such unaccustomed opposition, Franklin Roosevelt snapped that he could if he would put the U. S. into war in ten days. Thumping his desk, he thundered that he would not let Congress usurp his constitutional prerogatives.\(^\text{25}\)

Such is the background for the unappetizing sandwich Hemingway is about to serve. Taking us back to the old days when he was a working newspaper man, Hemingway introduces, and draws a highly flattering portrait of, his friend, Bill Ryall (later known as William Bolitho), a European correspondent for the Manchester Guardian. Hemingway's admiration is unqualified for the reporter who was "too busy, too intelligent, and, then, too sardonic to go in for being a genius in a city [Paris] where they were a nickel a dozen and it was much more distinguished to be hard working" (p. 31). A South African, Ryall had been badly wounded in the war; later he went into intelligence service and "at the time of the peace conference he had been a sort of pay-off man for the disbursing of certain sums spent by the British to subsidize and influence certain individuals and certain organs of the French press." Ryall freely admitted this and Hemingway, still a novice in covering international affairs, learned from Ryall "many things that were the beginning of whatever education I received in international politics." Later Ryall went to New York to work for the old New York World, wrote two books Murder for Profit and Twelve Against the Gods, "became a genius, and worked at it until he died. . . . I never saw him after he became Bolitho, but when he was Ryall he was a wonderful guy. He may have been even finer when he was Bolitho but I do not see how it would be possible. I think
sometimes being a genius in that hick town must have bored him very much.
But I never saw him to ask him" (p. 31).26

Hemingway centers his 2300-word letter around the autumn of 1922
when he, Ryall, Ward Price, a man named Hamilton, and other correspondents
covered the Lausanne Conference. Hemingway semi-artistically relives
these events as he remembers how pleasant the weather was; where the
conferences were held (one part at "the enormous, spreading Beau-Rivage
Hotel down on the bank of the Lake of Geneva and the other was the very
red plush Palace Hotel up in town where the French and Turks were
lodged"); and how the correspondents reached these spots ("you took a
steep little funicular railway, you walked up a steep stairway, or you
wound your way up the terraced roads in very expensive taxis."). For
the Lausanne Conference, Hemingway worked under two names for an after­
noon and morning news service to get enough money so that he could be
free of newspaper work for a time to do some writing on his own.27

During the Conference, he spent his mornings boxing with newsman
G. Ward Price of the London Daily Mail. In a highly colorful descrip­
tion, Hemingway recalls how each morning he was awakened by the telephone,

and there would be the ruddy, well tubbed, cheerful, outdoor
voice of G. Ward Price, the Best Dressed Newspaper Man of the
Ages,28 the Monocled Prince of the Press, The Inheritor of the
Tradition of William Harding Davis and one of the best news­
paper men of his time, and it's still his time if you read his
recent interview with Mussolini for the Rothermere papers,29
saying, "What about a spot of exercise?" (p. 31)
The glowing epithets do not minimize his athletic accomplishments.
Hemingway glumly reports that day after day Price out-boxed him every
which way, to the extent that Hemingway begins to feel punch-drunk.
Moaning to Ryall during dinner one evening, Hemingway is told to get
himself in training; after five days of "running between the lakeside press conferences and those in the hotel up in the steep town . . . in drinking nothing after dinner, and in the practice of celibacy," Hemingway is just as disgusted with the rigors of running upstairs as with the steady rain of blows in the boxing ring. Ryall tells him to fight Price the next day; the outcome does not appear any more favorable to Hemingway although he manages to get in a few punches. He learns later from Ryall that Price has two broken ribs and, with that, Hemingway and Ryall join two other correspondents, Hamilton and Lawrence for dinner.

Thinking of the Lausanne Conference, Hemingway also remembers that his fellow newsmen chose him to give Ismet Pasha's head bodyguard an explosive cigar; that a young foreign secretary called for Lord Curzon and asked if "the Imperial Buggah" was in, only to live "through hearing those clear cool tones answer, 'This is the Imperial Buggah speaking'"; and

that was the conference, too, that Curzon wrecked when everything was settled by a manifestation of that strange malady that Ryall claimed afflicts men in power (p. 198). Asked to dine with the Turks, Curzon refused and was reported as saying that his duty forced him to deal with them, "but there is nothing in my duty that compels me to sit at table with ignorant Anatolian peasants."32

Closing in on his main thesis, Hemingway mentions other men who Ryall thought were sick with power. Wilson was one, and Clemenceau, at that time a hero to Hemingway, was another. Ryall maintained that once a politician or a patriot has been given the highest position in the state, unless he is without ambition and has not sought the position, the symptoms of power begin to appear. First comes suspicion of his associates; then touchiness on all matters; then his inability to receive
criticism; and lastly, the conviction he is indispensable since nothing had ever been done "rightly until he came into power and that nothing would ever be done rightly again unless he stayed in power." The better and more disinterested the man, the sooner he falls victim to this malady. Ryall uses a Lord of the British Admiralty with whom no one could work to illustrate the advanced stages of the malady of power. At a meeting, the British officials were discussing means of recruiting better type men for the British navy. "This admiral had hammered on a table with his fist and said, 'Gentlemen if you do not know where to get them, by God I will make them for you!'" (p. 199)

Ryall's final anecdote---the castor-oil in the chop suey sandwich---coupled with Time's report about the President thumping his hand on his desk are uncomfortably close, although Hemingway proceeds cautiously in discussing Roosevelt's ambition. In the fall of 1935, Hemingway, like the majority of Americans, finds Roosevelt enigmatic: is the President ambitious personally or is he ambitious only to serve his country? His reported statement stirs the doubts in Hemingway's mind. The one thing Hemingway is certain of (and has been as far back as his February 1934 "Paris Letter")³³ is that

War is coming in Europe as surely as winter follows fall.
If we want to stay out now is the time to decide to stay out.
Now, is the time to make it impossible for any one man, or any hundred men, or any thousand men, to put us in a war in ten days--in a war they will not have to fight (p. 199).

Along with this second-hammering-home of his insistence on American neutrality, Hemingway is ominously prophetic: the next ten years will be years of much fighting which means that the United States will have a
chance to affect the balance of power in Europe, a chance to again come
to the aid of civilization, a chance to wage another war to end war.

Whoever heads the nation will have a chance to be the greatest man in the world for a short time—and the nation can hold the sack once the excitement is over. For the next ten years we need a man without ambition, a man who hates war and knows that no good ever comes of it, and a man who has proved his beliefs by adhering to them. All candidates will need to be measured against these requirements (p. 199).

Hemingway's vision is uncanny as we can see thirty years later. Within ten years after the composition of "The Malady of Power," the entire world had been through the terrors, the annihilation, the butcheries of a second world war beyond anything ever known; death had ended Roosevelt's position as the greatest man in the world; and the nation was holding the bag with Acting President Harry Truman. Seen in its own time, however, "The Malady of Power" depicts Hemingway pleading for an enlightened citizenry to scrutinize candidates for the presidential election of 1936, since European turmoil is everywhere stirring. Through his anecdotes, Hemingway is instructing Americans to study candidates for public office to see if this malady of power has in any way manifested itself; and, if so, not to advance these men any further in office.

Roosevelt's angry tirade with the Representatives over the stipulations which limit his authority in neutrality legislation may be a symptom of his inability to receive criticism or his touchiness on great issues. These are not good signs by Ryall's prognosis. Not having clearly discerned the direction of Roosevelt's ambition, Hemingway does not pronounce judgment. Nor is he hypocritical in his evaluation of Roosevelt's ambition as he weighs the alternatives still open to the President. The imminence of war is foremost in Hemingway's thoughts; the
power given to an executive must be vigilantly guarded and, if needs be, restricted. Persuasive in its appeal for American neutrality, Hemingway demonstrates how he can use the same theme in a different manner as he again urges that the United States must decide now to stay out of foreign entanglements. The castor-oil is unpleasant to taste, the implications in "The Malady of Power" are not difficult to discern, and there is still time to prevent any one man from acquiring authority which can become the malaise to force a nation into the murder that is war.

IV. "Wings Always Over Africa"

Turning for a third time to the Italo-Ethiopian war in his January 1936 Esquire letter, "Wings Always Over Africa," Hemingway does not label it a third serious letter but instead sub-titles it 'An ornithological letter.' Once again his lead sentence stresses the journalistic element of timeliness which he refers to in "Monologue to the Maestro": "A recent dispatch from Port Said reported the passing in one week of six ships with 9,476 wounded and sick Italian soldiers returning through the Suez Canal from the field of honor in Ethiopia." Like so many other similar dispatches from Port Said, this one contains no information as to whom the soldiers are or where they are being taken. Facetiously, Hemingway praises Mussolini's wisdom in withholding these unpleasant facts from the Italian people whose moods so easily shift from elation to depression.

Although he doesn't admit it, Hemingway is perhaps thinking of his own experiences in World War I as he recalls the principal expression of wounded Italian soldiers: "Mamma mia! Oh mamma mia!" In the present
conflict Italian soldiers have been aroused to such a pitch, Hemingway asserts, by Mussolini's propaganda they will suffer a wound in the buttocks, the fleshy part of the thigh, or the calf of the leg, and still burst forth with noble sentiments for Il Duce. However, should they be wounded in the stomach, have a bone broken, or a nerve shattered, cries of "Mamma mia!" will quickly replace any fervent patriotism; malaria, dysentery, and jaundice will completely deaden any emotional nationalism they have once been imbued with. Cleverly planting these depressing thoughts, Hemingway focuses on another misery Italian troops in Ethiopia face—an aspect of war Mussolini must keep out of his newspapers, but which Hemingway is free to relate in gory, graphic detail. This is the ornithological aspect: five birds, the black and white crow, the buzzard, the small vulture, the huge barenecked one, and the great ugly marabou all ferret out the dead and the wounded men in the Ethiopian territory. Hemingway's portrayal of how as many as 500 carrion swoop down upon a wounded man is a moment of unrelieved grisly horror. Where once a human being lay, in less than an hour only a stain remains. "There is no need in Africa to bury your dead for sanitary reason," he ironically comments. The wounded should be forewarned to turn over on their faces once they are hit so badly they cannot keep moving. With a touch of brutal rhetoric, Hemingway asks: "But what about if you could not sit up?" (p. 31)

Letting his readers conjecture the bestiality of the ornithological scene for themselves, Hemingway analyzes Italo-Ethiopian maneuvers since the outbreak of war October 3, 1935. As Italy moves deeper into Ethiopian territory, she is meeting no resistance and is buying over
certain of Haile Selassie's strong rival chieftains. At the moment Hemingway is writing this Esquire letter (probably between November 15 and 18, 1935) there have been no reports of major battles; some news dispatches confirm this and thus redress the undue emphasis given an occasional minor skirmish. Consequently, for the next 400 words or so of his 2,000-word letter, Hemingway devotes himself to generalities about Ethiopian strategy, terrain, climate, and technology in much the same way the newsmen do in Sunday supplements or daily features. Hemingway's Esquire letter considers the cost of food, transportation, and communications to the Italians; the necessity for guerilla tactics on the part of the Ethiopians; the effect of heavy rains on Italian mobilized transport; the possibility that the Ethiopians will scatter at the sound of Italian planes; and the chance that once the Italians have advanced far enough they will have to use Italian troops because the native askaris are not sufficient. He asserts:

Italy is hoping for a fool proof battle to be fought with black infantry, tanks, machine guns, modern artillery and planes. Ethiopia is hoping to get an Italian army into such a trap as Adowa was in 1896. In the meantime the Ethiopians are retreating and stalling and the Italians are advancing, using up their askaris, gaining many untrustworthy allies, and spending all their available money to keep their army in the field (p. 174).

Hemingway thinks that Italy will next try to make a quiet arrangement with the European powers to drop the sanctions on the pretext that bolshevism will take over in Italy should she lose. Once the cry of bolshevism is raised, Mussolini will again be the hero that he was to the Rothermere press because of the myth that he saved Italy from going red. Hemingway deliberately inserts a correction: once the radical groups in Turin took over the factories, they were unable to unite among
themselves, and their seizure of the metallurgical industries kept them from going under financially. A brilliant opportunist, Mussolini "rode in on the wave of disgust that followed the farcical failure of the Italian radicals to co-operate or to use their great asset, Italy's defeat at Caporetto, intelligently" (p. 174).

Hemingway also remembers that in World War I the officers were jeered by elderly Italians who thought the officers kept their sons fighting after their parents had realized the war would bring them no good. Bitterly lamenting the hatred the officers (and he was one) were subjected to, he writes: "I can remember in the old days how the mothers and the fathers used to lean out of windows, or from the front of wine shops, blacksmith shops or the door of a cobbler's when soldiers passed and shout, 'Abasso gli ufficiali!' 'Down with the officers!'" (p. 174) This reminiscence closely parallels the same scene in his short story, "In Another Country." Certainly Hemingway is thinking of his own youthful idealism when he says, "Then those who were officers and believed that war could only be ended by fighting that war through and winning it were bitter at the hatred that all working people bore them" (p. 174).

In time, so it is implied, Hemingway learned to hate war unequivocally as he realized that injustice, murder, brutality, and corruption of the human soul were all blended into it; the only ones who loved war were the financiers, generals, staff officers, and whores; and, even here, Hemingway admits of exceptions.

Moreover, he realizes that many people in the Italy of 1935 remember the First World War for what it really was, although "to have a
long memory in a dictatorship is dangerous." Still undecided in his opinion of President Roosevelt, Hemingway, like many other Americans, is pondering the discrepant newspaper reports which one day claim the term dictator is more frequently being applied to Roosevelt by irate government officials, and reports which the next day claim Roosevelt is the genius responsible for getting the country back on its feet. Never once though does Hemingway refer directly to Roosevelt as he meditates on these reports of dictatorship in America. In the end, Hemingway draws his own distinctions: "A successful dictator uses clubs and has constant newspaper triumphs. An unsuccessful dictator gets scared, shoots too many of his own people, and goes out as soon as his army or police switch on him. If he shoots too many he gets shot himself, usually, even while his regime stands" (p. 175). Possibly Hemingway may have in mind Huey Long, whose infamous dictatorial reign in Louisiana ended by an assassin's bullet September 10, 1935. Hemingway abruptly drops the subject: "But this is not about dictators but about certain ornithological aspects of African war" (p. 175).

Yet it is not to ornithology that he returns but rather to his own recaptured thoughts of days in Italy, thoughts heavily laden with nostalgic overtones deepened by an impending sense of tragedy:

Certainly no knowledge of the past war will help boys from little steep-hilled towns of the Abruzzi where the snow comes early on the tops of the mountains, nor those who worked in garages, or machine shops, in Milano or Bologna or Firenze, or rode their bicycles in road races on the white dust-powdered roads of Lombardy, nor those who played football for their factory teams in Spezia or Torino, nor mowed the high mountain meadows of the Dolomites and guided skii-ers in the winter, or would have been burning charcoal in the woods above Piombino, or maybe sweeping out a trattoria in Vicenza, or would have gone to North or South America in the old days. They will feel the deadly heat and know the shadeless land; they will
have the diseases that never cure, that make the bones ache and a young man old and turn the bowels to water, and when there is a battle, finally, they will hear the whish of wings when the birds come down and I hope when they are hit someone will have told them to roll over on their faces so they can say, "Mamma mia!" with their mouths against the earth they came from (p. 175).

Contrasted to the sufferings the Italian foot-soldiers may endure from the natural ornithological elements, Mussolini's two officer and pilot sons can inflict additional suffering from their mechanically constructed ornithological wings without fear of resistance from a non-existent Ethiopian air force. As for the Italian foot-soldiers, the poor men's sons, as foot-soldiers the world over have always been, Hemingway has only sympathy and luck to offer--wishes that are gently undercut as he sighs, "But I wish they could learn who is their enemy--and why." (p. 175).

Anti-Mussolini as this article is, it is also the article of the journalist re-living some of his own gruesome war-time experiences which his statements reveal, and which later remarks in an interview with a group of school children verify. "But after I'd been wounded, I had to spend some time on therapy machines, exercising my wounded leg, and I became friends with an Italian major who was also getting therapy on the machines." "Wings Always Over Africa" is therefore the confusion of a man who knows the excruciating torments other men have suffered; as a novelist, he recorded their cries in A Farewell to Arms:

In the jolt of my head I heard somebody crying. I thought somebody was screaming. I tried to move but I could not move. I heard the machine guns and rifles firing across the river and all along the river. There was a great splashing and I saw the star-shells go up and burst and float whitely and rockets going up and heard the bombs, all this in a moment, and then I heard close to me some one saying "Mama Mia! Oh, mama Mia!" I pulled and twisted and got my legs loose finally and turned around and touched him. It was
Passini and when I touched him he screamed. His legs were
toward me and I saw in the dark and the light that they were
both smashed above the knee. One leg was gone and the other
was held by tendons and part of the trouser and the stump
twitched and jerked as though it were not connected. He bit
his arm and moaned, "Oh, mamma mia, mamma Mia," then, "Dio te
salve, Maria. Dio te salve, Maria. Oh Jesus shoot me
Christ shoot me mamma mia mamma Mia oh purest lovely Mary shoot
me. Stop it. Stop it. Stop it. Oh Jesus lovely Mary stop
it. Oh oh oh oh," then choking, "Mama mamma mia." Then he
was quiet, biting his arm, the stump of his leg twitching. As a journalist, he foresees the Italian soldiers again crying out "Mamma mia! Oh mamma mia!" when they have been severely wounded on the "field of honor in Ethiopia." As a journalist, Hemingway once again summarizes
the beauty of the Italian landscape as he thinks of Abruzzi, "where the
snow comes early on the tops of the mountains"; as a novelist, in A Fare­
well to Arms it is the unnamed priest who praises the beauty of Abruzzi
to the young American officer, who muses:

I had wanted to go to Abruzzi. I had gone to no place where
the roads were frozen and hard as iron, where it was clear
cold and dry and the snow was dry and powdery and bare-tracks
in the snow and the peasants took off their hats and called
you Lord.42

In "Wings Always Over Africa," it is Hemingway, former soldier,
journalist and novelist still, who knows only too well the sufferings all
men undergo in war. Seriously and competently written, this Esquire
letter hints of a world-weariness with the follies of men. This sorrow
emerges after he has grotesquely depicted what animals can do to a man—
much less what war itself can do. Having experienced and participated in
the horrors of the battlefield, Hemingway cannot help looking to the past
hoping against hope that others will do the same before plunging into
another field of blood; but the mournfully closing tones of "Wings Always
Over Africa" suggest that Hemingway is resigned that such is not his luck.
An interesting side-issue to this article must be mentioned, a side-issue which proves that Hemingway's work in *Esquire* cannot be underestimated. The January 1936 *Esquire* went on sale about December 15, 1935. Almost two weeks later Westbrook Pegler in "Fair Enough," dated-lined Rome, Dec. 27, practically repeated Hemingway's main thesis on the problem of where the Italian sick and wounded have been sent. Pegler slides into the same topic by speaking of a woman he has seen, one of the commoners, who is almost crazy from worry about her son who was shipped to a diseased land over three months ago. The woman knows better than to ask too insistently as to his whereabouts. Pegler continues: "Mussolini doesn't publish casualty lists or hospital statistics, and the whereabouts of the sick and injured is a mystery to the Italian people." The silence about the welfare of over 250,000 men is becoming more difficult to accept "because Abyssinia has been described as a land of leprosy, malaria, and quaint tropical diseases which cause elephantine swellings and kill white men overnight."

However, Pegler does not stop here. He adds another paragraph in the course of "Fair Enough" which has much in common with "Wings Always Over Africa." Pegler writes:

There have been rumors in the country, brought in by foreign newspapers, of many Italians killed or injured in motor transport accidents along mountain roads and of hospital ships coming back through the Suez Canal. But apparently the patients never reached Italy, and inquisitive people get out their maps and speculate as to whether Mussolini has set up his hospitals on one or more of the ink-dotted islands in the Aegean. People have no way of pooling their uncertainty, because they can't get up meetings or otherwise agitate in demand for news of the soldiers. Each one's anxiety is strictly his own.
Pegler also has a few words on Mussolini's sons. Speaking of Marshal Badoglio who was sent to relieve Marshal De Bono of command in Ethiopia, Pegler defiantly remarks that Badoglio is not a Black Shirt, and that one of the first things Badoglio did after he reached Asmara was to

stop the personal ballyhoo for Mussolini's two boys, Victorio and Bruno, and his son-in-law, Count Ciano. He forbade all individual mention, and though this went for everybody, it affected only Mussolini's boys and Ciano, because they were getting it all.

All three were members of a desperado squadron of bombers, but they had had comparatively little experience and were not in the same class with hundreds of other pilots. Yet from the volume of ballyhoo which they received every time they took off the ground it looked as if they were fighting the whole war. At the same time the family of a common pick and shovel soldier couldn't even learn whether he was dead or alive.43

The similarity between these articles may be pure coincidence; if such is the case, it is to Hemingway's credit that he can depend on his memories and his knowledge of Italy and Africa to arrive at the same conclusions which Pegler has traveled to Rome to be sure of. But it is just as possible that Pegler watches Hemingway's monthly appearance in Esquire as closely as Hemingway observes Pegler's six-day-a-week appearance in the newspapers.

Completely contradicting these statements about the physical well-being of the Italian troops is a letter in "The Sound and the Fury" from Duca di Morignano Ruspoli, who is angered by Hemingway's "gruesome description of warfare in Abyssinia." The Italian brands Hemingway's letter incompetent, undistinguished, entirely misinformed, and ignorant of the conditions in present day Italy. He quotes a lengthy bulletin from Prof. Aldo Castellani, Health Commissioner for Italian East Africa. Castellani's bulletin claims that health conditions are excellent on the
Eritrean front, and he denies reports in the foreign press. There is not a single case of cholera or plague. There have been but 38 cases of typhoid fever and 142 of malaria. Castellani "formally denied that sick soldiers and civilians were sent to hospital at Rhodes or that 20,000 beds had been prepared for them... He showed the press correspondents a photograph of the inscription on a milestone which said that the road had been built with the help of the medical aids who volunteered as road-builders owing to the lack of medical work." Ruspoli concludes by expressing his disillusionment over "this shoddy contribution ["Wings Always Over Africa"] to the present conflict." Hemingway's war pieces evidently traveled further than is generally realized.
Footnotes to Chapter VIII

1"Social Notes and Miscellaneous," Esquire, IV (September 1935), 5.

2Mussolini had several motives for choosing Ethiopia as the area for Italian expansion. The last remaining African independent free state, Ethiopia had administered a humiliating defeat to the encroaching Italian armies at Adowa in 1896. The Italians had been left with bitter memories and the two small coastal colonies of Eritrea and Somaliland. The border skirmish between the Italians and Ethiopians at Wal-Wal in December 1934 provided the immediate motive for Mussolini to emphasize colonialism and national greatness, thereby diverting the attention of the Italian people from their domestic problems, economic worries, and impoverished natural resources.

Haile Selassie appealed to the League of Nations when Italy demanded both a formal apology and heavy cash indemnity because of the border dispute. Early in January 1935 the Ethiopian emperor again appealed to the League because Italian troops were massing on the borders, killing Ethiopian soldiers and threatening Ethiopian villages. Italy lengthened the League's investigation by time-consuming obstacles on procedure. As late as May, 1935, there was still no arbitration commission to settle the problem. While the League was stalling for time, Italy was moving her troops closer and closer to Ethiopia.

3"Notes on the Next War," 'A serious topical letter,' Esquire, IV (September 1935), 19. All subsequent references to this article will be cited in the text.

4Brice Harris, Jr., The United States and the Italo-Ethiopian Crisis (Stanford University Press, 1964), p. 25. This book analyzes the Italo-Ethiopian crisis as it affected United States foreign policy and American public opinion. Harris substantially agrees with many of the opinions that Hemingway offers on the general implications and sentiments of the other European powers with regard to Italy and Ethiopia.

5For a thoroughly illuminating examination of Hemingway's work as a foreign correspondent during the 1920's, see Fenton's Apprenticeship, especially chapters eight through ten.

6See Fenton's analysis of Hemingway's interview with Mussolini, pp. 197-201. It was entitled "Mussolini, Europe's Prize Bluffer, More Like Bottomley than Napoleon," Toronto Daily Star, January 27, 1923, p. 11, and is reprinted in The Wild Years, pp. 212-216.

Fenton notes that Hemingway had shown an understanding of the quality and menace of Italian fascism. His analysis of Mussolini was not the same as that expressed by most other American journalists of the period. Only William Bolitho shared Hemingway's skepticism and distrust about the leader of the Fascists. But Hemingway did not underestimate Mussolini's power.
Hemingway adds that Mussolini is now increasing the number of casualties in the Battle of Adowa (March 1, 1896) to 14,000 Italian troops killed or driven from the field by an Ethiopian army of 100,000 men. "Actually," Hemingway notes, "the Italians lost more than 4500 white and 2,000 native troops, killed and wounded."

6,000 Italian troops, killed or wounded, is the generally conceded number. See Encyclopaedia Britannica (Chicago, 1965), XII, 769.

See A Farewell to Arms, pp. 184-185.

See "A Natural History of the Dead" in Death in the Afternoon, pp. 135-139.

See Hugh R. Trevor-Roper, The Last Days of Hitler (New York, 1947), pp. 59-62. On the subject of drugs, the author states that Theodore Morrel, Hitler's physician, experimented with drugs on Hitler. Morphia was not among the list of drugs which were used, however.

I have been unable to find any other mention that Hitler was a morphine addict.

Hemingway mentions Lettow-Vorbeck in Green Hills of Africa, pp. 30-32. Kandisky and Pop are speaking of foreign exploitation of Africa. Kandisky, in response to Pop's questions, states that he fought with Von Lettow from beginning to end. Pop greatly admires Lettow; Kandisky, no, although he grudgingly admits that no one ever fought better.

Adowa was as much an upset victory for the Ethiopians as James Braddock's victory over Max Baer for the heavyweight championship was on June 13, 1935. See "Sport: New Champion," Time, XXV (June 24, 1935), 28, 30.

Owney Madden, a notorious gangster, had terrorized several states, especially New York and New Jersey, during Prohibition. A dapper, soft-spoken Englishman by birth, Madden came to the United States and made his fortune managing illegal breweries and running illicit whiskey. During his heyday in the early 1930's, he owned night clubs, prizefighters, and hotels both in the United States and on the French Riviera; he fixed many prizefights during these years.

Imprisoned several times, Madden was paroled from Sing Sing in the middle of June 1935. In poor health, he moved to Hot Springs, Arkansas; little was heard of him after this. For further information, see "Owney Madden, 73, Ex-Gangster, Dead," New York Times, April 24, 1965, pp. 1, 16.

Ernest Hemingway, "Who Murdered the Vets?" 'A First-Hand Report on the Florida Hurricane,' New Masses, XVI (September 17, 1935), 9-10. All subsequent references will be cited in the text. The editors of the New Masses stated, p. 30: "Our request for a story of the veterans in the hurricane found him just returned from a first-hand inspection of the death-trap camps on Matecumbe Key, before the bodies had been cleared away."
On the night of September 2, 1935, Labor Day, a hurricane whipped through the Florida Keys and left in its wake miles of death and destruction. Storm warnings had been given from late Saturday (August 31), in order that proper precautions would be taken. The veterans at the C.C.C. (Civilian Conservation Corps) camps, however, could not evacuate until so ordered. These veterans, on the whole, were a group of tougher spirits who had been deployed into special work camps on the Keys and put to work building a highway along the Keys to Key West, which would parallel the old Florida East Coast Railway.

The bonus marching veterans were the down-at-the-heels group of men from World War I, who suffered in one way or another—physically, mentally, psychologically—and, in hopes of getting financial assistance of sorts from Congress, staged several marches on Washington with the purpose of having a bonus bill passed.

In August 1932, President Hoover ordered tear gas and bayonets used against them; he was severely criticized for this and to prevent a recurrence he sent them to special camps in the South. When the Bonus Army marched on Washington in 1933, President Roosevelt deployed them into camps in South Carolina and Florida. Again in August 1935 the Bonus Army assembled on the Capitol steps to hear Senator Hamilton Fish speak on the Patman Bonus Bill that would give them at least a pittance. Roosevelt, wiser than his predecessor, very quietly deployed this group into the work camps.

Hemingway's figures may be verified in the Miami Herald, September 4-7, 1935, p. 1. The New York Times, however, did not release any exact figures until September 5, 1935. A front page dispatch "Hurricane Toll Exceeds 200," quotes Leonard Thompson, the Red Cross disaster relief chairman, as saying he believed the death toll would be less than 200.

In "Hurricane's Dead Dug Out of Debris," New York Times, September 6, 1935, p. 1, the Red Cross listed fatalities as 256 dead; Leonard Thompson was now saying the death toll would be someplace between 270 and 300.

The following day the hurricane no longer was front page news in the New York Times. An article, "3 Inquiries Start in Florida Deaths," New York Times, September 7, 1935, p. 3, quoted the Red Cross: "Total missing and dead in Florida Keys 446."

This report was sent by W. P. Mooty in "300 Believed Killed in Gale," New York World-Telegram, September 5, 1935, pp. 1, 16. Many other private estimates came closer to Mooty's figure than to those released by the Red Cross.

Another article, "Catastrophe," Time, XXVI (September 23, 1935), 17, called attention to Hemingway's piece and praised his indignation.

"Between Ourselves," New Masses, XVI (September 24, 1935), 30, noted that Hemingway's article attracted considerable attention and was quoted by most of the New York papers as well as those in other cities. In fact, "the New York Daily News used it for a long red-baiting editorial, showing that the Administration was completely innocent in
the matter and the vets who were smashed to death by the wind or drowned
by the tidal wave had been better off on the Matecumbe Keys than hoboing.
Incidentally, the title "Who Murdered the Vets?" was written by us."

18 Hemingway is thinking of the hurricane of 1909 when most of the
Florida East Coast Railway was blown away, and over 1,000 men on the con­
struction crew were killed. Fragments of houseboats on which some of
these men lived were found as far off as South America.

Such a catastrophe as this Hemingway expects the people of Florida
to remember; consequently, negligence in the September 2, 1935 hurricane
is inexcusable to him.

19 William Shakespeare, King Henry IV, Part I, V. iii. 36-38.
Falstaff's remarks are not intended to be those of a valorous leader.
Several military chronicles indicate that a new practice among captains
was to lead their men to a place of butchery, leave them there, and
retreat. Hemingway's article completely supports this.

Hemingway was obviously attracted to this quotation. In Across
the River and Into the Trees, p. 171, Colonel Cantwell meditates about
his own past as a soldier: "I have eyes and they have fairly fast per­
ception still, and once they had ambition. I have led my Ruffians where
they were well peppered. There are but three of the two hundred and
fifty of them left alive and they are for the town's end to beg during
life.

"That's from Shakespeare, he told the portrait. The winner and
still the undisputed champion.

"Someone might take him, in a short bout. But I would rather
revere him. Did you ever read King Lear, Daughter? Mister Gene Tunney
did, and he was champion of the world. But I read it too. Soldiers care
for Mister Shakespeare too, though it may seem impossible. He writes
like a soldier himself."

20 The problem of who was responsible for the safety of the veter­
ans was bandied back and forth for weeks among government officials. By
September 9, 1935, p. 1 of the Miami Herald carried the almost expected
headline, "Storm Death Toll Called Unavoidable." In a report sent to the
President, the hurricane was described as "an act of God . . . and that
the responsibility for this disaster does not lie with any human factors
concerned."

Reading the full report, however, reveals that much of what
Hemingway stated is true. Weather reports had been received as early as
1:32 p.m. Saturday, August 31; not until 2 p.m. Monday, September 2 was
the decision to evacuate the camp by train arrived at. Ignorance,
indifference, indecisiveness—all were factors that helped murder the
vets—if the implications of this article can be accepted.

In another article, "'Officers Deserted' In Storm, Is Charge,"
Miami Herald, October 15, 1935, pp. 1, 6, both desertion and delay on
part of officials in the Labor Day hurricane are the findings of an
American Legion investigation committee.
Many shared Hemingway's wrath over the Labor Day carnage; several articles took occasion to cite his article in New Masses.

Harry Hansen, "The First Reader," New York World-Telegram, September 14, 1935, p. 17, described "Who Murdered the Vets" as "easy the most violent ever written by Hemingway and completely justified by the subject matter."

21 Several letters in "The Sound and the Fury," Esquire, IV (October 1935), praise "Notes on the Next War."

One, from Ira Lansby, is blunt: "I always thought Hemingway stank to high heaven. Apologise to him for me. Notes on the Next War is one of the best things I've read in years. His paragraph describing the physical injuries sustained in modern warfare should be memorized by every American, man, woman or child."

Another letter from G. H. Scott begins: "It was with great hope that I noted your full page ad (Notes on the Next War) in the New York Herald Tribune of Thursday, August 15th.

"Ernest Hemingway did a good job and, in that article shows war up for the unspeakable horror it is; the disillusionment, mental and physical suffering such as one cannot imagine living through; and yet, all too many did survive to merely exist after the late war."

A third letter, from Arthur W. Bass, Jr., states: "I have always mildly enjoyed Hemingway's articles in the same respect that one enjoys movies of a state in life which he would enjoy but cannot afford. But now he has really written something, and his stock has appreciated 500% with me. His Notes on the Next War is fine, for it is pertinent and forcibly written. A great deal of it is platitudinous to any rational, thinking individual, but it is none the less admirable, for he is not afraid to talk honestly and frankly about a subject that too [sic] many Americans remain sacrosanct. Too many of us today feel that it is our prerogative to criticise taxation or any other routine legislation, but that to criticise or question the motives of altruism of our participation in any war, is sacrilege. The world needs more stuff such as Hemingway has written here."

22 Ernest Hemingway, "The Malady of Power," 'A Second Serious Letter,' Esquire, IV (November 1935), 31. All subsequent references to this article will be cited in the text.

23 The Joint Resolution on Neutrality of August 1935 was the result of a compromise between the administration and its isolationist foes in Congress for a six-month embargo applicable to both belligerents.

The resolution gave the President the power to define the terms arms, ammunition, and implements of war, and it gave him the responsibility of determining when a state of war existed and whether the arms embargo should apply at the outbreak of hostilities or during their progress. At his discretion the President could extend the embargo to other states if the war spread to them and forbid Americans to travel on vessels of belligerent powers except at their own risk.

Some of Sisley Huddleston's remarks on William Ryall in Back to Montparnasse, pp. 250-254, suggest how much Hemingway may have been influenced by Ryall. According to Huddleston, Ryall's method, when he was working for the Manchester Guardian as Paris correspondent, "was to digest the news, to try to understand its implications, and to send interpretative articles. The really important news . . . is not something which happens in a given place on a given day; it is a record of movements, tendencies, ideas, and the deduction of future consequences from existing causes. . . . It is necessary to have what is called a background—a knowledge of Foreign Offices, of Parliaments, of peoples, and their methods of thinking and reacting. But given these things, and a certain amount of intelligence, and above all the sixth sense without which no journalist is a journalist, the privacy of one's study is the real news-gathering centre. . . . His dispatches to the Manchester Guardian were models of sound judgment, fine intuition, and striking expression. Ideas, ideas, ideas—without them the most strenuous news-gathering, the most incisive narration, the liveliest description, are hardly worth while."

On the subject of writing, Ryall maintained that a writer produces only one book that is the essence of himself, "that has a permanent significance—one book that stands out above all his other books. . . . There may be exceptions, but they are few. . . . What we have distinctively to say, we can only say supremely once. The rest is preparation, groping, repetition."

George Slocombe in The Tumult and the Shouting (New York, 1936), pp. 60-62, affirms much of what Hemingway and Huddleston say of Bolitho. Slocombe reveals that when serving on the British front in France, the young South African had been buried alive by a mine. Later Ryall had been attached "to Mr. Eric Maclagen as intelligence officer charged with relations with the French Press on the assembling of the Peace Conference in Paris, and shortly afterwards, on Mr. Maclagen's recommendation, had been appointed by the Manchester Guardian to the post of Paris correspondent left vacant since the war-time expulsion from France of that paper's gifted representative, Robert Dell."

Ryall had darting, brilliant eyes, "and a mouth always twisted in a self-deprecatory if sardonic grin." In New York as a columnist for the old New York World under the name of William Bolitho, he made "an entirely new and brilliant reputation for himself as essayist, epigrammatist and author of one posthumously-produced . . . play."

William Ryall Bolitho died in France June 2, 1930.

Fenton's Apprenticeship, pp. 188-189, very thoroughly fills in the details of the arrangement whereby Hemingway was able to work for both Universal (used by Hearst's morning papers), and International News Service. The Universal assignment was practically the equivalent of a twenty-four hour service in so far as it depended on spot news without much opportunity for feature material.

Slocombe, The Tumult and the Shouting, p. 192, gives Hemingway passing mention in his chapter on the Lausanne Conference: "At a busy
typewriter outside the door of the British Press-room, cabling hourly 
bulletins to Mr. Hearst's International News Service, sat the athletic,
youthful figure of a future best-seller, Ernest Hemingway, then all 
unconscious of his coming literary celebrity."

In *A Moveable Feast*, p. 25, Hemingway mentions that he was writing 
for two news services. He recalls that when he returned from different 
newspaper assignments, he would stop in to visit Gertrude Stein. "When I 
had come back from trips that I had made to the different political 
conferences or to the Near East or Germany for the Canadian paper and the 
news services that I worked for she wanted me to tell her about all the 
amusing details."

28 A short but similar description of Price is in Slocombe's 
*Tumult and the Shouting*, p. 57: "The Daily Mail was chiefly represented 
in Europe by George Ward Price, still the most active and experienced of 
its correspondents abroad. Erect, elegant and monocled, smiling with a 
flash of white teeth in a bronzed face, Ward Price concealed a consider­
able and tireless industry behind a carefully acquired air of insou­
ciance."

29 Regarding Price's interviews with Mussolini, J. H. Brittain, 
the Foreign Services Supervisor of the Daily Mail informed me that Price 
"had no fewer than seven interviews with Mussolini between 1923 and 
1936." Mr. Brittain was unable to offer any information about Price's 
relationship with Hemingway because Price died in August 1961. Letter 
to S.R.M., April 14, 1965.

30 For details on Hemingway's and Price's activities at the 
Lausanne Conference, Mr. Donald C. Gallup, Curator of the Collection of 
American Literature at Yale University Library very kindly checked a 
letter from Ward Price to Charles Fenton in the Fenton papers. The 
letter, dated August 3, 1952, is the one Fenton refers to in *Apprentice­
ship*, p. 282, 20n.

Mr. Gallup tells me that this seems to be the only letter from 
Price, and that it refers to the period between November 1922 and March 
1923 when Price and Hemingway covered the Lausanne Conference. 
Price had written: "During those months I became fairly familiar 
with him. We used to meet in a gymnasium at Lausanne for sparring bouts. 
I recall a punch on the chest which I received during one of these boxing 
interludes which was so painful afterward that I thought he had splintered 
a rib.

"I knew nothing of his past and . . . should have been surprised 
at the time if anyone had told me that he would found a new school as a 
fiction-writer.

"My recollection is that he had been asked to cover the Lausanne 
Conference by one Frank Mason, of the United Press in Paris (I may be 
wrong about both the name and agency). . . .

"I never saw Hemingway again until the closing phase of Great War 
No. 2, when I was hailed in the Ritz Bar in Paris by a mysterious figure 
with an enormous iron-grey beard, who said: 'You need not cut your old
friends like that--upon which I recognised--with difficulty--my former sparring-partner who had now become one of the world's masters of English prose." Letter from Price to Fenton, August 3, 1952; and very kindly quoted to me in Mr. Donald C. Gallup's letter, April 26, 1965.

Slocombe refers to Hamilton in The Tumult and the Shouting, pp. 58-60, as Ryall's successor as Paris correspondent of the Manchester Guardian. John G. Hamilton was a "sensitive, charming and brilliant" reporter whom Slocombe first knew "as an ardent pacifist employed in the paradoxical role of Military Correspondent," who interviewed Curzon at Lausanne.

Slocombe, p. 62, mentions Lester Lawrence, who represented the Morning Post in Berlin and subsequently in Paris. Lawrence was "a timid and scholarly man with an unsuspected quality of wit."

In Back to Montparnasse, p. 84, Huddleston speaks of "dear old Hamilton of the Manchester Guardian." He cites Lester Lawrence as one of a group of foreign correspondents who often met for meals.

Curzon "was known irreverently to his subordinates in the Foreign Office as 'the Imperial Buffer,' and sometimes as 'the Imperial Butler.' He had even been greeted thus by a hasty official who imagined he was telephoning to the Secretary of State's private secretary, when the Marquess himself, unknown to the official, was at the other end of the wire; and with that sudden and devastating humour of his he had taken the epithet not unkindly."

Lord Curzon failed with the Turkish general Ismet Pasha because the Western European diplomats did not realize that the "corpulent, greasy, garrulous gentlemen with a mild rolling eye and a hand outstretched for graft" had been replaced by nationalistic, lean, silent young men "who had studied the manners of the Occident in the universities of Paris and Berlin; who had acquired Western culture and with it the disdain of Western civilisation. . . . Lord Curzon, in particular, exhaustive authority though he was on the Oriental, did not know, understand or apprehend the new Turkey, and from that ignorance arose much of the controversy, deadlock and misunderstanding of the first and second Lausanne Conferences."

In "A Paris Letter," p. 156, Hemingway states, "What makes you feel bad is the perfectly calm way everyone speaks about the next war. It is accepted and taken for granted. All right. Europe has always had wars. But we can keep out of this next one. And the only way to keep out of it is not to go in it; not for any reason. There will be plenty of good reasons. But we must keep out of it. If kids want to go to see what war is like, or for the love of any nation, let them go as individuals. Anyone has a right to go who wants to. But we, as a country, have no business in it and we must keep out."

Ernest Hemingway, "Wings Always Over Africa," 'An ornithological letter,' Esquire, V (January 1936), 31. All subsequent references to this article will be made in the text.
The dispatch Hemingway uses varies slightly from the original, "9,476 Italian Casualties Pass Suez in Six Days," New York Herald Tribune, November 14, 1935, p. 4. This relates the following from Port Said:

"Ten Italian steamers passed through the Suez Canal between November 6 and November 12 carrying 9,476 wounded and sick soldiers back to Italy, it was learned tonight."

Earlier reports had been equally uninformative. As early as October 10, 1935, The Washington Post, p. 4, headlined "10,000 Italian soldiers suffering from tropical diseases" and had nothing more of importance in a brief article.

The Chicago Tribune, November 3, 1935, p. 2, headlines "7 Ships Take 2,204 Italian Invalids from East Africa" and stated the seven ship-loads were bound for the Dodecanese Islands.

The New York Times, November 4, 1935, p. 17, stated "Ships Carry Italian Wounded." The dispatch quoted a report from a Port Said newspaper which said "7 Italian ships had arrived from the Red Sea, most of them conveying wounded from East Africa."

A good deal of attention had been focused on the defection of Haile Selassie's son-in-law. "The Front: Gugsa Makes Good," Time, XXVI (November 18, 1935), 16, derisively revealed how Haile Selassie Gugsa, bug-eyed, traitorous son-in-law of Emperor Haile Selassie, rode in triumph last week into his old capital of Makale. Riding on a jackass, the traitor wore an embroidered velvet chieftain's robe over his Italian army uniform. Ras Gugsa, whose tribesmen led the unopposed Italian advance all the way from Aduwa, 60 miles to the north last week, moved into the palace at Makale where he has been appointed puppet governor by Italian general de Bono.

Hemingway's lead sentence closely approximates the Port Said dispatch in the New York Herald Tribune for November 14, 1935. See note two above. Moreover, it seems very possible that Hemingway was in New York at this time because the same issue of the Herald Tribune in its "Rod and Gun" column by Donald Stillman, p. 25, announced: "At the meeting of the Salt Water Anglers of America on Tuesday evening [November 12, 1935], C. Blackburn Miller was elected president, succeeding Mrs. Oliver C. Grinnell, who had announced her intention of retiring some time ago. Ernest Hemingway was elected first vice-president and Orton Dale second vice-president. Ben Farrier remains treasurer and Ralph Grinnell was elected secretary."

Erl Roman, "Angler's Notes," Miami Herald, November 17, 1935, p. 4C, adds that the meeting took place in the Gramercy Park Hotel in New York. Speaking of Hemingway, Roman states: "One of Mr. Miller's most valuable allies, a newcomer in the affairs of the Salt Water Anglers of America, but an old-timer in the world of sport, will be that well-known and well-liked author, Ernest Hemingway, who was elected to the office of first vice-president. Ernest will lend to the organization a stimulating influence, for this author-angler not only is noted for his achievements in big-game fishing but has contributed much material of scientific value through his study of marlin and tuna in Cuban and Bimini waters. He is a
resident of Key West, but spends considerable time in Miami and Bimini. His bulldog strength and persistency, as well as his unfailing good humor and courtesy, has made him stand out among anglers like a lighthouse."

38 Ward Price helped popularize this myth. In his book, I Know These Dictators (London, 1937), pp. 198-199. Price, foreign correspondent for the Rothermere London Daily Mail, says: "The climax came in September 1920 when all over Northern Italy workers seized the factories, in defiance of their own trade-union leaders, and declared their intention to run them for their own benefit. I was in Turin at the time and saw many indications that Italy was heading for Bolshevism..."

"Nothing has ever brought home more vividly to me the achievements of the Fascist regime than a second visit which I paid to those works three years later, which was twelve months after Mussolini came to power." By that time, most of the truculent Communists had become good Fascists.

39 "In Another Country," Scribner's Magazine, LXXXI (April 1927), 355-357, in part, describes the physical therapy an American officer and his fellow Italian officers receive each day in Milan. The American recalls: "There were three boys who came each day who were about the same age I was. They were all three from Milan, and one of them was to be a lawyer, and one was to be a painter, and one had intended to be a soldier, and after we were finished with the machines, sometimes we walked back together to the Cafe Cova, which was next door to the Scala. We walked the short way through the communist quarter because we were four together. The people hated us because we were officers, and from a wineshop some one called out, 'A basso gli ufficiali!!!'

An interview, "Hemingway talks to American youth," This Week Magazine, October 18, 1959, p. 26, tells how he learned so many languages. "I was in Italy for quite a while during the first World War, and I picked up the language quickly and thought I spoke it rather well. But after I'd been wounded, I had to spend some time on therapy machines, exercising my wounded leg, and I became friends with an Italian major who was also getting therapy on the machines."

This section of Hemingway's interview affords an interesting comparison with "In Another Country" and "Wings Always Over Africa."

40 Hemingway, This Week Magazine, p. 26.
41 A Farewell to Arms, pp. 54-55.
42 Ibid., p. 13.
CHAPTER IX

INTERIM MOMENTS IN THE LIFE OF THE WRITER

"No one of us lives by as rigid standards nor has as good ethics as we planned but an attempt is made."

--Hemingway, "The Christmas Gift"

I. "Monologue to the Maestro"

The preoccupation with world affairs in "Notes on the Next War" is not discernible in "Monologue to the Maestro," Hemingway's October 1935 Esquire letter which propounds his theories on writing. His reason is explicitly stated in his lead sentence: "About a year and a half ago a young man came to the front door of the house in Key West and said that he had hitch-hiked down from upper Minnesota to ask your correspondent a few questions about writing." A further reason, in no way hinted at, may be that Green Hills of Africa will appear in book form during October; therefore Hemingway's "monologue" may, in reality, be his soapbox to instruct his erring critics and misguided readers.

His audience of one, Arnold Samuelson, nicknamed the Maestro because he played the violin, did stay for several months in Key West where he worked as night watchman on the Pilar and helped out on some of Hemingway's fishing trips. Hemingway is impressed with the Maestro's seriousness of purpose but he maintains that what the Maestro has already written is abominable. Real seriousness, Hemingway declares, is "one of the two absolute necessities. The other, unfortunately, is talent."
choice of the adverb *unfortunately* implies this is what the Maestro lacks, although this is never openly stated. The Samuelson-Hemingway discussion bears a slight but pertinent resemblance to a De Maupassant-Flaubert conversation. De Maupassant records that he submitted some essays to Flaubert, who read them and told De Maupassant: "I don't know if you have any talent. What you brought to me shows a certain intelligence, but don't forget this, young man, that talent—according to Chateaubriand—is nothing but long patience. Work." Worthless as a seaman, the Maestro may yet be a writer, Hemingway claims, but he is never going to let himself be plagued again by an aspiring writer on the practice of letters. "Your correspondent takes the practice of letters, as distinct from the writing of these monthly letters, very seriously; but dislikes intensely talking about it with almost anyone alive" (p. 21). If he is on the defensive for an occasionally mediocre performance in *Esquire*, Hemingway cagily exonerates himself by this assertion.

A touch of bravado lightly colors Hemingway's decision to present his theories on writing:

If they can deter anyone from writing he should be deterred.
If they can be of use to anyone your correspondent is pleased.
If they bore you there are plenty of pictures in the magazine that you may turn to.
Your correspondent's excuse for presenting them is that some of the information contained would have been worth fifty cents to him when he was twenty-one (p. 21).

The ensuing question-answer repartee furnishes a stimulating disclosure of Hemingway's aesthetic theory which renders this 2300-word letter genuinely valuable in any serious consideration of his writings.

He begins with the distinction between good writing and bad writing. "Good writing is true writing. If a man is making a story up
it will be true in proportion to the amount of knowledge of life that he
has and how conscientious he is; so that when he makes something up it is
as it would truly be." If a writer continually fakes about things he
knows nothing of, eventually he will be unable to write honestly at all.
The two prerequisites for a good writer, Hemingway insists, are honesty
and imagination (and it is noteworthy that these are terms in his
"Foreward" to Green Hills of Africa). But Hemingway quickly admits that
no one knows "a damned thing" about the imagination "except that it is
what we get for nothing." Or "it may be racial experience," Hemingway
remarks, although he never develops this any further. In what is tanta-
mount to instructing the critics who have found his work behavioristic,
autobiographical, and spectatorial, Hemingway ingenuously passes off this
comment:

The more a good writer learns from experience the more truly
he can imagine. If he gets so he can imagine truly enough
people will think that the things he relates all really hap-
pened and that he is just reporting it (p. 21).

The Maestro's dead-pan question, "Where will it differ from
reporting?" gives Hemingway an opportunity to answer a frequent objection
to his work and to acknowledge, indirectly, how this charge against his
work has persisted. At the same time, his answer firmly distinguishes
literature from journalism:

If it was reporting they would not remember it. When you
describe something that has happened that day the timeliness
makes people see it in their own imaginations. A month later
that element of time is gone and your account would be flat
and they would not see it in their minds nor remember it.
But if you make it up instead of describe it you can make it
round and whole and solid and give it life. You create it
for good or bad. It is made; not described. It is just as
true as the extent of your ability to make it and the
knowledge you put into it (p. 21).
In other words, the timeliness, the immediacy of the event makes a writer's description of it clearer to the readers' imaginations, but a month later the same event is neither seen in their minds (or imaginations, if we assume that Hemingway is using the words mind and imagination interchangeably), nor remembered in the same manner as when it occurred. This may be the crux of Hemingway's theory: if the topic he is writing about is timely, his readers bring their own individual responses to it; the author's description of the event simply enlarges, embellishes, widens, and reconstructs their responses. A month later they have forgotten the event and the writer's description (perhaps unconsciously dependent on his readers' awareness) draws or portrays a scene which is now sterile to his readers because their immediate reactions to the event have passed. Therefore when an author can make it up---invent, put together, bring into being, create, call it what you will---he takes the event out of time and impregnates it with a timeless-ness which gives it life. It becomes true (or life-like) in proportion to the author's knowledge of that event, and his ability (or talent) to let his imagination (that which he has gotten for nothing--his unique gift) shape it into something round, whole, solid, and vital. The Romantic concept of the imagination is clearly discernible in Hemingway's concept of the artist, the maker, the creator.

If Hemingway smells of the museums as Gertrude Stein maintains, he supplements the Romantic theory of the imagination with a few modern concepts of his own. As a reporter, Hemingway has had years of practice describing, portraying, reporting the events which he has seen. He has
observed or lived through so many things as Hemingway, the journalist, that when he becomes Hemingway, the artist, these same experiences, objects, through the artist's gift of the imagination, become subjects; there is a fusion of observer with participant, a fusion which may be romantic in concept and, on occasion, in content; nevertheless, it is a fusion which he renders modern through technique, method, style—namely, the style of the reporter. The modern critics who label his fiction mere reporting have been so unperceptive and uncomprehending, Hemingway insinuates, that they have failed to recognize his artistic talents, his creative imagination, which so truthfully recreated these events and, at the same time, so shaped them, they appear to be simply reporting.

Like the critics, Maestro fails to understand this too: Hemingway's talent is in re-creating life through the shaping powers of his imagination which works on experiences he truly knows to such an extent and in such a way that it seems all these things really happened and that he is simply reporting them. Undeterred, the Maestro asks about the mechanics of writing; we feel Hemingway's irritation as he snaps: "Like pencil or typewriter?" But he slyly blends theory with practicality in his explanation of how a writer must work over what he writes if he aims to "convey everything, every sensation, sight, feeling, place and emotion to the reader." By using a pencil, the writer sets up three opportunities, re-reading, typing, and proof-reading, to see if the reader is getting what the author wants him to.

Hemingway's next dictum, that it is best to stop writing each day "when you are going good and when you know what will happen next" (p. 174A) is equivalent to a form of insurance. In A Moveable Feast he
demonstrates the efficacy of this idea and repeats almost verbatim what he has said in "Monologue to the Maestro": "It was wonderful to walk down the long flights of stairs knowing that I'd had good luck working. I always worked until I had something done and I always stopped when I knew what was going to happen next. That way I could be sure of going on the next day." 7

His advice to the Maestro is much the same: "Always stop while you are going good and don't think about it or worry about it until you start to write the next day. That way your subconscious will work on it all the time. But if you think about it consciously or worry about it you will kill it and your brain will be tired before you start" (p. 174A). A Moveable Feast is similar: "I learned not to think about anything that I was writing from the time I stopped writing until I started again the next day. That way my subconscious would be working on it." 8 Hemingway advises the Maestro to re-read and correct his work each day; once the manuscript becomes too long for this procedure, he should re-read the entire work once a week, although he must read the last few chapters over each day to keep his story moving. This is the means of unifying theme, form and emotion, although Hemingway does not use this terminology.

As for short stories, Hemingway tells the Maestro he does not usually know the outcome in advance: "I start to make it up and have happen what would have to happen as it goes along" (p. 174A). A Moveable Feast illustrates these theories: "I took out a notebook from the pocket of the coat and a pencil and started to write. I was writing about up in Michigan and since it was a wild, cold, blowing day it was that sort of
day in the story. . . . The story was writing itself and I was having a hard time keeping up with it. . . . Then I went back to writing and I entered far into the story and was lost in it. I was writing it now and it was not writing itself and I did not look up nor know anything about the time nor think where I was nor order any more rum. . . . Then the story was finished and I was very tired. 9 If we place the story, "The Three Day Blow" (1925), in the setting which Hemingway creates in A Moveable Feast and apply his dictum about having "happen what would have to happen as it goes along," we begin to appreciate his interesting (and logical) development.

If this does not correspond to what the Maestro has been taught in college, Hemingway responds defensively and offensively: "I never went to college. If any sonofabitch could write he wouldn't have to teach writing in college" (p. 174A). 10 With his competitive itch asserting itself, Hemingway lists some books a writer must read to know what he has to beat. Many of these are named in "Remembering Shooting-Flying" plus several additional titles, including Stephen Crane's "The Open Boat," and "The Blue Hotel," and Henry James's "Madame de Mauvers" [sic], "The Turn of the Screw," The Portrait of a Lady, and The American. 11 Hemingway's desire to excel and to move beyond the existing records again manifests itself in his personal code:

What a writer in our time has to do is write what hasn't been written before or beat dead men at what they have done. The only way he can tell how he is going is to compete with dead men. Most live writers do not exist. Their fame is created by critics who always need a genius of the season, someone they understand completely and feel safe in praising, but when these fabricated geniuses are dead they will not exist. The only people for a serious writer to compete with are the dead that he knows are good. It is like a miler
running against the clock rather than simply trying to beat whoever is in the race with him. Unless he runs against time he will never know what he is capable of attaining (p. 174B).

His appraisal is significant; those writers of the moment, such as Stark Young or William Saroyan in 1934, are today virtually non-existent. The "best-sellers" of the 1930's, such as "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze," and So Red the Rose, made such in many cases by the critical fanfare attending their publication, are today often unknown and unread. Time is a deciding factor—the books which have withstood this test are the books the writer has to "beat." Flaubert, in part, expressed much the same notion to De Maupassant. "Talent is a long patience—it is a question of looking long enough at everything that one wants to express with enough attention in order to discover an aspect which hasn't been seen or told by anyone."12

The bluff, the bravado, the bluster mask Hemingway's integrity, but such images are deliberately adapted to puzzle, mislead, and confuse his facile imitators and hostile critics. "Monologue to the Maestro" is not marred by any flashy, high-sounding phraseology foreign to the general tone of Hemingway's writings. Once again he poses distinctions: the serious writer versus the solemn one, the sincere versus the affected, the professional versus the amateur. Hemingway's training rules, "five finger exercises" (to "find out what gave you the emotion...[to] write it down making it clear so the reader will see it too and have the same feeling that you had"), reveal the discipline he imposes on himself. "Then get in somebody else's head for a change... As a writer you should not judge. You should understand" (p. 174B). The artist, the
creator, the serious, sincere professional writer is omniscient; this automatically obviates his judging others.

Finally, Hemingway stresses listening to others, recalling events and emotions, and thinking of other people. The writer as a man cannot be superior to the people he writes about; he has to feel for them, he has to experience, participate, become one with them, or his talent is a sterile one. By not judging others, the writer utilizes his gift. Only by writing and more writing will a man learn if he has the gift, the talent, an absolute necessity for a good writer. After five years of serious effort, should the Maestro find he is no good as a writer, Hemingway suggests he shoot himself. With that, Hemingway abruptly terminates his discourse on the practice of letters.

II. "Million Dollar Fright"

"Million Dollar Fright," Hemingway's December 1935 Esquire letter, varies in one way from several of his more recent ones in that it centers exclusively on the recent Louis-Baer prize fight. Had the match been a few days earlier, Hemingway's article would have been published in the November Esquire. His 'New York Letter' vividly portrays the heavyweight fight between Joe Louis and Max Baer, which Hemingway attended September 24, 1935. He injects the same seriousness, evenness, highly sustained level of smooth but not slick writing into this letter as he has in several of his more recent ones. Although he never uses the words professional and amateur, "Million Dollar Fright" is nevertheless one with the hunting and fishing letters wherein Hemingway clearly and unmistakably defines and upholds his credo of sports ethics.
The distinction between the amateur and the professional is suggested in the introductory sections on the kingbird and the ratel. The anecdotal method climaxed with an ingeniously employed analogy, which functions so skillfully in "The Malady of Power," gives way in "Million Dollar Fright" to straight analogy. The lead sentence of the approximately 2,000-word letter implies a difference between the motives of the professional and those of the amateur: "There is no money in it for the kingbird when he chases off the eagle."

Three terse, informative sentences reveal that the small, trim kingbird bullies other birds about eight to ten times his size, has but a small beak to peck with, and a heart to back it up as he works in close to crows, hawks, and eagles.

The last sentence of this first paragraph established the analogy: "Your correspondent suggests that if Maxie Baer ever attempts to fight publicly, for money, again, he should first be given a forcible feeding of kingbird eggs" (p. 35).

Three more paragraphs completely expose Baer's deficiencies as Hemingway educates his readers on the ferocity of the ratel, or honey badger, a small animal about twice the size of a house cat. One of the bravest, most truculent, and dangerous animals, the ratel will attack any man who comes within twenty-five feet of him. If the man does not kill the ratel and if he does not run from it, the carnivorous mammal keeps attacking and "will rip out, tear, bite and mangle that part of a man which is most vulnerable and irreplaceable." A few suggestive, gossipy innuendos are superimposed on Hemingway's analogy through his assertion: "There is no record of a ratel ever having been doped, or
have the rats ever spent much time around the hot spots. No ratel, as far as we have been able to ascertain, has ever gone in for radio skits."

Hemingway does not openly admit that he is smashing Baer with these insinuations nor does he permit these gossip items to overshadow the fundamental purpose of his letter as he ties up the second part of his analogy: "most important, no one has ever been able to scare a ratel" (p. 35).

Hemingway strongly advises Baer to build himself up spiritually on a diet of ratel hearts before he ever again fights for money. Should he ever fight Louis again, Baer might even be dangerous, Hemingway sneers, if he were in a pack of rats which had been trained according to the Queensbury [sic] rules. His stinging sarcasm is cut short with a terse, outspoken, incriminating two sentence paragraph which reduces Baer to dust:

The Louis-Baer fight was the most disgusting public spectacle, outside of a hanging, that your correspondent has ever witnessed. What made it disgusting was fear (p. 35).

Perhaps Hemingway remembers that he once accused several sports writers of moral superiority toward the boxers about whom they wrote; it seems imperative that he defend his extremely severe, unequivocal judgment with the claim that "there is no feeling of superiority implied or involved in this criticism." To prove it, Hemingway sincerely admits that he has experienced various forms of fear, forms common to all men. Have we not all experienced the fear that paralyzes our legs and makes our voice sound strange when we hear it? Hemingway is also familiar with the sweating, deadly fear that you can get on a ledge, climbing; the hollow, gone-in-the-stomach fear before a bombardment; the dry, sudden dread of eternity that can come
in a flash like the slamming open of a furnace door and leaves you hollow for a month until the dried springs of your courage seep back (p. 35).

And having been frighten ed many times in the past, Hemingway assumes that "with luck" he will be frightened many more. To him, fear is the "greatest catharsis that there is; the difficulty is in controlling the dose and having proper plumbing fixtures handy. But fear, no matter how good it may be for you, is a hell of a public spectacle" (p. 35).

In a terse resumé of the fight between Louis and Baer, Hemingway confesses that "as an ordinary human being" he can understand the fear that Baer had of Joe Louis; but when Baer became so numb with fear that he finally stopped even attempting to punch Louis, when Baer's efforts to foul out proved so futile that he went down in the fourth round and absolutely refused to get up as referee Art Donovan was counting and urging him to fight—with such non-professionalism as this Hemingway has no sympathy. Contemptuously, he sneers at Baer's exhibition:

Sure, all of us ordinary human beings have been scared, but we were not ex-heavyweight champions of the world, nor did they charge twenty-five dollars a seat to see us scared, nor did they ever present it as an edifying spectacle, nor were we paid $215,370.00 for furnishing the fear. Certainly Baer furnished little else. He had never bothered to learn his trade; if he had, he would have had something else to think about (p. 190B).

Notorious for his indifference to training as well as his fondness for soft living, night life, and women, Baer lost the heavyweight championship to Jim Braddock in June 1935 in a major upset decision, which caught many of the newspapermen and tipsters by surprise. For these reasons, Hemingway scoffs at the "wise boys" whose predictions are loaded with "much more wisdom after the fact." He doesn't know and, from the tone
of his letter, doesn't care to know how Baer had bet on the Louis fight. He simply knows that Baer was scared sick and speculates that perhaps Baer was afraid of death because "Frankie Campbell died after a beating by Max." If this is the case, Hemingway is even more disgusted because "that sort of fear ought not to be sold as a public spectacle" (p. 190B).\(^9\)

The excoriation over, Hemingway focuses on Joe Louis.

Without degenerating into sentimental, vapid hero worship, Hemingway's admiration for Louis is close to panegyric. One of his most fully written accounts of a major sports figure's prowess, Hemingway presents a microscopically detailed, deeply penetrating, keenly visualized analysis of the up-and-coming Negro boxer's potentiality. If a person knows nothing about boxing techniques, Hemingway's careful reconstruction of Louis's performance offers an excellent course in fundamentals without, paradoxically, seeming fundamental. For instance:

Louis is too good to be true and he is absolutely true. He fights out of a geometrically correct, absolutely unhittable bombproof shelter that he shuffles in and out but mostly in. It is easier to go forward flatfooted than to go back. If he had no punch he would still be a perfect boxer. The way he carries his hands a hooker can't get around his forearms and elbows and he will punch inside of a hook. He has a beautiful jab that is loose instead of stiff and tight, as most good straight lefts are, and because it is loose he can turn it when it is half way to its target, or perhaps even three quarters of the way, and hook with it after it has started as a jab without there being a break in the motion. That is a miracle of co-ordination (p. 190B).

On the basis of past performers that he has seen, Hemingway feels certain that Louis would beat Dempsey on the best day Dempsey ever saw,\(^{20}\) that he would beat Langford although "it would be a wonderful fight";\(^{21}\) but that Johnson would beat Louis on points;\(^{22}\) and that "Tunney at his peak would have the best style to beat Louis."\(^{23}\)
Realistically, Hemingway admits that someone will beat Louis finally: if soon, it will be by accident; if later, it will be that Louis has been softened by prosperity. No matter how publicly disgusting a spectacle Baer made of himself, Hemingway is completely enthralled with the superb performance Louis gave 83,000 fans at the Yankee Stadium:

We who have seen him [Louis] now, light on his feet, smooth moving as a leopard, a young man with an old man's science, the most beautiful fighting machine that I have ever seen, may live to see him fat, slow, old and bald taking a beating from some younger man. But I would like to hazard a prediction that whoever beats Joe Louis in an honest fight in the next fifteen years will have to get up off the floor to do it. And our Maxie does not get off the floor with any such projects in mind (p. 190B).

This paean of praise is prophetically accurate and movingly poetic. Louis became the heavyweight champion of the world when he knocked out Jim Braddock in June 1937 and held the title until 1948 when he retired from the ring after defeating Joe Walcott on points. During this time he defended the title more times than any man in the history of boxing.24

In one sense, "Million Dollar Fright" proves that old newsmen Hemingway can beat the veterans at their own game25 because this sports letter is undoubtedly one of his finest Esquire contributions. In another, "Million Dollar Fright" testifies that former reporter Hemingway meticulously observed and recorded every movement by the two boxers, and that not a motion has blurred in his memory. Baer is the non-thinking amateur--the man who does not love the sport he practices.26 What makes him so obnoxious to Hemingway is the way he flaunts the code professional boxers live by.
All human beings have fear just as all human beings perform certain natural functions. But children are trained not to perform these functions in public and fighters are trained not to be frightened while fighting. If they know their trade they have something else to think about. If they do not know their trade and are frightened while fighting, they have no business being fighters any more than a gamecock has any business being a gamecock (p. 190B).

Louis is the thinking professional—the sportsman who loves his trade and shares it with others through a professionally-inspiring performance.

"Seen within this framework of professionalism, Hemingway's work and the statement it makes become much more forceful and persuasive. The public ridiculousness which has often been thrust upon him vanishes."27

These remarks become ironically meaningful if we glance through the New York papers the day after the fight. If the literary columnists had nothing to say about Hemingway's visit to New York, the society and gossip columnists made up for them. One pointed out that Hemingway was the reigning deity at the Stork Club where such notables as Sidney Franklin the bullfighter, and Woolworth Donahue paid homage to him.28 Another columnist snapped: "At the Stork Club... Ernest Hemingway, the stark writer of the post-war generation, was being entertained by Winston Guest, the polo player. The Mr. Hemingway who recently complained bitterly in New Masses about the way a hurricane blew 648 World War veterans off the Florida keys was arrayed in spectacles and was obviously happy."29

Hemingway did not have to work at his public image; it seems almost bizarre that he should be singled out for such notice which, in some cases, the press created for him. Many of those who complained the loudest about the Hemingway legend were the very ones who nurtured it
along. To some, what Hemingway wrote paled in comparison with what he did. Through insinuations and innuendos, some members of the press cast an unpleasant shadow over inconsequential and trivial events. For this reason, Hemingway's bitterness and hatred for New York is understandable and justifiable.
Footnotes to Chapter IX


2 Ernest Hemingway, "Monologue to the Maestro," A High Seas Letter, Esquire, IV (October 1935), 21. All subsequent references to this article will be made in the text.

3 According to Leicester Hemingway, pp. 172-174, Arnold hitchhiked to Key West to have Ernest teach him the tricks of the trade. Samuelson spent some years at a state university in the Middle West, worked on a newspaper and other various jobs. Leicester states that Arnold "became Ernest's only acknowledged pupil." Both Hemingways agree that Arnold was not much of a seaman, although Leicester is not so blunt as his brother. Leicester continues that "Arnold, the 'Maestro,' had made several trips out to the Stream and had proved that he had stamina though he had yet to find his sea legs. Balance is a thing no man starts life with, and balance on the deck of a small boat is an acquired ability that comes only with practice. The tension of the Maestro's arms and legs as he braced himself against the irregular movements of the sea was enough to make any observer's heart go out to him. He was always fearful of another pratfall, or a verbal boner. Yet he was so well meaning that everyone around liked him and felt a gentle sympathy."


5 The "Foreward" to Green Hills of Africa reads:
   "Unlike many novels, none of the characters or incidents in this book is imaginary. Any one not finding sufficient love interest is at liberty, while reading it, to insert whatever love interest he or she may have at the time. The writer has attempted to write an absolutely true book to see whether the shape of a country and the pattern of a month's action can, if truly presented, compete with a work of the imagination."

   A far more ambiguous statement is made in the "Preface" to A Moveable Feast: "If the reader prefers, this book may be regarded as fiction. But there is always the chance that such a book of fiction may throw some light on what has been written as fact." Over this twenty-five year period, the distinctions between the real and the imaginary, the experienced and the re-created moment never vanished from Hemingway's consciousness.

6 Stein, in The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas, p. 266, claims:
   "And that is Hemingway, he looks like a modern and he smells of the museums."

7 A Moveable Feast, p. 12.
Hemingway's touchiness about college writing courses is discernible in his letter, "Who Knows How?" Creating the Short Story, ed. Henry Goodman (New York, 1929), p. 121. Hemingway relates how he wrote "The Undefeated" for the benefit of the professor's classes. He claims he got the idea on a bus, worked all through lunch, and for several successive morning at various cafes. He states that he wrote "The Killers" in Madrid when he woke up after lunch. The next morning he wrote "Today Is Friday," but he can't remember what he had for lunch [fish, perhaps?]; that afternoon it snowed.

His closing paragraph is more humorous: "My other stories have been written mostly in bed in the morning. If the above is not practical for the pupils perhaps they could substitute Fifth Avenue bus for AE bus; Saks for the Bon Marche; drug store for cafe—I believe there would be little difference except that they might not be permitted to write in a drug store." [Nor would they be able to drink—Prohibition notwithstanding.]

The other books which Hemingway lists in "Monologue to the Maestro," p. 174E, are Captain Marryat's Midshipman Easy, Frank Mildmay and Peter Simple, Flaubert's L'Education Sentimentale, Joyce's Portrait of the Artist and Ulysses, Fielding's Tom Jones and Joseph Andrews, and all the good De Maupassant, and all the good Kipling.


He claims: "That will hold you for a while. If you've read them, then reread them. Read a story by Thomas Mann called 'Disorder and Early Sorrow.' Read 'Buddenbrooks.' Skip all late Mann."


The November 1935 Esquire went on sale about the fifteenth of October. Hemingway's copy was usually submitted about a month before this. Thus, in the case of the Louis-Baer fight, the event itself was simply about ten days to two weeks too late for Hemingway to write up his account for the November issue of Esquire.
Ernest Hemingway, "Million Dollar Fight," 'A New York Letter,' Esquire, IV (December 1935), 35. All subsequent references to this article will be cited in text.

The title itself is apropos because the fight did bring in a little over $1,000,000, according to the New York World-Telegram, September 25, 1935, p. 34.

Baer's after-hours activities had long been a topic of news. In The Heavyweight Championship, pp. 228, 230, Fleischer says Baer's name appeared regularly in the newspapers from 1933 on—for more than boxing. "Spicy tales of his colorful and frequent amours played their part in helping to keep his name before the public. Baer added to the general gaiety by traveling around in an expensive limousine, with his own chauffeur and staff of 'social secretaries,' and he became a regular habitue of Broadway and Hollywood night clubs."

"By 1934, Max had made a big name in the amusement world, cashed in on his tremendous popularity with boxing exhibitions, with stage and radio appearances and as a motion picture actor. He starred in The Prizefighter and the Lady with Primo Carnera appearing as Max's opponent in a ring battle."

After he won the heavyweight championship from Primo Carnera June 14, 1934, he was busy with night club and radio performances.


See Fleischer, pp. 228-229. Art Donovan apparently had little sympathy for Baer. Fleischer notes that Donovan refereed the fight between Baer and Max Schmeling June 8, 1933, and warned Baer seven times for violation of rules.

Jim Braddock won the heavyweight title from Baer June 13, 1935. According to Fleischer, p. 231, Braddock had been given almost no chance of winning. Baer did not take the match seriously. He trained in a slapdash careless manner and was not in good physical condition. Consequently, "the boxing world was given a stunning shock by Braddock's smart determined fight. He outboxed and outgeneraled the Californian all the way to win a unanimous decision and the heavyweight title."

See Fleischer, p. 232. In a fight in San Francisco in 1930, Baer knocked out Frankie Campbell in the fifth round and Campbell never regained consciousness.

But Fleischer treads gingerly on Baer's defeat by Louis. He states: "Though Baer trained hard and faithfully for the bout, he again proved a bitter disappointment to his followers. He made few offensive gestures against the sharpshooting young Negro, and Louis battered him into submission in four one-sided rounds."

For a run-down of Dempsey's career as a boxer, see Fleischer, pp. 169-182. Dempsey usually gets the short end of it in Hemingway's appraisals. That Dempsey was more a slugger than an orthodox boxer may be the reason; too, it may be that Hemingway was critical of the fact that Dempsey did not serve in the First World War.
According to Johnston, *Ten—And Out!* pp. 165, 195, 203, Langford's most outstanding characteristic as a boxer was his spirit and determination in a fight, no matter what the odds against him.

Whether or not Hemingway ever saw Jack Johnson fight is debatable, although it seems improbable. Nevertheless Hemingway read widely, "and everything he says of Jack Johnson, in the *Esquire* article, has been said before and therefore he could have taken his line from his reading. Among old-line boxing experts (and there are few still living) Jack Johnson was generally regarded as the best of all heavyweights, so Hemingway's assessment is not unique, and may not even be personal." (Letter from W. C. Heinz to S.R.M., May 10, 1965.)

For a run-down of Tunney's career as a boxer, see Fleischer, pp. 183-195. He agrees with Hemingway that Tunney's true worth as a ring scientist has yet to be acknowledged.

See Fleischer, pp. 243-269, for a summary of Louis's career as heavyweight champion.

Bolitho once remarked to Huddleston, *Back to Montparnasse*, p. 251: "Journalism is only a means to an end; it is absurdly easy and amusing, but one cannot do this absurdly easy and amusing thing all one's life. It is fun to beat the veterans at their own game, but one soon tires of it."


Francis Wallace, "Had A Job And He Done It," *New York World-Telegram*, September 25, 1935, p. 33, noted: "For a man who has been heavyweight champion of the world, and who had been fighting since 1929, Maxie was unbelievably, stupidly amateurish... He had no reflexes, no fighting brain."

Joe Williams, "Joe Louis Silences Critics," *New York World-Telegram*, September 25, 1935, p. 33, anticipated Hemingway's remarks: "The fight was nothing more than a routine workout for the young Detroit Negro, undefeated as a professional and whose record now shows twenty-one knock-outs in twenty-five engagements. The inevitable came near the close of the fourth round with the pale-faced playboy of the boulevards on one knee, severely beaten but completely conscious, taking the count... Maybe Baer was meditating on matters less embarrassing, such as his share of the opulent gate, the end of his imprisonment in the woods, the enticements of the hot spots."

Williams continued much in the same view as Hemingway: "Louis has come along to take his place with the other great Negro fighters of
history, Dixon, Gans, Walcott, Langford and Johnson. He may be the greatest fighter the world ever saw.

"Baer, on the other hand, confirmed the worst fears of the critics. He is absolutely ready for the wet wash artists. No longer is there any mystery about what happened to him in his fight against James J. Braddock. He just didn't have it. He was through then. And he wasn't much better last night.

"Baer's interest in prize fighting as a profession was so slight that he never tried to improve his equipment.

"Baer was none too sure of himself when he entered the ring. He showed this when he kept his back turned to the Negro all during the pre-fight ceremonies. The mistake he made was ever turning around to face him.

"Baer had no business in the ring with Louis, last night or ever."


28 Such was the version in Sutherland Danlinger's column, "Broadway Finds It Took a Prize Fight to Revive Pre-War Night Life," New York World-Telegram, September 25, 1935, p. 3.

CHAPTER X

CONFIRMED AND UNCONFIRMED FISHING REPORTS

"This fishing is what brought you to Cuba in the old days. Then you took a break on a book, or between books, of a hundred days or more and fished every day from sunup to sundown."

—Hemingway, "A situation report"

I. "On the Blue Water"

Although Hemingway is extraordinarily conscious of the increased tension in world affairs as the Italo-Ethiopian war continues, he says nothing more on the subject after his third letter, "Wings Always Over Africa." In fact, for the first time in his dealings with Esquire, he submits a short story, "The Tradesman's Return"—published in the February 1936 issue. Later incorporated as the second part of To Have and Have Not, this story utilizes the Gulf Stream setting, an occasional day's deep sea fishing, fragmentary observations of a charter captain's problems, and a vicious caricature of several top-level government officials. Like many of his earlier Esquire pieces, "The Tradesman's Return" did not find a very receptive audience—at least, not in "The Sound and the Fury" letters.

Hemingway does not appear in the March 1936 Esquire, and there is no editorial comment or explanation given. Once again he occupies the lead position with 'A Gulf Stream Letter,' "On the Blue Water," in the
April 1936 *Esquire.* The opening paragraphs of this lengthy 2600-word letter are among his most puzzling, if not his most disorganized comments: people obsessed with hunting armed men; individuals obsessed with heightening the dangers involved in hunting elephant; and his conversation with an unidentified Richard, one of these elephant hunters, who cannot fathom why Hemingway is so "obsessed" with deep sea fishing. Describing what it is about fishing the Gulf Stream that lures him back again and again, Hemingway's primary purpose of "On the Blue Water" becomes manifest.

In an almost tractarian defense of the compulsions which feed his deep-seated love for big sea fishing, Hemingway describes the Gulf Stream as the last wild, unchanging country left. Danger doesn't have to be planned or manufactured; on the contrary, what are oily calm waters one day may be white-caps the next, or high rolling blue hills of water the next. Besides the unexploited Gulf Stream may well hold fish man has never seen. The excitement is in not knowing "what may take the small tuna that you use for bait" whereas in hunting you know that the top you can get is an elephant.

To prove his hypothesis that bigger marlin and swordfish are still to be caught in the Gulf Stream, Hemingway repeats a few fisherman's tales, although his second-hand accounts are characterized by a rigidly imposed tone of detachment. The first concerns Carlos, Hemingway's fifty-three year old Cuban mate who has fished the Gulf from the time he was seven. Carlos remembers that once, while he was fishing deep, he hooked a white marlin that jumped twice before sounding.
Because his line felt so heavy, Carlos thought he was hooked to the bottom of the sea. A few minutes later, the strain on his line loosened; he hauled up the remains of an eighty-pound white marlin whose insides had been squeezed out by another huge fish which left the impressions of a marlin's mouth on the sides of his mutilated fish.

Another tale is that of an old man pulled far out to sea for forty-eight hours by a marlin he hooked. After he had harpooned it and lashed it to the side of his little boat, the old man struggled valiantly against sharks who feasted on his spectacular catch. By the time the old man was picked up by other fishermen, he was half crazy from his loss and "what was left of the fish, less than half, weighed eight hundred pounds" (p. 184). The germ of The Old Man and the Sea is here, although Hemingway's Nobel Prize narrative vividly illuminates the distinctions he imposes between his fiction and his journalism. Who can say if Hemingway worked on this story during these years, but either could not finish it to his satisfaction, or left it for a future time of more enlightened, perceptive and objective criticism? After all, chapter ten of In our Time anticipates the full-length novel, A Farewell to Arms. His Fortune article on bullfighting roughly outlines Death in the Afternoon. Several of his aesthetic theories in "Monologue to the Maestro" are distilled in A Moveable Feast. Hemingway does, on occasion, revamp his material for his own artistic satisfaction, although he makes no such admission in the course of an interview in 1950. He asserts:

Should I repeat myself? I don't think so. You have to repeat yourself again and again as a man but you should not do so as a writer. . . .
Now I am in calculus. If they don't understand that, to hell with them. I won't be sad and I will not read what they say. They say? What do they say? Let them say. Who the hell wants fame over a week-end? All I want is to write well.7

Nevertheless, it is not begging the question to suggest that Hemingway nurtured the germinal seeds of The Old Man and the Sea for at least fifteen years. Even Fitzgerald's wry observation in a letter to Max Perkins (April 17, 1935) supports this: "I wish I had these great masses of manuscripts stored away like ... Hemingway but this goose is beginning to be pretty thoroughly plucked."8

In "On the Blue Water," Hemingway next speaks of the excitement in fishing from a launch. Hemingway objectively describes the thrilling sight of leaping fish, the thrilling battle between the harnessed angler and his savage catch, and the thrilling sense of mastery the angler experiences as he lands his once wild fish. His detached report also considers the ways fish react when they have been hooked, depending, of course, on where they have been hooked, and the methods a fish that fights deep will use. Hemingway's unidentified listener comments blandly, "Very instructive. ... But where does the thrill come in?"

Hemingway's response smacks of cool, dry, faintly colorful feature writing.

The thrill comes when you are standing at the wheel drinking a cold bottle of beer and watching the outriggers jump the baits so they look like small live tuna leaping along and then behind one you see a long dark shadow wing up and then a big spear thrust out followed by an eye and head and dorsal fin and the tuna jumps with the wave and he's missed it (p. 184).

This ruthless objectivity quickly fades out when Hemingway re-creates his recent struggle with a fish as Carlos shouts wildly about
the bread of his children. Through his dialogue, which enlivens his unsuccessful struggle with the fish, the last section of "On the Blue Water" achieves a timeliness the rest of his letter lacks. In addition, the fisherman's losses are a philosophically accepted fact—even though his family may be depending desperately on financial remuneration for a good catch. This may not be elephant hunting, Hemingway ruefully muses, but, when you have a family, the element of danger is always there. Then in a strange, out-of-place one-sentence paragraph, feebly prepared for by these few lines on danger, whatever Hemingway is preoccupied with momentarily emerges:

And after a while the danger of others is the only danger and there is no end to it nor any pleasure in it nor does it help to think about it (p. 185).

This passage is so vaguely related to the overall purpose of "On the Blue Water" that obviously something more urgent than the danger incumbent on hunting or fishing is pressing in on Hemingway. He cuts his introspection short, however, and once again insists that he derives pleasure in being on the seas, and that he derives "satisfaction in conquering this thing which rules the sea it lives in" (p. 185). The implications of his thoughts on danger remain unresolved; Hemingway concludes with his conversation with Carlos about the price they received for a good size fish.

"There's the bread of your children," you say to Carlos.
"In the time of the dance of the millions," he says, "a fish like that was worth two hundred dollars. Now it is thirty. On the other hand a fisherman never starves. The sea is very rich."
"And the fisherman always poor."
"No. Look at you. You are rich."
"Like hell," you say. "And the longer I fish the poorer I'll be. I'll end up fishing with you for the market in a dinghy."
"That I never believe," says Carlos devoutly. "But look. That fishing in a dinghy is very interesting. You would like it."

"I'll look forward to it," you say.

"What we need for prosperity is a war," Carlos says. "In the time of the war with Spain and in the last war the fishermen were actually rich."

"All right," you say. "If we have a war you get the dinghy ready" (p. 185).

Something is amiss in "On the Blue Water," in that the letter doesn't quite hold itself together. A contrived beginning remains detached from an aloof defense of why he participates in deep sea fishing; the impersonal tone momentarily disappears when Hemingway re-captures the excitement of an unsuccessful fishing experience, which, in turn, lurches into a pessimistic and ambiguous remark on the problem of danger; a slick conclusion leaves the letter uneven, disorganized, and unconvincing. The inadequately achieved sense of persuasion in "On the Blue Water" indicates Hemingway no longer cares whether or not anyone else understands why he is so attracted to big game fishing, and this detached tone is, justifiably, one of defense. Scorn, flippancy, and sarcasm never appear, neither does the vitality which infuses so many of his earlier fishing letters with a sparkling exuberancy. Is Hemingway gradually recognizing that, via journalism, he occasionally exploits his fishing experiences—experiences which he intuitively perceives can be imaginatively shaped into an artistic creation? Or is the fear of another war in Spain beginning to diminish his other personal interests to such an extent that even his journalism betrays an uneasiness, an unrest which he cannot bring himself to admit? Whatever the problem, "On the Blue Water" does not answer it. Nevertheless, this particular Esquire letter has been reprinted more often than any other piece, with the exception of "The Snows of Kilimanjaro."
II. "There She Breaches!"

Hemingway's May 1936 letter, "There She Breaches!" or "Moby Dick off the Morro," maintains something of the ambiguity which shrouds the overall intention of his previous letter, "On the Blue Water." In "There She Breaches!" Hemingway describes some twenty whales he saw three miles off Cabanas Fortress to the eastward of Havana in October 1934.\(^2\) Everyone on board the Pilar saw the phenomenon but they convince no one because they never caught a whale; the pictures that Arnold, the Maestro (the interrogator in "Monologue to the Maestro"), takes are no good; and the one good picture which Hemingway's guest, Lopez Mendez, takes, is never returned by a Havana paper.

The protracted introduction in Hemingway's longest (3300 words) non-fiction Esquire article records the conversation between Carlos, Lopez Mendez (a Venezuelan painter),\(^1\) his cousin Enrique ("dark, good looking, an aviator, a captain of artillery, and a good amateur matador"), Hemingway, and the Maestro. Carlos maintains that, if a fish strikes, he immediately releases the lines wrapped around his toes. Lopez retorts:

"'Everything's a trick . . . Life is a very difficult trick to learn.'

'No,' said Carlos. 'No Senor. Life is a combat. But you have to know lots of tricks to make a living. You have a good trick in painting!' (p. 35).

As if sensing this conversation may touch on his ways of making a living, Hemingway interrupts with a question about one of Enrique's tricks: namely, how Enrique feels the morning after he has eaten a straw hat, several candles, and the flowers off the tables. Maestro doubts such tricks are possible but Lopez Mendez informs him that
In Venezuela we have many great eaters. Late in the evening when a man wishes to perform an unusual feat of courage and show his disdain for consequences he will eat unusual and inedible objects (p. 35).

Such is the drift of conversation as the Pilar drifts along until Carlos suddenly shatters the calm by his cry, "Que cannonazo! Oh, what a cannon shot!" about three miles to the east of the Pilar. When the spout appears again, it is but a mile away. All agree it is a whale and Enrique promises to eat him. Hemingway fires orders to get the lines in, to check the harpoon gear, wire cables, and lines, and to clear everything out of the forward cockpit. Elatedly, he concocts one plan after another while Carlos pilots the Pilar closer to the whale.

We planned, shouting back to the wheel and to the top of the house where Lopez Mendez sat with the 6.5 mannlicher, Enrique with a handful of extra sticks, the ramrod and a Mauser pistol and the Maestro with the big Graflex, when the whale was harpooned to let the hawser all go out, toss over the packet of life belts as he sounded, and whenever he came up to blow we would locate him by the life belts, pick them up, and stay with him, letting the life belts go over whenever we could not hold the hawser, and whenever the whale showed putting solids from the mannlicher into him and eventually being able to finish him with the killing lance. Then we were going to get a rope around his flukes, make a hole in him and pump him full of air with the air mattress pump. Every time I would get a new bright idea like that about the mattress pump I would shout it back and Enrique would cheer and wave the pistol. Carlos kept shouting, "A whale is worth a fortune in La Habana! a whale is worth a capital for life."

"God bless the whale!" Enrique would shout.
"Death to the whale!" yelled Lopez Mendez.
The Maestro was shaking with excitement (p. 203).

All the old Hemingway technical virtuosity is exhibited although he may be deliberately undercutting himself by presenting his tricky brainstorm without considering their practicality. Each time the Pilar gets within thirty feet of the whale, close enough for Hemingway to fire
the harpoon, the whale submerges. "He was about forty feet long and as we came up close to him we could see the indentations along the side of his blunt head running back toward the body, as though someone had made them by rubbing a finger in warm wax" (p. 203). Emotionally carried away by the sight, Bolo and Carlos (who has seen but three whales off Havana in his lifetime) keep screaming at Hemingway to shoot; he finally does so to demonstrate how futile it is until they can all but touch the whale. Unfortunately, the shot hurries the whale's sounding; when he emerges, he is a long way ahead of the Pilar.

So intent have they been on pursuing the one whale that they have not seen a whole school of them, twenty or more, moving steadily up behind the Pilar. Hemingway plans to meet head-on with the biggest of three, as the whales move west toward the sea. At almost finger-tip distance, Hemingway fires the gun into the whale as it starts to sound.

There was the noise, the white cloud of blackpowder smoke, a drenching spout of evil smelling something that went all over us, over the deck, the windshield and the top of the house, and hurricane hawser was going over the bow so fast it seemed almost to smoke. Then it was slack. We pulled it in and the harpoon was all right. But it had pulled out. I found out later that you do not harpoon sperm whales in the head. Not even with a cannon. There is too much bone (p. 204).

All further attempts are just as frustrating; the Pilar never gets close enough for Hemingway to fire another shot. Hopeful that Maestro's pictures will verify this spectacle, Hemingway is doomed to further disappointment. "The next day when we got the prints they were uniformly lousy." The one good picture, which Lopez Mendez took on a much smaller camera than the Graflex, is never returned by the Havana newspaper that
Lopez had given it to. A vague, blurred picture in the *Diario de la Marina* for October 19, 1934, will never convince anyone and Hemingway is the first to admit it.  

However, during the fall of 1935, Hemingway visited the Museum of Natural History in New York to check the old whaling charts. He learned that "sperm whales had been regularly taken off Havana in the old days. Where these were headed for I don't know but it seems logical that they were heading for the Caribbean and then south. The day we saw them was October tenth, 1934 and the big one we struck was close to fifty feet long" (p. 204). In "Angler's Notes" for January and February 1935, Erl Roman did mention reports of whales off Bimini and the surrounding waters.

Pulling his whale story together, Hemingway recalls that during dinner at a restaurant that evening (October 10, 1934) many people do not believe Enrique's dietary abilities. Only after he eats the labels off beer bottles, a calendar hanging on the wall, and a small croton plant are they somewhat convinced. When Enrique devours the complete rotogravure section of the *Diario de la Marina*, he wins them completely. Sullen because no one takes the whale story seriously, Enrique goes to his room where he eats a very heavy pasteboard caricature of Mussolini, takes a small drink from a bottle of Eau de Cologne, and goes to bed. The next day Hemingway observes that Enrique looks slightly pale but swears that these gastronomical feats are true, although he does not expect anyone to believe this either. Carlos is the most bitter about the pictures which mean, in his opinion, the loss of both a large sum of
money, and the chance for eternal fame on the waterfront. He tells
Hemingway:

Certainly one must be properly prepared for whales. Then, undoubtedly, there is a trick to it. There must be a trick
for whales as well as for everything else, but we never had
the opportunity of learning it. But imagine if we had
brought that whale into Havana harbor. Picture yourself
that! (p. 205)

Hemingway promises to study up on whales, but silently decides
that it was luckier the harpoon pulled out because "a sperm whale might
have made several very interesting moves before he permitted us to employ
the mattress pump" (p. 205).

Compared with his first Esquire letter, "Marlin off the Morro,"
and several subsequent fishing letters, each substantially documented
with statistics, factual narrative, scientific speculation, and often
replete with clear, sharp pictures, "There She Breaches!" (his last
fishing article to appear in Esquire) is a distinct contrast. "There
She Breaches" seems deliberately rigged with dialogue of a spurious
nature, slickly loaded with fantastic plans, decidedly untrustworthy
because of the Maestro's ineptitude, and slightly mystifying because of
Hemingway's calm, almost stoic, acceptance of his misfortune.

Why the emphasis on tricks? Do these equate with skill or with
sham? Is Hemingway's obsession for record size fish, now pushing toward
the biggest of all, the sperm whale, which would gain him eternal fame on
the waterfront (and in the record books), but an obsession doomed by luck
to remain unsatisfied? If this is the case, has Hemingway "preserved"
this subject for nearly a year and a half with the hope that he may still
catch a whale; or is Hemingway's last fishing article deliberately
conceived with the intention of leaving behind a still-to-be-gained prize which other fishermen may try for?

His longest piece of non-fiction for Esquire, "There She Breaches!" may be regarded as either truth or fantasy. Is Hemingway again cognizant of the possibility that his monthly journalistic output may seriously jeopardize potentially artistic creations? Granted there are a few factual references in this article: the real-life people on the Filer; the date and approximate location of the strange phenomenon; Hemingway's trip to New York and his visit to the Museum; the unconvincing picture in the Diario de la Marina; and the Mussolini caricature. But there are also some fantastic references: Enrique's dietary habits; the emphasis on tricks, especially in painting, and in fishing; and the never-proved spectacle of twenty whales. The ending, too, is a puzzling, tapered-off picture of an unusually resigned Hemingway. Within its own limits, "There She Breaches!" is a clever, tricky letter; within the framework of Hemingway's total output for Esquire, "There She Breaches!" is a slickly written, somewhat unconvincing piece of journalism, at times repetitive, padded, and full of "air."

One possible explanation for this "whale of a story" may be that Hemingway is determined to out-do Zane Grey, whose "The Mako Shark" appeared in the April 1936 issue of Field & Stream. With the first fishing article he wrote for Esquire in 1933, Hemingway submitted a photograph of a mako shark with the caption: "Mako shark, allegedly found only in New Zealand and Tahiti, caught off Havana by E. H." In June 1935, Hemingway set a North American record with his catch of a 786
pound mako in the Bimini waters, although he never once refers to this catch in his *Esquire* letters. In "The Mako Shark," Grey states dogmatically: "In regard to the claims made that the mako inhabit Atlantic waters there is only one instance that I would give credence to, and that in the case of Mr. Hemingway's Cuban species. That one looks like a mako. But I would never be sure until it has been classified as a mako." Grey is implicitly not only questioning Hemingway's integrity, but also disputing his remark on the mako shark in "Marlin Off Cuba" in *American Big Game Fishing* (1935). Hemingway states: "The mako shark is caught off Cuba all through the marlin run." Grey's response is that in the fifteen years he has fished the Gulf Stream, he has never seen a mako, and he doubts that any Eastern angler has caught one. Such opinionated remarks may have tantalized Hemingway into producing the fishing tale of fishing tales.

Grey devotes most of "The Mako Shark" to a résumé of his many successful battles with this species in New Zealand waters. His closing section may, however, furnish the clue for Hemingway's delayed story of finding himself in the midst of twenty whales, but unable to catch one, much less convince anyone else of his experience. Grey recalls:

I had one terrible fight with a leaping shark which throws all others into the shade. Heretofore I have not written about this never-to-be-forgotten experience, a little loath, no doubt, because I bungled it, and besides had no photograph to prove the size of the monster. Naturally I have been regarded in many quarters as a teller of fish tales. And because of their number, their variety and in many cases extraordinary features, I have been ridiculed by anglers. Members of the Tuna Club used to make this excuse for me: "Oh, Grey is a story-teller. He has to exaggerate!"
Grey claims that on his first trip to the Alderman Islands he fought a mako "fully 17 feet long and . . . close to a ton," which jerked his boatman Peter Williams overboard and nearly sank the boat. As a result, there was no one else to take pictures of the whale of a mako. After Peter was on board again, both he and Grey acknowledged that they bungled their chances of boating the shark, and Grey decided he would not tell this story very soon.\textsuperscript{23} It may very well be that "There She Breaches!" is Hemingway's spoof of Grey's account. If exaggeration is the mark of a good fish story, Hemingway, in his last fishing letter, teaches Grey how to overstate his case more convincingly—if a story-teller exaggerates, he may as well go overboard with his assertions.

Grey's "Big-Game Fishing in Southern Seas," in \textit{Blow the Man Down} (1937),\textsuperscript{24} (which contains Hemingway's April 1936 \textit{Esquire} letter, "On the Blue Water,"\textsuperscript{25}) recants slightly his earlier statements about Hemingway's photograph, and the places where the mako habitate. Grey now writes:

"Mako are supposed to inhabit only New Zealand waters. . . . Recently the well-known author, Mr. Hemingway, recorded this mako in Cuban waters. From the published photograph I am bound to say that the fish looks like a mako. It is quite possible that this marvelous species, the aristocrat of all sharks, is more widely distributed than has been generally supposed."\textsuperscript{25} Earlier in this same article, Grey relates how he learned to fish from a small boat, but he contends that once he started in search of big-game fish, it became impossible "to fish continuously, not to say safely, out of a small craft." What Grey goes on to say is extremely pertinent to \textit{The Old Man and the Sea}—especially the fact that Santiago
has gone eighty-four days without a catch. Grey blithely asserts:

It required infinite patience, endurance and time, not to mention what it takes when you raise one of these monsters of the deep. We ran eighty-three days, except for a couple of spells of bad weather, without having a single strike; and then I raised and caught my first giant Tahitian striped marlin that weighed 1,040 pounds, after the sharks had chewed two hundred pounds and more off him.

It can readily be seen how desirable and necessary it is to have a big, safe, comfortable boat.

Hemingway does Grey one better by having his old man fish the Gulf Stream for eighty-four days without any luck whatsoever. The fact that one seed (the tale of the old man who is pulled out to sea by a marlin in "On the Blue Water") of The Old Man and the Sea is in this collected edition of fishing tales with supplementary details which Grey provides is more than mere coincidence: Hemingway pounces on Grey's time element; he proves that it is possible "to fish continuously, not to say safely, out of a small craft"; and he lets the sharks chew all but the backbone of the approximately 1500 pound striped marlin which the old man has lashed to the side of his skiff.
Footnotes to Chapter X


3 See the letter by P. Hite, "The Sound and the Fury," *Esquire*, V (April 1936), 8, in which Hemingway is accused of sentimentality. Another letter by Everett Allen, p. 10, advises the editors to get Hemingway back in the article column.


5 In "Marlin Off the Morro," p. 8, written in 1933, Hemingway states he first met Carlos in 1927 in the Dry Tortugas. Hemingway says: Carlos "has studied the habits of the marlin since he first went fishing for them as a boy of twelve with his father." He adds that Carlos is "54 years old."

6 Many critics have detected in this episode the germ of *The Old Man and the Sea*. See particularly Philip Young, *Ernest Hemingway* (New York, 1952), pp. 95-96. Mr. Young quotes the entire passage about the old man adrift for two days and asserts: "Here, of course, is the germ of the novel."

7 See also William J. Handy, "A New Dimension for a Hero: Santiago of *The Old Man and the Sea*," in *Six Contemporary Novels*, ed. William Sutherland, Jr. (University of Texas, 1962), p. 72. Handy regards the *Esquire* story as naturalistic. The old man is victimized by his environment, whereas Santiago is defeated only on the level of practical values.


9 Letters of F. Scott Fitzgerald, p. 263.

10 Several critics remain frankly puzzled over *The Old Man and the Sea*, and base their uncertainty, in some measure, on the apparent contradictions between what Hemingway has written in his fishing articles and what he says of Santiago in *The Old Man and the Sea*.

11 See the article by Robert P. Weeks, "Fakery in *The Old Man and the Sea*," *College English*, XXIV (December 1962), 188-192. Mr. Weeks weighs many of the statements Hemingway has made in his fishing articles against the assumptions which Santiago makes in the novel.

12 According to Leicester Hemingway, pp. 190-193, Ernest was often morose, and indulged in many unpredictable temper flare-ups in his early 1936 fishing trips. The situation in Spain was getting worse; his
fishing luck seemed to be at an all time low; evidently his personal affairs were more frequently characterized by his touchy reactions to any sort of criticism he presumed was aimed at him.

On the Blue Water" can be found in Blow the Man Down, ed. Eric Devine (New York, 1937), pp. 304-311; in The Bedside Esquire, ed. Arnold Gingrich (New York [1940]), pp. 473-480; and in Esquire's First Sports Reader, ed. Herbert Graftis (New York, 1945), pp. 63-70. In these three instances no changes have been made from the original April 1936 Esquire. Esquire's First Sports Reader, pp. 76-81, reprints "Remembering Shooting-Flying" (February 1935 Esquire). However, Le Rouge et le Noire [sic] is corrected. The title reads Le Rouge et le Noir in the Sports Reader.

Ernest Hemingway, "There She Breaches!" or 'Moby Dick off the Morro,' Esquire, V (May 1936), 35. All subsequent references will be cited in text.

See Leicester Hemingway, p. 175. He mentions Lillian Lopez-Mendez as "the lovely French wife of the Colombian painter." Leicester implies that she was visiting the Hemingways at Key West in the late summer of 1934. There is no mention of her husband at all.

There is one blurred photo in the Diario de la Marina, Sunday, October 14, 1934, no pagination. The caption says Hemingway's party saw 20 whales, and from the picture, there looks like only one lump in the sea.

See Erl Roman, "Angler's Notes," January and February 1935, for an occasional report of a whale off Bimini, Miami, and the surrounding waters. There is never any mention of a school of whales or of any whale over fifty feet in size.


Hemingway's catch is confirmed by several reliable fishermen. Thomas Aitken, "Out of the Fog," Outdoor Life, LXXVI (October 1935), 87, states that "a new North American and Atlantic Ocean record has been set: Mako, 785 lbs. by Ernest Hemingway, at Bimini, aboard his own boat the Pilar in June [1935]. This mako is only 12 lb. less than the New Zealand world's record."

A picture of the shark accompanies another article, "Hemingway on Mutilated Fish," Outdoor Life, June 1936, p. 70.

See also, Farrington, pp. 163, 223; and Kaplan, pp. 55, 169. Both mention Hemingway's catch and print pictures of it.


22 Ibid., p. 64.

23 Ibid., pp. 65-66.


26 Ibid., p. 262. See also Robert N. Brodus, "The New Record Set by Hemingway's Old Man," *Notes and Queries*, X (April 1963), 152-153. Mr. Brodus cites Grey's statement in *Adventures in Fishing* (New York, 1952), p. 192, as the key to Hemingway's choice of eighty-four days. Grey wrote: "Here was a stretch of eighty three days without catching a fish. I know quite well it cannot be beaten. There is a record that will stand."

Mr. Brodus contends that Hemingway could not resist the sly little joke of having the old man "better" by one day the wonderful fishlessness record set by Zane Grey.
CHAPTER XI

SWAN SONG

"Hemingway never felt that it was fair to judge a man's journalistic writings by the same standard you would apply to his novels or stories, feeling that the former were merely brewed whereas the latter were distilled."

--Arnold Gingrich, Esquire

I. "Gattorno: Program Note"

The May 1936 Esquire also reprints Hemingway's commentary on the Cuban painter Antonio Gattorno. Unlike his Quintanilla brochure which is so heavily colored by the urgency of the moment that Quintanilla's artistic merits are subsumed in Hemingway's wrath against misled revolutionaries, the Gattorno brochure reveals pertinent insights on the value of his paintings. Several of Hemingway's theories about genuinely good painting approximate those about good literature. "Good painting ... when it is good enough, is always ageless. But it can be more important if the painter knows the painting that is behind all good painting and the line of descent that all good painting has followed." Gattorno was fortunate enough to study in Italy where he acquired first-hand knowledge of the great Italian artists of the past. Hemingway's familiar thesis is obvious—you must know what the masterpieces are in order to know what you have to beat. Tracing Gattorno's European itinerary, Hemingway is
not surprised that Gattorno was disappointed in Spain. In Hemingway's opinion, "Spain is an open wound on the right arm that cannot heal because the dust gets in it, while Cuba is a beautiful ulcer somewhere else" (p. 111). Nor do the Cubans care for the Spaniards, "while everyone when they are sixteen like Italians." (As a young soldier in World War I, Hemingway, too, found the Italians to his liking, for a time.)

Gattorno benefited from Paris, as Hemingway also had; Gattorno "understood and saw all about modern painting and it was all quite natural to him. They were his contemporaries too although the only one who was dead, by then, was Modigliani. There is no mystery when you are a part of the mystery" (p. 141).

He returned to Cuba because he was born there and "every artist owes it to the place he knows best to either destroy it or perpetuate it" (p. 141), Gattorno tried to get all of Cuba into everyone of his paintings. In two masterful sentences, Hemingway captures the essence of the painter's art:

He painted the people of the long, sad, overfoliaged island with the skill and knowledge of a painter who could have become a great abstractionist and he made some marvelous pictures. In the pictures is his delicacy, his aloof passion, his detachment and his full understanding.

But Gattorno has no income, recognition, or encouragement from the island torn by strife; should he be made to bear arms or to risk his life for one faction or another, he can do little to change the situation. Since Gattorno is made for painting and nothing else, he must leave the suburb of Marianao in La Habana where he has lived and worked for the past three years (1931-1934).
Hemingway demands that Gattorno must therefore work harder than ever, even though each new picture seems the height of his artistic talents. Hemingway's advice is much the same as that to the writer who must venture out "past where he can go, out to where no one can help him." In Gattorno's case, he must insist, if not repeat, in order to live.

He must go on insisting. He will never be bankrupt because you cannot bankrupt pure skill. And no one owes anything to the world. But I would like to see him paint much more because while he can put it all in one picture he can put it all in again and there will be other things (p. 141).

In Hemingway's estimation, Gattorno is perfection already; nevertheless, continued effort will lead to an improvement which Gattorno will not even realize. Not one for extravagant praise, much less flattery, Hemingway foresees more brilliant painting by the thirty-year-old Cuban, who "can be much better than he is although he can never be any better than he is at the time. He must go on and he must paint" (p. 141).

Esquire has chosen the propitious moment to reprint Hemingway's appraisal because the International Water Color Exhibition of the Chicago Institute has on display several Gattorno paintings during April and May 1936. Several of his water-colors accompany the program note, and details as to where Gattorno's work can be viewed and purchased in New York City are included. Hemingway's 950-word "Program Note" with its steady emphasis on the artist's skill, talent, and promise is a carefully composed suggestion to see and study Gattorno's paintings and an explicit declaration of Hemingway's delight with Gattorno's accomplishments. With this sincere note of commendation for another artist's performance, Hemingway abruptly terminates his non-fiction letters and articles which,
for nearly three years, have been one of Esquire's most prominent features.

II. "The Horns of the Bull"

For the second time during his years with Esquire, Hemingway contributed a short story, "The Horns of the Bull" (later entitled "The Capital of the World"), which appeared in the June 1936 issue and earned the first bit of extended editorial comment since his September 1935 letter, "Notes on the Next War." Evidently attacking Hemingway's disgruntled readers, "Backstage with Esquire" defended both his material and their acceptance of it:

We have never held with that school of thought which insists that Ernest Hemingway is short-changing us every time he devotes his space to a piece on deep sea fishing. But we direct the attention of that faction to his short story . . . which ought to make retroactive amends for all anguish ever caused the anti-fish fans by any of Mr. Hemingway's twenty-six previous contributions.

Written in November 1935, the same time as "The Tradesman's Return," "The Horns of the Bull" subtly depicts the tragedy in Spain which Hemingway has been observing for several years. He uses the bullfight in a direct, contextual manner for the first time since "The Undefeated" (1925) and Death in the Afternoon. If Emilio, the Cuban revolutionary in "The Tradesman's Return," has sacrificed himself because of his naive idealism, Paco, the young waiter and aspiring bullfighter in "The Horns of the Bull," does so even more intensely, dying "as the Spanish phrase has it, full of illusions" (p. 193). The irony of the story is underscored by the reader's disillusioned awareness that Madrid is killing Spain. Paco (like the real-life Cuban painter Antonio Gattorno), comes from a village
where "conditions were incredibly primitive, food scarce and comforts unknown, and he had worked hard ever since he could remember" (p. 31). Hemingway has no more illusions about the tribulations in Spain than he has about those in Cuba. He praises Gattorno for leaving his native Cuba, yet he expresses no comment on Paco's desire to become a Spanish matador; the former illustrates how Hemingway as journalist may judge, and, the latter, how Hemingway as artist may create.

III. "The Snows of Kilimanjaro"

From all reports, Hemingway spent the late spring and early summer fishing intermittently in Cuban and Bimini waters. "Book Marks for Today," a literary gossip column in the New York World-Telegram, on June 10, 1936 revealed that Hemingway was "still in Cuba, writing and fishing for marlin swordfish, but [expected] to go to Bimini soon." Two weeks later this same column released an item which could be inflated to legendary proportions: "Ernest Hemingway recently caught a 514 pound tuna off Bimini Bay. The battle is said to have lasted 6 hours and 50 minutes, and the crowd that celebrated the catch was so enthusiastic that part of the deck collapsed."

Such colorful and potentially myth-making incidents as this are difficult, if not impossible, to confirm in daily fishing columns or in angling books, many of which repeatedly mention Hemingway's prowess during the 1936 fishing season. (Only Jed Kiley's reminiscences sound as if Hemingway cast his fishing expertise and his sportsman's ethical code overboard; John Dos Passos spreads a romanticized aura over his recollections of Hemingway's fishing days in Bimini.) Kip Farrington's Atlantic
Game Fishing frequently cites his catches for the 1936 fishing season, but does not list any new Hemingway records. Leicester Hemingway's remarks are vague; he claims that "during June and the first half of July, Ernest's fishing luck began to desert him," and he became more irritable than ever. Leicester jumps so erratically over the next six months, however, that his account is not too reliable. *Esquire* editor Arnold Gingrich fished with Hemingway in June 1936, and from Mr. Gingrich's recent account in *Playboy*, it was a most unpleasant experience. But no one of these facts sheds any light on why Hemingway did not appear in the July 1936 *Esquire*, unless he assumed that "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," which he sent to Gingrich in April, would be published in the July issue.

Hemingway wrote Perkins on April 9, 1936 and told him that he completed "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" on April 7, 1936. This information supports Mr. Gingrich's comments:

> Then when he sent us a story, at a moment when he couldn't think of a "letter" to write to meet his deadline--this was in April of 1936--I credited his account with two payments instead of one--in other words $1000--since it was a story and not just an article or letter. (At that time Harry Burton of *Cosmopolitan* was paying him $3500 to $5000 per short story, and this story *The Snows of Kilimanjaro* was about twice the length of such stories as *One Trip Across* and *The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber* which appeared in *Cosmopolitan*.)

After he received the first page proofs, Mr. Gingrich went to Bimini for five days to fish with Hemingway. "Under the peculiar spell of our presence the Captain of the *Pilar* put in five days of solid, but fishless, fishing," Mr. Gingrich diplomatically wrote in the November 1936 *Esquire*, with the hope, perhaps, that his prodigal star did not intend
"The Snows of Kilimanjaro" (August 1936) to be his final contribution to *Esquire*. Mr. Gingrich is far less tactful in *Playboy* in September 1965 when he remembers this June 1936 fishing trip with Hemingway at Bimini. Hemingway became infuriated when he lost a fish which Gingrich dared to presume weighed only about 450 pounds because Hemingway was sure the fish weighed at least 1400 pounds.

Hemingway was beside himself, shrieking about the marlin Zane Grey had landed in Tahiti that went over a thousand pounds even though sharks had taken huge hunks out of its tail section, and insisting that this one would have surpassed that, not merely for a new Atlantic record, but for a world record as well. His wife Pauline and her sister Virginia tried to calm him down. Pauline pressed a drink into his hand, to make him stop brandishing the bent hook, while Ginny wound up her Libertyphone to drown him out with *You're the Top*. I finally managed the diversion, like the successful one of three bandilleros trying to distract a goring bull...

His wrath turned, in the instant, upon the Messrs. Hardy. They would certainly hear from him, and in certain colorfully specified terms...

What I got out of it [fishing with Hemingway] at the time was an abiding dislike for all boat fishing, and equally so for all bait fishing. It seemed to me that whatever skill was involved was almost entirely that of the skipper of the boat, and the work that was left for the fisher in the chair was largely the proverbial chore allotted to a strong back and a weak mind.1

This unpleasant experience between Hemingway and the editor of *Esquire*, coupled with the fact that *Cosmopolitan* paid Hemingway at least $3500 for "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" (published in the September 1936 issue), may partially explain Hemingway’s break with *Esquire*.

On the other hand, there may be an entirely different explanation for his abruptly severed contract with *Esquire*. Writing in *Look* magazine in 1954 about his obituaries (he was presumed dead in an African plane crash), Hemingway prompts new speculation about "The Snows of..."
Kilimanjaro." The German newspaper death notices asserted that Hemingway was trying to land a plane on the summit of Mount Kilimanjaro, to which he furnishes a humorous, slightly sarcastic, commentary:

It seems that I was trying to land this aircraft accompanied by Miss Mary in an effort to approach the carcass of a dead leopard about which I had written a story in 1934. This story was called The Snows of Kilimanjaro and was made into a motion picture which I unfortunately was not able to sit through so I cannot tell you how it came out. Perhaps the end was that I crashed an aircraft accompanied by Miss Mary at the extreme summit of this peak, which is 19,565 or 19,567 feet high entirely according to which surveyor you believe. Maybe it rises and falls.18

Seen in context, this passage implies that if 1934 was incorrect, Hemingway would have quickly corrected it. Possibly the major portions of the story were composed in 1934: Harry's gangrenous leg, and his flight to the hospital have their counterparts in Hemingway's amoebic dysentery infection, and his flight to a hospital in Nairobi; both Harry and Hemingway despise the hyena; both maintain that they have been happiest in Africa. Hemingway's letter to Perkins about "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" may have meant that he added the final touches to the story in April 1936. If this is the case, his singular and startling reference to F. Scott Fitzgerald--the only specific mention of Fitzgerald in his entire Esquire material--possibly stems from his utter disapproval and disgust with Fitzgerald's essays, "The Crack-Up" in the February, March, and April 1936 Esquire.18

Although he relies exclusively on autobiographical detail, Fitzgerald brilliantly depicts his disintegration as an artist. In a similar vein, Harry, Hemingway's fictional artist in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," is wracked with remorse for having squandered his talents; he is
concerned with his sins of omission—the stories which he has never written; he thinks of his wife, a symbol of the very rich, which, in turn, leads to Fitzgerald and his concept of the very rich.

She didn't drink so much, now, since she had him. But if he lived he would never write about her, he knew that now. Nor about any of them. The rich were dull and they drank too much, or they played too much backgammon. They were dull and repetitious. He remembered poor Scott Fitzgerald and his romantic awe of them and how he had started a story once that began, 'The very rich are different from you and me' ["Rich Boy"]. And how someone [Hemingway] had said to Scott, Yes they have more money. But that was not humorous to Scott. He thought they were a special glamorous race and when he found they weren't it wrecked him just as much as any other thing that wrecked him.¹⁹

Nor is Hemingway satisfied with censuring Fitzgerald in public. He writes to Fitzgerald and severely criticizes him "for having been so public about what were essentially private affairs and should be written about in fiction or not at all."²⁰ His uncalled-for rebuke in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" may have been a deliberate effort to belittle Fitzgerald's "Crack-Up" series; he may also have intended his short story to serve as a model in which "essentially private affairs" are incorporated into a fictional framework.

Whatever his purpose in choosing Fitzgerald to enhance his tale of squandered artistic talents, Hemingway created a cause célèbre, which heightened neither his reputation, his public image, nor critical opinion of his work.

Moreover, Fitzgerald's response, a letter to Hemingway in August 1936, discloses a magnanimity which Hemingway sadly lacks.

Please lay off me in print. If I choose to write de profundis sometimes it doesn't mean I want friends praying aloud over my corpse. No doubt you meant it kindly but it cost me a night's sleep. And when you incorporate it (the story) in a book would you mind cutting my name?
It's a fine story--one of your best--even though the "Poor Scott Fitzgerald, etc." rather spoiled it for me. . . . Riches have never fascinated me, unless combined with the greatest charm or distinction.21

Hemingway's stature as a man and as a professional writer diminishes even further when we consider his reaction to this letter. He wrote Fitzgerald "back a crazy letter, telling [him] about what a great Writer [sic] he was and how much he loved his children, but yielding the point--'If Fitzgerald should outlive him--' which he doubted. To have answered it would have been like fooling with a lit firecracker." On several future occasions, Fitzgerald reminded Max Perkins that Hemingway "promised to make an elision of my name. It was a damned rotten thing to do, and with anybody but Ernest my tendency would be to crack back. Why did he think it would add to the strength of his story if I had become such a negligible figure."22

When "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" appeared in The Fifth Column and the First Forty-nine Stories in October 1938, Fitzgerald's name became Julian; Esquire, on the contrary, has never obliged. The story has been reprinted several times, in Esquire gift book annuals, in The Bedside Esquire (1940) and in the September 1949 Esquire: Scott Fitzgerald's name still appears, even though in 1949 Esquire acknowledged that Scribner's granted permission for the story to be printed. It is strangely ironic that the magazine which, in its formative years, was so willing to shoulder the responsibility for mistakes in Hemingway's copy has yet to eradicate his most flagrant breach of artistic integrity.

Writing about his system of work thirteen years after "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" first appeared, Hemingway more or less recants what he
said of Fitzgerald, although he never once refers to Fitzgerald by name—or to his own professional lapse in the original version of "The Snows of Kilimanjaro."

A long time ago I found it was bad to discuss work you are engaged on. I know it does not work that way with all writers. But that is the way it works with me. It is not followed to be rude nor to be mysterious. It is a system of working.

Discussing other writers for publication is distasteful. Any good professional writer knows the strong points and the weaknesses of the other professionals. He is not under any obligation to point them out to the other writer's reading public. If the other writer is read his public must find the good in him. I see no reason to try to put him out of business by disillusioning anyone he may mystify.23

I don't think Hemingway is necessarily retracting anything he said about Lardner, Saroyan, Woollcott, et al. in his non-fiction Esquire articles—but there is a slim chance he is washing his hands of his glaring censure of Scott Fitzgerald. Still, his posthumous attack on Fitzgerald in A Moveable Feast, in a sense, is a severe criticism of Fitzgerald's weakness for alcohol; in another sense, his vignettes of Fitzgerald betray a vicious ferocity toward Zelda, Fitzgerald's wife, who, Hemingway implies, destroyed Scott's manhood and undid him as a writer. It is difficult to formulate a conclusive statement concerning Hemingway's attitude toward Fitzgerald, except that Hemingway does imply that Scott's sufferings were intensified by his awareness that his talents had been destroyed.

His talent was as natural as the pattern that was made by the dust on a butterfly's wings. At one time, he understood it no more than the butterfly did and he did not know when it was brushed or marred. Later he became conscious of his damaged wings and of their construction and he learned to think and could not fly any more because the love of flight was gone and he could only remember when it had been effortless.24
One wonders if Hemingway, in his quest for immortality as a writer, is making a last effort to rout out and destroy any formidable opposition. If this was also his intent in 1936, he found that, in attacking Fitzgerald, he had seriously undermined his own cause—to say nothing of his own concept of the professional integrity of the writer. For this reason, perhaps, he abruptly and inexplicably severed his relationship with Esquire. The feasibility of such a decision was temporarily insured because of the situation in Spain—the Spanish Civil War erupted July 18, 1936. Hemingway's interest in the Republican cause would, for a time, tacitly justify any transgression of his gentleman's agreement with Esquire.

However, in 1958, Hemingway offered his own reasons for his break with Esquire during an interview with Robert Gipps, which Esquire printed in 1962. He informed Mr. Gipps that he received $1,000 for "The Snows of Kilimanjaro."

But I was getting about a dollar a word then. Do you know how they used to get me? They used to print the cover and put me—they put me on it, then leave the form open. I'd have to fill it. That's how they got that [The Snows of Kilimanjaro]. What a con-man gimmick! But I don't feel bitter.

This is rather hard to accept for several reasons. First of all, a trace of bitterness betrays itself in the course of these remarks. In addition, Hemingway missed both the March and July 1936 issues of Esquire, but he never before suggested that he was in any way coerced into submitting articles to Esquire.

If Hemingway was "cheated" (unless, of course, he simply did not get as much money for "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" as he thought it was worth), no doubt he would have attacked the magazine either in one of his
articles, or in some other miscellaneous work of his. Furthermore, it
seems odd that the editors would exude such enthusiasm over "The Snows of
Kilimanjaro" if they had any inkling that Hemingway was about to conclude
his relationship with Esquire.

Hemingway, by the way, this month knocks hell out Esquire's
[ *sic * ] previous record for length of any single contribution
in any one issue. His story, which leads off this month's
lineup, The Snows of Kilimanjaro, is almost 9,000 words long,
or nearly a third again as long as any previous Esquire feature
that we can think of offhand. Next to the last chapter of
Death in the Afternoon this story seems to us to be a more
potent distillate of experience, per hundred words, than any­
thing he has ever written. We really labeled it very badly,
in calling it a long story. It's a virtual collection of
stories. 26

Despite this editorial acclaim for his August 1936 contribution, Hemingway
mysteriously and unexpectedly terminated his connection with Esquire,
except for three stories which he contributed in 1938-1939. Perhaps in
his haste to teach Fitzgerald how to handle "essentially private affairs"
in fiction Hemingway irrevocably compromised his own artistic integrity.
The only way to redeem himself would be a return to one of the cardinal
dictates of his own conscience: "To never again interrupt the work that
you were born and trained to do until you die." 27
Footnotes to Chapter XI

1"Publisher's Page," Esquire, LXIII (April 1965), 6.

2Hemingway's remarks were first published in Gattorno (Havana, April 1935), pp. 11-16.

3See above, pp. 148-156.

4Ernest Hemingway, "Gattorno: Program Note," Esquire, V (May 1936), 111.

5Modigliani, the Italian artist, worked in Paris from 1906 until his death from tuberculosis in 1920. After his death, his aesthetically distorted pictures received the recognition which the artist never knew in his lifetime.


7See Hemingway's poem, "To Mary in London," Atlantic, p. 94. Speaking of his efforts to create an immortal work of art, Hemingway, while he may be parodying Gertrude Stein, is enlarging his concept of the artist with his lines: "Practice makes perfect make practice make perfect make practice."

8See the Editor's Note, Esquire, May 1936, p. 110: "Six Gattornos are in the current Fifteenth International Water Color Exhibition of the Chicago Art Institute where they will be on view until May 10th. . . . The eight water colors shown here were reproduced through the courtesy of the artist and his agent Georgette Passecoth, at whose gallery of modern art at 22 E. 60 Street, New York City, these and other representative examples of Gattorno's work are permanently on display and sale."

9"Backstage with Esquire," Esquire, V (June 1936), 28.

10See Baker, Hemingway, pp. 203-204n. Baker states that Hemingway wrote to Max Perkins December 7, 1935 and said that both "The Tradesman's Return" and "The Horns of the Bull" were written at Key West about the same time. "The Capital of the World" was the new title for "The Horns of the Bull" when it was published in The Fifth Column and the First Forty-nine Stories (New York, 1938).


12Ibid., June 24, 1936, p. 33.
13 [Leicester Hemingway], pp. 188-194.

14 See Baker, Hemingway, p. 191n.


16 "Backstage with Esquire," Esquire, VI (November 1936), 42B.


20 Letters of Scott Fitzgerald, p. 545.

21 Ibid., p. 311.

22 Ibid., pp. 267, 272.


24 AMF, p. 147. See also pp. 149-193.


CHAPTER XII

HEMINGWAY AND THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR

"I said you grow accustomed to war. If you are interested enough in the science of it, and it is a great science, and in the problem of human conduct under danger, you can become so encompassed in it, that it seems a nasty sort of egotism to even consider one's own fate."
--Hemingway, "The Writer and War"

I. The North American Newspaper Alliance Dispatches

The last half of 1936 found Hemingway seriously committed to completing his novel To Have and Have Not. But if he intended "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" as the last of his journalistic enterprises, his intention was a short lived one, primarily because of his genuine interest and personal involvement in the Spanish Civil War. Consequently, in the late winter of December 1936, John Wheeler had little difficulty in persuading Hemingway to cover the Spanish Civil War for the North American Newspaper Alliance (NANA). The contract was highly satisfactory: Hemingway was to cable his dispatches, which could be features in his "colorful style"; he would be paid one dollar per word although his salary would not exceed $1,000 for any one week; he should report the war "without bias," and he could accumulate material for his own purposes. Between February 1937 and March 1939, Hemingway traveled to Spain four times; three of his four trips were as a foreign correspondent for the NANA, but the two-year
period was one of diverse journalistic activity for Hemingway, whose main purpose was to raise money for the Spanish Republic.

It is necessary to comment briefly on his Spanish Civil War dispatches which are, on the whole, very unlike his journalism in *Esquire*. The idea which permeates almost every dispatch is that the "new style war"—a war of indiscriminate aerial bombardment—is being waged against a "civilized" country. For the most part, Hemingway maintains a politically neutral pose, but his personal sympathy for the Spanish Republicans inadvertently penetrates his reporter's mask of objectivity. Many of his cables, especially his descriptions of the terrain, and his re-creation of the way it feels to be under fire, reveal Hemingway at his best, and afford a profitable comparison with similar scenes and techniques in *In Our Time* and *A Farewell to Arms*.

The cabelese he referred to in "Old Newsman Writes" he now revels in; it is immediately evident that his facility for such writing has become more refined since the early 1920's. Many passages in which the cabelese has not been completely translated are almost poetic; his unusual, fresh, startling images, his choice of compounds, and his striking adjective clusters disclose his dexterity with impressionistic effects and different levels of diction.4

The careless juggling of thoughts in several of his weaker *Esquire* articles is virtually non-existent in his war dispatches. Granted, the length averages about 800 words for each—usually less than half that of an *Esquire* letter; and his cabelese depends on terse, compressed, almost rhythmical phraseology, whereas his *Esquire* material and his non-cabled NANA material, such as "The Chauffeurs of Madrid" and
"A New Kind of War" resort to leisurely, expansive, and rambling prose. Nevertheless, these dispatches command a price and an audience which his *Esquire* work never attained. Moreover, Hemingway was worth his salary—despite an occasional "boom boom boom boom boom" in a dispatch. After all, he knew and loved Spain; his knowledge and his affection were a solid foundation for his coverage of the Spanish war. But Hemingway's regard for the truth was paramount; his sympathies, his affections were with the people, rather than with causes. Never did Hemingway weaken in his hatred of war. Therefore, he deserves credit for preserving as great an objective detachment in his war correspondence as he does. Under such conditioning factors as love and hate, his features could have been seriously impaired. Perhaps Hemingway served his own journalistic interests better than he realized because of his determination to keep his newspaper and periodical work separate from his fiction. In this way, he did not destroy his creativity as he could have if his journalism dealt with all his experiences during the Spanish Civil War.

Among the dispatches themselves, one or two are flashy imitations of Ring Lardner's style which Hemingway utilized in his high school writing and his early Toronto work. In another, his pointed reference to grasshoppers in a trout-laden stream which is under fire suggests elements of "Big Two-Hearted River," and "A Way You'll Never Be": in both stories, as in the dispatch, the background of war and the soldier's internal struggle to readjust are of vital, though understated, concern. Humor, so little recognized in his work, bubbles to the surface now and again: in one dispatch, he claims that the citizens of Tereul, coming out of hiding to greet the "conquering" journalists, think that his companions,
Tom Delmar (London news correspondent) is a bishop, that H. L. Matthews (New York Times) is Savanarola, and that Hemingway (NANA) is Wallace Beery as he appeared three years before.9

Guarded optimism characterizes the final dispatches of his first and second trips (May 10, 1937 and December 23, 1937), because the government has, in each case, just launched a successful offensive against the insurgents. The last dispatch of his third trip (May 10, 1938), which is his final piece for the NANA, testifies once again to his shrewd, uncanny foresight. Hemingway predicts at least another year of war in Spain even though European diplomats are insisting the war will be over by summer 1938. One fragment of a dispatch anticipates a short article he wrote for Ken magazine. The setting of this dispatch also foreshadows the importance of the bridge10—the structurally unifying element in For Whom the Bell Tolls. Throughout his dispatches, he convincingly portrays the stubborn resistance which the Republican forces exerted in spite of the overwhelming odds in manpower and arms against them.

Certainly the general framework of For Whom the Bell Tolls is heavily indebted to the insights, politically, socially, and militarily, which Hemingway gleaned during his fifteen months as a foreign correspondent for the NANA; the film tract, The Spanish Earth (published June 1938), a documentary in behalf of the Republican cause, was produced by Hemingway with Joris Ivens and John Ferno, who frequently endangered their lives to film battle scenes in the early stages of the Spanish Civil War; his play, The Fifth Column (October 1938), exposes the treachery Hemingway found the Government and the Nationalist forces guilty of. His "Three
Prefaces" to All the Brave, a book of war drawings by Luis Quintanilla, manifests his anger, depression, and despondency over the general suffering which war inflicts on the people. Hemingway's NANA dispatches, after almost thirty years, have yet to yield their full lucrative import to the Hemingway canon, but they still brilliantly re-create "the honest picture of a country caught in a bloody civil war."

II. Miscellaneous Works

Hemingway was in Spain from February 27 to May 18, 1937; from August 14, 1937 to January 28, 1938; from March 19 to May 31, 1938; and from September 1, 1938 to the Spring of 1939. Back in the United States between trips, he was extraordinarily busy, especially after his first trip for the NANA. He spent several weeks in the early summer of 1937 revising To Have and Have Not for fall publication; at the same time, he tried to raise money for the Loyalist Cause from his wealthy deep sea fishing acquaintances. His brother maintains that Hemingway fared very poorly--most of the people he approached refused him for fear they would be labeled Communists; only William J. Leeds helped out. For this reason, the third part of To Have and Have Not may very well be a vicious assault against several prominent socialites who were afraid to give Hemingway financial assistance for the Spanish Republic.

In June 1937 Hemingway spoke to the Second National Congress of American Writers in New York City, an occasion which marked his first major public appearance as a speaker. Despite the joy in the Leftist ranks over Hemingway's "assumed" conversion to Marxism, his speech, "The Writer and War," is basically a thorough condemnation of fascism; the
difficulties which confront a writer who lives under fascism; and the atrocities he has seen in Spain. New Masses promptly printed the speech with the title, "Fascism Is a Lie"; the Marxists were certain that Hemingway's hatred for fascism automatically implied his sympathies were with the Communist cause. They did not realize that his being pro-Loyalist did not mean pro-Communist; he asserted that the writer's problem did not change. "It is always how to write truly and having found what is true, to project it in such a way that it becomes a part of the experience of the person who reads it." Hemingway predicted many years of undeclared wars, a prediction which is now a self-evident reality. Always the realist, Hemingway noted that the writers who seek the truth in war may find death instead. Essentially, his speech at the Writers' Congress did not deviate from his insistence on the integrity of the artist which he persistently demanded.

During July 1937 Hemingway and Joris Ivens showed their film The Spanish Earth to President and Mrs. Roosevelt at the White House. Hemingway made several other appearances, including one to Hollywood, to raise money for ambulances for the Loyalist forces. Fitzgerald, in Hollywood at the time, wrote to Perkins on July 19, 1937:

Ernest came like a whirlwind, put Ernst Lubitsch the great director in his place by refusing to have his picture prettied up and remade for him à la Hollywood at various cocktail parties. I feel he was in a state of nervous tension, that there was something almost religious about it. He raised $1,000 bills won by Miriam Hopkins fresh from the gaming table, the rumor is $14,000 in one night.

In addition, Hemingway supplied captions in the July 12, 1937 issue of Life magazine for several pictures from The Spanish Earth.
On August 11, 1937, three days before he embarked on his second tour as a war correspondent for the NANA, Hemingway found himself the central figure in a trivial but highly publicized battle. Hemingway and Max Eastman, who, in 1933, wrote the infamous "Bull in the Afternoon" review of Death in the Afternoon, met in Max Perkins' office in Scribner's in New York. The brawl was apparently ignited by Hemingway's long-nurtured, hyper-sensitive hostility to Eastman's belittling review, especially the charge that Hemingway wore false hair on his chest. The actual results of their scuffle have never been released; if we consider Hemingway's size, strength, and advantage in years (ten years younger than Eastman), he probably fared better than Eastman—no matter what Eastman has said and written to the contrary. If Hemingway's reference to Scott Fitzgerald in "the Snows of Kilimanjaro" the year before was a cause célèbre, the Eastman-Hemingway brawl was a far more notorious affair. Eastman released the first statement to the press, and he declared himself the victor. He claimed Hemingway started the fight over Eastman's criticism. The following day, Hemingway gave his version of the battle to reporters, and insisted he had not been too hard on Eastman because of his age. Newspapers, gossip columns, and magazines gave the tussle such publicity for the next few days that world affairs, momentarily, seemed slight in comparison.¹⁹

Max Perkins, the solitary observer during the fracas, publicly (and prudently) held his peace, although he may have communicated his version to Scott Fitzgerald, who wrote and asked Perkins: "Is Ernest on a bat—what has happened? I'm so damn sorry for him after my late taste of newspaper bastards. But is he just being stupid or are they after
him politically? It amounts to either great indiscretion or actual persecution.  

Fitzgerald's next letter (September 3, 1937) suggests that Perkins had given him some information:

Ernest did exactly the asinine thing that I knew he had it in him to do when he was out here. The fact that he lost his temper only for a minute does not minimize the fact that he picked the exact wrong moment to do it. His discretion must have been at low ebb or he would not have trusted the reporters at the boat.

He is living at the present in a world so entirely his own that it is impossible to help him, even if I felt close to him at the moment, which I don't. I like him so much, tho' that I wince when anything happens to him, and I feel rather personally ashamed that it has been possible for imbeciles to dig at him and hurt him. After all, you would think that a man who has arrived at the position of being practically his country's most eminent writer could be spared that yelping.

It is impossible to read these lines and not be struck by Fitzgerald's unswerving loyalty and almost paternal understanding of Hemingway's shortcomings. Often it seems that the "bigness," the "manliness," the "perfect sportsmanship" ideal which Hemingway's writings are so concerned with, is an ideal which Fitzgerald possessed innately. He genuinely grieved over the distasteful publicity which Hemingway incurred, publicity which did little to improve his artistic reputation, and nothing to curtail the legendary version of his personal life. Even after Hemingway's death, Max Eastman exhumed this major gossip item of the 1930's—still insisting that he was the victor, but willing to admit that he found much in Hemingway's life and attitudes which has been a joy and inspiration.

During his second trip (August 14, 1937—January 28, 1938), Hemingway composed his one play, The Fifth Column, which portrays Madrid
of late 1937 before the fall of Tereul. Although the play was unsuccessful when it played in New York in the winter of 1940, Hemingway's introductory remarks seem to excuse its obvious weaknesses: "While I was writing the play the Hotel Florida, where we lived and worked, was struck by more than thirty high explosive shells. So if it is not a good play perhaps that is what is the matter with it." 23

There are several minor points in the play, however, which are related to Hemingway's journalism of the 1930's. One is the story told by Dorothy Bridges to the hero Philip Rawlings about a man shot to death in Chicote's Bar in Madrid because he was firing a flit gun at the waiters and guests. Although she gives very few details, this incident becomes the central episode in his short story, "The Butterfly and the Tank," one of Hemingway's last contributions to Esquire (December 1938). Dorothy also advises Philip on the type of books he should write. She stresses political books, because "books on politics sell forever, someone told me." 24 Such a suggestion ironically juxtaposes Hemingway's statements on the proletarian novel in "Old Newsman Writes" in the December 1934 Esquire. A third minor point is Philip's ambiguous remark about Esquire, which undercut Dorothy's romantic daydream about their future in Paris. She tells him: "I meet you at the Ritz bar, and I'm wearing this cape. I'm sitting there waiting for you. You come in wearing a double-breasted guardsman's overcoat, very close fitting, a bowler hat, and you're carrying a stick."

Philip's reaction is double-edged: "You've been reading that American magazine, Esquire. You're not supposed to read what it says, you know. You're only supposed to look at the pictures." 25 Is this
single reference to Esquire a deliberately calculated slight because Hemingway is no longer affiliated with it—meaning that there is nothing else worthwhile to read; is he recalling the generally unfavorable comments his articles received in "The Sound and the Fury" column; or is he simply reminding a certain segment of his reading audience in his own subtle way, that he helped build Esquire into the magazine it is? On the other hand, is there a slight possibility that Hemingway still has some sort of relationship with Esquire or with Esquire's forthcoming publication, Ken magazine?

III. Contributions to Ken Magazine

This last suggestion has a certain limited justification because during Hemingway's third trip to Spain (March 19-May 31, 1938), his relationship with Esquire was renewed through his appearance in Ken magazine which began publication April 7, 1938. As far back as March 1937, "Esquire's smart Publisher David Smart and Editor Arnold Gingrich set out on an eight months' job of launching a new magazine. It was to be a semi-monthly called Ken, and was to give the public the "low-down" on world events as insiders saw them." Hemingway's friend, Jay Allen, foreign correspondent for the Chicago Tribune, was quickly hired as an editor because of his extraordinary ability to write an "inside" story. Within six months Allen resigned because David Smart found him, his staff, and their work too expensive a project. A few months later, George Seldes, press department editor, was demoted to the status of a contributor, and told to do his work at home because Smart feared his liberal-labor articles would alienate big business and advertising, essential to Esquire's prosperity. (This may explain the remark in The Fifth Column.)
Hemingway, too, had been accounted as a working editor, but he spent most of his time in Spain from March 1937 until February 1938 for the North American Newspaper Alliance.

Back in Key West for a few weeks in February and March 1938, Hemingway was dismayed to learn that the forthcoming Ken was already branded a "liberal-phoney." He telegraphed George Seldes for the prospectus "and consulted with his fellow 'working editor,' Paul de Kruif. Even before Ken appeared Hemingway had decided he did not want to be listed as an editor." Consequently, in the first issue of Ken (April 7, 1938), on the same page with Hemingway's initial contribution, "The Time Now, The Place Spain," the following editorial (boxed off, and in boldface type) appears:

Ernest Hemingway has been in Spain since Ken was first projected. Although contracted and announced as an editor he has taken no part in the editing of the magazine nor in the formation of its policies. If he sees eye to eye with us on Ken we would like to have him as an editor. If not, he will remain as a contributor until he is fired or quits.

This is quite an about-face role on the part of Esquire toward their former star, but Mr. Gingrich offers a very interesting post-script to the Ken editorial:

When we were starting Ken, he [Hemingway] was in Spain, and I enlisted his services by a phone call. Then later, when he saw the first promotion efforts, where I listed various well-known figures as editors, such as Paul de Kruif, he was quite hurt that I hadn't made him an editor, so I promptly did. Soon after that, however, he became worried about whether our policies would be consistent with his own beliefs, so he made me run a weaseling note of explanation with his first article in Ken, quite unfairly, too, because he had been listed as editor only at his own request, something that would not have been at all easy to deduce from the rather harsh tone of the disclaimer he exacted from me.
Nevertheless, Hemingway, whatever his reasons, contributed a certain number of articles, despite advice from his friends who urged him not to write for Ken.

In all, he contributed fourteen pieces (averaging 900 to 1200 words apiece). Thirteen of his articles appeared in the first thirteen issues of the semi-monthly, and his final article three months later in the January 12, 1939 issue. Twelve articles are expressly concerned with some phase of the Spanish Civil War, and each piece reveals how capable Hemingway is at propaganda writing. Only one Ken article, "My Pal the Gorilla Gargantua" (July 28, 1938), avoids any reference to the Spanish crisis. Instead Hemingway turned out one of his most slickly sophisticated, "inside" items, discussing himself, Gene Tunney, Grantland Rice, the Louis-Schmeling prizefight in June 1938, the Stork Club, Abercrombie and Fitch, and the Hotel St. Regis.

But, if Hemingway had to struggle to keep his NANA dispatches relatively objective, Ken proved most permissive in allowing him to expose, attack, denounce, and criticize individuals, officials, American foreign policy, and Spanish Nationalist and Republican forces in his articles based on his "inside" knowledge of the Spanish crisis. His criticism of Mussolini is just as strong in his Ken pieces as it has been in Esquire and his earlier journalism. In several Ken articles, he knowingly hints of treachery among both the Nationalist and the Loyalist officials. His pleas, his anger, and his eventual despair with the State Department's policy of non-intervention in the Spanish Civil War become a major theme in his Ken pieces; again and again he charges that Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy are supplying troops and munitions to the
Spanish Nationalist forces, whereas the Republicans cannot so much as buy arms from the United States, or any other Western democracy. (Although Hemingway makes no reference to the aid which Communist Russia extends to the Republican forces, it is apparent that, in comparison with that furnished by Germany and Italy, Russian aid is practically negligible.)

Hemingway's scorn for certain American Ambassadors, "the career diplomats," is especially directed to the American Ambassador to England, Joseph Kennedy, although he never once refers to Kennedy by name. Hemingway has "inside" information that American Ambassador to Spain Claude Bowers is constantly undermined in his attempts to give President Roosevelt the true picture of the situation in Spain. Hemingway implies that Kennedy, Neville Chamberlain's satellite, is responsible for influencing American non-intervention in Spain.32 His Ken articles express his bitter disappointment with American foreign policy toward the Spanish Republic; he repeatedly censures the State Department for permitting themselves to be influenced by the appeasement policy which Chamberlain endorses.

While Hemingway was in Spain for his third and briefest trip (March 19-May 31, 1938), the first few of his Ken pieces appeared; during this period he terminated his coverage of the war for the NANA. "Old Man at the Bridge" (Ken, May 19, 1938) is anticipated by his April 15, 1938 dispatch from Tortosa. The dispatch refers to a peasant and his heavily laden mule-driven cart which blocks a little make-shift bridge at Tortosa. Hemingway "pushed on the wheels, the peasant hauled on the mule's head and the cart rolled slowly forward, followed by the car, the narrow ironshod cart-wheels smashing the too light new crossroads that kids were
nailing down in a rush to get the frail bridge ready for traffic." Such a graphic picture of one of the least publicized aspects of wartime evacuation lends a certain timelessness to this dispatch, and "Old Man at the Bridge" picks up these threads. In the Ken piece, the old man, without a mule-cart, sits by the side of the road at Tortosa, too tired to cross the pontoon bridge laden with mule-driven carts. This is the grimly realistic and poignant picture of an old man, "without politics," unaware of what the war is all about. In the best of his Ken articles, and one of his best pieces, Hemingway has captured the pathos, tragedy, and impersonality connected with evacuation; in this case, the tragedy is intensified by the thought that it is Easter Sunday morning, as an old man, alone and helpless, sits by the Ebro as the Fascist forces draw closer and closer. This Ken piece is included in Hemingway's 1938 collection of short stories, without so much as a change in the title.33

Back in the United States from May 31 until September 1, 1938, Hemingway contributed several more articles to Ken, mostly in the form of "insider" editorials, which severely condemn the American "fascist" ambassadors who thwart, contradict, or distort the truthful, accurate, and conscientiously prepared messages which Ambassador Bowers is desperately trying to get to the President. In another, Hemingway writes an American foreign correspondent who tried to smuggle a dishonest report of the situation in Madrid to the American press by means of an unsuspecting female reporter. In an article, "The Writer as a Writer," published the next year in Direction, Hemingway recalls a scene between Jim Lardner (Ring's son) and himself which occurred in April 1938 in Barcelona.
Asking where he can be the most useful, Jim is strongly urged by Hemingway to go to Madrid and "after it falls stay on and then come out and write the truth about what happened." Instead Lardner joins the Fifteenth Brigade and is killed in October 1938. Hemingway's wry comment may shed light on his Ken story of the unidentified American correspondent. "There was no one in Madrid to do the job he [Lardner] could have done when the city fell to Franco and we have to depend for the truth on what happened there, and is happening there every day, on the dispatches of Mr. William Carney." As we observed in several of Hemingway's Esquire articles, if he was unable to give the complete information, although unflattering, in one article or in one periodical, he was willing to try again in another. When Hemingway returned to Spain in September 1938, he realized the utter hopelessness of the Republican cause. "The Next Outbreak of Peace," his last article in Ken (January 12, 1939) is a grim forecast of the demands Italy and Germany will soon make on France; Mussolini will have no trouble with Chamberlain, who will continue to appease the axis powers.

IV. Hemingway's Final Contributions to Esquire

During this fourth trip, Hemingway submitted three short stories to Esquire. Centered around Chicote's Bar in Madrid, the first, "The Denunciation" (November 1938), in a sense, discloses the confused feelings and disillusioning experiences of the Spanish Civil War. His references to the Stork Club and the Waldorf are somewhat in keeping with his introduction to All the Brave, but the story generally reflects his own mixed attitudes about the war. The second of the Chicote series, "The Butterfly and the Tank" (December 1938), is a lengthy extension of the flit gun
incident which appeared earlier in *The Fifth Column*.\(^{36}\) The speaker, a
writer, sounds very much like Hemingway himself as he describes the
incident to an unidentified girl.

She was shocked and said that I could not write it because
it would be prejudicial to the cause of the Spanish Republic.
I said that I had been in Spain for a long time and that they
used to have a phenomenal number of shootings in the old days
around Valencia under the monarchy, and that for hundreds of
years before the Republic people had been cutting each other
with large knives called Navajas in Andalucia, and that if I
saw a comic shooting in Chicote's during the war I could write
about it just as though it had been in New York, Chicago, Key
West or Marseille. It did not have anything to do with
politics.\(^{37}\)

Hemingway's final contribution to *Esquire*, "Night Before Battle"
(February 1939), again centers in and around Chicote's.\(^{38}\) Longer than
his other two, this tale is heavily indebted to one of his earliest NANA
dispatches which described the photographers' problems, infantry and tank
battles, and aerial bombardment.\(^{39}\) "Night Before Battle" also re-works
certain elements of *The Fifth Column*, particularly the portrayal of the
weary soldier, Al Wagner, who desires to get to narrator Edwin Henry's
room at the Hotel Florida, so that he, like so many other of Henry's
soldier-friends, can get a good hot bath before returning to the battle
lines. The presence of the obliging prostitute Manolita runs a close
second to the Moorish prostitute in *The Fifth Column*. The old man
"without politics" in "The Old Man at the Bridge" appears in "Night
Before Battle" as an old waiter who is "of no party."

The Republican offensives which repeatedly failed are now candidly
discussed and Hemingway can openly lament the tragedy in his fiction; at
the same time, he criticizes the foolhardy undertakings of several
Loyalist officers, and praises the men he himself, during his term as war
correspondent, learned to know and admire. High on the list of incompetent leaders is Largo Caballero; Duran is one of the few leaders for whom he has any respect. Even the reference to the famed strategist Clausewitz recalls Hemingway’s Ken article, "A Program for U. S. Realism" (August 11, 1938), in which he catechetically quotes Clausewitz, "the old Einstein of battles," on the power of defensive strategy. In the "Night Before Battle," as in the other two stories centered around Chicote’s Bar, there is specific reference to an old waiter for whom Hemingway consistently displays a sympathetic point of view. The three stories indirectly reveal his "inside" knowledge of the manifold factions which have prevented the Republican forces from achieving a complete victory.

Twenty years later, Hemingway refused Esquire the permission to reprint these stories in their 1958 anthology, Armchair Esquire, on the pretext that the stories are dated from a literary point, although just as pro-Loyalist as ever. He admitted that "two of the stories were not as good as I wanted them and I wanted to revise them. I reserve the right to make my prose as good as it can be. In fact, I have the obligation to do so." Hemingway’s refusal stirs up memories of his abrupt leave-taking from Esquire in August 1936. His temporary association with Ken magazine (which ceased publication August 3, 1939), and his three Chicote stories in Esquire (which so flagrantly incorporate material he already used in other works) is an uncomfortable one in many ways because so little of this material presents Hemingway at his best. His best years with Esquire were those from Autumn 1933 until August 1936.
Footnotes to Chapter XII


3. Mr. Sid Goldberg, editor of the North American Newspaper Alliance, Inc., very graciously permitted me to use their copies of Hemingway's articles from Spain. Although many of the dispatches can be found in the New York Times, and in other papers throughout the country, the NANA file has been most valuable because the dispatches are given in their entirety.

Most of the dispatches are reprinted, in slightly abridged versions, as "The Spanish War," Fact, XVI (July 15, 1938), 4-72.

Selections from the dispatches may also be found in "Hemingway Reports Spain," New Republic, XC (May 5, 1937), 376-379; XCVIII (January 12, 1938), 273-276; XCV (April 27, 1938), 350-351; XCV (June 8, 1938), 124-126.

In almost every case there are minor discrepancies. Frequently, Hemingway's use of the word fascist has been changed to insurgent or enemy.

The dates of specific dispatches are the "release" dates.

4. Several highly poetic passages which reveal Hemingway's flexible use of cabelese may be seen in the NANA dispatches for April 11, 14, 24, 1937; December 24, 1937; April 3, 1938; and May 10, 1938.


7. See sections of Hemingway's NANA dispatch for October 1, 1937.

8. Ttd.

9. See the closing passage of his NANA dispatch for December 24, 1937.

10. See NANA dispatch for April 15, 1938.


12. See Baker, Hemingway, pp. 223-236.
"Making the first big public speech of his career, Ernest Hemingway did not appear until 10 p.m. while groups of his agitated admirers tried to locate him in hotels and bars, checking the airport where he had landed after flying from Bimini. Arriving while Walter Duranty was still speaking, he paced the wings before going onstage muttering: 'Why the hell am I making a speech?' But as he began to describe what he had seen reporting the Spanish war, he warmed up eloquently."

In the same article, the wrong captions are assigned to Hemingway's and Duranty's pictures.


See Hemingway, "Fascism Is a Lie," New Masses, XXIII (June 22, 1937), 4.


Letters of F. Scott Fitzgerald, p. 274.

See "Death in Spain: The Civil War Has Taken 500,000 Lives in One Year," Life, II (July 12, 1937), 19-25.


Letters of F. Scott Fitzgerald, p. 274.

Ibid., p. 275.

See the article by Max Eastman, "Thoughts about Ernest Hemingway," Saturday Review, XLV (March 24, 1962), 6, 8, 54. Eastman refers again to the fight in Perkins's office, and admits they both gave flatly and flagrantly opposite accounts of what had happened. He maintains that "it doesn't matter who came out on top in Scribner's office. Neither of us did anything praiseworthy. But it does matter profoundly--at least to me--who told truth. . . . You can't ask everything of one man, and I find Ernest's triumph over fear, his scorn for the petty big-city, big-celebrity life he might have lived in New York City as a well-advertised literateur, his bold honesty in expressing his dissent from molly-coddle standards, and the superb style . . . a joy and an inspiration."

Ibid., p. 27.

Ibid., p. 72.


George Seldes, "Ken"--the Inside Story, Nation, CXLVI (April 30, 1938), 497-499.

Ken, I (April 7, 1938), 37.


For a complete list of the articles which Hemingway contributed to Ken, see the bibliography.

See "My Pal the Gorilla Gargantua," Ken, II (July 28, 1938), 26-27, for one of the best examples of Hemingway’s heavy-handed display of New York sophisticated gossip columning. The title itself is a take-off on Hearst editor Arthur Brisbane’s maxim about prizefighters, "And a gorilla could have whipped both of them."

See Hemingway’s bitterly satiric piece, "H.M.'s Loyal State Department," Ken, I (June 16, 1938), 36. Although there is no specific mention of Joseph P. Kennedy, Hemingway certainly must be referring to him in the following statement: "If the fascists in the U. S. State Department could only be given old school ties, or even the right to wear the ties of more obscure British infantry regiments, they might be willing to settle for that honor. For the old school tie is permanent and really the highest honor Britain can give and it might save America much trouble in the future and enable some of her representatives to distinguish better between America’s interests and Britain’s if a bill were introduced in Congress providing for a certain number of honorary old Etonians, Carthusians and Rugbuggerians to be created each year in the State Department. These old school tieemen would have all the privileges of those who had attended British public schools and none of the drawbacks. Each old school tieemman could be provided with an escort of Marines in case he should wander into the Hibernian Hall by mistake on St. Patrick’s Day."

See also "False News to the President," Ken, II (September 8, 1938), 17-18, in which Hemingway flatly accuses the career men in the State Department of fascism because they lied so about the situation in Spain that the President saw no need for lifting the arms embargo, which would have enabled the Spanish Republic to buy arms.

The Ken piece, "The Old Man at the Bridge," May 19, 1938, p. 36, is mentioned in Hemingway’s Preface to The Fifth Column, p. vi: "About the stories there is not much to say. The first four ['The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber,' "The Capital of the World" (formerly "The Horns of the Bull"), "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," and "Old Man at the Bridge"] are the last ones I have written..."

"The last [one I wrote] was Old Man at the Bridge cabled from Barcelona in April of 1938."


37 Ibid., p. 188.


39 See NANA dispatch for April 11, 1937 which can serve as a rough outline of "Night Before Battle."

CHAPTER XIII

CONCLUSION

"As for journalism, that writing of something that happens day by day, in which I was trained when young, and which is not whoring when done honestly with exact reporting; there is no more of that until this book is finished."
—Hemingway, "A situation report"

After this detailed study of Hemingway's Esquire material, there is one further consideration: did his years with Esquire amount to a complete fiasco: a selling-out for security and ease, the playing on a name, a despoiling of talent, a debilitating compromise with his artistic integrity—in short, the accumulative effects of writing "slop" to keep up his wife and his establishment, as he put it in Green Hills of Africa?2

The ambiguous remark about danger to one's family in "On the Blue Water" (April 1936) is the first direct hint of some difficulty; still it is hazardous to speculate about Hemingway's personal life. As for "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" and "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," there is no point in substituting Hemingway and his wife for the dying author and his artist-destroying wife, or the cuckolded socialite hunter and his vengeance-goaded wife.

As to keeping up his establishment, big-game fishing with all its incidental expenses—running the Pilar, purchasing fishing gear, entertaining friends, and hob-nobbing with the upper-upper income
bracket—could have proved a bigger drain on Hemingway's pocketbook than he cared to admit. Although Hemingway lived the part of the well-equipped deep sea fisherman, he must have stretched his resources taut, on occasion, to keep up appearances, and to fish at Bimini for weeks at a time.

Therefore, many of his fishing letters often served a double purpose: to inform the sincerely dedicated anglers of his activities and to forewarn the wealthy angler-socialites (including those who indulged in deep sea fishing as a social status credential) that he was both an expert at the sport, and an expert on the gossip which overshadowed the fishing exploits of many of the financially well-to-do. Some of Hemingway's fishing and hunting letters enlarged his public image as an accomplished, versatile sportsman; they further portrayed a technically proficient journalist; and they consistently revealed a man and writer who never tired of exposing the amateur, the four-letter man who failed to measure up to the professional, the sportsman's ethical code. As a matter of fact, Hemingway "was a born writer and student who taught himself painfully to be a sportsman."

Hunting and fishing scenes may be found in much of his early journalism, non-fiction, and fiction; consequently his use of this material in Esquire is far from a corruption of talent; the Esquire articles are but an explicit statement of his preoccupation with these subjects. Even letters which he wrote to his friend Henry Stratier during the 1930's "are filled with accounts of deeds of derring-do among the happy hunting-grounds of Wyoming and the equally happy fishing-grounds in the Gulf Stream north of Cuba. There are pencilled diagrams on the proper way to rig baits for trolling among the
"mackerel-crowded seas" and shark-infested waters where El Piscator
relaxed from the rigors of writing."

Nor did his Esquire letters signify a selling-out for ease and
security: Esquire simply did not pay that kind of money—even to its
prize protégé. The temptation to sell-out had already been encountered
and rejected; when The Sun Also Rises proved a success, he received
several tantalizing offers from magazines, such as Vanity Fair, which had
formerly rejected his manuscripts; Hollywood tried to entice him with even
bigger stakes after A Farewell to Arms sky-rocketed to fame. In com-
parison, Esquire's fee was insignificant. As for trading on his name, he
knowingly accepted Esquire's terms. Mr. Gingrich claims, "We had Heming-
way for a start, and with his knowledge and blessing, used the fact that
we had him as a talking point to enlist others." In a roster which
included Thomas Mann, Aldous Huxley, Clarence Darrow, Ezra Pound, Havelock
Ellis, Fitzgerald, Dos Passos and Theodore Dreiser, Hemingway could ill-
afford to grind out pot-boiler copy month after month. By the same
token, some articles were bound to be better than others. Perhaps
Hemingway traded on his name whenever he did submit a shoddy piece of
journalism, such as "a. d. in Africa" (April 1934), and "a. d. Southern
Style" (May 1935), which deserved a rejection slip. He knew his letters
attracted attention—simply because Ernest Hemingway, "the speaker for
the lost generation," was writing them. He seriously considered the
possibility of having Scribner's publish his Esquire articles during the
early years of his association with the magazine, which meant he was not
writing articles off the top of his head to meet a monthly deadline.
If he so desired he could have used *Esquire* to capitalize on the legends which plagued him; only in "The Sights of Whitehead Street" (April 1935) did he deliberately call attention to some of these fantasies. "On Being Shot Again" (June 1935) inadvertently conveyed a potentially mythical element which needed no elaboration. Several pictures which he submitted to *Esquire* infuriated critics who felt he was overplaying his masculinity, while others found his resemblance to Clark Gable too much to accept. Seen in relationship to the article, photographs were not out of place. Many a Sunday rotogravure section during the years 1933 through 1936 devoted at least a page to well known big-game hunters with the game they had bagged. As for the fishing pictures which occasionally accompanied his letters, one has merely to check sports magazines and fishing books of the 1930's to learn that Hemingway was not so singularly prepossessing as his detractors made him out to be.

For the most part, Hemingway played the role of journalist—not artist—in his *Esquire* letters. He faithfully adhered to Mr. Gingrich's advice that he write about what he was interested in, where he was, or what he was doing at the moment. Any one of his letters satisfied this editorial suggestion; almost all had the journalist's stamp of timeliness. In fact, several of his articles, "Defense of Dirty Words" (September 1934), "Malady of Power" (November 1935), and "Wings Always Over Africa" (January 1936), suggest that he deliberately delayed his article until the last possible moment to simulate the pressure of meeting deadlines, and to bridge the time span between the date he composed his copy and the date *Esquire* went on sale. The major portions of most of his articles are marked by the detachment, clarity, accuracy, and objectivity
characteristic of good feature writing. Here Hemingway's apprenticeship as a reporter stood him in good stead. Despite a facile adaptability to diverse editorial policy (Fortune, Esquire, Ken), he never completely lost sight of the essential techniques which distinguished his journalism from his fiction.

Esquire also furnished the opportunity for him to try his hand in the guise of personal column--a highly charged type of journalistic writing in its hey-day in the mid 1930's. The columnist of personal opinion

is the only non-political figure of record who can clear his throat each day and say, "Now, here's what I think . . . " with the assurance that millions will listen. His associates--remembering, it may be, the days before his casual opinions were regarded as canonical--regard him with wonder and a faintly sour envy. The editorial writers of the papers which buy his work envy his freedom from restraint and the loyalty he engenders. The ranking novelists of the age envy his personality. . . . And in truth, there is something enviable in the daily and profitable projection of an unfettered personality.9

The unfettered personality in Hemingway's case projected itself into many spheres--art, literature, sports, politics, propaganda, war, disaster, personal reactions, "insider" gossip--whatever it was that attracted his interest.

In a sense, one of Hemingway's unique contributions to Esquire was his ability to join this school of personal columnists which originated in the 1920's with Heywood Broun and Walter Lippmann on the New York World's "Op Ed Page" and which, in the 1930's, "commanded audiences of a size, diversity and devotion unknown either to newspapermen or more retiring literateurs of pre-syndicate generations. The successful columnist . . . engages the instant daily attention of a greater number
of clients than any author who ever set quill pen to paper or explored
the keyboard of an Underwood with burning forefingers. The broadcasting
of his notions is without parallel in the history of print.10 Westbrook
Pegler and Walter Winchell were masters par excellence during Hemingway's
years with Esquire. "Defense of Dirty Words" (September 1934) indicated
how cautiously he stepped on Pegler's toes; "Old Newsman Writes" (Decem­
ber 1934) frankly praised Winchell's working habits. Spasmodically,
Hemingway tried his hand at their techniques: gossip sprinkled with
evidence, one of Winchell's devices, made "Genio after Josie" (October
1934) meaningful to a limited group of readers; stinging sarcasm and
pointed accusations, Pegler's specialty, made "Who Murdered the Vets?"
(September 1935) a powerful proclamation of Hemingway's "social conscious­
ness."

Stylistically, Hemingway seldom reverted to his fictional methods.
Simplicity per se was foreign to most of his Esquire journalism. Instead
he frequently relied on lengthy, complicated sentences. Rarely was his
lead sentence a simple one. Sections of his letters were often replete
with Faulknerian prose mannerisms which occasionally degenerated into
turgid passages, weakening the impact of his message. But he frequently
indulged in this type of writing--perhaps to confuse his imitators, or
to contradict critical appellations of "simplicity." He seldom relied on
dialogue in his Esquire letters. The few times he did enhance an article,
such as "Genio after Josie" (October 1934), "He Who Gets Slap Happy"
(August 1935), or "There She Breaches" (May 1936), with snatches of
conversation, were all too apparent sparks of vitality. Unlike his
hard-cover publications, however, *Esquire* was a safer testing ground for different techniques, and Hemingway experimented in many of his monthly letters with different means of expression. Although the critics might damn him for what he said, they seldom stopped to consider how he said it.

And here perhaps was the most important function of *Esquire* for Hemingway. During the years he was derided, parodied, scorned, condemned, or denounced by other writers and critics, *Esquire* was the vehicle through which he could counter-attack. *Death in the Afternoon* and *Green Hills of Africa* have their moments of literary banter, to be sure—but *Esquire* may well have spared *Green Hills of Africa* unnecessary pages of additional haranguing. Letters such as "a. d. in Africa" (April 1934), "Old Newman Writes" (December 1934), "Notes on Life and Letters" (January 1935) and "He Who Gets Slap Happy" (August 1935), viciously assaulted those who had first attacked Hemingway. Nevertheless, the *Esquire* articles did not amount to a series of malicious attacks in which Hemingway repeatedly flayed his hostile or unimpressed reviewers. It bears repeating that many of his *Esquire* articles are devoid of any reference to critics whatsoever. During an interview in 1930, Hemingway adroitly reconstructed the critical scene of the 1930's.

Many times critics do not understand a work when a writer tries for something he has not attempted before. But eventually they get abreast of it. The critic, out on a limb, is more fun to see than a mountain lion. The critic gets paid for it so it is much more just that he should be out on that limb than the poor cat who does it for nothing. Altogether I believe it has been quite healthy and the extremely dull thuds one hears as the critics fall from their limbs when the tree is shaken slightly may presage a more decent era in criticism—when books are read and criticized, rather than personalities attacked.
Born in the Depression, raised in a time of torment and confusion with the scent of war ever drifting on the air, Esquire also granted Hemingway the opportunity to present his theories and reveal his knowledge of the reality of war to thousands of readers. Isolationist Hemingway was, and, as such, he was one with the majority of Americans for the first six years of the 1930's. With the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War in July 1936, Hemingway committed himself to the cause of freedom and the Spanish Republic, and he unmistakably defined his position: "Just like any honest man I am against Franco and fascism in Spain." All of his war pieces were carefully constructed, highly professional pieces of journalism. "Notes on the Next War" (September 1935) was more highly acclaimed than any other one Esquire letter, and was awarded first prize among the essays in American Points of View 1935 (1936). "Malady of Power" (November 1935) also received high praise, and showed how astutely Hemingway observed and understood the political arena--at home and abroad. These letters and his brilliantly executed "Who Murdered the Vets?" (September 1935) revealed the depth of his humanity, his social consciousness, and his political awareness--traits which he was so frequently reported devoid of. As early as "A Paris Letter" (February 1934), he sounded the note of an impending war, which underlined his uncanny, shrewd, and profound insight and understanding of the situations he was observing in Paris.

Lastly, if Hemingway's political commentaries, such as "Old Newsman Writes" (December 1934), bordered on soap-box oratory, it was expensive oratory which cost him praise, fame, success, profit, and favorable press notices. The majority of politically-indoctrinated
reviewers bombarded him for his failure to join the Marxist-converted. Today his political independence is evaluated much more circumspectly; he was one of the few writers of worth in the 1930's willing to pay the price for his political non-conformity—and he paid through the teeth. *Esquire* was the outlet for him to define his position, and to establish his *credo* of the artist, which contrasted severely with that of the proletarian-motivated novelist of the moment, obsequiously bowing to his critical mentors. "Monologue to the Maestro" (October 1935) crystallized Hemingway's artistic position in his carefully constructed vision of the function of the artist.

Once these divergent factors are reconstructed so that they approximate the actual problems of the 1930's, it becomes obvious that Hemingway's years with *Esquire* did not amount to a complete fiasco, a selling-out for security and ease, the playing on a name, a despoiling of talent, or a prostitution of artistic integrity by catering to the critical whims of the moment. *Esquire* was the vehicle which happened along when Hemingway the author found it more feasible to put aside his artistic persona to refurbish his writing in the persona of the journalist. *Esquire* was the safety valve through which he could legitimately write about whatever caught his fancy, or attack whatever provoked his antipathy. The temper of the times forced him literally to whittle at his trade because he stubbornly refused to renounce it altogether. In 1938 Hemingway tacitly acknowledged that his recent journalistic enterprises had permitted him to surmount the exigencies of the moment—exigencies which spelled survival or destruction for Hemingway the artist. As he vowed his allegiance once again to his ideal of the artist, he
implied that Esquire was but a passing phase in his career, and he rescinded any further obligation to journalism—for the time being, at least.

In going where you have to go, and doing what you have to do, and seeing what you have to see, you dull and blunt the instrument you write with. But I would rather have it bent and dulled and know I had to put it on the grindstone again and hammer it into shape and put a whetstone to it, and know that I had something to write about, then to have it bright and shining and nothing to say, or smooth and well-oiled in the closet, but unused.

Now it is necessary to get to the grindstone again. I would like to live long enough to write three more novels and twenty-five more stories. I know some pretty good ones.
Footnotes to Chapter XIII


5. See Harry Sylvester, "Ernest Hemingway: A Note," Commonweal, XXV (October 30, 1936), 10, for a detailed account of some of the substantial offers which were made to Hemingway between 1927 and 1933. See also John Peale Bishop, "Homage to Hemingway," New Republic, LXXXIX (November 11, 1936), 39-42, for additional proof that Hemingway couldn't be bought.


7. See Letters of Max Perkins, p. 97. In a letter to Hemingway (November 28, 1934) Perkins advises him not to include shorter pieces in the same book with his African story. Perkins states: "But the chief objections I have to it are the same ones that apply to the addition of the Esquire pieces. The reviews then would be all of the stories."

See also Letters of FEF, p. 311. Fitzgerald's letter (June 5, 1937) suggests Hemingway is still considering publishing some of his Esquire work. Fitzgerald writes: "It was fine to see you so well and full of life, Ernest. I hope you'll make your book fat--I know some of that Esquire work is too good to leave out. All best wishes to your Spanish trip."

In The Fifth Column and the First Forty-nine Stories, Hemingway included the following Esquire pieces: "The Horns of the Bull," with the new title "The Capital of the World"; "The Snows of Kilimanjaro"; and his article, "Old Man at the Bridge," which he cabled from Barcelona to Ken magazine. No non-fiction from Esquire was reprinted in Hemingway's collection.

8. See Edmund Wilson, "Ernest Hemingway: Bourdon Gauge of Morale," Atlantic Monthly, CLXIV (July 1939), 41. Wilson bluntly maintains that Hemingway has become a legend, and devotes his time to building up his public personality. "He is the Hemingway of the handsome photographs with the sportsman's tan and the outdoor grin, with the ominous resemblance to Clark Gable, who poses with a giant marlin which he has just hauled in off Key West. And unluckily—but for an American inevitably—the opportunity soon presents itself to exploit this personality for profit: he turns up delivering Hemingway monologues in well-paying and trashy magazines; and the Hemingway of these loose disquisitions,
arrogant, belligerent and boastful, is certainly the worst-invented character to be found in the author's work. If he is obnoxious, the effect is somewhat mitigated by the fact that he is intrinsically incredible."

The "pictures" which most closely resemble Clark Gable are a total of one which appeared in "Books," *Time*, XXX (October 18, 1937), 61; and was reprinted in "The Old Man Lands Biggest Catch," *Life*, XXXVII (November 8, 1954), 27; and again in "Books," *Time*, LXXVIII (July 14, 1961), 88. This pictured Hemingway with the horns of an animal he killed. None of pictures in any of his *Esquire* letters bear a close, much less "ominous," resemblance to Clark Gable.

Hemingway himself remarked in one of his Spanish Civil War dispatches that he looked more like Wallace Beery than any other film star.

Dorothy Parker in "The Artist's Reward," p. 28, revealed how fully developed the legends were before the close of the 1920's:

"But people want to hear things about Ernest Hemingway... He intrigues the imagination. People so much wanted him to be a figure out of a saga that they went to the length of providing the saga themselves. And a little peach it is.

"I have heard of him, both at various times and all in one great bunch, that he is so hard-boiled he makes a daily practice of busting his widowed mother in the nose; that he dictates his stories because he can't write, and has them read to him because he can't read; that he is expatriate to such a degree that he tears down any American flag he sees flying in France; that no woman within half-a-mile of him is a safe woman; that he not only commands enormous prices for his short stories, but insists, additionally, on taking the right eye out of the editor's face... that he hates all forms of sport, and only skis, hunts, fishes, and fights bulls in order to be cute... and that he also writes under the name of Morley Callaghan. About all that remains to be said is that he is the Lost Dauphin, that he was shot as a German spy, and that he is actually a woman, masquerading in man's clothes. And those rumors are doubtless being started, even as we sit here.

"For it is hard not to tell spectacular things of Ernest Hemingway; people are so eager to hear that you haven't the heart to send them away empty. Young women, in especial, are all of a quiver for information. (Sometimes I think that the wide publication of that smiling photograph, the one with the slanted cap and the shirt flung open above the dark sweater, was perhaps a mistake."


10 Ibid., p. 2.

11 As it is, *Green Hills of Africa* is spottily infiltrated with short but often crucial passages from many of his *Esquire* letters, specifically those from Autumn 1933 through January 1935.


Caldwell stated: "Mr. Hemingway has dusted off the essay and made it as bright as modern fiction. What he has to say is important because he is able to share his knowledge with the reader. In style and in content it is definitely of 1935."

Rascoe analyzed: "It is unquestionably one of the most effective pieces of pacifist writing, in short form, that we have had. It is based upon experience, backed by observations by a man who has trained himself to observe, and written with the force of a man who knows how to write."

Fletcher said: "Many of the recent writings of this author have been unimportant news briefs on unimportant facts. Here Hemingway discusses a phase of modern life that he understands and has experienced profoundly, and that is, at the same time, so important as to affect us all. Written with sober restraint and yet full of feeling for its subject, this essay is so important as to warrant a high place."

Preface* to The Fifth Column and the First Forty-nine Stories, p. vii.
Primary Sources


- "a. d. in Africa," *Esquire,* I (April 1934), 19, 146.
- "Bullfighting Is Not a Sport--It Is a Tragedy," *Toronto Star Weekly,* October 20, 1923, p. 93.
- "Bullfighting, Sport and Industry," *Fortune,* I (March 1930), 83-86, 139-150.
- "Butterfly and the Tank," *Esquire,* X (December 1938), 51, 186, 188, 190.
- "Call for Greatness," *Ken,* II (July 14, 1938), 23.
- "The Dangerous Summer," *Life,* XLIX (September 5, 1960), 77-109; (September 12, 1960), 60-82; (September 19, 1960), 74-96.
- "Defense of Dirty Words," *Esquire,* II (September 1934), 19, 158B, 158D.
- "Dying, Well or Badly," *Ken,* I (April 21, 1938), 68.
- "Fascism Is a Lie," *New Masses,* XXIII (June 22, 1937), 4.

________. "False News to the President," Ken, II (September 8, 1938), 17-18.

________. A Farewell to Arms. New York, 1929. The 1948 edition includes an introduction by Hemingway.


________. "Fresh Air on an Inside Story," Ken, II (September 22, 1938), 28.


"Gattorno: Program Note," Esquire, V (May 1936), 111, 141.

"Genio after Josie," Esquire, II (October 1934), 21-22.


"The Good Lion," Holiday, IX (March 1951), 50-51.


"H. M.'s Loyal State Department," Ken, I (June 16, 1938), 36.


"Hemingway on Mutilated Fish," Outdoor Life, LXXVII (June 1936), 70-72.


In Our Time. New York, 1925.


______ "Marlin off the Morro," Esquire, I (Autumn 1933), 8, 39, 97.

______ "Million Dollar Fright," Esquire, IV (December 1935), 35, 190B.

______ "Monologue to the Maestro," Esquire, IV (October 1935), 21, 174A, 174B.


______ "The Nobel Prize Speech," Mark Twain Journal (Ernest Hemingway Memorial Number), XI (Summer 1962), 14.

Hemingway, Ernest. North American Newspaper Alliance Syndicate Dis-
patches, February 27, 1937-May 10, 1938. Reprinted in various
newspapers throughout the country.

________. "Notes on Dangerous Game," Esquire, II (July 1934), 19, 94.

________. "Notes on Life and Letters," 'Or a manuscript found in a
bottle,' Esquire, III (January 1935), 21, 159.

________. "Notes on the Next War," 'A serious topical letter,' Esquire,
IV (September 1935), 19, 156.


"Old Man at the Bridge," Ken, I (May 19, 1938), 36. Reprinted in
The First Forty-Nine Stories.


"On Being Shot Again," 'A Gulf Stream Letter,' Esquire, III
(June 1935), 25, 156, 157.

"On the American Dead in Spain," New Masses, XXX (February 14,
1939), 3.

"On the Blue Water," 'A Gulf Stream Letter,' Esquire, V
(April 1936), 31, 184-185.

"One Trip Across," Cosmopolitan, XCVI (April 1934), 20-23.

108-122.

"Out in the Stream," Esquire, II (August 1934), 19, 156, 158.

"A Paris Letter," Esquire, I (February 1934), 22, 156.


Quintanilla: An Exhibition of Drawings of War in Spain

"Remembering Shooting-Flying," Esquire, III (February 1935),
21, 152.


"Sailfish off Mombasa," Esquire, III (March 1935), 21, 156.

______. "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," Cosmopolitan, CI (September 1936), 30-33, 166-172.


______. "The Sights of Whitehead Street," Esquire, III (April 1935), 25, 156.


______. "Social Notes and Miscellaneous," Esquire, IV (September 1935), 5.

______. "The Soul of Spain (In the Manner of Gertrude Stein)," Der Querschnitt, IV (Autumn 1924), 230.

______. The Spanish Earth. Cleveland, 1938.


______. "Tackling a Spanish Bull Is 'Just Like Rugby': Hemingway Tells He Surprised the Natives," Toronto Star Weekly, September 13, 1924, p. 18.

______. "Three Prefaces," in All the Brave, by Luis Quintanilla. New York, 1939.

______. "There She Breaches!" Esquire, V (May 1936), 35, 203-205.

______. "The Time Now, the Place Spain," Ken, I (April 7, 1938), 36-37.

______. To Have and Have Not. New York, 1937.


Hemingway, Ernest. "United We Fall Upon Ken," Ken, I (June 2, 1938), 38.

________. "Valentine: For a Mr. Lee Wilson Dodd and Any of His Friends Who Want It," Little Review, XII (May 1929), 42.


________. "Who Murdered the Vets?" New Masses, XVI (September 17, 1935), 9-10.


________. "Wings Always Over Africa," Esquire, V (January 1936), 31, 174-175.

________. Winner Take Nothing. New York, 1933.


Secondary Sources


________. "Out of the Fog," Outdoor Life, LXXV (February 1935), 51; LXXVI (October 1935), 87; (December 1935), 74-75.


"Art: 'Luis Hoosagowed,'" Time, XXIV (December 3, 1934), 41.

"As for General Content," Esquire, I (Autumn 1933), 4.

"As for the use of dirty words," Esquire, II (September 1934), 11.

"Author Is Fishing in Bimini Waters," Miami Herald, April 21, 1935, p. 68.

"Backstage with Esquire," Esquire, I (Autumn 1933), 7; II (September 1934), 14D; III (May 1935), 22E.


"Between Ourselves," New Masses, XVI (September 24, 1935), 30.


Broun, Heywood. "It Seems to Me," *New York World-Telegram*, December 8, 1933, p. 17; December 9, 1933, p. 15; December 19, 1933, p. 19; February 8, 1934, p. 17; February 14, 1934, p. 15; July 10, 1934, p. 17; August 4, 1934, p. 34; August 6, 1934, p. 15; August 11, 1934, p. 13; August 18, 1934, p. 13; September 15, 1934, p. 30; September 18, 1934, p. 17; November 21, 1934, p. 21.

---


"Can You Face a Long Sentence?" *Golden Book*, XXI (June 1935), 556.


---


Brittain, J. H. Personal letter.


Conrad, Lawrence H. "Ernest Hemingway," The Landmark, XVI (August 1934), 397-400.


________. "A Farewell to Spain," New Republic, LXXIII (November 30, 1932), 76-77.


Daniels, Jack and Berrnic. Personal letter.


"Death in Spain: The Civil War Has Taken 500,000 Lives in One Year," Life, II (July 12, 1937), 19-26.


Diario de la Marina. Sunday, October 14, 1934.


_____. "Thoughts about Ernest Hemingway," Saturday Review, XLV (March 24, 1962), 6, 8, 54.


_____. "Ernest Hemingway: An American Byron," Nation, CXXXVI (January 18, 1933), 63-64.


Gallup, Donald C. Personal letter.


Gay, James T. Personal letter.


______. "Horsing Them in with Hemingway," *Playboy*, XII (September 1965), 123, 256-258.


Harris, Bruce, Jr. *The United States and the Italo-Ethiopian Crisis*. Stanford, California, 1964.


Heinz, W. C. Personal letter.


"Johnson and/or Johnston," *New York Times*, December 13, 1936, Sec. 4, p. 9.


Kaplan, Moise N. *Big Game Anglers' Paradise*. New York, 1937.


Keltner, Margot. Personal letter.


La Monte, Francesca, and Donald E. Marcy. "Swordfish," *Ichthyological Contributions of the International Game Fish Association,* I, No. 2 (June 16, 1941), 12.


______. "Over the Waves," *New Yorker,* VIII (October 1, 1932), 34-38; (November 19, 1932), 47.


Meriwether, James B. "The Dashes in Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms.*" Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America, LVIII (Fourth Quarter 1964), 449-457.

-----------

Meriwether, James B. "The Text of Ernest Hemingway," Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America, LVII (Fourth Quarter 1963), 403-421.


"Mr. Bowers Reads Hemingway" (Topics of the Times), New York Times, May 27, 1933, p. 12.


"Newspaper Men in Spain Hail Ambassador Bowers," New York Times, July 16, 1933, Sec. 4, p. 2E.


"119 1/2 Pound Sailfish Caught by Author," Miami Herald, May 26, 1934, p. 11.


"People," Time, LXXXVI (July 9, 1965), 41.


Schneider, Isidor. "Fellow Professionals What Do We Stand to Lose?" *Monthly Review*, I (September 1934), 6-8.

________. "The Fetish of Simplicity," *Nation*, CXXXII (February 18, 1931), 184-186.


________. *You Can't Print That!* New York, 1929.


"The Sound and the Fury," *Esquire*, I (April 1934), 12; II (June 1934), 166; II (September 1934), 148; III (May 1935), 12; IV (October 1935), 6, 8, 173; V (April 1936), 8, 10, 209.


"Spain's Bullfights Share Public Favor with Football," *New York Times*, December 22, 1929, Sec. 8, p. 16.


"Takes Record Blue Marlin," *Outdoor Life*, LXXVI (September 1935), 56.


______. "Shouts and Murmurs," New Yorker, IX (September 23, 1933), 31; (October 21, 1933), 36.


