THE NONFICTION WORK OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY

A Thesis

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PREFACE

After first becoming interested in Ernest Hemingway through a "Forms of Fiction" class, and then reading everything available by him, the writer desired to learn more of his career that led to his renown as a fictionalist. This interest led to a study of his early career as a newspaperman and foreign correspondent, a career that he did not entirely leave when he turned to fiction, for he returned to it at numerous times during his lifetime when it was to his advantage to do so.

It is the purpose of this paper to examine the type and style of Hemingway's reporting, covering his newspaper work, as well as his nonfiction books, of which there are three, and then to determine how his point of view and style gained maturity in his early years, and what effect his attitude toward his subject and his boredom with his subject had on his writing in the later years of his nonfiction work.

This paper is divided into three main chapters, with Chapter I dealing with Hemingway as a reporter. This chapter is subdivided into the three main periods of his life

in which he did newspaper work, prior to 1924, during the 1930's, and during World War II in the early 1940's.

Chapter II deals with Hemingway's three nonfiction books, and is subdivided into the three subdivisions, Death in the Afternoon, Green Hills of Africa, and A Moveable Feast.

Chapter III is a summary of conclusions drawn in both areas, first regarding Hemingway as a reporter, and last concerning Hemingway as a nonfiction writer.

It is with sincere appreciation that this writer would like to extend thanks to Dr. Green D. Wyrick for his interest and kind assistance throughout the development of this paper, and to Dr. Charles E. Walton for his reading and suggestions.

August, 1970. B. A. R.

Emporia, Kansas

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CHAPTER I

HEMINGWAY THE REPORTER

A. Toronto (1918 - 1924)

It is Ernest Hemingway's fiction that has made his name and his image of a hard-drinking, hard-fighting hero common knowledge to the general public. Yet that he began his well-known career as a cub reporter and later as a foreign correspondent seems to be a constant source of amazement to most persons who think they know something of Hemingway. From the fall of 1917 until January of 1924, Hemingway made his career that of a journalist, with the exception of approximately a year during which time he was an ambulance driver for the Red Cross in Italy.[1]

Hemingway actually had already gotten his start in journalism before he finished high school in Oak Park, Illinois. As a junior in high school in Oak Park, he began his career.[2] In the following year, he became one of the

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[1]Charles A. Fenton, The Apprenticeship of Ernest Hemingway: The Early Years, p. 33.

[2]Ibid., p. 27.

six editors of the Trapeze, the school newspaper, and as a senior, he sometimes contributed as many as three articles to a single issue.[3] In the fall of 1917, having graduated from high school, he joined the staff of the Kansas City Star as a cub reporter. He selected the Kansas City Star because of its reputation at that time as one of the best newspapers in the country.[4] In preparation for his career as a writer, he did well to choose the Star, since in later years he admitted to having owed much to his early training from Pete Wellington, keeper of the Star style sheet, a document that began with the admonition to use short beginning paragraphs, short sentences, and vigorous English. Reporters were to emphasize the positive over the negative. Common, worn-out slang was to be avoided, but it was permissible to use fresh slang expressions. The overdone and extravagant adjectives in common usage were not to be used.[5]

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[3] Ibid., p. 28.

[4] Ibid., p. 34.

[5] Ibid., p. 35.

As a young writer and one who was always more interested in details beyond merely the usual "who," "what," "when," and "where" of newspaper writing, Hemingway had made a wise choice in his decision to join the staff of the Kansas City Star, because, not only did the Star teach him to write clear, concise sentences, but also to write an interesting story. He learned to do these things in addition to reporting the mere events of the day.[6]

Hemingway was always bouncing out to ride police cars or to catch an ambulance. Finally, after surviving the thirty-day trial period, he received the General Hospital assignment. This was indication that by this time he had established himself as a competent reporter. He covered the "short-stop run," including the Fifteenth Street police station and the Union Station, as well as the General Hospital.[7]

His interest in people began to show up early in his career, as illustrated in the following story attributed to him from the files of the Kansas City Star.

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[6]Ibid., p. 39.

[7]Ibid., p. 38.

> The night ambulance attendant shuffled down the long, dark corridors at the General Hospital with an inert burden on the stretcher. They turned in at the receiving ward and lifted the unconscious man to the operating table. His hands were calloused and he was unkempt and ragged, a victim of a street brawl near the city market. No one knew who he was, but a receipt, bearing the name of George Anderson, for $10 paid on a home out in a little Nebraska town, served to identify him.
>
> The surgeon opened the swollen eyelids. The eyes were turned to the left. "A fracture on the left side of the skull," he said to the attendants who stood about the table. "Well, George, you're not going to finish paying for that home of yours."
>
> "George" merely lifted a hand as though groping for something. Attendants hurriedly caught hold of him to keep him from rolling from the table. But he scratched his face in a tired, resigned way that seemed almost ridiculous, and placed his hand again at his side.[8]

Even in this story, written very early in his newspaper career, his use of many fairly short declarative sentences is demonstrated, in addition to his focusing on such minute details as swollen eyelids, calloused hands, and ragged unkempt clothes. Moreover, this article comes to a rather abrupt, anticlimactical conclusion with the flat, understated comment, "Four hours later he died."

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[8]Mel Foor, "Remembering Hemingway's Kansas City Days," The Kansas City Star, July 21, 1968, 1D-2D. (This story covers both full pages.)

In another story attributed to Hemingway, published nine days before he left to join the ambulance corps in Italy during World War I, he centers his account on a dance given for the soldiers by the Fine Arts Institute, under the auspices of the War Camp Community Service. Throughout the dance, there is a girl, apparently a prostitute, who walks up and down the street in the sleet, looking up at the sixth floor windows where her soldier friend is dancing with the "nice girls" from the art school. He both begins and ends the story with this girl:

> Outside a woman walked along the wet street-lamplit sidewalk through the sleet and snow.
> . . . . . .
> After the last car had gone, the woman walked along the wet sidewalk through the sleet and looked up at the dark windows of the sixth floor.[9]

The interest that Hemingway has in the girl is an understated interest. She is very important to the story, yet she is not actually a part of it. It is ironical that the girls are giving the celebration for the soldiers, yet she is rejected by society because of her profession and is, therefore, not allowed to attend the party, even though she

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[9] Loc. cit.

is the girlfriend of one of the soldiers. Hemingway reports, ironically enough, that respectability is not as important as patriotism.

At the end of seven months in Kansas City, Hemingway joined the Red Cross ambulance corps in Italy. His experiences during World War I and later were to prove invaluable to his career as a writer. His war career as an ambulance driver was short-lived, since slightly over a month after arriving in Italy, he was seriously wounded and was forced to spend the next three months recuperating.[10] After returning to the United States, he spent some time in Michigan writing, the fruits of which were repeated rejections. This pattern of work continued until 1922, but the associations and experiences of the time spent in Northern Michigan were also to prove extremely valuable to him later in his fiction.[11] Through Ralph Connable, a friend of the Hemingway family who made his home in Toronto, Canada, but who spent his summers in Michigan, Hemingway secured a position in the fall of 1919 with the Toronto

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[10]Fenton, op. cit., p. 61.

[11]Ibid., p. 65.

Star Weekly, as well as with the Daily Star. He was to be associated with these papers for the next four years.[12]

There had been very conscientious editors in Kansas City who worked seriously with young reporters. The necessity of accuracy, of vigorous prose, and forceful narrative had been well drilled into him. The Kansas City Star standards were high and were rigidly enforced. On the other hand, there were few such standards on either of the Toronto papers.[13] Fortunately, J. Herbert Cranston, editor of the Star Weekly, had much more literary interest and judgment than did Joseph Atkinson, the owner of the papers. Cranston had a personality that encouraged young writers. Hemingway's natural gifts for narrative and ironic impressionism were encouraged by Cranston.[14] This attention was what Hemingway needed in order to progress in a writing career. At their first meeting, Cranston was impressed with him and with his work which showed a great

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[12] Ibid., p. 68.

[13] Loc. cit.

[14] Ibid., p. 69.

deal of wit, in addition to a good newspaper style.[15] In March of 1920, Hemingway received his first by-line from the Star Weekly. This article, as well as his next ones, reveals much use of satire. His excellent use of dialogue is very evident in his work during that spring, and he used it heavily in his satirical articles.

His first by-lined article has to do with the wave of nationalism and anti-Americanism sweeping over Canada. He begins his work by introducing America as the "land of the free and the home of the brave." From there, he launches into a description of his visit to a barber college:

> The true home of the free and the brave is the barber college. Everything is free there. And you have to be brave. If you want to save $5.60 a month on shaves and hair cuts go to the barber college, but take your courage with you.
>
> For a visit to the barber college requires the cold, naked, valor of the man who walks clear-eyed to death. If you don't believe it, go to the beginner's department of the barber's college and offer yourself for a free shave. I did.
>
> As you enter the building you come into a well-appointed barber shop on the main floor. This is

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[15] Ibid., p. 72.

where the students who will soon graduate work. Shaves cost five cents, haircuts fifteen.

"Next," called one of the students. The others looked expectant.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I'm going upstairs." Upstairs is where the free work is done by the beginners.

A hush fell over the shop. The young barbers looked at one another significantly. One made an expressive gesture with his forefinger across his throat.

"He's going upstairs," said a barber in a hushed voice.

"He's going upstairs," the other echoed him and they looked at one another.

I went upstairs.[16]

The beginning student began lathering Hemingway's face amid some good-natured ribbing from his fellow beginners.

Just then I noticed that my barber had his left hand bandaged.

"How did you do that?" I asked.

"Darn near sliced my thumb off with the razor this morning," he replied amiably.

The shave wasn't so bad. Scientists say that hanging is really a very pleasant death. The

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[16]Ernest Hemingway, "Taking a Chance for a Free Shave," By-Line: Ernest Hemingway, pp. 5-8.

> pressure of the rope on the nerves and arteries of the neck produces a sort of anesthesia. It is waiting to be hanged that bothers a man.[17]

The dialogue in this account of the visit to the barber college is crisp, understated conversation. It implies much more than is ever stated.

The following week, the Star Weekly published Hemingway's biting portrait of Toronto's mayor. This character sketch of some 700 words is an extended display of Hemingway's gift for caricature. The article has such frankness without compromise that it is not only fresh, but quite startling.[18] The major, Tommy Church, is shown as he appeared to Hemingway during an evening in Massey Hall at the fights. The Major had made it known that he was a zealous sports fan, and people generally accepted the fact that he was a fan of any and all sports. Hemingway, convinced that he saw through the sham of a very vote-conscious politician, was angered; consequently, he built his sketch around this angle of the Mayor's personality:[19]

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[17] Ibid., p. 6.

[18] Fenton, op. cit., p. 75.

[19] Ibid., pp. 75-76.

> Mayor Church is a keen lover of all sporting contests. He is an enthusiast over boxing, hockey and all the manly sports. Any sporting event that attracts voters as spectators numbers his Worship as one of its patrons. If marbles, leap frog, and tit-tat-toe were viewed by citizens of voting age, the Mayor would be enthusiastically present. Due to the youth of the competitors the Mayor reluctantly refrains from attending all of the above sports.[20]

As the article continues, Hemingway maintains that the Mayor, thinking that he was at the City Council, announced, "Meeting's dismissed" at the end of the fights.[21] In his final paragraph, Hemingway returns to the thought which he had pursued at the beginning:

> The Mayor is just as interested in hockey as he is in boxing. If cootie fighting or Swedish pinochle, or Australian boomerang hurling are ever taken up by the voters, count on the Mayor to be there in a ringside seat. For the Mayor loves all sport.[22]

In this display of satire through caricature, he has exaggerated the most obvious character trait of the Mayor, at

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[20] Ernest Hemingway, "Sporting Mayor," Hemingway: The Wild Years, p. 29.

[21] Ibid., pp. 30-31.

[22] Ibid., p. 31.

least the most obvious to Hemingway, and he has very cleverly exposed his vote-conscious behavior. This was only a beginning which was to set the pattern for many similar character sketches of persons in high office and political life whom Hemingway considered fake.

Along with these early satirical articles, he produced some stories in an entirely different vein. The first was an article on the causes of tooth infection and the advantages and disadvantages of having teeth extracted. Two weeks later, he wrote a story about what the department stores do with the old styles that they cannot sell. These stories were cleverly executed, and they served the purpose of again convincing Cranston that in Hemingway he had found an extremely inventive writer.[23] During this period, newspaper work to Hemingway meant the opportunity to be constantly writing narrative that was both forceful and interesting, with the assurance of being published.

In the fall of 1920, Hemingway returned to Chicago. Through the medium of a want ad, he secured the position of associate editor of the Co-operative Commonwealth, a monthly

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[23] Fenton, op. cit., p. 79.

magazine published by the Co-operative Society of America. In this position, he wrote vast amounts of copy to his advantage. The magazine had between fifty and sixty pages to fill each month, many of which were supplied by legitimate co-operative magazines, but Hemingway was responsible for supplying much original copy. Since human interest stories were stressed, he continued to produce much the same type of features he had been writing in Toronto.[24] He broke with the Co-operative Commonwealth early in 1921, when it was rumored that the organization was crooked and would soon be bankrupt.[25] Fortunately for him, he was still in good standing with Cranston and the Star Weekly since he had been supplying articles to him somewhat irregularly.

Hemingway's use of satire was becoming more apparent during this time. Satire had previously been no more than an occasional recurrent feature of his work. Now, it was becoming much more definite. His skepticism was on the increase in numerous areas, which accounts for much of his

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[24]Ibid., p. 90.

[25]Carlos Baker, Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story, p. 82.

satire. His humor was becoming much more sophisticated, as well. His out-of-doors material that had been previously rather pedestrian now had burlesque injected into it, causing such articles to become more readable.[26]

In May, 1921, Hemingway sent to the Star Weekly an article about American resorts. His theme carried the general idea that it was better from the standpoint of long life and good health to skip the American tradition of the annual vacation. His description of several typical vacation spots includes the following:

> Beautiful Lake Flyblow nestles like a plague spot in the heart of the great north woods. All around it rise the majestic hills. Above it towers the majestic sky. On every side of it is the majestic shore. The shore is lined with majestic dead fish--dead of loneliness.[27]

He has made use of the device of overstatement in this article, making obvious fun of the tourists who cannot rave enough about the marvelous places they have visited. His satire definitely brightens somewhat otherwise drab accounts of vacation resorts.

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[26]Fenton, op. cit., p. 94.

[27]Hemingway, "Our Confidential Vacation Guide," Hemingway: The Wild Years, p. 39.

Continuing in this satirical vein, on February 19, 1921, in another column for the Star Weekly, he groups "statesmen, politicians, newspapermen, artists, and athletes" all under the heading, "public entertainers." He believes that there would be an advantage in trading these "public entertainers" between nations, much as professional baseball teams trade players. He could see how a great "literary deal" could result, with a trade between France and the United States, each transferring three men; however, in order to make a fair trade, the United States would also have to contribute an additional $800,000 in gold.[28] By grouping together all of these people, from public officials to athletes, Hemingway appears to be playing down the importance of so-called important people. It was a typical Hemingway trait to pay homage no one, regardless of their rank, and the only surprising thing, here, is that he did not single out one important person as the focal point of his satire.

Having married Hadley Richardson in September of 1921, with this newly acquired wife he again went to Toronto. He

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[28]Fenton, op. cit., pp. 94-95.

spent that fall in the employ of the Star Weekly, during which time arrangements were being completed for the Hemingways to sail for Europe. He was to become a roving correspondent for the Star, headquartered in Paris. Under the sponsorship of John Bone, managing editor of the Daily Star, Hemingway would have almost complete freedom to travel where he wished with virtually unlimited choice of subject matter.[29] From his point of view, this was an ideal situation. Considering the fact that he was not yet twenty-three, he was flattered by the confidence which Bone had placed in him. Bone was an unsentimental, exacting editor, whose praise had to be earned.[30]

Hemingway could not have been more delighted to get back to Europe, especially to Paris. In March of 1922, he wrote an article, entitled "American Bohemians in Paris a Weird Lot," in which he displays his attitude toward counterfeit artists who crowded the Cafe Rotonde. Relying on his own convictions, and encouraged by the freedom given him by

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[29] Ibid., p. 97.

[30] Loc. cit.

the Star, he denounces this odd assortment of characters masquerading as artists.[31]

He describes one woman as an illustration of his point:

> For a first dose of Rotonde individuals you might observe a short, dumpy woman with newly-blonde hair, cut Old Dutch Cleanser fashion, a face like a pink enameled ham and fat fingers that reach out of the long blue silk sleeves of a Chinese-looking smock. She is sitting hunching forward over the table, smoking a cigaret in a two-foot holder, and her flat face is absolutely devoid of any expression.
>
> She is looking flatly at her masterpiece that is hung on the white plaster wall of the cafe, along with some 3,000 others, as part of the Rotonde's salon for customers only. Her masterpiece looks like a red mince pie descending the stairs, and the adoring, though expressionless, painter spends every afternoon and evening seated by the table before it in a devout attitude.[32]

Hemingway not only did not tolerate self-important people, he cared even less for people who felt that they should be important, and were not. The woman who thought of herself as an artist is described in very flat, matter-of-fact terms. Her face is "flat," and she is looking "flatly" at her picture with a devout attitude. The entire account is

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[31] Ibid., p. 103.

[32] Hemingway, "American Bohemians in Paris a Weird Lot," By-Line: Ernest Hemingway, p. 24.

is done in a very anticlimactic manner. Hemingway summed up his dispatch with, "You can find anything you are looking for at the Rotonde, except serious artists."[33] With this dispatch, he had been most successful as a correspondent.[34] After two months in Europe, he was already exasperated with the demands on his time in his newspaper writing. Wanting to save enough money so that he could quit and devote his time to serious writing, he worked hard and sent nine articles back to the Star within a few days. A few sounded somewhat like his earlier writing, but nearly without exception they had bright portions to them.[35]

In the spring of 1922, Hemingway went south to cover the Genoa Economic Conference. He sent five by-lined stories to the Star during a two-week period, the first of which was published with an editorial note to soften its anti-Fascist tone. He had been careful, however, to note that the essential threat to peace was Fascist controlled. He had documented his viewpoint well, and it was, in fact,

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[33] Loc. cit.

[34] Fenton, op. cit., p. 104.

[35] Ibid., pp. 105-110.

more authentic than most of the material being sent by the New York wire services, most of which declared that the only menace was that of the Reds, and such a conclusion seemed to be what the editors wanted. Since Hemingway spoke Italian and knew the people better than most correspondents, he was in a good position to assess the state of things. In his story, he did not take sides, but was most realistic. For example, he indicated that most clashes and differences of opinion involve two sides, a fact that most other correspondents seemed to ignore. He ended with a shift from hard facts to impressionism.[36] His keen observation, as well as his study of the problem were indications of his growing ability and maturity as a journalist. His realistically thought-through story of the conference did not exactly fit his mission of covering the conference and reporting it through Canadian eyes, and he was severely criticized for it, but his other articles on the conference were much less skillfully done.[37]

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[36] Ibid., pp. 111-112.

[37] Ibid., pp. 112-123.

On April 9, he went with other reporters to Rapallo to look over the Russian delegation and to question them. The Daily Star used his story on page one. The dispatch was both good and bad. It was effective only when he could work in paragraphs of description and his own personal response. An interview en masse was not conducive to impressionism; in fact, Hemingway appeared to be bored by the whole thing, judging by his use of rather careless dialogue. One of the New York Tribune's correspondents felt that Hemingway's attitude toward newspaper work was simply that "He didn't give a damn about it, except that it provided some much needed funds and gave him an association with other writers."[38]

In another of his Genoa articles, entitled "Two Russian Girls the Best-Looking at Genoa Parley," Hemingway concentrates on the convention hall and the delegates, in graphic descriptions of both, from the marble statue of Columbus overlooking the hall, to the pretty Russian secretaries with bobbed hair and tailored suits:

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[38] Ibid., p. 113.

> Delegates begin to come into the hall in groups. They cannot find their places at the table, and stand talking. The rows of camp chairs that are to hold the invited guests begin to be filled with top-hatted, white mustached senators and women in Paris hats and wonderful wealth-reeking fur coats. The fur coats are the most beautiful things in the hall.[39]

After describing this important delegation, he plays down their importance by summing up, with the very anticlimactical statement, that, out of all of these people, nothing compares with their coats for impressiveness. The short, clear declarative sentence structure is quite evident here, as well.

When Hemingway left the Genoa Conference, his career as a Canadian foreign correspondent was temporarily suspended. His Genoa assignment had been profitable to him in terms of its payment for his articles plus expense money. His journalistic collection and reputation were more professional. This assignment had proved all the more that his best working area was the subjective picture

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[39] Hemingway, "Two Russian Girls the Best-Looking at Genoa Parley," By-Line: Ernest Hemingway, p. 31.

story in any area that he himself chose, because of his own response to it.[40]

Going on the casual basis of his original free lance agreement with the Star, during the spring and summer of 1922, Hemingway mailed four articles to Toronto. After a day of trout fishing near Aigle in Switzerland, he wrote an impressionistic full-column story which was as powerful as anything he had yet done:[41]

> He was such a fine trout that I had to keep unwrapping him to take a look and finally the day got so hot that I sat under a pine tree on the back of the stream and unwrapped the trout entirely and ate a paper-bag full of cherries I had and read the trout-dampened Daily Mail. It was a hot day, but I could look out across the green, slow valley past the line of trees that marked the course of the Rhone and watch a waterfall coming down the brown face of the mountain. The fall came out of a glacier that reached down toward a little town with four grey houses and three grey churches that was planted on the side of the mountain and looked solid, the waterfall, that is, until you saw it was moving. Then it looked cool and flickering, and I wondered who lived in the four houses and who went to the three churches with the sharp stone spires.[42]

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[40]Fenton, op. cit., p. 115.

[41]Loc. cit.

[42]Hemingway, "There Are Great Fish in the Rhone Canal," By-Line: Ernest Hemingway, p. 33.

He brings his account of the fishing trip to a close with a description of his trip along the road to Aigle:

> So I went along the straight white road to Aigle through the evening and wondered about the grand army and the Romans and the Huns that traveled light and fast, and yet must have had time to try the stream along towards daylight, and very soon I was in Aigle, which is a very good place to be. I have never seen the town of Aigle, it straggles up the hillside, but there is a cafe across the station that has a galloping gold horse on top, a great wisteria vine as thick through as a young tree that branches out and shades the porch with hanging bunches of purple flowers that bees go in and out of all day long and that glisten after a rain; green tables with green chairs, and seventeen per cent dark beer. The beer comes foaming out in great glass mugs that hold a quart and cost forty centimes, and the barmaid smiles and asks about your luck.
>
> Trains are always at least two hours apart in Aigle, and those waiting in the station buffet, this cafe with the golden horse and the wisteria hung porch is a station buffet, mind you, wish they would never come.[43]

In this story, he creates a picture much as a painter might, with attention to minute details, such as the four gray houses and three gray churches, the waterfall cascading down the brown face of the mountain, and the cafe with the golden horse atop it and the wisteria vine on the porch.

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[43] Ibid., p. 35.

Late in the summer of 1922, the Hemingways made a trip to Germany during which time Hemingway sent a series of articles to the Star. His stories from the Black Forest were somewhat hastily done and indifferent, with his prejudice and dislike for the people intermingled with the stories themselves, which were far from being objective, and were not a credit to his career.[44] Two of his German articles, however, possessed real quality. One from Strasbourg deals with the plane trip that had brought the couple to Germany from Paris. Here, his sentence structure reflects his concern for the actual experience, while his exposition is precise and visual:[45]

> Our suitcase was stowed aboard under a seat beside the pilot's place. We climbed up a couple of steps into a stuffy little cabin and the mechanic handed us some cotton for our ears and locked the door. The pilot climbed into his seat back of the enclosed cock-pit where we sat, a mechanic pulled down on the propeller and the engine began to roar. I looked around at the pilot. He was a short little man, his cap backwards on his head, wearing an oil stained sheepskin coat and big gloves. Then the plane began

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[44] Fenton, op. cit., pp. 128-129.

[45] Ibid., p. 130.

> to move along the ground, bumping like a motorcycle, and then slowly rose into the air.[46]

Hemingway has been very precise in describing the actual experience as it took place, visually and sensuously, documenting it with the stuffy cabin, the roaring engine, and the pain to the body as the plane was bumping along the ground before it became airborne. He is concerned here with sensory imagery.

His second superior article was datelined from Kehl, with the fantasy of German inflation being his central theme. He concentrates on the griefs and tensions that the situation was causing and the shadowy types of people who profit from national catastrophe. Quick flashes of personality and attitude are evident through the story.[47] The episode centers on the French rushing across the Rhine every afternoon to stuff themselves on the German pastry which was now so cheap that it could be bought for less than the value of the smallest French coin.

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[46]Hemingway, "A Paris-to-Strasbourg Flight Shows Living a Cubist Picture," By-line: Ernest Hemingway, p. 42.

[47]Fenton, op. cit., p. 130.

The pastry shop, with its proprietor, clients, and staff make up a large part of the story:

> The place was jammed with French people of all ages and descriptions, all gorging cakes, while a young girl in a pink dress, silk stockings, with a pretty weak face and pearl earrings in her ears took as many of their orders for fruit and vanilla ices as she could fill. She didn't seem to care very much whether she filled the orders or not. There were soldiers in town and she kept going over to look out of the window.
>
> The proprietor and his helper were surly and didn't seem particularly happy when all the cakes were sold. The mark was falling faster than they could bake.
>
> Meanwhile out in the street a funny little train jolted by, carrying the workmen with their dinner-pails home to the outskirts of the town, profiteers' motor cars tore by raising a cloud of dust that settled over the trees and the fronts of all the buildings, and inside the pastry shop young French hoodlums swallowed their last cakes and French mothers wiped the sticky mouths of their children. It gave you a new aspect on exchange.[48]

Obviously, Hemingway is sympathetic toward these people, but he describes them in a rather matter-of-fact way, and in so doing, exercises close attention to detail. The Hemingways returned to Paris after a month in Germany and surrounding territory. His German dispatches certainly

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[48]Hemingway, "Crossing to Germany is Way to Make Money," By-Line: Ernest Hemingway, p. 48.

had not for the most part been journalistic successes, because of his belligerent attitude toward the German people and his inability to be objective in his writing.[49]

In September of 1922, Hemingway went to Alsace to interview Georges Clemenceau, one of his great personal heroes. He felt that the interview was a professional triumph and was delighted with it. But when the Star received his dispatch, the editors would not print it. If Hemingway had not been disillusioned already with newspaper work, this episode certainly would have been disillusioning.[50]

John Bone's next assignment occurred in the fall of 1922. Hemingway was to go to Constantinople, where the political situation was tense enough that there was fear of a world war. This was Hemingway's idea of a good, exciting assignment. Interested as he was in war, and curious as he was about the struggle, his memory went back

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[49]Fenton, op. cit., p. 134.

[50]Ibid., p. 135.

to other Eastern expeditions of the Greek Armies. This type of terrorism and whatever accompanied it were good news material.[51] He was familiar with the Near East and its people, to his considerable advantage in this assignment. His prime concern was going to be with the individual soldiers fighting the war and the civilians who suffered the effects of it.[52] Upon reaching Constantinople, he cabled a three-paragraph article to the Star in which he aimed for impressionism with a string of positive adjectives and a sense of tension. He described Constantinople as "noisy, hot, hilly, dirty, and beautiful. . . , packed with uniforms and rumors." Because of the tension, he notes that "Foreigners . . . have booked outgoing trains for weeks ahead."[53] All of his dispatches had a generally realistic tone. He religiously explored all aspects of the situation--political, diplomatic, and military. He was firm in his style, his emphasis, and his attitude. He

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[51]Ibid., p. 136.

[52]Ibid., p. 137.

[53]Hemingway, "Constantinople," Hemingway: The Wild Years, p. 194.

did not lean toward sensationalism nor look for scare headlines, nor did he settle for the kind of material that left people in wide-eyed wonder, so typical of much of the American correspondence at the time.[54]

The potential threat to Christians sent him to interview Hamid Bey. His ensuing account demonstrated his talent for interviewing celebrities, and his gift for characterization:

> Bismark said all men in the Balkans who tuck their shirts into their trousers are crooks. The shirts of the peasants, of course, hang outside. At any rate, when I found Hamid Bey--next Kemal, perhaps the most powerful man in the Angora government--in his Stamboul office where he directs the Kemalist government in Europe, while drawing a large salary as administrator of the Imperial Ottoman Bank, a French capitalized concern--his shirt was tucked in, for he was dressed in a grey business suit.[55]

The implication that he is making, here, is perfectly obvious, e.g., that he looks upon Hamid Bey as dishonest,

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[54] Fenton, op. cit., p. 139.

[55] Hemingway, "Hamid Bey Wears Shirt In When Seen by Star," By-line: Ernest Hemingway, p. 49.

and, through his use of understatement and his matter-of-fact manner, he has very clearly made his point. His six stories from Constantinople had done a creditable job of touching upon almost every angle of the explosive, varied situation. This was the type of correspondence work which he could do willingly, for he had done a bare minimum of spot reporting.[56] He had done an excellent job of researching the situation.

In the 1930's, paraphrasing Gertrude Stein, Hemingway reiterated one of the writing guidelines, "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."[57] Hemingway had not made up his Constantinople dispatches, but neither had he allowed himself to be imprisoned by strictly the obvious facts.[58] His reaction to the tragedy of war was both personal and imaginative. As always, his

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[56]Fenton, op. cit., pp. 142-143.

[57]Ibid., p. 143.

[58]Loc. cit.

primary concern was with individuals, namely, the Greek soldier in the case of his October 14th dispatch:

> All day I have been passing them, dirty, tired, unshaven, wild-bitter soldiers hiking along the trails across the brown, rolling barren Thracian country. No bands, no relief organizations, no leave areas, nothing but lice, dirty blankets, and mosquitoes at night. They are the last of the glory that was Greece. This is the end of their second siege of Troy.[59]

And, again, in the following week, his dispatch pictured the refugees who were moving out of Eastern Thrace:

> In a never-ending, staggering march the Christian population of Eastern Thrace is jamming the roads toward Macedonia. The main column crossing the Maritza River at Adrianople is twenty miles long. Twenty miles of carts drawn by cows, bullocks and muddy-flanked water buffalo, with exhausted, staggering men, women, and children, blankets over their heads, walking blindly in the rain beside their worldly goods.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> It is a silent procession. Nobody even grunts. It is all they can do to keep moving. Their brilliant peasant costumes are soaked and draggled. Chickens dangle by their feet from the carts. Calves nuzzle at the draught cattle wherever a jam halts the stream. An old man marches bent under a young pig, a scythe and a gun, with a chicken tied to his scythe. A husband spreads a blanket over a woman in labor in one of the carts to keep off the driving rain. She is the only person making a sound.

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[59] Hemingway, "Betrayal, Defeat . . . Then Revolt," Hemingway: The Wild Years, p. 202.

> Her little daughter looks at her in horror and begins to cry. And the procession keeps moving.[60]

In these accounts describing the soldiers and the refugees, he has made use of much descriptive writing, going into great detail. He has used a whole series of adjectives in his endeavor to picture the horror, the misery, and the filth caused by war. It is an endless procession, with no beginning and no end.

Hemingway's dispatches certainly would not have been complete had he not sketched a picture of Constantinople itself. After describing every aspect of life in the city, he summed up its features at dawn:

> Before the sun rises in the morning you can walk through the black, smooth worn streets of Constan and rats will scuttle out of your way, a few stray dogs nose at the garbage in the gutters, and a bar of light comes through the crack in a shutter letting out a streak of light and the sound of drunken laughter. That drunken laughing is the contrast to the muezzin's beautiful, minor, soaring, swaying call to prayer, and the black, slippery, smelly offal-strewn streets of Constantinople in the early morning are the reality of the Magic of the East.[61]

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[60]Hemingway, "A Silent, Ghastly Procession Wends Way from Thrace," By-Line: Ernest Hemingway, p. 51.

[61]Hemingway, "A Victory Without Peace," Hemingway: The Wild Years, p. 136.

Again, Hemingway has gone into minute detail in picturing Constantinople at dawn, but the details are negative in nature, as they have been in all of his description having to do with the effects of war. There are the rats, the garbage, and the drunken laughing to contrast with the commonly-held idea of the romanticism of the East. In a most matter-of-fact way, he has stated his points.

After the comparative freedom he had enjoyed during his Near East assignment, the next assignment proved to be extremely disillusioning. He was to cover the Lausanne Conference for Hearst's Universal News Service, involving his attending daily meetings which were mostly ceremony and filing a morning and an evening dispatch. This was the routine and undramatic type of reporting from which he had previously been spared. Because of his distaste for this type of reporting of events and communiques, he set out to do a character sketch of many of the conference's major personalities.[62] The first was published in Toronto on January 27, 1923, as an interview with Mussolini:

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[62]Fenton, op. cit., pp. 150-151.

> The Fascist dictator had announced he would receive the press. Everybody came. We all crowded into the room. Mussolini sat at his desk reading a book. His face was contorted into the famous frown. He was registering Dictator. Being an ex-newspaperman himself he knew how many readers would be reached by the accounts the men in the room would write of the interview he was about to give. And he remained absorbed in his book. Mentally he was already reading the lines of the two thousand papers served by the two hundred correspondents. "As we entered the room the Black Shirt Dictator did not look up from the book he was reading, so intense was his concentration, etc." I tip-toed over behind him to see what the book was he was reading with such avid interest. It was a French-English dictionary--held upside down.[63]

In this account of the mass interview with Mussolini, Hemingway returns to his satire of important officials. His sentence structure is crisp, concise, and matter-of-fact, while he builds up to his climax at the end which comes to an abrupt conclusion with one gigantic understatement.

The Near East assignment as a whole, including Constantinople in September, the Greek retreat and the Thracian refugees in October, and the Luasanne Conference lasting from November through January, had been important

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[63]Hemingway, "Mussolini, Europe's Prize Bluffer, More Like Bottomley Than Napoleon," By-Line: Ernest Hemingway, p. 64.

episodes in his European apprenticeship. He had been given the chance to digest and assess events and the opportunity to measure his own reactions against other bright, inquiring minds.[64]

Throughout his tenure as staff correspondent for the Star in Europe, Hemingway's assignments became progressively more desirable. In April of 1923, he received a particularly important one. He was to do a series of articles on the French occupation of the Ruhr, the most detailed assignment of his entire career with the Star.[65] In this assignment, he did a sound job of political reporting. John Bone knew that he was a clever feature writer whose specialty was skeptical exposure and impressionism, but this undertaking proved that Hemingway had matured as a reporter. He had developed in his writing beyond John Bone's expectations; and Bone, after reading his first three articles prior to printing them, took this opportunity of giving Hemingway some publicity in the Star Weekly about the upcoming series in the Daily Star. In

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[64]Fenton, op. cit., p. 160.

[65]Ibid., p. 162.

addition, on the day that the first article appeared, Hemingway rated a full column in the weekend supplement entitled, "Something about Ernest M. Hemingway, Who Is Taking the Lid Off Europe." This column dealt both with Hemingway's life and the series itself.[66]

His basic approach to this assignment was first to communicate the way in which the German catastrophe and its effects extended beyond the borders of the country. He first wrote three introductory articles in Paris about France, which he insisted had to precede any articles about Germany. He wrote in a very personal and imaginative manner without hesitating to use emotionalism:

> There is a magic in the name France. . . . It is a magic like the smell of the sea or the sight of blue hills or of soldiers marching by. It is a very old magic. . . . France is a broad and lovely country. The loveliest country that I know. It is impossible to write impartially about a country when you love it.[67]

This piece of sensory description of France is most effective, with unrestrained details of sight and smell. The

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[66] Ibid., pp. 162-163.

[67] Ibid., pp. 163-164.

enthusiasm which he displays comes through clearly in his use of short, concise sentence structure.

The material in the three articles on France demonstrates his ability to assess and communicate a large volume of material. They show a maturity of attitude and self-control without which he would have remained only one among many talented young reporters. The material itself was not profound nor revolutionary; any observant newspaperman could have collected it, but the combining of characterization, observation, interest, and studiousness was an important progression in his development.[68]

With the beginning of the German articles, his description of the scene was produced with the eye of a painter:

> There were sharp peaked plastered houses criss-crossed with great wooden beams, the river wound and rewound through the town and each time we crossed it there were fishermen on the banks, there was the wide modern street with modern German shops with big glass show windows and new French names over their doors, butchers were unshuttering their shops and with their assistants hanging the big carcasses of beeves and horses outside the doors, a long stream of carts were coming into market from the country, streets

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[68] Fenton, op. cit., pp. 166-167.

> were being flushed and washed. I caught a glimpse down a side street of the great red stone cathedral. There was a sign in French and another German forbidding anyone to talk to the motorman and the motorman chatted in French and German to his friends who got on the car as he swung his levers and checked or speeded our progress along the narrow streets and out of the town.[69]

This creative sketch sparkles with clarity of detail. The sentence structure does not keep its short concise pattern, but the longer involved sentences serve Hemingway's purpose well, with the picturesque description of the "sharp peaked plastered houses criss-crossed with great wooden beams," and the river that "wound and rewound through the town and each time we crossed it there were fishermen on the banks."

In each of his German articles, Hemingway was striving to pick up the thread of a previous article. His creative sketches, vivid narrative, and firm exposition were indications that his apprenticeship in writing was nearly complete, but not wholly, for in his sixth dispatch, he resorted to a tone of juvenile belligerence, and displayed a careless style and structure. With his seventh

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[69]Hemingway, "Getting into Germany Quite a Job, Nowadays," By-Line: Ernest Hemingway, pp. 71-72.

and eighth dispatch, he returns to the creative vein. He demonstrates real distress in his reaction to the suffering brought about by the inflation. His reaction again indicates that his new ability to respond to situations without prejudice was the basis for these evocative sketches.[70] By the end of his eighth dispatch, his impulse toward the artistic shows up again:[71]

> In the evening the brilliant red or the dark blue of the officer's formal mess kit that is compulsory for those officers who dine in Cologne, colors the drab civilian crowd. Outside in the street German children dance on the pavement to the music that comes from the windows of the ball room of the officers' club.[72]

The artistic color, here, is evident, with the red and dark blue of the mess kit, and the picturesque quality of the scene with the German children dancing in the street to the music coming from the officers' club. This is the final appearance during this series of dispatches of any memorable writing. Throughout his newspaper career, the

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[70]Fenton, op. cit., p. 172.

[71]Loc. cit.

[72]Hemingway, "Amateur Starvers," Hemingway: The Wild Years, p. 111.

best effects of his writing were dependent upon his own response to his material, but he was increasingly reluctant to let himself respond. When he did, it was short-lived.[73]

As soon as he had mailed his tenth dispatch, he left Germany, having spent six weeks on the assignment. His treatment of this journalism had been invariably competent; occasionally, it had been excellent. As prose, it had been frequently provocative, and in a number of instances it was good enough to make certain dispatches memorable. He had handled an assignment with poise that could easily have been developed in a cheap and trite manner. He had shown genuine vocational dexterity and skill.

This assignment had indicated undeniably that his talent and development as a creative writer were emerging in increasingly good form. John Bone had given him good publicity and had printed most of the articles on the front page of the Daily Star. Most had been illustrated, and all had been copyrighted and by-lined. According to

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[73]Fenton, op. cit., p. 173.

one of the Star Weekly's paragraphs, "Hemingway has not only a genius for newspaper work, but for the short story as well. He is an extraordinarily gifted and picturesque writer."[74]

The German assignment had made Hemingway financially secure so that he did no newspaper writing for the next ten weeks spent in Paris working on his fiction. With the publication, at the end of the summer, of Three Stories and Ten Poems, Hemingway was ready to leave journalism and its demands upon his time, but he was to return first to Toronto for a time in the fall of 1923. This visit proved to be a catastrophic experience for him.

Offered a job with the Star of interviewing local and visiting celebrities, he went on the payroll for $125 a week. Harry Hindmarsh had now become the Star's assistant managing editor, and it seemed to be his intention to keep Hemingway from doing anything really satisfying. Hemingway did the type of work required by his job, but his distaste for the situation was growing.[75] Late in

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[74]Ibid., pp. 174-175.

[75]Ibid., pp. 190-194.

October, he managed to get away from the tyranny of Hindmarsh by getting himself transferred to the Star Weekly. For his articles, he frequently returns to his European experiences with two excellent installments on bullfighting in which he pours out his resentment of Toronto and journalism and expresses a longing to be back in Europe:[76]

> That was just three months ago. It seems in a different century now, working in an office. It is a very long way from the sun baked town of Pamplona, where the men race through the streets in the mornings ahead of the bulls to the morning ride to work on a Bay-Caledonia car. But it is only fourteen days by water to Spain and there is no need for a castle. There is always that room at 5 Calle de Eslava. . . .[77]

His attitude is definitely evident in this article, and his dislike for his situation certainly becomes a part of his article by means of his typical, understated, matter-of-fact style.

Hemingway felt that he was wasting his time on the Star. By early November, he was writing two long articles

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[76] Ibid., p. 197.

[77] Hemingway, "World's Series of Bull Fighting, a Mad, Whirling Carnival," By-Line: Ernest Hemingway, p. 108.

for almost every issue of the Star Weekly. His tone was becoming increasingly pedestrian, and his lack of interest and downright boredom were becoming apparent. By mid-November, he had decided to return to Europe at the beginning of the new year. In order to finance his trip, he wrote a volume of copy large enough that the magazine was still publishing it after he had gone from Toronto. For most of these articles, he was still using his European experiences for material.[78] Within his final copy are evidences of his five years of apprenticeship and training. He had proved himself capable of researching a situation and writing objectively; his narrative talent had been perfected, changing it from a gift to a craft. The kind of training and lessons that he received during these years required him to tell stories rather than strictly to report events. He had been fortunate in that his employers had allowed him to develop his use of dialogue, as well as to focus primarily upon human interest

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[78] Fenton, op. cit., pp. 197-199.

material. He preferred to report people rather than events, and the Star had allowed him to do so.[79]

For Hemingway, journalism had often been exasperating and laborious, but it had provided financial security, in addition to such a catalogue of experiences from which to write that it was of great value to him. It took considerable courage as well as artistic intensity to abandon a career in which he had become a professional and to turn to the uncertainty of creative writing.[80]

B. Esquire and Spain (1933 - 1939)

The middle years of Hemingway's reporting take in the period from approximately 1933 through 1939. During this time, he wrote hunting and fishing articles for Esquire magazine and covered the Spanish Civil War for the North American Newspaper Alliance. In 1933, he was approached by Arnold Gingrich about writing some articles on hunting and fishing for Esquire, a new magazine for men. Gingrich assured him that his articles need not be

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[79] Ibid., pp. 201-202.

[80] Ibid., p. 204.

of the best quality, so he was not to be concerned with this aspect of writing.[81] When Hemingway wrote his last article for the Toronto Star in 1923, he was relatively unknown; when he wrote the first letter for Esquire in 1933, he had become one of the most popular novelists in the United States.[82]

Gingrich had given Hemingway a free hand to handle the articles in any manner that he liked, and Hemingway felt that this was a good opportunity to write for those who might share his love for this type of a life of action. He considered his sportswriting to be extremely practical, for he was ready to provide the hints for his readers in order to teach them how to shoot, fish, watch a bullfight, or even a revolution.[83] The first of these articles was published in Esquire in the fall of 1933, and was entitled "Marlin off the Morro: A Cuban Letter." All

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[81]Carlos Baker, Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story, p. 240.

[82]Granville Hicks, "The Novelist as Newspaperman," Saturday Review, L (May 27, 1967), 23-24.

[83]Carlos Baker, Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story, p. 244.

in this series were "letters" from various places. In this particular one, Hemingway combined instruction on marlin fishing and his own experiences, along with the description and impressionism so typical of his writing:

> The rooms of 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. If you sleep with your feet toward the east, this may be against the tenets of certain religions, the sun, coming up over the Casablanca side and into your open window, will shine on your face and wake you no matter where you were the night before. If you do not choose to get up you can turn around the other way in the bed or roll over. That will not help for long because the sun will be getting stronger and the only thing to do is close the shutter.[84]

The descriptive passages, here, help to add interest to the fishing trip with the view from the window of the old cathedral, the harbor, the sea, and the rooflines of the houses in between. From Spain in January, 1934, Hemingway sent "A Spanish Letter," filled with a description of his encounter with an old acquaintance at a bar, the apparent prosperity of the country, the decline of bullfighting,

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[84]Hemingway, "Marlin off the Morro: A Cuban Letter," By-Line: Ernest Hemingway, p. 137.

and the recognized changes. Its tone is informal and chatty while being extremely informative.[85]

"A Paris Letter," written in February of 1934, was something quite different, for Hemingway is quite frankly not happy to be in Paris, a reversal from his earlier years. He begins by recounting his hunting in Montana of a year ago, wishing he were there instead of in Paris. He is obviously depressed:

> 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. The 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.[86]

The depression which is obvious in this passage as he recounts the suicides of his friends has caused the entire article to be extremely disconnected. His ideas jump from one thought to another with seemingly little or no

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[85] Ibid., "The Friend of Span: A Spanish Letter," pp. 144-152.

[86] Ibid., "A Paris Letter," pp. 153-158.

connection. After discussing the suicides, he launches into a rather rambling account of the French fighters, telling what turned out to be the fate of each one. He moves from the subject of the fighters to an admonishment of the United States not to become involved in the next war. This very disconnected account finally comes to a conclusion in which Hemingway decides that it is not Paris that has changed, but, by virtue of the fact that he has lost the innocence of youth, it is he who has changed.[87]

During June of 1934, Hemingway sent a letter to Esquire from Tanganyika, his second from that big-game country. This letter is a masterpiece of hunting instruction recorded much as the white hunter instructed him on the method of hunting lions. It is clearly written with enough description of the African plains and some dialogue for variety.[88]

Writing from a totally different angle in his letter from Cuba in December of the same year, Hemingway reports as an old newsman. He touches upon politics and

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[87] Loc. cit.

[88] Ibid., "Shootism versus Sport: The Second Tanganyika Letter," pp. 162-166.

revolution, on books and on writing, and proposes something on the order of both a conclusion and a prediction:

> Neither Austria nor Hungary were ever really defeated in the war in the sense that France was defeated in 1870. The war wore out before anyone won it with them and what has happened in both countries has reflected that. Too many people still believe in the State and war is the health of the state. You will see that finally it 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.

The idea of war seems an obsession with him. Many of his articles during this period begin with a topic which has no relation to war, but they end with war as their subject. In this letter he begins with war; then, abruptly switches to the subject of writing:

> 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. . . . Write about what you know and write truly. . . . Books should be about the people you know, that you love and hate, not about people you study up about.
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> . . . . . .
>
> 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.[89] Because that is the hardest thing of all to do.

This is another subject about which Hemingway has much to say, mostly in the form of advice and instruction. One possible reason for this attitude could be the fact that he had not had a book published that had been considered successful since A Farewell to Arms in 1929, and his comments on books and writers have been a type of self defense.

From time to time, Hemingway inserts into his articles anecdotes from memory and experience, some from his boyhood, some from later in his life. One example is found in his letter from Key West, written in February of 1935. In it, he reminisced about some of his early fowl hunting with his father.[90]

In September of the same year, Esquire printed "Notes on the Next War: A Serious Topical Letter," in which Hemingway predicts that the second world war would

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[89] Ibid., pp. 183-184.

[90] Ibid., "Remembering Shooting-Flying: A Key West Letter," pp. 187-189.

come around 1937 or 1938. He suggests that the United States would be drawn into it by a desire to help the world, as well as by means of propaganda and greed:[91]

> 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.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> No one wins a modern war because it is fought to such a point that everyone must lose. The troops that are fighting at the end are incapable of winning. It is only a question of which government rots the first or which side can get in a new ally with fresh troops. . . . In a modern war there is no victory.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> 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.[92]

In this letter, Hemingway is both concerned and powerful in presenting his case. He dramatizes the individual

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[91]Carlos Baker, Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story, p. 275.

[92]Hemingway, "Notes on the Next War: A Serious Topical Letter," By-line: Ernest Hemingway, pp. 209-211.

soldier as he fights in a war, always thinking that he will not be the one to be killed or wounded, then as he faces the shocking reality that he is just another soldier, dying with all the rest.

Hemingway's letter in October of 1935 was another completely different from the hunting and fishing articles. Here, he relates his experiences with a young man who had hitch-hiked to Key West from Minnesota in the hopes that Hemingway could help him become a writer. Feeling extremely gracious, Hemingway gave him a job as night watchman and took him fishing on the Pilar while he very "patiently" listened to the young man's endless questions about writing and attempted to answer them. This letter is filled with advice for the writer. He repeats Gertrude Stein's advice from his own earlier days to create, not merely to describe things:

> There is no use writing anything that has been written before unless you can beat it. 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.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Then get in somebody else's head for a change. . . . Think what both . . . sides of it are. Don't just think who is right. As a man things are as they

> should or shouldn't be. As a man you know who is right and who is wrong. You have to make decisions and enforce them. As a writer you should not judge. You should understand.[93]

Again, Hemingway has returned to the subject of writing. The readers of Esquire were becoming well advised on this subject.

In the following month, Hemingway's letter for Esquire contained further thoughts on the imminence of war, as well as an account of his reliving of some of his experiences at the Lausanne Conference when he was a correspondent for the Toronto Star. The final thoughts of this letter indicate his sincere concern with the war that he was certain was to come:

> 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, before the propaganda starts. 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.
>
> In the next ten years there will be much fighting, there will be opportunities for the United States to again swing the balance of power

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[93] Ibid., "Monologue to the Maestro: A High Seas Letter," pp. 216-219. Hemingway is in accordance with T. S. Eliot on this subject, as Eliot discusses it in The Sacred Wood.

> in Europe; she will again have a chance to save civilization; she will have a chance to fight 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.[94]

These Esquire articles have two main themes, e.g., writing and war. Either at the beginning or at the end of most of these articles Hemingway gives advice for aspiring writers or elaborates on the certainty of war in Europe and reiterates the necessity for non-involvement on the part of the United States.

In April of 1936, Esquire printed a letter in which Hemingway argues the thrill of deep sea fishing as opposed to that of elephant hunting, insisting that, for him, the thrill of the unknown, never knowing just what might take the bait, is greater than the thrill of hunting for something specific, such as an elephant--or hunting in general--

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[94]Ibid., "The Malady of Power: A Second Serious Letter," pp. 221-228.

because there is always the knowledge of what game is available in an area. The friend whom Hemingway is attempting to convince of the merits of deep sea fishing remains skeptical.[95]

In his May letter to Esquire, Hemingway relates his experiences with a school of whales off Cuba. First, he recalls that there was great excitement over the sighting of one whale and great confusion over attempts to maneuver close enough to it to shoot a harpoon into it, but when the whole school of around twenty whales was sighted, the excitement was too much:

> As we looked astern to the eastward, there were spouts rising almost as far as you could see. It looked like a small geyser basin in Yellowstone Park. There were at least ten whales blowing at once and while we watched more than twenty showed; some close, some far out, some far to the east. Some spouts were high, thin plumes spreading on top. Others were low, squat, wide.
>
> While we had been chasing the single whale the whole school had been moving up behind us.[96]

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[95] Ibid., "On the Blue Water: A Gulf Stream Letter," pp. 236-244.

[96] Ibid., "There She Breaches! or Moby Dick off the Morro," p. 251.

This article is full of action, excitement and the thrill of the adventure upon sighting the geyser-like spouts of various heights and shapes. Its sentence structure varies with the excitement. This whole episode should have been remembered with pictures if anyone was to believe the stories, but because of a number of difficulties, only one decent picture was obtained, and that one the newspaper failed to return.[97]

In Hemingway's Esquire articles, there is great variety. Those concerned with hunting and fishing have excellent portions of exposition, as well as some very pedestrian ones. In giving instructions on a phase of a sport, Hemingway is clear and precise, whereas in some instances he has cluttered up his stream of instruction with an aside, or with a comment totally disconnected from his subject. His descriptive portions, as usual, are quite picturesque. In those articles in which he has relied on memory for earlier experiences, there are also impressionistic passages that are quite good.

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[97] Ibid., pp. 245-253.

With the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War in 1936, John Wheeler, general manager of the North American Newspaper Alliance, made Hemingway an offer to cover the war. He was to pay his own expenses, and, for each story, he would receive $500.[98] Hemingway gladly accepted the offer. He had an intense interest in this war which, no doubt, was a contributing factor to his acceptance, as well as his disgust with the critical reception of his recent books. In addition, his second marriage was at the breaking point, so this offer seemed to come at the right time for him.

Hemingway, also, became associated with a news magazine entitled Ken, published by the publisher of Esquire.[99] For Ken, with which he was associated for six months, his articles center on a single theme: "the necessity of opposing the rise of Fascism in Europe before Hitler's

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[98]John Wheeler, I've Got News for You, p. 183. NANA is hereafter used in referring to the North American Newspaper Alliance.

[99]Baker, Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story, p. 316.

Brown Shirts and Mussolini's Black Shirts overran the continent and precipitated a second world war."[100]

His dispatches for the NANA are of an entirely different nature from those he prepared for Ken. His articles published in the New York Times and other papers syndicated by the NANA are made up almost entirely of his personal impressions of battles, people, and war tragedy in general. There is little attention given to political issues or military strategy.[101] This is in definite contrast to Hemingway's earlier reporting in the 1920's. Those articles were also filled with personal impressions and character description, but at that time Hemingway also proved himself a good student of politics and the strategy behind the events.

Early in the war, Hemingway describes Spain as troops were being called up for enlistment. It was a time for celebration throughout the entire country. There had just been a victory over the Italian troops at the

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[100] Ibid., p. 332.

[101] Hicks, op. cit., p. 23.

Guadalajara front, which event increased the cause for celebration:

> Walking four abreast, arms linked, they were singing, shouting, playing accordians and guitars. Pleasure boats in Alicant harbor were packed with couples holding hands, taking their last rides together, but ashore, where long lines formed in front of jammed recruiting stations, the atmosphere was one of wild celebration.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Coming into Valencia in the dark through miles of orange groves in bloom, the smell of orange blossoms, heavy and strong even through the dust of the road, made it seem to this half-asleep correspondent like a wedding. But, even half asleep, watching the lights out through the dust, you knew it wasn't an Italian wedding they were celebrating.[102]

The irony of this situation is evident as Hemingway describes the celebration in the midst of war, comparing it to a wedding celebration, but no one could put the war out of mind for long. He has given much attention to details as the couples are enjoying the company of each other, possibly for the final time. The dream-like atmosphere of the second section is enough of a contrast with that of

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[102]Hemingway, "The First Glimpse of War," By-line: Ernest Hemingway, p. 258.

the celebration in the first section to bring back to mind also the reality of the ironical situation. In one of the rare instances in which Hemingway had studied the strategy and analyzed the battle, he attempts to correct the mistaken report on the battle at Briheuga--that columns simply stampeded and panicked without a fight under shelling from the air:

> It was a bitterly fought seven-day battle, much of the time rains and snow making auto transport impossible. In the final assault, under which the Italians broke and ran, the day was just practicable for flying, and 120 planes, 60 tanks, and about 10,000 government infantrymen routed three Italian divisions of 5,000 men each. It was the coordination of those planes, tanks and infantry which brings this war into a new phase. You may not like it and wish to believe it is propaganda, but I have seen the battlefield, the booty, the prisoners and the dead.[103]

It is very evident, here, that Hemingway had obtained the behind-the-scene facts on this battle. With the details clearly in mind, he could write with the authority of a complete knowledge of his subject. He showed great ability for combining military strategy with description;

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[103] Ernest Hemingway, "Hemingway Reports Spain," The New Republic, XC (May 5, 1937), 377-378.

however, his reporting at this time shows an increasing disinterest in journalism. Just as he had always been, Hemingway was interested in the soldiers in battle:

> . . . In the lee of the stream bank, the men were slouching fearful and grinning, their teeth flashing white slits in their yellow powdered faces.
>
> Since I had seen them last spring, they have become soldiers. The romantics have pulled out, the cowards have gone home along with the badly wounded. The dead, of course, aren't there. Those who are left are tough, with blackened matter-of-fact faces, and, after seven months, they know their trade.[104]

Hemingway's description of the soldiers with their yellow powdered faces and, later, blackened matter-of-fact faces is made most effective through his use of understatement. "The dead, of course, aren't there," and ". . . after seven months, they know their trade." He has said a great deal about war in very few words. There was always the waiting which was probably the most difficult part, just the waiting for the battle to reach them:

> The irrigation ditch was full of this year's crop of frogs. As you splashed forward, they scattered, jumping wildly. A line of boys lay behind a railroad track, each having dug himself

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[104]Ernest Hemingway, "Hemingway Reports Spain," The New Republic, XCIII (January 12, 1938), 273.

> a little shelter in the gravel below the rails, and their bayonets pointed above the shiny rails that would be rusty soon. On all their faces was the look of men--boys become men in one afternoon--who are awaiting combat.[105]

In this passage, Hemingway makes an interesting comparison between the frightened, wild jumping of the frogs, and the soldiers who were waiting calmly for battle. These soldiers are men who, a very short time ago, were boys.

Death, which is so much a part of war as well as so much a part of Hemingway's writing, is another main theme in his articles:

> They killed an old woman returning home from market, dropping her in a huddled black heap of clothing, with one leg, suddenly detached, whirling against the wall of an adjoining house.
>
> They killed three people in another square, who lay like so many torn bundles of old clothing in the dust and rubble when the fragments of the "155" had burst against the curbing.
>
> A motor car coming along the street stopped suddenly and swerved after the bright flash and roar and the driver lurched out, his scalp hanging down over his eyes, to sit down on the sidewalk with his hand against his face, the

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[105]Hemingway, "Tortosa Calmly Awaits Assaults," By-line: Ernest Hemingway, p. 287.

> blood making a smooth sheen down over his chin.[106]
>
> Hot weather makes all dead look alike, but these Italian dead lay with waxy gray faces in the cold rain, looking very small and pitiful. They did not look like men, but, where a bursting shell had caught three of them the remains took on the shape of curiously broken toys. One doll had lost its feet and lay with no expression on its waxy, stubbled face. Another doll had lost half its head, while a third doll was simply broken as a bar of chocolate breaks in your pocket.[107]
>
> Then in the road was a dead officer who had led a company in the final assault. The company had gone on and this was the phase where the dead did not rate stretchers, so we lifted him, still limp and warm, to the side of the road and left him with his serious waxen face where tanks would not bother him now nor anything else and went on into town.[108]

Hemingway has inserted a very dehumanizing element into these descriptions of the dead. They are as bundles of clothing, or broken toys with waxy faces. As mentioned above, the details are very flatly presented. One of the

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[106] Ernest Hemingway, "Hemingway Reports Spain," The New Republic, XC (May 5, 1937), 379.

[107] Ibid., p. 377.

[108] Hemingway, "The Fall of Teruel," By-line: Ernest Hemingway, p. 280.

"dolls" was broken like a chocolate bar that breaks in a person's pocket. The faces are not even human; they are only wax.

Another recurrent theme in Hemingway's war correspondence was that of the refugees made homeless by the war. In many of his dispatches, he describes these individuals as they move away from their homes with as many of their possessions as they could salvage:

> Soon we began passing carts loaded with refugees. An old woman was driving one, crying and sobbing while she swung a whip. She was the only woman I saw crying all day. There were eight children following another cart and one little boy pushed on a wheel as they came up a difficult grade. Bedding, sewing machines, blankets, cooking utensils and mattresses wrapped in mats, sacks of grain for the horses and mules were piled in the carts and goats and sheep were tethered to the tailboards. There was no panic. They were just plodding along.
>
> On a mule piled high with bedding rode a woman holding a still freshly red-faced baby that could not have been two days old. The mother's head swung steadily up and down with the motion of the beast she rode, and the baby's jet-black hair was drifted gray with the dust. A man led the mule forward at the road.[109]

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[109]Ernest Hemingway, "Hemingway Reports Spain," The New Republic, XCIV (April 27, 1938), 350.

Hemingway has included an abundance of minute detail in his description of these refugees as they make their escape from their homes. He has carefully selected details that document chaos and unify his portrait of disorder through the metaphor of the baby's hair as being suddenly aged and gray.

But there is always the lighter side which Hemingway seldom fails to add in his descriptions of the horror of war in sometimes the humorous, sometimes just a matter-of-fact, comment:

> Artillery was picking up a little now. Two came in at a fairly useful place, and as the smoke blew away ahead and settled through the trees, you picked an armload of spring onions from a field beside the trail that led to the main Tortosa road. They were the first onions of this spring, and, peeling one found they were plump and white and not too strong. The Ebro delta has a fine rich land, and, where the onions grow, tomorrow there will be a battle.[110]

> Beer is scarce and whiskey is almost unobtainable. Store windows are full of Spanish imitations of all cordials, whiskies, and vermouths. These are not recommended for internal use, although I am employing something called Milords Ecosses Whiskey on my face after shaving. It

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[110]Ernest Hemingway, "Hemingway Reports Spain," The New Republic, XCV (June 8, 1938), 125.

> smarts a little, but I feel very hygenic. I believe it would be possible to cure athlete's foot with it, but one must be very careful not to spill it on one's clothes because it eats wool.[111]

It is not difficult for one quickly to see the difference between the NANA dispatches and the Ken articles. The articles which Hemingway wrote for Ken about the very same war have an almost belligerent tone in the attacks on Fascism and a number of people whom he believed to be Fascists:

> One thing is certain now. If you want to break fascism you have to hit it at its weakest link. Its weakest link is Italy. It will take them some time to form another chain if that link goes. It will take plenty of time if the other allies, Germany and Japan, lose confidence in that link. Fascism can still be beaten in Spain the same way Napoleon was beaten in Spain.[112]

Hemingway was not at all selective in his attacks. Neville Chamberlain was a frequent target, as was United States policy when Hemingway considered it wrong.

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[111]Ernest Hemingway, "Hemingway Reports Spain," The New Republic, XC (January 12, 1938), 274.

[112]Ernest Hemingway, "The Time Now, the Place Spain," Ken, I (April 7, 1938), 37.

> This is that old Spanish war that everyone has forgotten. This correspondent rather hates to bring it up again. Especially after the fascists in the U. S. State Department have done their level, crooked, Roman, British-aping, disgusting, efficient best to end it by denying the Spanish government the right to buy arms to defend itself against the German and Italian aggression. But if this magazine is to bring any sort of an insider's view it must keep on returning to a consideration of the Spanish war even though it bores you.[113]

Here, he attacks the State Department in a most vicious denunciation, implying that people are too preoccupied even to remember that there is a war going on in Spain.

From the time of the first publication of Ken, Hemingway received letters and telegrams, protests, criticism, and attacks by people who disliked his being connected with this magazine. In the June 2, 1938, issue of Ken, his vindictive, satirical attack appeared, which concludes as follows:

> This is the kind of attack this correspondent has been looking for all his life and I believe given a little chance this correspondent could lead an assault against Ken which would be so daring that even those veteran compaigners of the Nation and the Times literary supplement would have to turn their heads away in horror as it

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[113]Ernest Hemingway, "H. M.'s Loyal State Department," Ken, I (June 16, 1938), 36.

> swept by. Yes, tonight it looks as though America had finally found something to fight against. It is marvelous to see and makes one very happy and these words are typed through a dim mist of appreciative tears. So when anyone from the Lincoln Washington Brigade comes back with any such primitive ideas as that the way to oppose fascism is to take arms against it, don't let them distract you from the great cause. Down with Ken. Forget the rest. Down, down, down with Ken. Only please don't send any more cables about it to this correspondent until he gets out of Spain.[114]

This article is absolutely nothing more than an attack on his critics. Sarcasm is evident as he purports to take the side of his opposition in denouncing Ken and leading an assault on the magazine.

By the time of the Spanish Civil War, Hemingway's journalism had deteriorated from his earlier studious treatment of issues, objectively presented, to hysterical polemic. His articles for Ken particularly are prejudiced, vindictive attacks on individuals and governments, with little or no objectivity.

Another marked difference which had taken place during the Esquire and Spanish Civil War period was an increasing reliance upon Hemingway, the famous novelist,

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[114]Ernest Hemingway, "United We Fall Upon Ken," Ken, I (June 2, 1938), 38.

as subject matter. So many of his articles during this period revolve around himself with other people and events incidental to himself as the focal point of interest. With his rise to fame, Hemingway appears to have become infatuated with himself, and very bored with his reporting of events and issues.

C. World War II (1940 - 1945)

Early in 1941, Hemingway was sent to the Orient for PM to look into the political and military situation, with the purpose of finding out just what the chances were of the United States being led into the war with Japan. The series of articles that he wrote for PM contain a detailed analysis of Japan's aims and probable policies. The information he reveals and the conclusions he draws, later were proved to be essentially sound.[115] These articles are entirely different in nature from his other war reporting, which emphasizes people and places, whereas in

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[115] Granville Hicks, "The Novelist as Newspaperman," The Saturday Review, XLVII (May 9, 1964), 23-24.

these articles do not. With very slight exception, they are concerned chiefly with politics and military strategy.

In a dispatch written from Rangoon on June 11, 1941, Hemingway exposes the real reason for fighting Japan if she were to move into the Pacific; it would not be because she had attacked the Philippines, or the Dutch East Indies, or British Malaya, but because she would be attacking the world supply of rubber, as well as some other necessities without which the United States could not carry on the industry necessary to defend herself in war. But, since Japan was dependent upon the United States for oil, she did not have a free hand to move without endangering her own military position.[116] Hemingway elaborates on this same idea in his next article written two days later:

> Last year it was perfectly possible for Japan to move to oil and to control of the world's rubber supply. Last year was when Japan had her great chance to become a world power by attacking Malaya before its defenses were organized. This year, with the Empire and Dutch defenses organized, it would be gravely dangerous for

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[116] Hemingway, "Rubber Supplies in Dutch East Indies," By-line: Ernest Hemingway, pp. 320-322.

> Japan to try to go south. In another two years when our own preparations are completed Japan can be absolutely destroyed if she tries it.[117]

In these articles there are no descriptive passages, next to no people involved, and no interesting places. There are only straight facts, all of a military nature, showing the expertise of Hemingway on the subject of war.

A further example of his military insight appears in his article of June 15, 1941:

> Insurance against having to fight in the Far East until the U.S.A. had built a two-ocean navy that can destroy any Eastern enemy, and thus probably never have to fight, is cheap at that price /less than the price of a battleship/. Always remember that a powerful enough navy imposes its will without having to fight.[118]

Without question, Hemingway is a mature military observer, and from his observations, the conclusions that he makes and the predictions that he issues are extremely accurate.

One article published in PM on June 18, 1941, was of a little different nature. Here, Hemingway breaks away from his strict military factual report. He has included

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[117] Ibid., "Japan Must Conquer China," p. 324.

[118] Ibid., "U.S. Aid to China," p. 325.

some descriptive passages in his account of building an airfield by hand:

> Two days later I flew up to Changtu in north Szechwan Province where the caravans come down from Tibet and you walk past yellow and red lamas in the dust-deep streets of the old high-walled city; the dust blowing gray in clouds with the cold wind down from the snowy mountains and you have to wear a handkerchief over your face and step into a silver-beater's shop as the caravans pass. Up there in the north I found out what Mr. Johnson meant, and I saw something that made me know what it would have been like to have ridden some early morning up from the south out of the desert and seen the great camp and the work that went on when men were building on the pyramids.[119]

This one dispatch is much more typical of Hemingway's war correspondence, with close attention to detail, a narrative style, and a use of military facts.

These PM dispatches are unique in another way. Only in a very few instances has he included himself as a character in these articles and, then, only in a very incidental way.

With Hemingway's articles for Collier's there is a return to his more typical method of war reporting. In

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[119] Ibid., "Chinese Build Airfield," pp. 335-336.

these articles, he is very much a part of the action. He has reported the action rather than predicted it as he did for PM.

The article written on August 19, 1944, entitled "London Fights the Robots," is Hemingway's account of the pilotless German planes and the anti-aircraft devices protecting London. He resorts to a type of self-conscious mockery that becomes a parody of his former style, in referring to himself as "your pilotless-aircraft editor,"[120] and again later in the article he comments, "There were two small clouds that didn't look lonely the way the clouds were in 'I wandered lonely as a cloud.'" He also wanders off to discuss the difficulty he has in understanding Englishmen when he is not face to face with them.[121]

There is a definite contrast to this mode of writing in the dispatch describing the action on D-Day, as Hemingway participates in it on board an LCV(P). The rather lengthy account elucidates the very complicated

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[120] Ibid., "London Fights the Robots," p. 360.

[121] Ibid., pp. 361-362.

maneuvers and operations of this vital day in the history of World War II. He sums up his efforts, thus:

> There is much that I have not written. You could write for a week and not give everyone credit for what he did on a front of 1,135 yards. Real war is never like paper war, nor do accounts of it read much the way it looks. But if you want to know how it was in an LCV(P) on D-Day when we took Fox Green beach and Easy Red Beach on the sixth of June, 1944, then this is as near as I can come to it.[122]

For Ernest Hemingway, this is an extremely humble admission to make.

In his dispatch of September 30, 1944, he is again very much a part of the action. He relates the following to show his connection with the French guerrilla forces:

> During this epoch I was addressed by the guerrilla force as "Captain." This is a very low rank to have at the age of forty-five years, and so, in the presence of strangers, they would address me, usually, as "Colonel." But they were a little upset and worried by my very low rank, and one of them, whose trade for the past year had been receiving mines and blowing up German ammunition trucks and staff cars, asked confidentially, "My Captain, how is it that with your age and your undoubted long years of service and your obvious wounds (caused by hitting a static water tank in London) you are still a captain?"

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[122] Ibid., "Voyage to Victory," p. 355.

> "Young man," I told him, "I have not been able to advance in rank due to the fact that I cannot read or write."[123]

He appears to be extremely interested in himself and the part he is playing in the actual military action, even going so far as to remind his readers that correspondents were forbidden to take part in the action.

Most of the Collier's articles have some descriptive portions in them, however, not to the extent that Hemingway's earlier war correspondence had. There is some dialogue, although not as much. He has included some character description, although not to the extent of the earlier work.

In his last works for Collier's, he indicates a definite lack of interest. His main concern appears to be getting into the center of the action of the war, not in sending reports on it. Judging from his reports, he managed to satisfy his desires.

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[123] Ibid., "Battle for Paris," pp. 370-371.

CHAPTER II

HEMINGWAY AND THE NONFICTION BOOKS

Death in the Afternoon

Death in the Afternoon was published in 1932. This treatise on bullfighting, however, had been in progress for some time. In the book, entirely different from anything he had written prior to this time, Hemingway attempted a twofold task: to explain the art of bullfighting to a person who has never seen a bullfight, and to explain to a person who has seen one bullfight just what it was that he saw.[124] This book was Hemingway's first real attempt to demonstrate his ability to write serious nonfiction on a subject of as much importance to him as that of any of his fiction.[125] He utilizes a reportorial

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[124]Ben Ray Redman, "Review of Death in the Afternoon," Saturday Review of Literature, IX (September 24, 1932), 121.

[125]Robert O. Stephens, Hemingway's Nonfiction: The Public Voice, pp. 15-16.

method which is straightforward in places while being as honest and as realistic as he possibly could have been.[126]

Probably the best book on bullfighting in any language, Death in the Afternoon is technically precise, but it is written to interest the lay reader. He has added narratives, sketches, commentaries on the arts, satire, as well as characterizations, word-pictures, and observations, along with a glossary of Spanish terms, several appendices, and a careful selection of photographs.[127] Every possible aspect of the art has been very carefully and minutely explained.

The initial impulse behind Death in the Afternoon was aesthetic.[128] Hemingway included more than a mere history or manual of bullfighting, for it became his attempt to rationalize the aesthetic plan that he had

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[126] Carlos Baker, Hemingway: The Writer as Artist, p. 149.

[127] Ibid., p. 144.

[128] Ibid., p. 146.

already followed in his fiction. His declaration of the "iceberg theory" of writing which he pursued is carefully detailed, here. The principles and emotions underlying bullfighting, painting, and writing have been explored. His unusual insights into the key distinctions between Spanish and Anglo-Saxon psychology and culture prove him to be much more scholarly than most of his critics have thought him to be.[129]

In his "iceberg theory," Hemingway explains the architecture of his prose:

> A good writer should know as nearly everything as possible. Naturally he will not. A great enough writer seems to be born with knowledge. But he really is not; he has only been born with the ability to learn in a quicker ratio to the passage of time than other men and without conscious application, and with an intelligence to accept or reject what is already presented as knowledge. There are some things which cannot be learned quickly and time, which is all we have, must be paid heavily for their acquiring. They are the very simplest things and because it takes a man's life to know them the little new that each man gets from life is very costly and the only heritage he has to leave. Every novel which is truly written contributes to the total knowledge which is there at the disposal of the next writer who comes, but the next writer must pay, always, a certain

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[129] Stephens, op. cit., p. 15.

> nominal percentage in experience to be able to understand and assimilate what is available as his birthright and what he must, in turn, take his departure from. If a writer of prose knows enough about what he is writing about he may omit things that he knows and the reader, if the writer is writing truly enough, will have a feeling of those things as strongly as though the writer had stated them. The dignity of the movement of the iceberg is due to only one-eighth of it being above water. A writer who omits things because he does not know them only makes hollow places in his writing.[130]

Hemingway's writing is filled with implications not spelled out for the reader, but ordinarily his meaning is clear enough, indicating that, in his own mind, he most definitely knew the interpretation that he intended his reader to make. If he did not know clearly in his own mind, according to his "iceberg theory," the reader could make no understandable interpretation from the fiction.

On many occasions, Hemingway discusses the importance of painting and great painters to his own artistic creativity. A study of great paintings taught him about form in writing. Frequently, he makes close associations between his description of some object or person and a

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[130] Hemingway, Death in the Afternoon, pp. 191-192.

scene from a painting, as he has done in this passage from Death in the Afternoon:

> Ordinarily . . . if you wish to see a study in apprehension see an ordinarily cheerful and careless picador after he has been to the corrals, or the sorting of the bulls, and seen that these are really very big and powerful. If I could draw I would make a picture of a table at the cafe during a feria with the banderilleros sitting before lunch reading the papers, a boot-black at work, a waiter hurrying somewhere and two returning picadors, one a big brown-faced, dark-browed man usually very cheerful and a great joker, the other a gray-haired, neat, hawk-nosed, trim-waisted little man, both of them looking the absolute embodiment of gloom and depression.[131]

This wish to paint seems to be a characteristic of Hemingway's artistic invention, for, although his scenes, move and change to a much greater degree than a painter could suggest, he did work in terms of artistic scenes.[132] Hemingway placed a great emphasis upon the importance of the individual artist and his own discoveries, whether painter, writer, or bullfighter:

> Suppose a painter's canvases disappeared with him and a writer's books were automatically destroyed at his death and only existed in the memory of those that had read them. That is what happens in bullfighting. The art, the

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[131] Ibid., pp. 56-57.

[132] Stephens, op. cit., p. 224.

> method, the improvements of doing, the discoveries remain; but the individual, whose doing of them made them, who was the touchstone, the original, disappears and until another individual, as great, comes, the things, by being imitated, with the original gone, soon distort, lengthen, shorten, weaken and lose all reference to the original. All art is only done by the individual. The individual is all you ever have and all schools only serve to classify their members as failures. The individual, the great artist when he comes, uses everything that has been discovered or known about his art up to that point, being able to accept or reject in a time so short it seems that the knowledge was born with him, rather than that he takes instantly what it takes the ordinary man a lifetime to know, and then the great artist goes beyond what has been done or known and makes something of his own.[133]

This is the area in which artists of other types have a great advantage over the bullfighter. Writing and painting endure, regardless of the fate of the artist, but bullfighting, as an art perfected by an individual bullfighter as he has worked out his own techniques and skills, vanishes with the bullfighter.

Hemingway placed enormous emphasis on honesty and simplicity. He wanted his writing to incorporate what he as the writer really felt in order that his reader would

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[133] Hemingway, Death in the Afternoon, pp. 99-100.

spontaneously catch the same feeling. This feeling, in turn, was supposed to be real, not imagined. Successful news writing was dependent upon a predictable response on the part of the individual, and emotion had to be inherent in the action even though it were created, although it did not have to be in a reported action.[134]

Death in the Afternoon begins:

> I was trying to write then and I found the greatest difficulty, aside from knowing truly what you really felt, rather than what you were supposed to feel, and had been taught to feel, was to put down what really happened in action; what the actual things were which produced the emotion that you experienced. In writing for a newspaper you told what happened and, with one trick and another, you communicated the emotion aided by the element of timeliness which gives a certain emotion to any account of something that has happened on that day; but the real thing, the sequence of motion and fact which made the emotion and which would be as valid in a year or in ten years or, with luck and if you stated it purely enough, always, was beyond me and I was working very hard to try to get it.[135]

The importance of emotion is a great factor in Hemingway's writing, but the emotion cannot be only reported.

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[134] Stephens, op. cit., pp. 5-6.

[135] Hemingway, Death in the Afternoon, p. 2.

First, the writer must feel the emotion in the situation if he is to convey it to the reader. More than merely describing events in the bullring, Hemingway also defines the emotions aroused in the bullfight enthusiast. Since the emotion rests within the action, Hemingway's purpose is to discharge action and emotion simultaneously.[136]

Hemingway's intense interest in the bullfight has a great deal to do with the artistic element in it. For him it is not a sport, but a tragedy, as he explains in this passage:

> The bullfight is not a sport in the Anglo-Saxon sense of the word, that is, it is not an equal contest or an attempt at an equal contest between a bull and a man. Rather it is a tragedy; the death of the bull, which is played, more or less well, by the bull and the man involved and in which there is danger for the man but certain death for the animal.[137]

In explaining the tragedy, Hemingway very clearly explicates three acts of the bullfight as he has divided it:

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[136] Leo Gurko, Ernest Hemingway and the Pursuit of Heroism, p. 212.

[137] Hemingway, Death in the Afternoon, p. 16.

> These are the three acts in the tragedy of the bullfight, and it is the first one, the horse part, which indicates what the others will be and, in fact, makes the rest possible. It is in the first act that the bull comes out in full possession of all his faculties, confident, fast, vicious and conquering. All his victories are in the first act. At the end of the first act he has apparently won. He has cleared the ring of mounted men and is alone. In the second act he is baffled completely by an unarmed man and very cruelly punished by the banderillas so that his confidence and his blind general rage goes and he concentrates his hatred on an individual object. In the third act he is faced by only one man who must, alone, dominate him by a piece of cloth placed over a stick, and kill him from in front, going in over the bull's right horn to kill him with a sword thrust between the arch of his shoulder blades.[138]

These three acts end with tragedy for the bull and death. Death is a major idea throughout the book, as it is in much of Hemingway's writing. Very early in the book, he explains his interest in death in the bullring:

> The only place where you could see life and death, i.e., violent death now that the wars were over, was in the bull ring and I wanted very much to go to Spain where I could study it. I was trying to learn to write, commencing with the simplest things, and one of the simplest things of all and the most fundamental is violent death. It has none of the complications of death by disease, or so-called natural death,

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[138] Ibid., p. 98.

> or the death of a friend or some one you have loved or have hated, but it is death nevertheless, one of the subjects that a man may write of.[139]

For Hemingway, this type of death, violent death in the bullring, seems to be somewhat the emotional equivalent of war, where, as an observer, there are no emotional ties, and some death comes quickly and simply with no complications.

Hemingway also looks upon death as an attribute of God that man is capable of. God has the power to bring death, and similarly so does man:

> Once you accept the rule of death thou shalt not kill is an easily and a naturally obeyed commandment. But when a man is still in rebellion against death he has pleasure in taking to himself one of the Godlike attributes; that is of giving it. This is one of the most profound feelings in those men who enjoy killing. These things are done in pride and pride of course, is a Christian sin, and a pagan virtue. But it is pride which makes the bullfight and true enjoyment of killing which makes the great matador.[140]

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[139] Ibid., p. 2.

[140] Ibid., p. 223.

Hemingway learned from bullfighting what ultimate reality was for both the matador and the writer. Death was the ultimate reality for the living. Both the matador and writer take raw experience and run it through the imagination so that it comes out as something new. Hemingway speaks of the matador's creating the bull, causing the animal to behave in unnatural ways. Through this ritual and death on the part of the bull, man's sense of imagined immortality has increased, and man has become god-like, because he is giving, not receiving, death.[141]

There is a definite ritual in the events that prepare for the kill. Hemingway demonstrates with great clarity in this passage:

> The man will raise the cloth in his left hand to see if the bull follows it with his eyes; then he will lower the cloth, hold it and the sword together, turn so that he is standing sideways toward the bull, make a twist with his left hand that will furl the cloth over the stick of the muleta, draw the sword up from the lowered muleta and sight along it toward the bull, his head, the blade of the sword and his left shoulder pointing toward the bull, the muleta held low in his left hand. You will see him draw himself taut and start toward the bull and the

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[141]Stephens, op. cit., pp. 227-228.

> next thing you will see is that he is past the bull and either the sword has risen into the air and gone end over end or you will see its red flannel wrapped hilt, or the hilt and part of the blade sticking out from between the bull's shoulders or from his neck muscles and the crowd will be shouting in approval or disapproval depending on the manner in which the man has gone in and the location of the sword.[142]

The manner in which Hemingway has handled this treatise on the art of bullfighting produces a very clear picture of the tragedy and all that is involved if one is to appreciate bullfighting as an event more than merely a sport. In a sense, he has explained the method of artistic killing and the importance of death.

The inclusion of the Old Lady in this book adds interest to what otherwise might be considered a tedious discourse on a subject of little interest to the average person. With the addition of the Old Lady, dialogue becomes possible and brightens the tone of the book considerably as Hemingway plays the expert in conducting her and the reader on excursions around the bullring.[143]

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[142]Hemingway, Death in the Afternoon, p. 235.

[143]Stephens, op. cit., p. 68.

Hemingway has gone into great detail on every possible facet of the art of bullfighting, even to where one should plan to sit, depending on his wealth and his reasons for attending the bullfight. There are certain sections which, he indicates, are for those who do not really want to see a bullfight, but yet want to say that they have seen one. This entire subject is explicated in minute detail.

Some descriptive passages are included, and those of Aranjuez, Ronda, and Valencia tell of more than only the bullfight season. An account of one's arrival at Aranjuez from Madrid on a special bus is followed by a walk through town to see the plaza de toros. There are fresh strawberries to buy and grilled steaks or roasted chicken to eat and Valdepenas to drink for only five pesetas at the feria booths. Hemingway places the whole experience of the market place and the rows of beggars in a pictorial frame: "The town is Velasquez to the edge and then straight Goya to the bull ring." At the ring,

he gives his instructions on the art of using the field glasses to spot and compliment the local beauties.[144] Aranjuez is a good place to see one's first bullfight because of its picturesque quality, but Ronda has romantic views from the plateau, fine hotels, the best seafood and wines, short walks, and an historic bullring.[145] Hemingway's description of Valencia is sensory, much like all good travel literature:

> Valencia is hotter in temperature sometimes and hotter in fact when the wind blows from Africa, but there you can always go out on a bus or the tramway to the port of Grau at night and swim at the public beach or, when it is too hot to swim, float out with as little effort as you need and lie in the barely cool water and watch the lights and the dark of the boats and the rows of eating shacks and swimming cabins. At Valencia too, when it is hottest, you can eat down at the beach for a peseta or two pesetas at one of the eating pavilions where they will serve you beer and shrimps and a paella of rice, tomato, sweet peppers, saffron and good seafood, snails, crawfish, small fish, little eels, all cooked together in a saffron-colored mound. You can get this with a bottle of local wine for two pesetas and the children will go by barelegged on the beach and there is a thatched roof over

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[144]Hemingway, Death in the Afternoon, pp. 39-41.

[145]Stephens, op. cit., p. 69.

> the pavilion, the sand cool under your feet, the sea with the fishermen sitting in the cool of the evening in the black felucca rigged boats that you can see, if you come to swim the next morning, being dragged up the beach by six yoke of oxen.[146]

The scene as Hemingway describes it here resembles a painting with an additional dimension of feeling. He has conveyed the heat, the wind, the barely tepid water, and the cool of the evening. Smells of fish and food seem to come through, as well. Other aspects of Spanish life are incidental, since Death in the Afternoon is a handbook of bullfighting, but the atmosphere of Spanish life is ever present because of the importance of Spain to Hemingway.[147]

The bullfighter artist represented the fully experienced life that was Hemingway's Spain. The last chapter makes it quite clear that this book is about the whole Spanish experience with bullfighting as the vehicle

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[146] Hemingway, Death in the Afternoon, p. 44.

[147] Carlos Baker, Hemingway: The Writer as Artist, p. 147.

for carrying out this experience.[148] In this last chapter Hemingway also attempts to suggest all of the experiences that he could not use in his discussion of bullfighting. "If I could have made this enough of a book it would have had everything in it."[149] He, then, enumerates all of the things that he should have included. In this final note in this book, he returns to the subject of his artistic creed. "The great thing is to last and get your work done and see and hear and learn and understand and write when there is something that you know and not before; and not too damned much after."[150] This is a book of an artistic method explained through the medium of the bullfight.

Green Hills of Africa

In 1935, Green Hills of Africa, Hemingway's second nonfiction book, was published. This was to be his last

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[148]Stephens, op. cit., pp. 70-71.

[149]Hemingway, Death in the Afternoon, p. 270.

[150]Ibid., p. 278.

full-length nonfiction book for twenty-five years. Nonfiction was for individual enthusiasm, and the subject of African big game hunting certainly was one about which Hemingway was highly enthusiastic.[151] The three Tanganyika letters written for Esquire in 1934 served as the beginning of the idea that was expanded eventually into Green Hills of Africa. In these articles were several ideas which Hemingway wanted to work out in detail; for instance, the physical and cultural associations between the African terrain, and Spain and the American West; the fine points in the hunting code that are based on animal anatomy, and human pain and resourcefulness; the art of close observation; and the idea that subject and style are mutually dependent upon each other as much in a nonfiction work as they are in fiction.[152]

In the "Foreward" of Green Hills of Africa Hemingway states:

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[151] Stephens, op. cit., p. 20.

[152] Ibid., p. 19.

> 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.[153]

There is a considerable difference of opinion among the critics as to whether the "absolutely true" book could compete with fiction, but the truth can rarely equal the emotional intensity of fiction, even in the hands of a skillful writer. Portraying nonfictional events exactly as they happened limits the imagination and freedom of the writer.[154] Edmund Wilson feels that Hemingway has not succeeded in his aim, because an artificiality results when the sophisticated technique of the fiction writer is applied to real happenings.[155] In spite of

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[153]Ernest Hemingway, Green Hills of Africa, "Foreward."

[154]Carlos Baker, Hemingway: The Writer as Artist, pp. 167-168.

[155]Edmund Wilson, "Letter to the Russians about Hemingway," The New Republic, LXXXV (December 11, 1935), 135.

the fact that this book is nonfiction, Hemingway has utilized an arrangement of events for the action of the month of big game hunting for a better and more memorable effect. He contrasts the mountains, indicating the good life, with the plains, denoting the difficult life. The lowlands of Tanganyika depressed him; he preferred the forested mountains. The emotional atmosphere corresponds to the heights and depths of the elevation.[156]

The form of the entire book points toward the kudu hunt in Chapter XII, the next-to-the-last chapter of the book. The opening chapters deal with the kudu and Hemingway's great desire to kill a good one. The seven middle chapters double back in time to the somewhat unsatisfactory hunting of rhino and buffalo. In Chapter X, he returns to the same time that of the beginning of the book. The middle section of the book is geared to the marked contrast at the end. Hemingway places confusion and disappointments in hunting conditions and inferior animals in these middle chapters. Then in Chapter XII

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[156] Carlos Baker, Hemingway: The Writer as Artist, p. 168.

comes his victory over the kudu, one with beauty and perfection. The book concludes on an anti-climactic note in Chapter XIII, which serves to bring the reader down to earth and reality.[157]

The plan of the book is worked out to fit the plan of the action with, first, the excitement of anticipation, and then the disappointment of repeated attempts and failures, but finally the victory which seemed so much more victorious after the many disappointments. Rather than conclude with a point of high excitement and success, Hemingway brings the reader back to the realistic view with a down-to-earth ending.

Hemingway's love of Africa is evident throughout the book, not only of Africa, but of big game country in general. He contrasts his love for country and his lack of interest in large numbers of people with the following statement: "I had loved country all my life; the country was always better than the people. I could only care about people a very few at a time."[158]

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[157] Loc. cit.

[158] Hemingway, Green Hills of Africa, p. 73.

He includes a large amount of description in Green Hills of Africa in the account of the terrain as it relates to the hunting, since it is of prime importance:

> The afternoon of the day we came into the country we walked about four miles from camp along a deep rhino trail that graded through the grassy hills with their abandoned orchard-looking trees, as smoothly and evenly as though an engineer had planned it. The trail was a foot deep in the ground and smoothly worn and we left it where it slanted down through a divide in the hills like a dry irrigation ditch and climbed, sweating, the small, steep hill on the right to sit there with our back against the hilltop and glass the country. It was a green, pleasant country, with hills below the forest that grew thick on the side of a mountain, and it was cut by the valleys of several watercourses that came down out of the thick timber on the mountain. Fingers of the forest came down onto the heads of some of the slopes and it was there, at the forest edge, that we watched for the rhino to come out. If you looked away from the forest and the mountain side you could follow the watercourses and the hilly slope of the land down until the land flattened and the grass was brown and burned and, away, across a long sweep of country, was the brown Rift Valley and the shine of Lake Manyara.[159]

In this descriptive passage, it is evident that Hemingway much prefers the green hills with "fingers of forest" and the watercourses, to the lowland after it flattened out and became brown with the burned grass.

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[159] Ibid., pp. 48-49.

There are few instances in the book in which Hemingway has really given the reader a careful study of the native people, but when he chooses to describe them, they make very colorful reporting:

> A very old, worn, and faded black man, with a stubble of white beard, a farmer, dressed in a dirty once-white cloth gathered at the shoulder in the manner of a Roman toga, came out from behind one of the mud and wattle huts, and guided us back down the road and off it to the left to a very good camp site. . . .
>
> We took the seats out of the car to use as a table and benches and spreading our coats to sit on had a lunch in the deep shade of a big tree, drank some beer, and slept or read while we waited for the lorries to come up. Before the lorries arrived the old man came back with the skinniest, hungriest, most unsuccessful looking of Wanderobos who stood on one leg, scratched the back of his neck and carried a bow and quiver of arrows and a spear.[160]

This is one of the rare views of the natives that Hemingway provides the reader, but it serves to furnish a good picture. This Wanderobo that the old man in the toga brought back is described in negative terms.

The opposite is true, later on in the book, as the emotional atmosphere picks up while the hunting part is,

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[160] Ibid., p. 161.

at last, really on the trail of the long-awaited kudu. As the party enters lush green countryside, again a sign of hope, they come upon an African village, out of which immediately swarm many "long-legged, gracefully-moving men, all of whom seem to be very nearly the same age." They all wear their hair in a heavy queue down their backs, that swings against their shoulders as they run. They are a happy, good-looking people, and a naturally curious people, wanting immediately to know what the hunting party is going to do.[161]

When told that the hunting party is after kudu, the men said that they had seen two kudu on the trail earlier that afternoon.

The party now attempts to move through the village, but the men surround the car, practically daring the car to run over them before they move. Then, they begin to run with the car, apparently making it a contest. One by one they drop back, smiling and waving.[162] When a steep hill slows down the car, the entire group again catches

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[161] Ibid., p. 219.

[162] Loc. cit.

up with the party. At this time, a small rabbit darts out, and the men run after it and, after catching it, offer it to Hemingway as a gift. After the rabbit is handed back and forth, the men finally turn it loose to run away.[163]

Reaching the top of the grade, at last the car picks up speed, and the men again run with it:

> So now there were only the two of them left again, running, and it was hard going and the machine was beating them. They were still running well and still loose and long but the machine was a cruel pacemaker. So I told Kamau to speed it up and get it over with because a sudden burst of speed was not the humiliation of a steady using. They sprinted, were beaten, laughed, and then we were leaning out, waving, and they stood leaning on their spears and waved.[164]

This scene is one of the happiest in the book. Its emotional atmosphere is at a high pitch, and there is a lightheartedness that prevails as the hunt becomes more intense, finally to end in the long-awaited victory of killing the kudu. This victory which comes with the shooting of two kudu bulls, the goal of the entire trip and the

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[163] Ibid., p. 220.

[164] Ibid., pp. 218-221.

denouement toward which all action points in the book, is not a long-lasting victory, for it turns sour the following day.

The hunting party comes upon several sable, most of which are large and beautiful. Hemingway manages to shoot two, one of which they never find after trailing it most of the day. He has not shot the animal cleanly and has not killed it. The emotional pitch drops from the very highest to the very lowest as Hemingway reflects on his failure to kill the sable bull instead of only wounding it:

> I straightened up and went over to the shade of a big tree. It felt cool as water and the breeze cooled my skin through the wet shirt. I was thinking about the bull and wishing to God I had never hit him. Now I had wounded him and lost him. I believe he kept right on travelling and went out of that country. He never showed any tendency to circle back. Tonight he would die and the hyenas would eat him, or, worse, they would get him before he died, hamstringing him and pulling his guts out while he was alive. The first one that hit that blood spoor would stay with it until he found him. Then he would call up the others. I felt a son of a bitch to have hit him and not killed him. I did not mind killing anything, any animal, if I killed it cleanly, they all had to die and my interference with the nightly and seasonal killing that went on all the time was very minute and I had no

> guilty feeling at all. We ate the meat and kept the hides and horns. But I felt rotten sick over this sable bull.[165]

The other sable that Hemingway shot and killed turns out to be a large cow. Insult is added to injury, for the sportsman does not kill the female. Thus, the momentary triumph for Hemingway has now turned into failure, for he has been disgraced. In the final chapter, there is still one more blow to the hunter's ego. As members of the hunting party return to camp and meet the remainder of the group, they find that one of the other hunters has also killed a kudu bull, only one, but larger than either of the two that Hemingway had bagged. Hemingway is thrown into even deeper emotional depths:

> They were the biggest, widest, darkest, longest-curling, heaviest, most unbelievable pair of kudu horns in the world. Suddenly, poisoned with envy, I did not want to see mine again; never, never.
>
> "That's great," I said, the words coming out as cheerfully as a croak. I tried it again. "That's swell. How did you get him?"[166]

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[165] Ibid., pp. 271-272.

[166] Ibid., p. 291.

To add to the mood of despair, on the following morning when they are to leave this part of Africa before the rainy season sets in, the sky is overcast, with gray, gloomy clouds.[167]

Sheridan Baker looks upon this story of personal failure as a personal triumph. Each of the four sections, "Pursuit and Conversation," "Pursuit Remembered," "Pursuit and Failure," and "Pursuit as Happiness," suggests that, perhaps, the pursuit itself is better than the victory that follows. Hemingway, Baker argues, is pursuing more than animals; he is pursuing truth and a way of life, as well as language. He is confronting himself in his old struggle with journalism and literature.[168]

Hemingway's sentence structure in Green Hills of Africa has changed considerably from that in his previous nonfiction. The short concise sentences which have

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[167] Ibid., p. 293.

[168] Sheridan Baker, Ernest Hemingway: An Introduction and Interpretation, p. 91.

characterized his writing until this time are seldom to be found in this book; however, he includes just enough of these kinds of sentences to give some variety to involved descriptive or reportorial passages. Characteristic of Hemingway, however, is that in his nonfiction, he has managed to link many different ideas and subjects regardless of how totally unrelated they might seem to be on the surface. He has, in this book, combined the shooting of kudu with comment on writing and writers.[169] Included is a quick, although celebrated, survey of American writers and critics. He does not hesitate to attack those with whom he disagrees,[170] questioning their honesty and judgment and calling them jealous.[171] Gertrude Stein is always a ready target, and Hemingway manages to have her

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[169] Gurko, op. cit., p. 212.

[170] "All Stories End," Time, XXX (October 18, 1937), 79.

[171] Gurko, op. cit., p. 215.

brought up in conversation so that he can make uncomplimentary remarks about her.[172] These are some of the more unpleasant sidelights of the book.

Death in the Afternoon could have been simply a type of travel narrative, but Hemingway's purposes were always beyond simply telling about places visited and things seen. He always filled some other role in the process. In his early years, it was as a reporter; later, it was as an aficionado, and later yet, it was as the sportsman, either the hunter or the fisherman. Even when he was filling none of these roles, he constructed his writing of events and travel adventures so that they provided opportunities for social analysis.[173]

However the extent to which he has included social analysis is not nearly as pronounced in Green Hills of Africa as it is in most of his other work, for,here, he is more concerned with self-explanation and justification. He is philosophically concerned with animals and hunting as interests befitting a writer. The country, rather

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[172] Ibid., p. 213.

[173] Stephens, op. cit., p. 65.

than being full of places of beauty to enjoy, is important primarily as a terrain is suited to the hunt. It becomes a tactical problem to outguess the animals.[174]

There is much to be learned about Hemingway in this book. Much is revealed about the character of the narrator, his prejudices, his methods of judging things, and his ideas on life and art.[175] He still feels that it is necessary to explain himself on the subject of writing and art.[176] For example, early in the book, he comments on the loneliness of the writer and the necessity that he be lonely:

> Writers should work alone. They should see each other only after their work is done, and not too often then. Otherwise they become like writers in New York. All angleworms in a bottle, trying to derive knowledge and nourishment from their own contact and from the bottle. . . . They are lonesome outside of the bottle. They do not want to be lonesome. They are afraid to be alone in their beliefs and no woman would love any of them

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[174] Ibid., p. 71.

[175] Carlos Baker, Hemingway: The Writer as Artist, p. 174.

[176] Richard B. Hovey, Hemingway: The Inward Terrain, p. 111.

> enough so that they could kill their lonesomeness in that woman, or pool it with hers, or make something with her that makes the rest unimportant.[177]

Late in the book he again comments on writing:

> But if I ever write anything about this it will just be landscape painting until I know something about it. Your first seeing of a country is a very valuable one. Probably more valuable to yourself than to any one else, is the hell of it. But you ought to always write it to try to get it started. No matter what you do with it.
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> . . . . . .
>
> I'd like to try to write something about the country and the animals and what it's like to some one who knows nothing about it.[178]

There is really very little landscape painting in Green Hills of Africa, except as it is a part of the hunt. The members of the hunting party and their conversations make up a large part of the book, along with the author's impressions and personal feelings. There is also sufficient action involved in the hunt itself to make it a readable book.

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[177] Hemingway, Green Hills of Africa, pp. 21-22.

[178] Ibid., p. 193.

A Moveable Feast

In 1964, there occurred the posthumous publication of A Moveable Feast, Hemingway's "portrait of the artist as a young man."[179] This book had been started in 1957, and by 1960, he had considered it finished, except for the final order of its sketches. The serious work on the subject of his youth was prompted by the recovery of some of his early writing from the basement of the Paris Ritz, although Hemingway had made a start before this time, but had put it aside.[180] "If you are lucky enough to have lived in Paris as a young man," Hemingway once told a friend, "then wherever you go for the rest of your life, it stays with you, for Paris is a moveable feast."[181] This feeling for Paris was one that he carried with him for the rest of his life, enjoying it almost as much in memory as he did in actuality.[182] The Paris of the 1920's

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[179]Carlos Baker, Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story, p. 539.

[180]Loc. cit.

[181]Ernest Hemingway, A Moveable Feast, "Title page."

[182]Gurko, op. cit., p. 219.

and the writers who frequented it are presented, here, with superb treatment.[183] The method that Hemingway uses in this book is an ingenious way of once more reliving those Paris days which provided much of the experience and the material that went into making a great writer.[184]

Through A Moveable Feast, a sense of melancholy pervades, for it seems to be both sad and happy simultaneously. Early in the book, as Hemingway has just finished writing, he expresses this feeling:

> After writing a story I was always empty and both sad and happy, as though I had made love, and I was sure this was a very good story although I would not know truly how good until I read it over the next day.[185]

There is a sadness that comes when something that has been good is at an end, but at the same time there is a good feeling brought about by knowing that it has been good. A

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[183]Charles Poore, "Ernest Hemingway's Memoir of Paris in the Twenties," New York Times, CXIII (May 5, 1964), 41.

[184]Frank Kermode, "Hemingway's Last Novel," New York Review of Books, II (June 11, 1964), 4-6.

[185]Hemingway, A Moveable Feast, p. 6.

happiness of innocence and the sadness at the loss of innocence permeate this book.

In the "Preface" to A Moveable Feast, Hemingway states his intention regarding the interpretation of this book. He says that ". . . 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."[186] He includes, here, the record of the losing of one's innocence to the seducers of the worldly life. The names are real; the actions, in all probability, include both the real and the legendary.[187]

Early in his nonfiction career, Hemingway proclaimed his doubt about memoirs and autobiographies in "A Paris Letter," written for Esquire, when he made the following observation:

> People must be expected to kill themselves when they lose their money, I suppose, and drunkards

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[186] Ibid., "Preface."

[187] Stephens, op. cit., p. 38.

> get bad livers, and legendary people usually end by writing their memoirs.[188]

This book, then, would appear to be a contradiction of his earlier views on the subject.[189] This personal invasion of privacy is something that Hemingway would not have allowed during his lifetime, for he guarded his reputation and his privacy religiously.[190]

Gertrude Stein and Sherwood Anderson once came to the conclusion that it would be a marvelous book that included the real story of Hemingway as the confessions of the real person.[191] A Moveable Feast would seem to be that book, invaluable from a biographical standpoint. After slipping in critical esteem during the second half

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[188]Hemingway, "A Paris Letter," By-line: Ernest Hemingway, pp. 157-158.

[189]Stephens, op. cit., p. 38.

[190]Philip Young, "Our Hemingway Man," Kenyon Review, XXVI (Autumn, 1964), 676-707.

[191]Stanley Kauffman, "Before and After Papa," The New Republic, CLVI (June 10, 1967), 17.

of his career, he seems to be reminding his readers, from the grave, of the greatness he once enjoyed.[192]

Hemingway returns to these scenes in memory rather than in fact while he attempts to convey the experiences with the same intensity that he initially felt himself. The results are passages as good as anything he ever wrote. Yet, some passages are artificial and theatrical, because it is not fiction, but his own memoirs. He writes of Bohemian Paris after World War I and of Hemingway before he was famous, and he stands, perhaps just a bit in awe of his own significance.[193]

Much of the biographical value of A Moveable Feast lies in what Hemingway says about his own writing. He explains his method of composition, as well as his theory of omission, a design that would allow him to exclude from his story any details, as long as he was perfectly aware of the omission.[194] He outlines his procedure for

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[192]Stanley Kauffman, "Paris and Hemingway in the Spring," The New Republic, CL (May 9, 1964), 17.

[193]Gurko, op. cit., p. 220.

[194]Young, op. cit., p. 701.

avoiding artistic exhaustion as follows:

> When I was writing, it was necessary for me to read after I had written. If you kept thinking about it, you would lose the thing that you were writing before you could go on with it the next day. . . . I had learned already never to empty the well of my writing, but always to stop when there was still something there in the deep part of the well, and let it refill at night from the springs that fed it.[195]

Hemingway believes that a writer's life in all respects is little different from that of any other craftsman.[196] It is not too difficult in this book to identify many of the things which he had omitted from his stories as he followed his "iceberg theory" of omission. Many of the stories that he was working on at the time are also recognizable by events mentioned or by characters.[197]

There is a sharpness and a suggestiveness that Hemingway achieves in this book through his policy of omitting what he knows, by forcing the reader to recall familiar emotions from his own experiences. There is

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[195] Hemingway, A Moveable Feast, pp. 25-26.

[196] Loc. cit.

[197] Young, op. cit., p. 702.

also an appeal that comes from his ability to reproduce those Paris days when he was struggling with the style that was to become his own.[198]

Part of the appeal of the book lies also in the simple fact that Hemingway was in Paris during those years when the arts were being reborn. That was a time that writers now dream about and know that it could never come again. But, in addition to this type of appeal, there is that which comes simply because this is a minor book telling about a time of poverty and the simple pleasures of food and drink made better by the shortage of money, or merely a discussion of the weather. There is also a simplicity of style with the unity of place. Paris is both the beginning and ending of the book.[199] This almost "too simple" style was the style of his early work. It seems somewhat like an imitation of self, but it is witty, hard-hitting, and moving.[200]

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[198]Kermode, op. cit., pp. 4-5.

[199]Young, op. cit., p. 706.

[200]Ibid., p. 701.

Hemingway's success was always with language. He could give the shock of immediacy, the feeling that the reader was right there with him all of the time, seeing what he saw, hearing what he heard, and experiencing what he experienced. In A Moveable Feast, this sense of immediacy is clearly prevalent, for as Hemingway writes or sits in the cafes, the reader is there with him.[201] This sense of immediacy is actually quite remarkable, considering how far removed in time Hemingway was from these events. The sketches are perfectly controlled, and the characters observed in tranquility. These sketches seem to have the hard brilliance of his best fiction.[202] It is very obvious from this book that Hemingway's desire to succeed and his determination would allow nothing to stand in his way of that success. The capacity to create an instant mood, his insight into character, and the sensory

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[201] Ibid., p. 700.

[202] George Plimpton, "When Papa Was Apprenticing," New York Herald Tribune Book Week, XI (May 3, 1964), 12.

form of his writing all were a part of his genius that helped bring the success he craved.[203]

Some critics disagree as to the brilliance of this book. Granville Hicks suggests that Hemingway was relying solely upon technique and sheer will instead of upon the spontaneous imagination of his earlier work. Hicks criticizes the style of the book as being inauthentic.[204] Rather than an imitation of his former style, this book would seem to be a revival of his former style. The clarity, simplicity, and sensitivity to things and people around him do not sound like imitations.

"Some of the dialogue with Hadley is a bit unreal, and perhaps even a little embarassing," Philip Young notes, but the prose is delightful, because Hemingway is not only remembering, he is re-experiencing those days of his youth.[205] The following scene illustrates this point. After Hemingway discovers Sylvia Beach's Bookshop and its

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[203]Gurko, op. cit., p. 22.

[204]Granville Hicks, "Oh to Be Poor in Paris," Saturday Review, XLVII (May 9, 1964), 29.

[205]Young, op. cit., p. 700.

inexpensive wonders, he goes home with the books that he has borrowed:

> When I got there with the books I told my wife about the wonderful place I had found.
>
> "But Tatie, you must go by this afternoon and pay," she said.
>
> "Sure I will," I said. "We'll both go. And then we'll walk down by the river and along the quais."
>
> "Let's walk down the rue de Seine and look in all the galleries and in the windows of the shops."
>
> "Sure. We can walk anywhere and we can stop at some new cafe where we don't know anyone and nobody knows us and have a drink."
>
> "We can have two drinks."
>
> "Then we can eat somewhere."
>
> "No. Don't forget we have to pay the library."
>
> "We'll come home and eat here and we'll have a lovely meal and drink Beaune from the co-operative you can see right out of the window there with the price of the Beaune on the window. And afterwards we'll read and then go to bed and make love."
>
> "And we'll never love anyone else but each other."
>
> "No. Never."[206]

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[206] Hemingway, A Moveable Feast, p. 37.

Perhaps these conversations do seem a bit overdone, but they add a delightful touch to the book.

A Moveable Feast introduces a number of fascinating characters. Among them is a sad professional fire-eater:

> At the cafe I met a man who ate fire for a living and also bent coins which he held in his toothless jaws with his thumb and forefinger. His gums were sore but firm to the eye as he exhibited them and he said it was not a bad metier. I asked him to have a drink and he was pleased. He had a fine dark face that glowed and shone when he ate the fire. He said there was no money in eating fire nor in feats of strength with fingers and jaws in Lyon. False fire-eaters had ruined the metier and would continue to ruin it wherever they were allowed to practice. He had been eating fire all evening, he said, and did not have enough money on him to eat anything else that night.[207]

It is rather ironical that this man who eats fire and bends coins for a living has not, through the course of the entire evening, made enough money to eat anything else but fire. Hemingway includes a clever bit of description when he notes that his face glows as he eats the fire.

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[207] Ibid., p. 156.

There is a humorous conversation that Hemingway has with an aspiring writer whom he convinces to become a critic since he really has no talent for writing. As a matter of record, a talent for criticism was lacking also, but at least Hemingway was rid of him.[208]

As Hemingway remarked in his preface, the book could be regarded as fiction. It is a great deal like fiction. Had he invented names for his characters and called his sketches stories, A Moveable Feast would read much like a novel.[209] Vivid portraits are used in accord with the short story technique, much as characters in a set piece, so that names would make very little difference in the effect of the whole.[210] A wonderful craftsman at his best shows up in these memories of the early years of writing in the 1920's, but these Paris memories, in many cases, are cruel and deceitful.[211] His touch is expert

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[208]Ibid., pp. 91-96.

[209]Young, op. cit., p. 700.

[210]Plimpton, op. cit., p. 12.

[211]Gouverneur Paulding, "Postcards from Paris," The Reporter, XXX (June 4, 1964), 40.

and humorous, but there is savagery and viciousness in some of his portraits.[212] The portraits of Ford Madox Ford, Wyndham Lewis, Scott Fitzgerald, and Gertrude Stein, primarily the latter two, are particularly malicious, whether true or not.[213]

It is easy to divide the good from the bad among Hemingway's acquaintances, except for Fitzgerald and Stein, who rate more space in the book than anyone else. Those sketches fluctuate between the comical, the sad, and the horrible. They attract and repulse the reader in turn, but they never bore.[214] The picture of Gertrude Stein is one of motion, starting with friendship, moving on to a qualified affection, and finally exploding in a shocking way as Hemingway overhears a conversation that he tries not to overhear.[215] After this incident, their

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[212]Morley Callaghan, "The Way It Was," The Spectator, CCXII (May 22, 1964), 696.

[213]Stanley Edgar Hyman, "Ernest Hemingway with a Knife," The New Leader, XLVII (May 11, 1964), 8.

[214]Young, op. cit., p. 704.

[215]Ibid., p. 705.

friendship was entirely a surface pretense. The portraits of Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald are pathetic, sobering, and totally without mercy.[216] Hemingway considers Scott to be weak as a man, although he does consider him a good writer. Zelda is pictured as a crazy-jealous wife, jealous of her husband's writing until it eats away his talent. Two of the sketches are probably mostly true, but the last has the ring of fiction.

All of his jokes in A Moveable Feast are on other people, never on himself. Hemingway could not have been all that good, nor could the others have been all that bad. His attacks never bring in the idea that most of the people attacked were really hard-working writers. If he can be excused it would have to be on the grounds of a fiercely competitive spirit which could not admit the talents of others, and the brilliance of the attacks.[217]

A mood of melancholy permeates this book, as noted above, for there is a progression of the loss of love and the loss of innocence, until at the end it is overwhelmingly

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[216] Loc. cit.

[217] Ibid., p. 699.

sad.[218] Something has happened to the idyllic love that had existed between Hemingway and Hadley up to this time. Hemingway places the blame on the rich who take advantage of him because of his own innocence:

> When you have two people who love each other, are happy and gay and really good work is being done by one or both of them, people are drawn to them as surely as migrating birds are drawn at night to a powerful beacon. If the two people were as solidly constructed as the beacon there would be little damage except to the birds. Those who attract people by their happiness and their performance are usually inexperienced. They do not know how not to be overrun and how to go away. They do not always learn about the good, the attractive, the charming, the soon-beloved, the generous, the understanding rich who have no bad qualities and who give each day the quality of a festival and who, when they have passed and taken the nourishment they needed, leave everything deader than the roots of any grass Attila's horses' hooves have ever scoured.[219]

He has been taken advantage of by the rich, but the trouble has already begun, for he was sacrificing his innocence, his love and happiness for wealth and fame.[220] He blames

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[218]Paulding, op. cit., p. 40.

[219]Hemingway, A Moveable Feast, p. 206.

[220]Hovey, op. cit., p. 217.

the rich, but he seems also to put himself deliberately in a bad light:

> Before these rich had come we had already been infiltrated by another rich using the oldest trick there is. It is that an unmarried young woman becomes the temporary best friend of another young woman who is married, goes to live with the husband and wife and then unknowingly, innocently and unrelentingly sets out to marry the husband. When the husband is a writer and doing difficult work so that he is occupied much of the time and is not a good companion or partner to his wife for a big part of the day, the arrangement has advantages until you know how it works out. The husband has two attractive girls around when he has finished work. One is new and strange and if he has bad luck he gets to love them both.
>
> Then, instead of the two of them and their child, there are three of them. First it is stimulating and fun and it goes on that way for a while. All things truly wicked start from an innocence. So you live day by day and enjoy what you have and do not worry. You lie and hate it and it destroys you and every day is more dangerous, but you live day to day as in a war.[222]

For his own marital problems, Hemingway blames those rich people who became interested in him after he had published The Sun Also Rises, but finally, he can blame only himself, which is to his credit.[223] This book, coming as

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[222]Hemingway, A Moveable Feast, pp. 207-208.

[223]Paulding, op. cit., p. 43.

it did at the end of his career, may have had some therapeutic value for the depression which had set in. The reliving of the events and times when he was happy in his early years of marriage to Hadley may have helped to bring back, at least temporarily, a little of the old feeling.[224] Regardless of whether this book is an imitation of his former style or not, and regardless of the malicious intent of some of its sketches, A Moveable Feast has a sensitive simplicity of style, delightful in its wit and candor.

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[224]Young, op. cit., p. 706.

CHAPTER III

SUMMARY OF THE NONFICTION WRITING

As a reporter for the Kansas City Star, Hemingway learned early to write clear, concise declarative sentences using vigorous English. He soon developed a flat, matter-of-fact style that was to characterize his writing. In Kansas City, he also learned to tell a good story.

When he joined the staff of the Toronto Star Weekly and Daily Star, he began a four-year period of association during which he had the opportunity to develop his natural talent with a free reign to write the type of feature material that interested him. His early feature stories included dialogue of a very crisp, unpretentious nature, often with many more implications than were ever stated. From the start Hemingway worked to develop his gift for caricature and satire on important people. He wrote character sketches, picking out qualities in well-known people that he disliked or considered phony, and exaggerating them, focusing the spotlight on their insincerity. It was not necessary for the people to be important to others, only to themselves, for Hemingway took great

delight in satirizing people important only in their own eyes. His ready wit developed quickly in other types of writing as well. His out-of-doors stories were generally brightened by a touch of his clever satire which usually was done in a flat, matter-of-fact manner.

When he was sent to Europe, his choice of subject matter increased. He began to develop his use of the impressionistic sketch in his description. His close attention to minute details and colors resulted in a picturesque type of description. Visual, as well as sensory imagery began to appear.

He increasingly recorded ironical situations while describing them in understated terms. He found more and more opportunities for this use of irony when he was sent to the Near East, where he found the filth and horror of war instead of storybook romanticism.

During this period of his reporting, he learned to explore the political, diplomatic, and military aspects of a situation, and in doing so, he proved himself to be a good scholar, worthy of the task, for he studied all aspects of the situation thoroughly and religiously. As always, however, people held the greater interest for him,

so that, when an opportunity arose for an interview, especially with someone of importance, Hemingway made the most of it. Usually, these interviews included cleverly executed characterizations filled with satire, regardless of who the person was.

Spot reporting was never the thing of interest for him while he worked in journalism; in fact, he usually was extremely successful in avoiding it. However, when he was required to perform a routine type of reporting, his interest lagged, boredom set in, and the caliber of his writing plummeted. As a political journalist, Hemingway increasingly impressed his employer, for he was thorough, he was scholarly, and he researched his subjects completely. He was capable of combining characterization and personal observation, plus something of a political nature. Early in his reporting his prejudices appeared along with his subject matter, but as he developed he was able to be objective in his viewpoints except for occasional lapses. Throughout his newspaper career the effects of his writing depended upon his own response to his material. This, no doubt, was the reason for his dislike of routine reporting; he felt no response, and therefore there was no feeling

from which to write. He left Europe and returned to Toronto at the peak of his newspaper career. He had developed creatively; he had proved himself a good scholar, and he had matured in his attitudes sufficiently to conceal prejudice in his writing.

The Esquire period of Hemingway's journalism was of a very different nature. An enormous change had taken place in the approximately ten years that had passed since Hemingway left journalism. Now he was a celebrity, and as such the focal point of his writing seems to be himself more times than not. His articles on hunting and fishing sometimes have instructional value with advice by "Hemingway the Expert." They do include descriptive passages; some are impressionistic in nature, but always there is a return to Hemingway as the subject, regardless of what the subject is really supposed to be. Many of these "letters" seem to be rather disconnected and carelessly done. Of course, Gingrich told Hemingway that he was not concerned with quality writing. The Esquire articles combine the subject of writing with another main topic. Here are accounts of earlier experiences which Hemingway has pulled out of his memory. In general, there

is a great variety of subject matter, except from the standpoint that most of it revolves around Hemingway himself. Some of these articles have excellent portions of exposition and description, but many of them also have very tedious portions. Good impressionistic passages occur occasionally. These Esquire articles are extremely erratic.

Very different in nature, again, is Hemingway's coverage of the Spanish Civil War for the NANA and Ken. The dispatches for the NANA were made up primarily of personal impressions, people, and the general tragedy of war. The scholarly research of military strategy or political issues rarely appeared, whereas in his early years of reporting, these issues were very much in evidence during political unrest or war. The recurrent themes of his dispatches involve death, the soldiers, the refugees, and the general horror of war.

His articles for Ken bear no resemblance to those for NANA. The Ken articles do show some research on the political issues along with a great deal of prejudice. Almost without exception the articles are attacks on Fascism, or those people who he thinks have some

connection with Fascism. The articles are biased; they are vindictive; they are very nearly slanderous.

During his years of apprenticeship with the Toronto Star, he developed his craft as a journalist. His technique was constantly improving as he matured in his attitudes and methods. But with his return to journalism after a lapse of ten years which included his rise to fame, the important thing in his journalism was not the stated subject, but Hemingway, and how the stated subject related to him. He had become a disinterested, careless journalist with unconcealed prejudices and belligerent attitudes.

Hemingway's World War II reporting for PM is primarily political and military. He appears to be a mature military observer with a great insight into war. These articles are primarily fact, with very little description and very little characterization of people. Contrary to his usual style of war reportage also, is his absence as a character in his dispatches. In the articles for Collier's, however, Hemingway is very much a part of the action, even to the point of getting involved with the French guerrilla forces, which correspondents were

forbidden to do. The action in most of the articles centers upon himself. There is a limited amount of description, characterization, and dialogue occurring in some places, much more than was included in PM, but much less than in his earlier war reporting. The last of the articles indicates that he was bored with reporting action and wanted to be involved in it instead.

Death in the Afternoon is a book on bullfighting, but it is also a book on aesthetics. Bullfighting is very carefully explicated, as is the aesthetic plan that Hemingway followed in his writing of fiction. He emphasizes the artist and artistic invention, and their importance to writing, painting and bullfighting, which Hemingway treats as one of the arts. For him, it is not a sport, but a tragedy in three acts. The subject of death is important in this book, for Hemingway looks upon violent death in the bullring as the emotional equivalent of war in its simplicity, and in giving death, man becomes God-like. Hemingway's explanations in this book are extremely clear and concise, but for the person not interested in bullfighting it really does not have a great deal of appeal. The Old Lady adds some interest, but she

is fictional, and there is some description which helps to brighten it, but on the whole, for the person who is not a bullfight enthusiast it leaves a great deal to be desired.

Green Hills of Africa has more in its favor than does Death in the Afternoon, even for the person who is not a big game hunter. There are enough characters to provide some human interest without inventing one totally unrelated to the story. There is dialogue, and there are descriptive passages, although they are usually given in the framework of the terrain as it affects the hunting. Hemingway has organized this book around a definite plan of action based on the mountain-plain contrast of the countryside and the emotional contrast that corresponds to it. The natives that are introduced are contrasted also. Some are positively pathetic, and some are absolutely delightful. They do not appear too often, but when they do appear they are quite effective. As in Death in the Afternoon, Hemingway brings up the subject of writing, writers, and critics, and attacks those with whom he disagrees. In all of his nonfiction he discusses the

subject of writing, even though there seems to be no direct relationship or reason for bringing the subject into the book.

A Moveable Feast is by far the best of the three nonfiction books. It comes to life as the others do not, with sketches of people, albeit some are rather vicious attacks. The places, primarily Paris, are described in an appealing manner. The mood is melancholy, with a happiness that has a dark shadow hanging over it, with the knowledge in the background that soon it will blot out the sun. In this book, Hemingway returns to the days of his youth as he relives and re-experiences them. Because he is doing more than merely remembering, the intensity of his feeling is passed on to the writer. Again, in this book, there is much about writing, but here it is not in discourse form, it is told as Hemingway re-experiences his own writing. The idyllic style of A Moveable Feast is much like a painting in the simple description of the things that were beautiful in Paris in the 1920's because they were simple. The sense of immediacy transports the reader to Paris as well, to re-experience these things with the author. There is a

sensitivity in this book that the other two nonfiction books do not have. It has a delightful effect which the others cannot come close to matching.

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