

HEMINGWAY'S AWARENESS OF OTHER WRITERS

ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S AWARENESS
OF
OTHER WRITERS

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ABSTRACT

This thesis demonstrates Ernest Hemingway's awareness of other writers, both past and contemporary to him. It collates Hemingway's references to other writers as culled from a variety of biographical and critical sources. It serves as a reference work for the study of Hemingway's statements on other writers, while seeking to establish them in a properly objective context. This thesis does not attempt to present Hemingway's credentials as a masterful critic. Its aim is more toward developing an understanding of Hemingway's opinions and perceptions in order to further a scholarly study of his own canon. As the body of Hemingway criticism becomes increasingly more textual and less biographical, the need to examine Hemingway's literary statements becomes correspondingly more crucial.

I wish to express my deep appreciation for the interest and advice of Professors J.D. Brasch and W.G. Roebuck. Both men undertook the direction and supervision of this thesis while otherwise occupied with major projects of their own. I wish to further thank Dr. Brasch and Dr. J.T. Sigman for allowing me access to their extensive files on the Finca Vigia library and for providing copies of the Hemingway letters to Bernard Berenson.

TEXTUAL NOTE

The body of this thesis has been divided into four parts covering the important decades of Hemingway's career: (I) the 1920s, (II) the 1930s, (III) the 1940s and (IV) the 1950s. Each of these four parts has been further divided into four identical sections: an introduction to the decade, and Hemingway's comments on (i.) great writers of the past, (ii.) writers whose work he has drawn upon and (iii.) his contemporaries.

The division along chronological lines is not simply an arbitrary one for the sake of convenience; as the introductions are intended to demonstrate the cycles in Hemingway's career followed remarkably closely upon the turning of the decade. The further sub-divisions are in identical sequence in order to facilitate the charting of Hemingway's thoughts on particular writers through a span of forty years or more. It is possible, for example, to compare his opinions of Thomas Wolfe or William Faulkner in two given decades by turning to section (iii.) of each particular decade.

In order to present as complete a picture as possible of Hemingway's awareness of other writers the

introduction to Part I has been considerably expanded to encompass a survey of his early reading. This would not have been necessary if, as popular conception has it, Hemingway had simply spent his youth hunting and fishing. In point of fact he was dramatizing passages from the works of Tennyson and Longfellow at the age of three.

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In 1953 Ernest Hemingway received a short story and letter from an aspiring nineteen-year old author. He not only read the story but replied to the young man within ten days. His letter stands as one of the most revealing documents on his own beginnings as a writer. It echoes many of his earlier published statements that a writer must "go beyond" what has been done by his predecessors:

I can't help you, kid. You write better than I did when I was nineteen. But the hell of it is you write like me. That is no sin. But you won't get anywhere with it. 1

He gave the young man a suggested reading list; once he had read it he was then supposed to:

see the things you write about not through my eyes and ears but through your own with your language conditioned not by me but by the above characters all of whom wrote well. But write it your own way. 2

The key to much of Hemingway's own formative reading is present in that advice. His concern for language is only just now beginning to be fully appreciated. In retrospect, the appreciation is far too long in coming. It was immediately apparent in the 1920s that he had forged a brand new style; it was a style that soon came to represent a generation and an era. What was not readily understood was the reason underlying the style

and the importance it held for all ensuing literature.

One of the recently emerging critics to articulate this line of thought is Jackson J. Benson:

My own view is that Hemingway's influence has been profound. I suspect that it has been largely through the impact of his work that we have altered radically our standards of style and our concepts of the writing process itself. 3

He argues that the trend towards clarity in prose, "getting rid of the deadwood", in Twentieth Century literature is largely the result of Hemingway's efforts. It is a thesis that will no doubt excite strident objection from the legion of Hemingway detractors. Even those in partial agreement may prefer to argue that Hemingway merely accelerated a trend begun by Gertrude Stein and Ezra Pound and others. No matter. The important point is that Hemingway's reading was a means of "conditioning his language" so that he could write in his own way. The vast amounts of time and effort put into his study of writing were geared to the evolution of a new language. The impact of that language has long been felt but little understood.

In that same 1953 letter Hemingway said:

When I was your age I guess I wrote like Kipling. I thought he was the best short story writer that ever lived and I still know some of the short stories are the best, but later on I knew I had to try to break the language

down and start new. 4

This concept of "breaking the language down and starting new" is perhaps the one essential element behind any study of Hemingway. It may well be that many of his literary enthusiasms--e.g. Flaubert and the Russian writers--were the result of finding forms of language written prior to the First World War which still remained valid subsequent to it. It is now generally understood that the young Hemingway was reacting to what Henry James had earlier discerned as "a deprecation of all our terms . . . a loss of expression through increase of limpness" attendant upon the horror of modern warfare.⁵

If such is the case it sheds new light upon his habitual listing of curricula for aspiring young writers. His disdain for rhetoricians and "mystics" follows logically from his rejection of language unsuited to modern times as he perceived them. The necessity for articulating the destruction of Nineteenth Century illusions--most notably the glory and heroism of warfare--was not restricted to Hemingway alone; virtually all the young ex-soldier/writers in Paris during the Twenties were writing a "war novel". It was Hemingway, though, who succeeded most brilliantly, and that success was predicated upon a reinvigoration of the language.

It is for that reason that critics are now beginning to examine closely Hemingway's reading habits for insight into the composition of his stories. In 1942, for example, in a passage from Men At War to be discussed later, Hemingway alerted the world to a connection between A Farewell To Arms and Stendhal's Le Chartreuse de Parme; yet it was not until Robert O. Stephens published his remarkable though uneven article "Hemingway and Stendhal: The Matrix of A Farewell To Arms" in 1973 that the connection was extensively examined.⁶ Therein lies the importance of collating all such references made during Hemingway's lifetime.

Sifting through a collection of these available comments soon becomes as much a matter of judgement as assimilation of data. Problems emerge in the weighing of evidence, in ascertaining the credibility of sources and numerous other matters. Some of these problems will be discussed later but some representative examples are offered here to illustrate the nature of the research. The most pressing difficulty is, of course, determining the extent to which Hemingway's individual comments can be taken seriously. Sherwood Anderson provides a good example. When Hemingway first arrived in Paris, and prior to leaving America, he was quite vocal in his praise of Anderson; he went so far as to say that he intended to

model his own career upon Anderson's. Yet once established as an author he disavowed any literary debt to Anderson. In recent years Paul P. Somers, Jr. has argued convincingly that a real influence did exist.⁷ Armed with the knowledge that Hemingway quickly repudiated other tutors--e.g. Stein and Pound--once he had achieved mastery of his craft, it is not difficult to align oneself with Somers's position. The irony of the situation is that occupying such a position does not invalidate Hemingway's otherwise perceptive criticism of Anderson's writing.

The credibility of sources is more difficult to deal with. Many of the remarks gleaned from biographical material are the result of earlier conversations set down in later years. A good example is Papa: A Personal Memoir written by Ernest's youngest son, Gregory. Many of the salient comments attributed to Hemingway in this 1976 memoir were made some thirty years earlier during Gregory's youth. How extensively can such memories be trusted? A further complication in this particular instance is Hemingway's alleged praise for Norman Mailer--he compares him to Dostoevsky--which is found nowhere else but in this book prefaced by Mailer, himself. Compounding such doubts about Hemingway's remarks recorded therein is the credibility of an author who admits his desire to posthumously cuckold his father.

Therefore passages from Papa: A Personal Memoir have only been used when they are consistent with Hemingway's opinions as recorded elsewhere.

A similar problem exists with A.E. Hotchner's Papa Hemingway. Published in 1966, it was soon involved in a court action initiated by Hemingway's widow and executrix, Mary Welsh Hemingway. This alone would not sufficiently discredit the book since Hotchner was an acknowledged Hemingway companion. However, noted Hemingway critic Philip Young has argued convincingly against the book, pointing out contradictions within the text and suggesting some possible outright fabrications.⁸ In consequence, the same stricture used against Gregory Hemingway has also been applied to Hotchner.

The bedrock for all biographical information in this research--as, indeed, it must presently be for all such research--is Carlos Baker's minutely detailed Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story. Baker's resources are enormous and the biography is culled from myriad interviews with Hemingway familiars as well as a study of Hemingway's letters and unpublished works. It would be beyond the resources of most Hemingway scholars to question or contradict Baker's assertions. Therefore, while Baker is not infallible (he, for instance, confuses the Battle of Ypres selection from Frank Richard's Old Soldiers

Never Die in Men At War with the Battle of the Somme⁹⁾
 it is often necessary to operate on that assumption. As far as is possible the context of the remarks he attributes to Hemingway is considered. There is, for example, James T. Farrell's statement that Hemingway considered William Faulkner a better writer than Hemingway, himself. Should one believe Farrell the remark is still questionable since it was uttered during an extended drinking bout. It becomes more believable, however, when Hemingway later repeats the statement to Jean-Paul Sartre.

Aside from such textual problems, an added caveat is necessary with respect to Hemingway himself. A good rule-of-thumb is to respect his written statements; he probably believed them, at least at the time of their writing. Alternatively his conversational comments should be weighed carefully. He often stated that you sometimes had to say a thing out loud before you knew whether or not you really believed it. Fortunately, most of his literary comments were repeated often and thereby gain a sense of legitimacy and reliability. They were rarely fully expounded , however. Hemingway was always willing to discourse at length on other subjects dear to him, but was more reticent in supporting his literary opinions. Even his most famous statement, "All modern American literature comes from one book by Mark Twain called

Huckleberry Finn," was left to the critics for explanation. This may be the result of his reluctance to closely examine what he termed his writing "equipment"; when the hoard of academic critics descended upon him in the Fifties he often talked about the destruction such examination could wreck upon a writer.

Despite the difficulties enumerated above, a compilation of Hemingway's literary comments is necessary for a revaluation of the man's work. Now that the torrent of biographical criticism is beginning to subside, the portrait of the writer/craftsman is beginning to emerge from under the shadow of the celebrity/sportsman. Although it would not be possible, nor even really desirable, to divorce the two personas one-from-the-other, it is time that proper consideration be given to Hemingway the craftsman. It is a task that becomes more readily possible as the remembrance of Hemingway's overwhelming personality fades with time. The long-held notion of the hairy-chested primitive genius springing full-blown upon the literary world has now been, for the most part, debunked. Much of the credit belongs to Charles A. Fenton and his The Apprenticeship of Ernest Hemingway (1954). Michael S. Reynolds followed in Fenton's wake and was responsible for expanding upon the literary dimensions of Hemingway's early years in Hemingway's First War (1976). Unfortunately

the old myth is too often replaced by a new false image of the backwoods boy who luckily found himself in the right place (Paris) at the right time (the Twenties) among the right people (Stein, Pound, Joyce et al.). The truth is that Hemingway dedicated himself to a writing career at an early age and pursued it singlemindedly. He supported himself with journalism until he became a saleable commodity. While learning his trade he wrote in every conceivable style for every conceivable market.¹⁰ He cultivated a friendship with Sherwood Anderson and finally, when he realized what he needed to learn, he left for Paris to study under the modern masters of the art. His rise from pupil to confrere was remarkably swift.

An essential part of his education in Paris was reading. He would use the works of other writers to aid in developing his own abilities. Jackson J. Benson comments on this otherwise slightly understood phenomenon:

He parodied Anderson and Eliot and Pound; he parodied Stein and Joyce and a dozen other lesser known writers. He imitated Lardner, O'Henry,¹¹ de Maupassant, and the slick stories out of the magazines that rejected his early work. He borrowed from Ford and he borrowed from Eliot, and he borrowed from nearly every major novelist he ever read, from Fielding and Sterne, through Stendhal to James and Joyce. Scholars haven't even scratched the surface of his borrowings and sources--to a great extent because he was able to assimilate them so thoroughly. Yet Ernest Hemingway

never came out a second-rate version of
somebody else. 11

Thus the picture begins to emerge of Ernest Hemingway
as a conscious artist with the key to much of his own
writing lying in the works of other authors.

Part I: The 1920s

A useful discussion concerning Hemingway's boyhood literary bent can be found in the "Oak Park" chapter of Charles Fenton's The Apprenticeship of Ernest Hemingway. Fenton emphasizes the scholastic excellence of Oak Park High School, particularly the English Department. Apparently literature--including a wide selection of the classics--made a significant impression upon the youthful Hemingway, especially as taught by Fannie Biggs and Margaret Dixon.

According to Fenton, Hemingway was exposed at a young age to an above-average literary education largely under the tutelage of dedicated teachers who took a personal interest in him. The Oak Park syllabus concentrated upon the acknowledged classics with special reference to mythical and biblical texts. Three of the first year texts used were H.A. Guerber's Myths of Greece and Rome, Rhodes's Old Testament Narratives and the anthology One Hundred Narrative Poems.¹ As part of the curriculum Hemingway was compelled to memorize long passages from the verse of Chaucer and Shakespeare.² Fenton intimates that Hemingway's literary appetite was whetted at Oak Park High and that it proved the genesis

of his writing career. Although the boy's talents and inclinations were nurtured and flourished during his secondary school days, it would not be accurate to say that they began then. Instead, his awareness of books and literature can be traced to his earliest days in the home of Clarence and Grace Hemingway.

While many biographers have seen in Hemingway's childhood the explanation of his development as a man, most have slighted the development of the writer. Regardless of the internecine aspects of their relationship in later years, Grace Hemingway did rear her son in a relatively sophisticated atmosphere. Ernest was exposed to literature at an early age. When only three years old he was dramatizing passages from Longfellow's Hiawatha, accompanied by his sister Marcelline. Also at the age of three he was memorizing stanzas from Tennyson's The Charge of the Light Brigade.³ His early interests were not all literary but illustrate a studious nature unusual in a boy so young. At the age of five his interest in the natural world was intense and he was delighted with the birthday gift of a microscope from his maternal grandfather. He also developed a precocious interest in American history. In 1904 Grace wrote of her five-year old son: "He loves stories about Great Americans--can give you good sketches of all the great men of American history."⁴

During his pre-teen years, Hemingway's love of the outdoor life overshadowed his literary inclinations but never totally occluded them. His relatives nurtured them with gifts of books. A ten-year old Ernest's presents for the Christmas of 1909 alone included Scott's Ivanhoe, (a book he was to study formally years later at Oak Park High) Defoe's Robinson Crusoe and Dickens's Christmas Stories for Children.⁵ His first concrete expression of those inclinations in story form--aside from suprisingly literate tales in various letters--was a sixth-grade short story exercise entitled "My First Sea Vouge".⁶ Freudians may delight in the fact that the eleven-year old protagonist is liberated for world travel by the death of his mother. Arguably more important is the realization that the story is borrowed from a real-life adventure of his great-uncle Tyler Hancock; a technique that would often be repeated by a more mature Hemingway.

His first serious efforts at writing did, however, take place at Oak Park High. Through the coaxing of various teachers his short stories--usually written as class exercises--were printed in the school publication Tabula. However, the writing which most revealed an influence from without was not his fiction but his journalistic efforts, published in the school paper Trapeze. These efforts, written during his senior year,

were admitted imitations of contemporary newspaper columnist Ring Lardner and are important for several reasons. The first is that despite his exposure to the classics of his day Hemingway's imagination was not fired by these books as much as by what he read in the newspapers. Secondly, it was an early demonstration of his ability to analyze a style of writing well enough to imitate it. It also showed tendencies towards imitation, parody and humour which--although present throughout his work--are only recently exciting critical attention. Most importantly, and without overemphasizing the rather negligible influence of Lardner on Hemingway's mature writing, it presaged Hemingway's willingness to study an admired writer's work for the betterment of his own. As he would do with many of his early models, Hemingway later denied any literary debt to Lardner. Describing Hemingway's views on the matter in 1933, Carlos Baker writes: "In his youth he had gone through a period of imitating Ring Lardner. This, said he, had taught him nothing, largely because Lardner was an ignorant man. All he really had was a certain amount of experience of the world, along with a good false ear for illiterate speech."⁷

Regardless of the accuracy of that statement, Hemingway's early infatuation with Lardner does illustrate

one rather significant point: he realized that the writer's manner of presentation influenced the reader's perception of the content. This may seem a rather commonplace concept in the age of McLuhan, but was not as readily apparent to a seventeen-year old boy in 1916. It is impossible to be sure how far this new awareness extended beyond simple recognition of style, but it is an element manifested in Hemingway's own mature work.

Throughout high school and the years in journalism and war that followed, Hemingway did not turn his back on the mainstream of literature. As a young reporter in Kansas City in 1918, he enthusiastically read aloud from a volume of Robert Browning's verse.⁸ Much has been made of Hemingway's few months at the Kansas City Star. Many scholars see the foundation of the author's style in the rules which governed the writing of the Star's copy. This is certainly a moot point in Hemingway criticism, and the author himself was ambivalent towards the importance of journalism in writing. It served him well throughout his career as a means of swelling his bank account without necessitating the rigors of fiction-writing. Perhaps the best statement on the importance of his apprenticeship in Kansas City came from Hemingway himself during an interview in 1958. Asked the importance of the training he had received, he replied: "On the Star

you were forced to learn to write a simple declarative sentence. This is useful to anyone."⁹

The First World War provided Hemingway with the richest mine for his later writing. Its impact on the young ambulance driver was understandably enormous, whether or not one agrees with the trauma theories advanced by Philip Young. Its influence on his writing though, does not necessarily coincide with his literary influences. Throughout the war Hemingway continued to think of himself as a writer and, though necessarily limited, continued to write. His most accessible war piece is printed in a service publication, Ciao, put together by ambulance drivers in his own Section IV. The story, "Al Receives Another Letter", was printed in Ciao, June 1918.¹⁰ While it is interesting to note how adept the young Hemingway was at perceiving his surroundings accurately, it is more interesting still to see that his work was infused with the Lardnerian mannerisms which characterized his writing at Oak Park High School. This suggests that the importance of the Star's training was not immediately observable, undeniably beneficial though it was. Some weeks after the publication of his story Hemingway was seriously wounded by mortar and machine-gun fire. His later war tales, whether written or recounted, did not display Lardner's particular brand of humour.

Hemingway's experiences from this time onward until his residence in Paris surfaced in some form or other in his fiction of the 1920s. He wanted to be a writer and now he had something to write about. In a remarkably short period of time he had been exposed to many facets of worldly experience, first on his hospital and police beats in Kansas City and now in a world war. His struggle as a writer though was just beginning. In the summer of 1919 he related his future plans to some friends. He intended to work for a newspaper and write fiction in his spare time. Eventually, as soon as his fiction supported him financially, he would devote his time to it exclusively.¹¹ He followed that programme, although it was four years before he sold anything but journalism.

It was really no wonder. He had the material to use and a viewpoint to express, but his style was breezy and pretentious. He was perhaps still labouring under the influence of Ring Lardner. One of his 1919 stories titled "The Passing of Pickles McCarthy, or The Woppian Way" began:

Back in the days when we were eating of the fruit of the tree of watchful waiting, when people still cared where the Giants finished, before the draft had even begun to form in the cave of the winds . . . there was a ringsman by the name of Pickles McCarthy. 12

Hemingway spent that year writing a number of similar stories, determined to earn publication for his work. A Chicago area novelist, Edwin Balmer, discussed the young writer's stories with him and, perhaps more importantly, gave him the names and addresses of several magazine publishers.

On June 8, 1920 Hemingway moved to Toronto under the paternal sponsorship of Ralph Connable. He joined the Toronto Star and Star Weekly organization as a reporter and feature writer specializing in humorous and "how to" articles. During this stay and a later one in 1923 he discussed writing with virtually anyone who could talk intelligently on the subject. In retrospect, the two most noteworthy names are Morley Callaghan and Greg Clark. When he learned that a friend had never read the works of O. Henry he felt strongly enough about it to buy her Cabbages and Kings as a gift. He also bought her D'Annunzio's The Flame.¹³

Hemingway returned to the Oak Park area that same year where the most important event in his private life was to meet and marry Elizabeth Hadley Richardson. Work was hard to find and he took a job for a monthly magazine, The Cooperative Commonwealth. All the while he tried to sell whatever type of writing would be bought by other markets.¹⁴ A period of illness brought on by

overwork gave him time to read The Dance of Life by Havelock Ellis.¹⁵

His marriage notwithstanding, the most important event for him as a writer in 1921 was meeting Sherwood Anderson. At the time Anderson was forty-five and had already secured his reputation with the publication of Winesburg, Ohio.¹⁶ He enjoyed the company of a group of young people to which Hemingway belonged, and the two of them soon became quite friendly. Anderson was the first in a succession of mentor figures for the young Hemingway. Hemingway later disavowed Anderson's influence on his writing, just as he disavowed virtually all such mentors. It is believed that Anderson's influence was nevertheless apparent in the type of stories Hemingway wrote following their meeting. This belief will never be fully substantiated. With the exception of two stories, Hemingway's entire output up until that time was lost in 1922. One of the stories which survived (it had been mailed to an editor and was returned with a rejection slip) seems proof that Hemingway's debt to Anderson was not totally negligible. The story is "My Old Man" which Hemingway claimed was written before he had read Anderson.¹⁷ Still, as Philip Young puts it:

"My Old Man", a good piece in its own right, is Hemingway's version of one of Anderson's best efforts, the widely reprinted "I Want To Know Why", which had appeared two years earlier. Both stories are about horse racing, and are

told by boys in their own vernacular. In each case the boy has to confront mature problems while undergoing a painful disillusionment with an older man he had been strongly attached to. It doesn't look like coincidence. 18

Carlos Baker agrees, saying: "The narrative manner showed traces of the influence of Sherwood Anderson, though Ernest was never willing to admit it."¹⁹

For all that, Anderson's greatest contribution to Hemingway's development as a writer came in another area. He urged him to travel to Paris where, he said, the living was inexpensive and the important writers were currently working. That advice, accurate as it was, was no doubt the best Hemingway received in his entire career.

i.

There are a multiplicity of voices speaking for Hemingway in the 1920s. First there is the neophyte author full of youthful enthusiasms. Then there is the struggling prose stylist followed quickly by the recognizably significant writer. At the close of the decade Hemingway was speaking as a successful mastercraftsman. Further compounding the issue is the voice of Hemingway in A Moveable Feast, a man of sixty years recounting the attitudes of his youth. Throughout the Twenties his

comments on writers reflect these different voices, though no one voice invalidates any other.

The period of youthful enthusiasms lasted until 1924. It was a time when the literary world was truly opening before his eyes and firing his imagination. Morley Callaghan recalls Hemingway as he remembers him in 1923:

All his judgements seemed to come out of an intense and fierce conviction, but he offered them to you as if he were letting you in on something. "James Joyce is the greatest writer in the world," he said. Huckleberry Finn was a very great book. Had I read Stendhal? Had I read Flaubert? Always appearing to be sharing a secret: yet watching me intently. 20

He enjoyed talking about Baudelaire's Les Fleurs du Mal²¹ and Flaubert's Madame Bovary²² in a manner that suggested they were all members of the same fraternity. Joseph Conrad was one of his particular enthusiasms in the early years. Conrad was not popular among Hemingway's Parisian peer group and Hemingway's expressed admiration for him was not unalloyed with a desire to distance himself from his more pretentious fellows; in a 1924 transatlantic review article he wrote:

It is fashionable among my friends to disparage him. It is even necessary. Living in a world of literary politics where one wrong opinion often proves fatal, one writes carefully. 23

In the same editorial he maintained a strident youthful voice but one tempered with a security in its own convictions.

At the time he was beginning to succeed with his own efforts in such stories as "Big Two-Hearted River" and "The Three Day Blow". Although he had eagerly embraced the artistic values of his peers, he now had the confidence to disagree:

It is agreed by most of the people I know that Conrad is a bad writer, just as it is agreed that T.S. Eliot is a good writer. If I knew that by grinding Mr. Eliot into a fine dry powder and sprinkling that powder over Mr. Conrad's grave Mr. Conrad would shortly appear, looking very annoyed at the forced return, and commence writing I would leave for London early tomorrow morning with a sausage grinder. 24

He remembered reading all of Conrad's books and reading The Rover at one sitting:

In Sudbury, Ontario, I bought three back numbers of the Pictorial Review and read The Rover, sitting up in bed in the Nickle Range Hotel. When morning came I had used up all my Conrad like a drunkard, I had hoped it would last me the trip, and felt like a young man who has blown his patrimony . . . When I read the reviews they all agreed The Rover was a bad story. 25

The only book of Conrad's which he had not read fully was Lord Jim. He had begun it, he said, but was unable to finish it. It was therefore all he had left of Conrad since he maintained it was impossible to reread the books.²⁶ He nevertheless reread Within The Tides within the year.²⁷ However his enthusiasm for Joseph Conrad did not fare as well as similar enthusiasms for Gustave Flaubert,

James Joyce and Mark Twain. He did not later recommend Conrad's works as those he considered most worthy of study.

He continued to read the Russian writers. While ill in 1925 and confined to bed, Hemingway read Turgenev's Fathers and Children; he also reread Tolstoy's War and Peace which he had carried with him on his trips through Spain the previous summer.²⁸ Recalling his introduction to Tolstoy he wrote in A Moveable Feast:

Tolstoi made the writing of Stephen Crane on the Civil War seem like the brilliant imagining of a sick boy who had never seen the war but had only read the battles and chronicles and seen the Brady photographs. 29

During that same convalescence he also turned to W. Somerset Maugham's Of Human Bondage and one of his enduring favourites, Thomas Mann's Buddenbrooks.³⁰ When he suffered a relapse some days later he read, possibly reread, Peter Simple by Captain Marryat.³¹ That same year he parenthetically demonstrated his knowledge of Fielding and Richardson while discussing his own Torrents of Spring.^{*} In a letter to Isidor Schneider dated 29 June 1926 he again mentioned Fielding. He wrote that he had read Tom Jones and found it "very fine . . . but too much of it."³² In the same letter he also said that

* See Part I, section ii.

he had read W.H. Hudson's Long Ago and Far Away and that he "loved it very much . . . Hudson writes the best of anyone." Hemingway includes a mention of what Carlos Baker calls "his favorite romantic novel",³³ Hudson's Green Mansions, in The Sun Also Rises and included Long Ago and Far Away on the reading lists he published in Esquire magazine during the Thirties. He also told Schneider that he enjoyed reading George Borrow "though he does have the mind of a YMCA gym instructor."³⁴ The reference is no doubt to the non-fiction of George Henry Borrow which surfaces years later in For Whom The Bell Tolls.^{*} In another letter to Schneider, this one dated January 1927, he includes payment for the order of the following books: Sterne's Sentimental Journey, Harry Kemp's Tramping On Life, Stendhal's Le Rouge et le Noire and George Moore's Avowals.³⁵ Schneider apparently purchased a large number of books for Hemingway; in a letter dated 18 May 1927 Hemingway asks for a copy of Hart Crane's White Buildings.³⁶

Besides his own reading Hemingway was exposed to that of his first wives, Hadley and Pauline. Hemingway recalls Hadley's enthusiasm for Henry James in A Moveable Feast³⁷ and Carlos Baker cites an example of the exposure

* See Part III, section ii.

caused by Pauline's similar tastes in 1928:

Pauline had taken to reading aloud from Henry James's The Awkward Age. Ernest listened and squirmed. Why was it, he wondered, that whenever James was afraid that he would have to think about what his characters were doing the rest of the time, he bailed himself out with a drawing room scene? His men, said Ernest, all talked like fairies except for a few caricatures of brutal outsiders. Was he as much of a fake as he seemed? He had a close knowledge of drawing rooms and a fine, easy way of writing, but very little else. 38

He had included James in the roman-à-clef aspect of The Sun Also Rises a few years earlier. At the insistence of Scribner's editor Maxwell Perkins he had obscured the reference, along with others to Glenway Wescott, Hilaire Belloc and Joseph Hergesheimer.³⁹ All that remains in The Sun Also Rises of the initial reference to James is "a passing remark about "Henry's bicycle", which in the manuscript referred to Henry James's apocryphal groin injury similar to the one of Jake Barnes."⁴⁰

Other of his thoughts on writers during the Twenties he recorded himself in A Moveable Feast. Some comments focussed on his non-fiction reading at the time. His strong interest in Africa is demonstrated in his praise for Out of Africa by Baroness Von Blitzen who "wrote very beautifully . . . she wrote perhaps the best book about Africa that I ever read."⁴¹ He also notes that he highly admires Sir Samuel Baker's book on the Nile

tributaries of Abyssinia. Coincidentally, his first book review, written in 1922, was for René Maran's African novel Batouala which had won the Goncourt Prize that year: "It was 'great art', he maintained, 'except for the preface which is the only bit of propaganda in the book.'" ⁴² His comments on more distinguished novelists are more noteworthy; for example, he wrote:

I had never been able to read a novel by Ouida, not even at some skiing place in Switzerland where reading matter had run out when the wet south wind had come by and there were only the left-behind Tauchnitz editions of before the war. ⁴³

Despite the disapprobation of Gertrude Stein he recalls reading the works of D.H. Lawrence:

He wrote some very good short stories, one called "The Prussian Officer"! . . . I liked Sons and Lovers and The White Peacock . . . maybe that not so well. I couldn't read Women In Love. ⁴⁴

Lawrence had been among the first critics to praise In Our Time ⁴⁵ and Hemingway's interest in him lasted throughout Lawrence's career. In 1929 he read the original edition of Lady Chatterley's Lover published in Italy by Lawrence himself. ⁴⁶ In some respects it is quite similar to A Farewell To Arms. Continuing with the pronouncements in A Moveable Feast, Hemingway wrote of Dostoevsky:

In Dostoevsky there were things believable

and not to be believed, but some so true they changed you as you read them. 47

and of Stendhal:

Until I read the Chartreuse de Parme by Stendhal I had never read of war as it was except in Tolstoi, and the wonderful Waterloo account by Stendhal was an accidental piece in a book that had much dullness. 48

Some of the reading he did during the Twenties was also in the nature of research for possible titles. Hemingway did not choose his titles until after the writing was completed and then his search for an appropriate one was extensive. A listing of proposed titles to A Farewell To Arms appears in the appendices to Michael S. Reynolds's Hemingway's First War. The authors from whose works these titles were culled include Sir Walter Scott, John Bunyan, Thomas Mann, William Drummond, John Donne, Gustave Flaubert, Christopher Marlowe, George Crabbe, Thomas Otway, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Andrew Marvell, and, of course, George Peele.⁴⁹ The type of books Hemingway studied in his search were The Oxford Book of Ballads, The Oxford Book of Verse and The Bible.⁵⁰

ii.

During these formative years as a writer the influences on Hemingway were naturally enormous. His

training as a journalist has been fairly well charted by Charles A. Fenton and others, but his education as an author moved into high gear when Hemingway moved to Paris. The move was recommended by his initial mentor, and Hemingway's early Paris stories showed evidence of Anderson's residual influence. Once in Paris and armed with Anderson's numerous letters of introduction, Hemingway fitted quickly into the expatriate literary milieu. This period in his life has been the subject of many recent and intensive critical inquiries--rightly so, since it is here that he began to write what Ezra Pound called the best prose he had read in forty years.

There were many influential figures in those years, all of whom left their mark on Hemingway's writing. From the beginning of his career the influence of Gertrude Stein has been acknowledged and speculated upon. Despite the many repudiations made in successive decades he would always admit that he had learned a good deal about the process of putting words together from her informal lessons. One of the better recent studies in this area can be found in Richard Bridgeman's The Colloquial Style in America (1966). Studies of the importance of Ezra Pound can be found in Linda W. Wagner's Hemingway and Faulkner: inventors/masters (1975) and Harold M. Hurwitz's "Hemingway's Tutor, Ezra Pound" in

Ernest Hemingway: Five Decades of Criticism (1974). A recent examination of Hemingway's involvement with the literary magazines of that era can be found in Nicholas Joost's Ernest Hemingway and the Little Magazines: the Paris Years (1968). All these and more focus upon the influence of artists present in Paris during that era, including James Joyce, Ford Madox Ford and lesser-known authors. It would be incorrect to underestimate their collective influence upon Hemingway's work in the Twenties but an examination of his literary influences should not rest there. When Hemingway came to list his influences in a 1958 interview he named few contemporaries.⁵¹ Invariably those authors that he did list form the core of the study curricula he recommended to young writers. It is evident that a major part of the literary education of Ernest Hemingway came from a close reading of the works of other writers.

Often the reading came as a supplement to other instruction. Ezra Pound, for example, pressed upon Hemingway the value of Gustave Flaubert as a model for "making it true."⁵² He advanced the work of other French writers, de Maupassant and Stendhal, as illustrations of the concentration a writer required.⁵³ Throughout his career Hemingway would echo Pound's recommendation of these three, paying special attention to Madame Bovary,

Le Chartreuse de Parme, "Le Maison Tellier" and "Boule de Suif". Ford Madox Ford apparently turned him towards the Russian writers and he subsequently devoured the works of Turgenev, Tolstoi and Dostoevsky. They also took a central place in his reading lists of required study.

It was a characteristic of Hemingway that he assimilated everything he read and used it in his own work. His reading was extensive and his knowledge was almost scholarly. It often surfaced in his early poetry. "The Lady Poets With Foot Notes" is a satiric jab at Eliot's use of footnotes in The Wasteland and "The Age Demanded" borrows directly from Pound's "Hugh Selwyn Mauberley".⁵⁴ More often he would put his knowledge to use in parody. The Torrents of Spring, for example, parodies Sherwood Anderson and takes its title from Turgenev and its epigraph from Henry Fielding's Tom Jones. When Hemingway was pressed to defend the book in 1925 he recalled that "Fielding's Joseph Andrews had parodied Richardson's Pamela in the 'golden age' of the English novel, and both books were now classics."⁵⁵ He also cited in his defence Donald Ogden Stewart's A Parody Outline of History which he had borrowed that same year from Sylvia Beach.

Sylvia Beach's bookstore and lending library, Shakespeare and Company, at 12 rue de L'Odéon in Paris,

was Hemingway's main source of books throughout the Twenties. There were others, of course, but Miss Beach was by all accounts his primary source of reading material. He introduced himself to her in 1922, aided by a letter from Sherwood Anderson, and immediately received borrowing privileges. He soon became, as Miss Beach herself has written, her best customer. Unfortunately her autobiographical Shakespeare and Company (1956) makes fewer references to his reading than to his legendary exploits--a curiosity in a book written by a publisher/bookseller/librarian. She does make passing reference, however, to his reading periodicals and the books of Captain Marryat.⁵⁶ Hemingway himself is more explicit. In the fourth chapter of A Moveable Feast he mentions his first withdrawals from the lending library:

I started with Turgenev and took the two volumes of A Sportsman's Sketches and an early book of D.H. Lawrence, I think it was Sons and Lovers, and Sylvia told me to take more books if I wanted. I chose the Constance Garnett edition of War and Peace, and The Gambler and Other Stories by Dostoyevsky. 57

At the beginning of the fifteenth chapter he lists additional works:

From the day I had found Sylvia Beach's library I had read all of Turgenev, what had been published in English of Gogol, the Constance Garnett translations of Tolstoi and the English translations of Chekov. 58

Unfortunately a record of his borrowings from

1922-24 is not available, but his library cards from 1925 onward are on file at the Sylvia Beach Archives at Princeton University. His most noticeable withdrawals are the works of Ivan Turgenev as translated by Constance Garnett. By his own account he read A Sportsman's Sketches in 1922. From the library cards it can be seen that he withdrew the following: in 1925 A Lear of the Steppes, A Sportsman's Sketches, The Torrents of Spring, A House of Gentlefolk and Fathers and Children; in 1926 Knock, Knock, Knock and Other Stories, The Two Friends and Other Stories, On The Eve and A Sportsman's Sketches; in 1928 possibly The Torrents of Spring; in 1929 again possibly The Torrents of Spring and certainly A Sportsman's Sketches.⁵⁹ It is most probable that Turgenev's influence can be found in the wonderful descriptions of landscape in In Our Time and The Sun Also Rises; Hemingway has hinted as much.⁶⁰ He also portrays Jake Barnes reading A Sportsman's Sketches in an appropriate setting in The Sun Also Rises, a possible acknowledgement of Turgenev's contribution. Other withdrawals of note from Shakespeare and Company were: in 1925 Flaubert's Sentimental Education, Stendhal's The Charterhouse of Parma in translation, and translations of Mann's Buddenbrooks and Hamsun's Children of the Age; in 1926 Sandburg's Selected Poems, Conrad's An Outcast of the Islands, Yeats's Early Poems and Stories,

Ford's A Mirror To France, Stein's Composition As Explanation, The Life Work of Guy de Maupassant and Virginia Woolf's The Common Reader; in 1927 Lardner's The Story of a Wonderman and Dostoevsky's The Gambler and Other Stories and The Insulted and the Injured; in 1928 Mann's The Magic Mountain; in 1929 The Autobiography of Lord Alfred Douglas, Zola and his Time, The Diary of Dostoevsky's Wife, Contemporary Russian Literature and Stein's Three Lives.⁶¹

The reason so few of the books listed belong to his Paris friends may be that Hemingway had more immediate access to their writing. His library at the time contained an inscribed copy of Stein's Portrait of Mabel Dodge, Ford's No More Parades, Pound's XVI Cantos and James Joyce's Ulysses.⁶² He had been among the first to buy Ulysses, having placed an order for several copies with its publisher, Sylvia Beach.⁶³ In 1922 he had called it "a most god-damn wonderful book"⁶⁴ and Joyce soon replaced Sherwood Anderson as Hemingway's image of a great writer. However, Hemingway's rise in literary fortunes was extremely rapid and in 1924 he had the confidence to write:

That was the weakness of Joyce. Daedalus [sic] in Ulysses was Joyce himself, so he was terrible. Joyce was so damned romantic and intellectual about him. . . It was easy to write if you used the tricks. Everybody used them. Joyce had invented hundreds of new ones. Just because

they were new didn't make them any better.
They would all turn into clichés. 65

The writing which gave him the confidence to make such remarks was based upon a diversity of sources which is only now beginning to emerge. Daniel Fuchs, for instance, in his article "Ernest Hemingway, Literary Critic" notes the use of Anatole France's reputation in The Sun Also Rises (pp. 50-51) and discerns a reference to and spoof of France's The Garden of Epicurus in A Farewell To Arms.⁶⁶ Hemingway also makes reference in A Farewell To Arms to Henri Barbusse (p. 270) and William Shakespeare (p. 257). One of the more interesting facets to emerge from this line of study is the possibility that Hemingway's first two novels were written in reaction to T. S. Eliot's The Wasteland. Hemingway had read The Wasteland at Ezra Pound's request and was not impressed by it. Nevertheless there are suggestive verbal echoes of its presence in his own work. In 1961 in "The Wasteland in A Farewell To Arms" Donna Gerstenberger was the first to notice that Lt. Henry's quotation of Andrew Marvell's "To His Coy Mistress" owed more to Eliot than Marvell.⁶⁷ The passage in question reads:

Down below on the street a motor car honked.

"'But at my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near,'"

I said. (p. 154)

Gerstenberger suggests that the context of the quotation is reflective of the lines from the The Fire Sermon section of the poem:

But at my back from time to time I hear
The sound of horns and motors . . .
(III, 196-7)

She further suggests that it is a reading of Eliot rather than Marvell which more properly informs the scene. The probability of Hemingway's usage being accidental is negligible. Michael S. Reynolds mentions a line later excised from the A Farewell To Arms manuscript, "It is not like death's other kingdom", which comes directly from Eliot's "The Hollow Men":

Those who have crossed
With direct eyes to death's other Kingdom
Remember us--if at all--not as lost
Violent souls, but only
As the hollow men
The stuffed men. 68

Richard P. Adams in "Sunrise Out of The Wasteland" details several more verbal echoes of Eliot in The Sun Also Rises.⁶⁹ Although earlier critics such as Carlos Baker, Philip Young and Malcolm Cowley touched upon the subject then shyed away, it now seems a fruitful area for exploration. So too does Biblical allusion, which is something Hemingway is not generally credited with despite the epigraph to The Sun Also Rises. Gregory Hemingway remembers his father telling him that he "loved to read

the Bible when he was seven or eight because it was so full of battles."⁷⁰ John Dos Passos remembers the two of them reading the Old Testament together in 1925, especially Deborah, Chronicles and Kings.⁷¹ Hemingway's knowledge of the Bible most often surfaced in his selection of titles. The most obvious is, of course, The Sun Also Rises from Ecclesiastes. There is also In Our Time from "Give us peace in our time, O Lord" in the Book of Common Prayer.⁷² A reading of the Gospel According to St. Matthew reveals the source for "The Light of the World" (Matt. v:14) and To Have and Have Not (Matt. xxv:29). "The Light of the World" may well derive from Holman Hunt's famous painting, but there is a decided irony present when the story is read in the context of Jesus's sermon as recounted in Matthew. A similar irony descends upon the novel when read against a background of the verse from Matthew:

For unto every one that hath shall be given,
and he shall have abundance: but from him
that hath not shall be taken away even that
which he hath.

Matthew can also be used to inform a reading of A Farewell To Arms, as Michael S. Reynolds points out:

When Frederic says: "They say the only way you can keep a thing is to lose it," he is paraphrasing Matthew x:39: "He that findeth his life shall lose it: and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." . . . It is only when Catharine is dying that Frederic resorts to prayer, but the form runs contrary

to the advice found in Matthew. Frederic prays:

Don't let her die. Oh, God, please don't let her die. I'll do anything for you if you won't let her die. Please, please, please don't let her die. God please make her not die. I'll do anything you say if you don't let her die. You took the baby but don't let her die. That was all right but don't let her die. Please, please, dear God, don't let her die.

In Matthew's version of the Sermon on the Mount, Christ tells the multitude that this is the improper form of prayer: "But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking." 73

This use of Eliot, the Gospels and others is what Jackson J. Benson was referring to when he said: "Scholars haven't even scratched the surface of his borrowings and sources."⁷⁴

iii.

The different voices of Hemingway in the 1920s are also heard in his comments on contemporaries. Those artists he was interested in early on in the Paris years generally reflect the similar tastes of his literary circle. For example, in a letter he wrote in 1925 he said that he believed Gertrude Stein to be a great writer and Ezra Pound to be the greatest living poet.⁷⁵ The use of the superlative is a habit that Hemingway maintained

throughout his career, but which is especially noticeable in his early years. His use of it may be (and often has been) ascribed to either arrogance or superficiality: arrogance if he believed that what he approved of was therefore "great" and superficiality if he was unable to distinguish between levels of achievement. The charge is biographical criticism at its most obvious and clearly has no place in the criticism of his own writing. It may, however, be justifiably broached in a discussion of Hemingway's awareness of other writers; it has a direct bearing on many of his comments. While it would be hazardous to state that Hemingway did not allow his personal feelings to prejudice his judgement of another writer, that is not really at issue in this instance. Hemingway's labelling of a piece of writing as either "great" or "terrible" is the result of an attitude which did not allow for any middle-ground. His aesthetic did not allow for "slight flaws" or "near-classics". Mediocrity was failure. His expression of this aesthetic is best detailed in Death In The Afternoon. At one point he writes:

A character is a caricature. If a writer can make people live there may be no great characters in his book, but it is possible that his book will remain as a whole; as an entity; as a novel. . . . No matter how good a phrase or a simile he may have if he puts it in where it is not absolutely necessary and irreplaceable he is spoiling his work for egotism. (p. 191)

The inference to be taken is that a book either succeeds as a complete entity, containing only the proper words, or it fails. In his view (and it is admittedly not the view of objective scholarship) writing is very much an "either-or" proposition; a writer is either "good", "great", "marvellous", "wonderful" or he isn't. This use of superlatives was, however, a tendency with Hemingway rather than an inviolable rule. The problem of ranking those artists who earned his respect was one which he declined to resolve. As he wrote in Green Hills of Africa: "There is no order for good writers." (p. 22).

At any rate, his high opinion of Gertrude Stein soon began its unabated decline. There seems little doubt, though, about the genuine respect he originally held for her. It was he who moved to serialize The Making of Americans in the transatlantic review in 1924. The extent to which she shaped his opinions of other writers is open to speculation. Writing in A Moveable Feast Hemingway discounts any notion that she influenced him. Concerning her criticism of Aldous Huxley as a "dead man", for example, he writes:

I could not see, then, that he was a dead man and I said that his books amused me and kept me from thinking. 76

The humour evident in reading Huxley to avoid thinking

may detract from the reliability of the statement's context, but there is no reason to doubt that Hemingway did read him. Gertrude Stein's memory of those days naturally differs from Hemingway's. In The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas she writes:

In those early days Hemingway liked all his contemporaries except Cummings. He accused Cummings of having copied everything, not from anybody but from somebody. Gertrude Stein who had been much impressed by The Enormous Room said that Cummings did not copy . . . They disagreed about this. 77

The purpose of this anecdote is to serve as a lead-in to a later one in which she examines some of Hemingway's manuscripts at his request:

He had added to his stories a little story of meditations and in these he said that The Enormous Room was the greatest book he had ever read. It was then that Gertrude Stein said, Hemingway, remarks are not literature. 78

In determining the extent of Stein's influence on Hemingway's opinions the reader must accept the bias of either The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas or A Moveable Feast; no accommodation between the two is possible. One point that does emerge, however distorted, is Hemingway's admiration for E.E. Cummings's The Enormous Room. He stated in 1923 that it was the best book that he had read the previous year⁷⁹ and in 1925 he called it "a really fine book."⁸⁰ The story Stein refers to is no doubt "On Writing", published posthumously in The Nick Adams Stories.

In it he writes: "that was a book, it was one of the great books. Cummings worked hard to get it."⁸¹

It is reasonable to assume that Hemingway read most of his contemporaries who congregated around Gertrude Stein. He often frequented 27 rue de Fleurus and had even gone on a picnic with Stein, Toklas and Mildred Aldrich, author of A Hilltop on the Marne.⁸² As Stein herself wrote: "He and Gertrude Stein used to walk together and talk together a great deal."⁸³ He read all the literary magazines which showcased the Paris coterie and were considered important, The Dial (1920-29), The Little Review (1914-29), Der Querschnitt (1920-36), This Quarter (1925-32) and others. Early on he proved to be quite enthusiastic. He read one of Ralph Cheever Dunning's poems in the transatlantic review and called it the "pretty near god-damndest poem" he had ever read.⁸⁴ Exactly which poem he was referring to is not certain--Ford Madox Ford had published twelve of Dunning's poems in the issue in question--but it was probably "Wind of Morning".

Hemingway's opinions did not long remain compatible with those of his peer group. When Ford journeyed to America to solicit financial support for the foundering magazine he left the editorial reins to the transatlantic review in Hemingway's hands. Hemingway used

the opportunity to write an unsigned editorial impugning the talents of Jean Cocteau, Tristan Tzara and Gilbert Seldes, who were much in vogue at the time.⁸⁵

In 1923 Ezra Pound handed Hemingway a copy of The Wasteland by T.S. Eliot, then considered the brightest new star in poetry and closely connected to Pound. He was unable to take the poem seriously⁸⁶ although, as previously discussed, there is some suggestion that he alludes to it in his own work. Writing two years later in This Quarter he said he considered Eliot's poems "not great but perfect in their own way."⁸⁷ Those in his immediate circle whose work he did find praiseworthy were F. Scott Fitzgerald and John Dos Passos. The relationship between Fitzgerald and Hemingway has already accounted for a large percentage of the writing devoted to each man's career. By the time Arthur Mizener contacted Hemingway while preparing his biography of Fitzgerald, Hemingway had little that was good to say about Scott's writing. However there is no doubt that Hemingway admired Fitzgerald's talent. On their second meeting in Paris Fitzgerald gave him The Great Gatsby to read. Hemingway called it "an absolutely first-rate book."⁸⁸ His relationship with Dos Passos did not survive later strain either, but Hemingway owned a personal copy of Three Soldiers in 1923.⁸⁹ In a 1925 letter to Fitzgerald he recommended it,

calling it "a swell book."⁹⁰ In the same letter he also recommended Nobel Laureate Knut Hamsun's Growth of the Soil which he had apparently found in a resort library while vacationing in Switzerland.⁹¹

He had little praise though for other of his fellow American novelists. In 1923 he read Willa Cather's war story One of Ours. It went against the grain of all he had been trying to do with the war himself. He said:

all her war scenes were faked, stolen from the battle sequences in D.W. Griffith's The Birth of a Nation. The book was nothing but Griffith Catherized. ⁹²

In 1925 he disparaged one of his early favourites, Sinclair Lewis: "This judgement surprised Hadley, who recalled how deeply and carefully Ernest had once studied Main Street."⁹³ He continued to revile Lewis from then on, becoming his most vitriolic with the portrait etched in Across The River and Into The Trees. Meanwhile the man who would prove to be Hemingway's greatest rival was quietly writing his first novel. In a 4 May 1926 letter to Isador Schneider, Hemingway eagerly asked Schneider's opinion of a new book which had just been published, William Faulkner's Soldier's Pay.⁹⁴ In a letter a few months later Hemingway admitted that he himself had found Faulkner's first published novel unreadable, and had not been able to finish it.⁹⁵

Part II: The 1930s

In the Thirties Hemingway moved into the second stage of his career as an author. He was no longer the talented neophyte struggling to establish himself. With the publication of A Farewell To Arms in 1929, his reputation as a successful and significant author was complete. Moreover, he had become a celebrity. The creation of the Hemingway legend was in full flower and some would say it began to take precedence over the writing of fiction. Although he published five books during the decade none were particularly well received. Death In The Afternoon (1932) and Green Hills of Africa (1935) led to charges of self-aggrandizement. Winner Take Nothing (1933) and The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories (1938) were short story collections rather than the major novel his reading public awaited. When a novel did appear, To Have and Have Not (1937), it was not the novel it was expected to be; it was a break in style and theme from his earlier successes. The critic's darling of the Twenties became his target in the Thirties, but the popular hero became even more popular.

The Thirties are marked by this duality which accompanied Hemingway throughout his career, the painstaking artist contrasted with the image of gregarious sportsman; each had a tendency to eclipse the other. In the Thirties, with Hemingway's highly publicized safari and forays into the Gulf Stream, it is a popular conception that he was more concerned with his sportsman's image than with writing; this is not true. More and more, Hemingway began to revel in his position in the world of literature. He disavowed old mentors, made pronouncements on past and contemporary authors, wrote prefaces to other writers' books and generally revealed his thoughts on the craft of writing and its practitioners.

This is most evident in Death In The Afternoon. Although nominally a book on tauromachy, it serves more importantly to illustrate Hemingway's literary aesthetic. The fascination that the bullring held for Hemingway the writer--as opposed to Hemingway the spectator--was in the realization that the artist/matador relied entirely upon his own technique. During one passage in the book he ends the description of a particularly gory cornada by saying: "It was a simple technical error." (p. 19) It reflected his own belief in writing that if the artist's technique were letter-perfect, if perfect discipline were maintained throughout with each word

used properly and exactly, then the story would be well-written.

As the exposition proceeds, Hemingway's pronouncements on his aesthetic became less veiled and more overt. It soon becomes evident that the scope of the book is not limited to its topic. One of the more important statements is his definition of the great artist:

All art only is 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. (p. 100)

Such remarks continue and abound throughout a book which is ostensibly about bullfighting. By the end of Death In The Afternoon he has fairly clearly defined the terms on which he bases his judgement of other writers. As he says: "Prose is architecture, not interior decoration, and the Baroque is over." (p. 191)

Green Hills of Africa followed three years later. It is usually slighted by critics with the exception of certain literary conversations recorded therein. Hemingway's comments are usually accepted as gospel despite the author's own caveat issued in 1958:

In that book . . . you'll see that I was sounding off about American literature with a humorless Austrian character who was forcing me to talk when I wanted to do something else. I wrote an accurate account of the conversation. Not to make deathless pronouncements. A fair percent of the pronouncements are good enough. 1

It is evident from a study of these two books of non-fiction that writing and writers were never far from Hemingway's mind. He wrote and commented on past and contemporary literature more than he had during the previous decade and his opinions gained respect through the authority of his reputation.

In 1930 he wrote his first book preface. It was an introduction to the memoirs of Kiki of Montparnasse, a well-known courtesan of the 1920s. According to Carlos Baker, the preface is "a loose piece of prose, though done with gusto and glittering with acute observations."² Hemingway said that the book reminded him of Daniel Defoe's Moll Flanders and was the best that he had read since E.E. Cummings's The Enormous Room.³ It proved a rather inauspicious start in his career as a preface-writer. In 1934 he wrote a second one, this time for This Must Be The Place by James Charters.⁴ Charters was Jimmie the Barman at the Dingo Bar in Paris. As with the preface to Kiki's memoirs, Hemingway's name was sought for its popularity not its prestige. However, Gertrude Stein had recently published The Autobiography

of Alice B. Toklas which contained a few disparaging remarks about Hemingway. He had earlier called it "a damned pitiful book"⁵ and now used the Charters preface to return verbal fire.⁶ He wrote another preface in 1937, this time for Jerome Bahr's All Good Americans.⁷ As was by now usual his comments were not limited to the book at hand and included general comments on the present state of his craft. He referred to his own literary status in this manner:

when you are a young writer, the only way you can get a book of stories published now is to have someone with what is called, in the trade, a name write a preface to it. ⁸

i.

As Charles A. Fenton noted in The Apprenticeship of Ernest Hemingway, Hemingway had a good secondary school grounding in the classics. He did not, however, venerate the classics unless they withstood, individually, the rigorous tests of his personal aesthetic as defined in Death In The Afternoon; few of them did. In a 1934 Esquire article he parenthetically satirized the popular conception of a classic, using Izaak Walton as an example:

This is one of those contemplative pieces

of the sort that Izaak Walton used to write (I'll bet you never read him either. You know what a classic is don't you? A book that everyone mentions and no one reads) except that the charm and quaintness and the literary value of Walton are omitted. 9

His own definition of a classic appears in Green Hills of Africa during a conversation with the Austrian, Kandisky. The matter under discussion is the Nineteenth Century classic American authors who, according to Hemingway:

wrote like exiled English colonials from an England of which they were never a part to a newer England that they were making. Very good men with the small, dried, and excellent wisdom of Unitarians; men of letters; Quakers with a sense of humour."

"Who were these?"

"Emerson, Hawthorne, Whittier and company. All our early classics who did not know that a new classic does not bear any resemblance to the classics that have preceded it. (p. 21)

Hemingway had taken an earlier verbal jab at John Greenleaf Whittier in Death In The Afternoon. He was commenting on his own short story "A Natural History of the Dead" which he had integrated into the text of the book: "It's written in popular style and is designed to be the Whittier's Snow Bound of our time." (p. 133) The connection between the two works has not been considered by scholars. However there is a certain element of black humour in contrasting the pastoral, idyllic reminiscences of Snow-Bound with those expressed in the Hemingway story.

Returning to Green Hills of Africa, Hemingway continues in his assessment of the early classics of American literature:

Poe is a skillful writer. It is skillful, marvellously constructed, and it is dead. (p. 20)

Of Henry David Thoreau, he writes:

There is one at that time that is supposed to be really good, Thoreau. I cannot tell you about it because I have not yet been able to read it. But that means nothing because I cannot read other naturalists unless they are being extremely accurate and not literary. (p.21)

He agreed with the high regard then currently accorded Herman Melville, but did not follow the prevalent line of critical reasoning: "the people who praise it, praise it for the rhetoric which is not important." (p. 20)

Classic writers who fit his personal definition of the term were judged strictly upon the merit of their work as he perceived it. This meant that he not only enjoyed their writing but also found in it an, at least, partial adherence to his own aesthetic values. A writer's reputation had no meaning for him unless he could justify its basis in the author's work. Thus in Death In The Afternoon he casually dismisses Lope da Vega by saying: "I have never cared for Lope." (p. 73)

Without a further elaboration it might appear that Hemingway's reading was simply a matter of likes

and dislikes; it is not that simple. Hemingway often said a piece of writing was good or bad without providing a detailed critical analysis, but he was a student of his craft and did not make such comments in an off-handed manner. He took his reading of serious fiction (as opposed to the western and suspense novels which he devoured) seriously. For example, during the Thirties he continued to express his admiration for the works of Tolstoy. While on safari he read a story called "The Cossacks". His comment on it is simply that it was "very good."¹⁰ However, he reread the story later that same day which would indicate that his reading of Tolstoy was as much for study as for diversion.¹¹ During the same period he read Sevastopol and elaborated slightly more: "It was a very young book and had one very fine description of fighting in it."¹² He wrote further about Tolstoy in "Old Newsman Writes: A Letter From Cuba" published in the December 1934 issue of Esquire magazine:

. read another book called War and Peace by Tolstoi, and see how you will have to skip the big Political Thought passages, that he undoubtedly thought were the best things in the book when he wrote it, because they are no longer either true or important, if they ever were more than topical, and see how true and lasting and important the people and the action are. 13

Such comments were often short and unsupported. They were not offered as opinions for debate but were

delivered with the authority of Hemingway's own reputation. In Green Hills of Africa he makes quick judgements on certain German writers: Heinrich Mann, "He is no good . . . all I know is that I cannot read him," (p. 7) Ringlentalz, "He is splendid" (p. 7) and Theodore Rilke, "I have read only the one thing . . . the Cornet." (p. 8) The most striking consideration here is not the apparent superficiality of Hemingway's opinions. They are presented, after all, within the context of a story. What is striking is the fact that Hemingway was at all familiar with these writers. It is a mark of the extent to which he had immersed himself in the literary milieu. His education in Paris was even more extensive than is often believed. His knowledge of literature often surfaced obliquely. For instance, in 1933 he sent a letter of congratulations to Archibald McLeish on the occasion of his winning the Pulitzer Prize; included in it was a four-line parody of "To A Young Beauty" by William Butler Yeats.¹⁴ Another parody, written in 1936, also showed his familiarity with the poetry of Hart Crane.¹⁵

ii.

By the 1930s Hemingway was no longer operating under direct influences upon his style; it had been

well-established by then. It was, however, a period of experimentation for him and, as he was fond of saying, a writer was always learning his craft. In two 1935 Esquire articles he listed the works and authors from whom it was possible to learn. The first list appeared in the February issue in an article entitled "Remembering Shooting-Flying: A Key West Letter" and was drafted in a hyperbolic style:

I would rather read again for the first time Anna Karenina, Far Away and Long Ago, Buddenbrooks, Wuthering Heights, Madame Bovary, War and Peace, A Sportsman's Sketches, The Brothers Karamazov, Hail and Farewell, Huckleberry Finn, Winesburg, Ohio, La Reine Margot, La Maison Tellier, Le Rouge et le Noire, La Chartreuse de Parme, Dubliners, Yeats's Autobiographies and a few others than have an assured income of a million dollars a year. 16

The second list appeared in the October issue in the article "Monologue to the Maestro: A High Seas Letter". It is better developed and has more authority behind it, being a specific list of books a young writer should study as part of his training:

War and Peace and Anna Karenina by Tolstoi, Midshipman Easy, Frank Mildmay and Peter Simple by Captain Marryat, Madame Bovary and L'Education Sentimentale by Flaubert, Buddenbrooks by Thomas Mann, Joyce's Dubliners, Portrait of the Artist, and Ulysses, Tom Jones and Joseph Andrews by Fielding, La Chartreuse de Parme by Stendhal, The Brothers Karamazov and any two other Dostoevskis, Huckleberry Finn by Mark Twain, The Open Boat and The Blue Hotel by Stephen Crane, Hail and Farewell by George Moore, Yeats's Autobiographies, all the good De Maupassant,

all the good Kipling, all of Turgenev, Far Away and Long Ago by W.H. Hudson, Henry James's short stories, especially Madame de Mauves, and The Turn of the Screw, The Portrait of a Lady, The American-- 17

Some of the above have not been as fully explored by Hemingway critics as others. For instance Thomas Mann, for whom Hemingway had a high regard. Buddenbrooks always remained one of his favourite books; "Disorder and Early Sorrow" was the Mann story he liked next best.¹⁸ In the article in the October Esquire, Hemingway went on to say that Mann would be a great writer "if he had never written another thing than Buddenbrooks."¹⁹ Unfortunately Hemingway was not more specific. He rarely was. An exception to the rule did occur in a letter to writer Joseph M. Hopkins dated 31 December 1935:

There isn't a better novel than Bovary and there is no truth nor reality sacrificed to style if you can read French. 20

These two Esquire lists provide a compendium of what Hemingway considered the best in literature, although the reading he recommended was not always restricted to the above books; in 1938, for instance, he urged a young friend to read the novels of Romain Rolland and the memoirs of General Ulysses S. Grant.²¹ The lists also represent a standard against which Hemingway measured himself. For example, in a 1933 letter to Scribner editor Maxwell

Perkins he said that with his short story "The Light of the World" he had written far better than de Maupassant in "La Maison Tellier".²²

Occasionally during the decade he would mention an author whose work had been useful to him. In A Moveable Feast he writes that among the first books he withdrew from Shakespeare and Company were the early novels of D.H. Lawrence. In 1933, more than ten years after he had read them, Hemingway said in a letter to Arnold Gingrich that he had learned "a few tricks about describing landscape" from reading Lawrence.²³ Such candour was not usual. Instead Hemingway spent the Thirties disavowing the influence other writers had upon him. He said, for example, that although he had imitated Ring Lardner in his youth he had learned nothing from him.²⁴ He did, however, write in 1934 that there was plenty to admire in Lardner's work.²⁵ In the 1933 letter to Gingrich he also said that he had picked up some "technical tips" in conversation with Gertrude Stein and Ezra Pound, a rather cavalier statement considering their early influence on him. However, although he reviled Stein and disassociated himself from other early influences, he remained loyal to Pound throughout his career. He wrote the following for a pamphlet arranged by Ford Madox Ford and designed to coincide with the January 1933 publication of A Draft of

XXX Cantos:

any poet born in this century or in the last ten years of the preceding century who can honestly say that he has not been influenced by or learned greatly from the work of Ezra Pound deserves to be pitied rather than rebuked. It is as if a prose writer born in that time should not have learned from or been influenced by James Joyce . . . The best of Pound's writing--and it is in the Cantos--will last as long as there is any literature. 26

The tribute to James Joyce was also sincere. Throughout his career Hemingway continued to praise Joyce as the man who freed all novelists from imposed restrictions.²⁷ In 1935 he wrote of Joyce: "It was nice to see a great writer in our time."²⁸ Although he did not form a pupil-mentor relationship with Joyce, he stated in the 1933 letter to Arnold Gingrich that he "liked Joyce as a friend and writer, and had picked up a good deal of technical information from reading his work."²⁹ However, some criticism of Joyce occasionally surfaced. One oblique example occurred during a 1932 conversation with John Dos Passos; Dos Passos was commenting upon Death In The Afternoon and Hemingway in turn upon Dos Passos's current novel, 1919:

He said that Dos must curb his desire for symbolic perfection and keep his characters human and full of faults. Symbolic characters were self-defeating. Joyce's Dedalus, for example, was idealized beyond belief, whereas Leopold and Molly Bloom saved Ulysses by their common humanity. 30

This was a longstanding belief of Hemingway's, one mouthed by Nick Adams in the 1920s story published posthumously as "On Writing".³¹

The only great American authors standing high in Hemingway's estimation at this time were Henry James, Stephen Crane and Mark Twain. He writes in Green Hills of Africa: "The good writers are Henry James, Stephen Crane and Mark Twain. That's not the order they're good in. There is no order for good writers." (p. 22) He made no specific reference to any James story, though he no doubt had in mind those listed in the Esquire articles. With Crane he was more specific and his comments coincide with the Esquire lists: "Crane wrote two fine stories. The Open Boat and The Blue Hotel. The last one is the best." (pp.22-3) Though all three men are models for Hemingway to some extent, his most revealing comment is reserved for Mark Twain:

All modern American literature comes from one book by Mark Twain called Huckleberry Finn. If you read it you must stop where the Nigger Jim is stolen from the boys. That is the real end. The rest is just cheating. But its the best book we've had. All American writing comes from that. There was nothing before. There has been nothing as good since. (p. 22)

iii.

During the Thirties Hemingway became increasingly

aware of the writers who, using his own metaphor, were contending for his title. He had a keen eye for talent and was able to determine the legitimate contenders. He quickly recognized Thomas Wolfe and William Faulkner as the best of the field and reserved some of his most acid comments for them. If he admired a writer, however, without perceiving him as a threat to his own eminence, his praise and criticism were unalloyed by other considerations.

There was, for instance, James Thurber whom Hemingway later described as one of his personal heroes.³² In 1933 he called Thurber's My Life and Hard Times a "wonderful" book.³³ As a humourist, Thurber was not contending with Hemingway. Nor was Wallace Stevens whom, according to Carlos Baker, Hemingway "admired and respected as a poet."³⁴ In the February 1935 issue of Esquire he lauded French novelist André Malraux:

Last year there was La Condition Humaine by André Malraux. It was translated, I do not know how well, as Man's Fate, and sometimes it is as good as Stendhal and that is something no prose writer has been in France for over fifty years. 35

Malraux, too, was not a legitimate contender. Even so, Hemingway soured on Malraux though probably for personal reasons. They came to cross-purposes in 1938 during the Spanish Civil War when Hemingway alleged that Malraux had

withdrawn from the war to write huge "masterpissess" like L'Espoir.³⁶

In another Esquire article printed in December 1934 he also praised John O'Hara:

If you want to read a book by a man who knows exactly what he is writing about and has written it marvellously well, read Appointment In Samarra by John O'Hara. 37

That comment earned him a friend for life. O'Hara never attained his social or literary position but became one of Hemingway's staunchest defenders. The most famous instance came during the critical assault on Across The River and Into The Trees when O'Hara, writing in the New York Times Book Review, called Hemingway: "the most important author since the death of Shakespeare."³⁸

Hemingway's opinions of other writers, when written for publication as in the above instances, have an authority about them that his casual remarks lack. In 1936, for example, he made a point of greeting fellow Scribner novelist Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings and telling her that he greatly admired her work. The remark was made in a social context and was not reiterated in print.³⁹ One made specifically for publication comes from a letter dated 7 March 1936 to a Mr. Reed. He had apparently asked for a promotional statement which could be printed on the dustjacket of a book by C.S. Forester. Hemingway

replied:

I enjoyed the African Queen immensely. It never had the success it deserved . . . I have no felicity, nor facility in the manufacture of blurbs but anyone is missing a fine story that does not read the African Queen.⁴⁰

Other writers usually received more criticism than praise. Some of his remarks were made in private, such as those levelled at Dos Passos's 1919.⁴¹ Some were made in print--either in books such as Death In The Afternoon where he took verbal jabs at, among others, Virginia Woolf⁴² or in magazines such as Esquire in which he attacked William Saroyan's The Daring Young Man On The Flying Trapeze.⁴³ However, his greatest concern was reserved for Thomas Wolfe and William Faulkner.

In 1930 on the occasion of his winning the Nobel Prize, Sinclair Lewis praised Scribner's for publishing two of the "most superb" novels of recent years, A Farewell To Arms and Look Homeward, Angel.⁴⁴ Hearing this, Hemingway declared his distaste that the Prize had gone to such a bad writer as Lewis instead of to Ezra Pound or James Joyce.⁴⁵ (He said at the same time that he approved of the presentations to William Butler Yeats and Thomas Mann.) He also made it clear that he did not appreciate having his work mentioned in the same breath as Tom Wolfe's.⁴⁶ A few years later he came face-to-face with Wolfe at a meeting arranged by Scribner's editor

Maxwell Perkins. He found Wolfe to be child-like though possessed of a certain genius. Carlos Baker summarizes Hemingway's impressions of Wolfe as expressed in a January 1933 letter to Perkins:

Tom Wolfe, he thought, had a great talent, a very delicate fine spirit, and an obviously limited intelligence. He guessed privately that Max would have to be the brain behind most of Tom's future fiction. ⁴⁷

The personal encounter did nothing to halt Hemingway's attacks in print on Wolfe. In 1935 he writes in Green Hills of Africa:

Writers are forged in injustice as a sword is forged. I wondered if it would make a writer of him, give him the necessary shock to cut the overflow of words and give him a sense of proportion, if they sent Tom Wolfe to Siberia or to the Dry Tortugas. Maybe it would and maybe it wouldn't. (p. 71)

Hemingway aimed his most interesting comments at William Faulkner. He had become aware of him long before Faulkner gained any great prominence. During the Thirties Faulkner was doing his best writing but had yet to be widely recognized. Hemingway began a rivalry with Faulkner that lasted throughout their careers. It was in most respects one-sided. Faulkner did read Hemingway but never expressed himself on him as vehemently or as frequently as did Hemingway. As Linda W. Wagner has shown in her study Hemingway and Faulkner, the two writers had a great deal in common; for example, both

began their careers as poets and shared many of the same early influences.

Their first mutual contact came in January 1932 when a mid-western book-seller named Paul Romaine wrote to Hemingway concerning a volume of Faulkner's verse which he intended to print. Romaine wanted to publish one of Hemingway's early poems, "Ultimately", on the back cover of the volume, believing it would increase the book's value.⁴⁸ Hemingway granted the request and, in a March letter to his bibliographer Captain Cohn, said that his own poem was bad enough to fit in perfectly with Faulkner's "early shit."⁴⁹ In an earlier January 30th letter to novelist Owen Wister he had given his opinion on some of Faulkner's more mature work; he liked As I Lay Dying, he said, but thought that Sanctuary was "pretty phony."⁵⁰ In later years he would recommend Sanctuary as one of Faulkner's better novels; it would no doubt be recommended tongue-in-cheek, for in 1932 Hemingway apparently knew differently. He relayed, through Romaine, his best wishes to Faulkner and the volume of verse was published with "Ultimately" on its back cover. It was a fifty-three page pamphlet printed in five-hundred twenty-five numbered copies and titled Salmagundi.

Hemingway's first published comments on Faulkner

appeared in Death In The Afternoon, during a fictionalized conversation with an Old Lady about "whorehouses":

. . . through the fine work of Mr. William Faulkner publishers now will publish anything rather than try to get you to delete the better portions of your works . . .

Old lady: Has this Mr. Faulkner written well of these places?

Splendidly, Madame. Mr. Faulkner writes admirably of them. He writes the best of them of any writer I have read for many years.

Old lady: I must buy his works.

Madame, you can't go wrong on Faulkner. He's prolific too. By the time you get them ordered there'll be new ones out.

Old lady: If they are as you say there cannot be too many.

Madame, you voice my own opinion. (p.173)

His comments are meant to be humorous but they also betray a respect for Faulkner. There were many attacks made on Death In The Afternoon when it was published. Hemingway responded to one critical review with a letter printed in the November 5, 1932 issue of the New Yorker magazine. In it he said that despite the gibes at Faulkner he had plenty of respect for him and wished him all luck.⁵¹ He was not at all contrite, however, and took later verbal jabs at Faulkner and Pylon in a 1935 Esquire article.⁵²

If Hemingway had spotted Faulkner as the main contender for his title in the early Thirties, it was a mark of considerable perception. It may not seem so in retrospect since time has borne him out. However, during the Thirties the reading public eagerly awaited every word Hemingway wrote while Faulkner's books did not long

remain in print. It stands as another testament to Hemingway's critical eye. If Hemingway's published remarks reflect a resentment towards Faulkner--and a definite resentment becomes noticeable in later decades--it might be explained by a comment he made to James T. Farrell during a wine-drinking bout in 1936. He told Farrell that William Faulkner was a better writer than either of them.⁵³ It was a statement he would repeat in the years to come.

Part III: The 1940s

The Forties proved to be a difficult decade for Hemingway. The Second World War interrupted his fiction-writing and personal and medical problems also intervened. After redeeming his reputation with the publication of For Whom The Bell Tolls in 1940, his writing fortunes went into a serious decline. His production during the ten years separating the publications of For Whom The Bell Tolls and Across The River and Into The Trees consisted mainly of journalism and travel articles, although it did include work on his unpublished novel The Garden of Eden.¹ It was also a decade in which the composition of his literary world was forcibly changed. On hearing of the deaths of Sherwood Anderson and Virginia Woolf in 1941, Hemingway wrote a letter to Maxwell Perkins which Carlos Baker summarizes in his biography; it is characteristic of a frame of mind which persisted throughout this period:

He observed that members of the writing clan were dying like flies. With Ford Madox Ford and Tom Wolfe in 1939, Fitzgerald in 1940, and now two more in 1941, the shades were closing in. He would not miss Virginia Woolf but it was a damned shame about old Sherwood, who had always liked living very much. Pretty soon, Ernest thought, nobody would be alive but Edith, Osbert and Sacheverell Sitwell. 2

With the deaths of so many of his long-time contemporaries soon came the challenge of a new pride of young lions. Just as World War I had done before it, World War II spawned a new generation of writers. Exciting the most critical attention were James Jones, Irwin Shaw and Norman Mailer. In a 1949 Life magazine article, Malcolm Cowley expressed the mood prevalent at the close of the decade:

It is twenty years since Ernest Hemingway wrote A Farewell To Arms, which has come to be almost universally regarded as the best American novel of World War I. What novel will be the best of World War II is likely to remain for some time an open and argued question.

So far there have been several good ones, including The Gallery . . . The Naked and The Dead . . . and more recently The Young Lions . . . Most of the new war novels have been more skillfully written than those of the other war, always excepting A Farewell To Arms. Almost all of them have shown Hemingway's influence to some degree, but without equaling his patient workmanship or his mere zest for living. The chances are that when the smoke has cleared it will be found that Hemingway, now grizzled and paternal, has written the best novel of this war too. 3

Partly through attrition, partly through his own talent and celebrity, Hemingway stood during the Forties as the embodiment of the great writer. It was a position that he found increasingly difficult to fulfill.

i.

He did continue to express--both in public and in

private--his opinions concerning great writers of the past. Those expressed during the first half of the decade usually, understandably, concerned the writers and their war stories. The most detailed of these are found in the introduction to a 1942 anthology which he edited, Men At War. His greatest praise is not too surprisingly reserved for Tolstoy: "There is no better writing on war than there is in Tolstoy." (p. 10) He did say, though, that War and Peace could be greatly improved by "removing some of the parts where Tolstoy tampered with the truth to make it fit his conclusions." (p. 10) Continuing on the topic of the Napoleonic Wars, he said that Victor Hugo's account of Waterloo was "a fine, bold, majestic painting of the whole tragedy" but that the best portrait of the battle had been done by Stendhal in Le Chartreuse de Parme. Once you read it, he writes:

You will have seen a small piece of war as closely and as clearly with Stendhal as any man has ever written of it. It is the classic account of a routed army and beside it all of Zola's piled on detail in his "Debauch" is as dead and unconvincing as a steel engraving. (p. 12)

His remark that Stendhal wrote the "classic account of a routed army" should incite comparisons with his own "The Retreat From Caporetto" excerpted from A Farewell To Arms. The only American to receive praise similar to the Europeans was Stephen Crane. Regarding The Red Badge of

Courage, Hemingway writes:

It is one of the finest books of our literature.
It is all as much of one piece as a great poem
is . . . It could not be cut at all. I am sure
He cut it all himself as he wrote it to the
exact measure of the poem it is. (p. 10)

Although Hemingway was the nominal editor of the anthology it was actually a committee affair with Hemingway aided by Maxwell Perkins, Col. Charles Sweeney and Lt. Col. John Thomason. Hemingway is on record as particularly wanting to include selections from Stendhal's Le Chartreuse de Parme, Frank Richards's Old Soldiers Never Die, Lloyd Lewis's biography of General Sherman, as well as Frank Tinker's account of the Italian debacle at Guadelaajara and Brihuega.⁴ He, himself, deleted a selection from Arthur Guy Empey's Over The Top, Richard Harding Davis's account of young Winston Churchill and a "phony story" by Ralph Bates about women machine-gunners at Brunette.⁵

Even while the war and war-writing preoccupied Hemingway's time and thoughts they did not claim them exclusively. In 1942, for example, while hunting submarines off the Cuban coast in his boat, the Pilar, he carried with him a copy of Sir James G. Fraser's The Golden Bough.⁶ In 1945 he planned to read Thoreau while awaiting in Cuba the arrival of the soon-to-be fourth Mrs. Hemingway⁷ and in 1949 he was examining two of his

oldest and sorest literary points--the Nobel Prize and Theodore Dreiser. In a conversation with Gregory Hemingway he noted:

Dreiser, with that boring American Tragedy, was actually considered because he continually sang of motives so lofty you needed an oxygen mask to read him and benzedrine to stay awake. 8

He had made a somewhat similar comment in 1930 when Sinclair Lewis won the Prize:

In any event, the award had eliminated the Dreiser menace, though of two bad writers, Dreiser deserved the prize a hell of a lot more than Lewis did. 9

Hemingway's comments on great or classic writers of the past remained largely unchanged from previous decades. His concerns during the war years were centred on the war, and his remarks were more limited than they might otherwise have been.

ii.

Hemingway continued to write prefaces, helping friends and trading on his reputation. In 1940 he wrote one for Gustave Regler's autobiographical novel of the Spanish Civil War, The Great Crusade. He said the book was more fact than invention and all the better for it.¹⁰ In 1945 he wrote the forward to Ben Raeburn's forum on post-World War II problems, Treasury For The Free World;

it was reprinted in 1946 as the keynote article in the United Nations publication Free World.¹¹ In 1945 he also wrote the preface to John Groth's Studio: Europe and in 1949 came the introduction to Elio Vittorini's novel, In Sicily.¹² All these were the result of Hemingway's position as a patriarch of fiction. His output waned but his popularity and celebrity did not.

It is during this period that the formative influences on his own career can be divined from the advice he gave to younger writers. One of these was Hemingway's own son, Gregory, who seemed in 1949 the most likely of the sons to carry on in his father's profession. The writers Hemingway recommended to his study are not too surprising in light of his own early reading. He steered him towards the short stories of Guy de Maupassant and Anton Chekov: "Don't try to analyze--just relax and enjoy them."¹³ In the way of novels he recommended Gustave Flaubert's Madame Bovary which had the simplicity of everything truly beautiful and Tolstoy's War and Peace. He told his son: "read them for insight into character, organization of plot--and, of course, for fun."¹⁴ War and Peace had always been one of Hemingway's mainstays. He had carried it across Europe during the Twenties and had kept a copy aboard the Pilar during his 1942 sub-hunting activities.¹⁵ Hemingway explains the book's

importance to himself as follows:

I love "War and Peace" for the wonderful, penetrating and true descriptions of war and of people but I have never believed in the great Count's thinking. I wish there could have been someone in his confidence with the authority to remove his heaviest and worst thinking and keep him simply inventing truly. He could invent more with more insight and more truth than anyone who ever lived. But his ponderous and Messianic thinking was no better than many other evangelical professors of history and I learned from him to distrust my own Thinking with a capital T and to try to write as truly, as straightly, as objectively and as humbly as possible. 16

The Russian writers were much on his mind; he would use them to illustrate points as they occurred to him:

"Imagination doesn't leave you for a long time, maybe never. Dostoevsky was fifty-seven when he wrote Crime and Punishment."¹⁷

Any direct influence on Hemingway's own writing style was by now minimal. His style did change but it was more in the manner of progression and evolution than the result of external forces. Writers whose names surfaced in his work were just as apt to write non-fiction as fiction. For instance in the same chapter of For Whom The Bell Tolls in which Robert Jordan echoes his author's distaste for Lope de Vega, he also comments on two travel-writers. The comments on de Vega are meant to underscore Jordan's literary knowledge of Spain:

Kashkin had said that he should meet Karkov

because Karkov wanted to know Americans and because he was the greatest lover of Lope de Vega in the world and thought "Fuente Ovejuna" was the greatest play ever written. Maybe it was at that, but he, Robert Jordan, did not think so. (p. 231)

The travel-writers are invoked to underscore Jordan's own travel book and general knowledge of the country: "There had been such good books written by Borrow and Ford and the rest that he had been able to add very little." (p. 248) The books referred to are probably The Zincali: An Account of The Gypsies in Spain by George Henry Borrow--which has an obvious relevance to the novel--and Richard Ford's The Handbook for Travellers in Spain.¹⁸ Hemingway is known to have gained much of his expertise in a variety of fields from just such books as these. An extensive library of guide-books supplemented the more impressive volumes of fiction at the Finca Vigia. One visitor so-impressed was Aaron Edward Hotchner who was given a tour of the Finca in 1948:

From a shelf in the library he took down first editions inscribed to him by James Joyce, Scott Fitzgerald, Gertrude Stein, Sherwood Anderson, John Dos Passos, Robert Benchley, Ford Madox Ford, Ezra Pound and many others. 19

Hemingway continued into the Forties his earlier habit of listing good books. At the close of the decade he gave one such list to New Yorker journalist, Lillian

Ross. She recalled:

Once, I asked him to give me a list of reading that he would recommend. He composed the following list:

"Boule de Suif" and "La Maison Tellier"--de
 Maupassant
The Red and the Black--Stendhal
Les Fleurs du Mal--Baudelaire
Madame Bovary--Flaubert
Remembrance of Things Past--Proust
Buddenbrooks--Mann
Taras Bulba--Gogol
The Brothers Karamazov--Dostoevski
Anna Karenina and War and Peace--Tolstoy
Huckleberry Finn--Twain
Moby Dick--Melville
The Scarlet Letter--Hawthorne
The Red Badge of Courage--Crane
Madame de Mauves--James 20

The list is remarkable for the similarities and dissimilarities with the two published more than a decade earlier. Added are the names of Baudelaire (according to Mary Hemingway he was Ernest's favourite poet),²¹ Proust, Gogol, Melville, and Hawthorne. Missing are Captain Marryat, Fielding, George Moore, W.H. Hudson, Kipling, Yeats and, inexplicably, James Joyce. The reason for this disparity can only be discerned through speculation and hypothesis. The Ross listing may have differed from earlier ones for a number of reasons. It is not too surprising, though, that a man's opinions should change through the years.

He did, however, become somewhat contradictory in a few of his statements made during the decade. It is possible that some of the contradictions are the result

of illness and physical injuries. There were periods during the Forties when he was "not himself" and he may well have contradicted himself during these periods. When he returned to the Finca Vigia in 1945 his personal physician, Dr. José Luis Herrera, was dismayed to hear that he had received insufficient bedrest following his two wartime concussions. Dr. Herrera also said that Hemingway's subsequent alcohol consumption was the worst possible treatment for subdural hematoma and advised "gradual retraining of the injured brain, with limited intellectual activity each day."²² Hemingway's symptoms leading to this prescription were headaches, slowness of thought and speech, loss of verbal memory, a tendency to write syllables backwards, sporadic ringing in the ears and partial impairment of hearing.

This may provide a basis for speculation concerning the poorer quality of his post-1940 fiction--always excepting The Old Man and The Sea--but such speculation is not intended here. Rather, the suggestion put forth is that many of Hemingway's statements in this and successive decades must be weighed more carefully than those made in former years. This further compounds the problem of credibility of witnesses authenticating Hemingway's remarks. For example, there is his contradictory opinion of Norman Mailer and The Naked and The Dead.

iii.

Carlos Baker describes Hemingway's reaction to Mailer and his novel: "He inveighed against the second chapter of Mailer's The Naked and The Dead (which he never finished) by calling it 'poor cheese pretentiously wrapped.'" ²³ That attitude conflicts with the one recorded by his son Gregory expressed in a conversation which took place in 1949:

Mailer's probably the best postwar writer. He's a psycho, but the psycho part is the most interesting thing about him. Chances are he won't be able to throw another fit like The Naked and The Dead. But if he does . . . I better watch out. There'll be another Dostoevsky to contend with and no one lasted more than three rounds with Mr. Dostoevsky. ²⁴

A similar situation occurs concerning his assessment of long-time rival F. Scott Fitzgerald. Baker summarizes Hemingway's reaction to The Last Tycoon when it appeared in 1941 as edited by Edmund Wilson:

"The Rich Boy" was silly, and "A Diamond as Big as the Ritz" was simply trash. Yet both of them were better than The Last Tycoon which did not move at all. Scott had managed to suggest something of Irving Thalberg's business acumen and personal charm, but the women struck Ernest as preposterous and the book itself was simply dead--like a slab of bacon when the mold has cut too deep to be removed. The supreme irony of Scott's career, said Ernest, was that he had lost his "juice" just when he had begun at last to learn what life was all about. All the dust had left the butterfly's wing, even though the wing might continue to

move spasmodically until the butterfly was dead. In spite of its faults, Tender Is The Night was still Scott's best, tragic and magic at once, with wonderful description and atmosphere. 15

Eight years later, in 1949, Gregory recalls this statement of his father's:

Gatsby was a great book. I've read it twice in the last five years. It gets better with each reading. Tender Is The Night is a fine book, too. Flawed in the middle. But so is my To Have and Have Not. This Side of Paradise is a joke, though. And The Beautiful and The Damned is so damned unbeautiful I couldn't finish it! Scott's writing got better and better but no one realized it, not even Scott. Despite his rummyhood and perhaps because of Zelda, who really made him the box with the handles, he got better and better. The stuff he was writing at the end was the best of all. 26

It may be possible to reconcile the professed pre-eminence of either Tender Is The Night or The Great Gatsby, but not the remarks on Fitzgerald's talent; they are antithetical. There are two possibilities: either the son or the biographer is in error or Hemingway had begun to contradict himself.

In either event, Hemingway's criticism of his contemporaries did not abate. He now had three separate groups of contemporaries: those (like Fitzgerald) who wrote in the pre-war era, those (like Mailer) who belong to the post-war era, and those (like Faulkner and Dos Passos) who bridged the two. Of the new breed he had very little use for anyone (the Mailer question aside) except John

Horne Burns whose novel, The Gallery, was published in 1947. He said the following about two of the then best-received new novelists:

Most of the new guys like James Jones and Irwin Shaw have only one good book in them . . . They'll hang on . . . and live off their one-book reputations for the rest of their lives. Watch their real stinkers that follow. But read From Here To Eternity and The Young Lions. 27

If he did not take them seriously as artists he was nevertheless aware of their reputations. As with all authors, living or dead, he measured his books against theirs. In a 1949 aside to A.E. Hotchner, when flushed with pride at completion of Across The River and Into The Trees, he referred to the success of Shaw's Young Lions in relation to his own novel: "Brooklyn Tolstoys grab your laurels and get out of that slipstream."²⁸

He had made a similar comparison with the writing of Evelyn Waugh a year earlier in 1948. The remark was again to Hotchner who was then an editor for Cosmopolitan magazine. Hemingway had contracted to do a story for Cosmopolitan and the comment was made when he was trying to determine its proper market value: "The story I just finished is about forty-five hundred words and much better than that Waugh crap they just ran."²⁹

Hemingway had little better to say for his other contemporaries. In 1940 he denigrated Thomas Wolfe's

posthumous novel, You Can't Go Home Again:

Ernest noted laughingly that Harper was advertising it as "a work of mature power." He was not much impressed by Wolfe's portrayal of Maxwell Perkins as Foxhall Edwards, and boasted that he could get Perkins straighter in 1,000 words than Wolfe had done in 10,000. Tom was wonderful and unsurpassable on his home town of Asheville, North Carolina. All the rest, said Ernest, was overinflated journalese. 30

He attacked John Steinbeck during 1942 for betraying an author's duty to write truthfully. Steinbeck had just written Bombs Away which Hemingway considered to be outright propaganda for the U.S. Air Force:

Ernest said emphatically that he would rather cut three fingers off his throwing hand than write such a book. 31

That same year he had a mixture of praise and criticism for three of his earlier contemporaries. In the introduction to Men At War he criticized three books written about the 1914-18 war. The best ever written, in Hemingway's opinion, was Her Privates We, published under the pseudonym of Private 19022 by Frederick Manning:

It is the finest and noblest book of men in war that I have ever read. I read it over once each year to remember how things really were so that I will never lie to myself nor to anyone else about them. 32

He also praised Henri Barbusse and his pioneering use of the novel as a form of protest against the war:

The only good war book to come out during the last war was "Under Fire" by Henri Barbusse . . . His whole book was a protest and an attitude. The attitude was that he hated it. But when you came to read it over to try to take something permanent and representative from it the book did not stand up. 33

By 1942 his friendship with John Dos Passos was pretty well through. His treatment of Dos Passos and his work is by this time a curious mixture of severity, nostalgia and condescension:

I would have liked to include something from "Three Soldiers" by John Dos Passos which, written under the influence of Barbusse, was the first attempt at a realistic book about the war written by an American. But in spite of its great merit, like Barbusse, as a pioneering book, on rereading it did not stand up . . . There are books like that which are as exciting as a fine new play when they come out and, when you return to them after years, are as dead as the scenery of that play would be if you should happen upon it in a storage house. 34

He continued to discuss Dos Passos and the slang he had used rather than the "true" but "unpublishable" words that soldiers actually use. In doing so he illuminated one of his own key concerns with the use of language:

But to substitute slang expressions for these words, slang being a language which becomes a dead language at least every three years, makes a defect in writing which causes it to die as fast as the slang expressions die. It is the "Twenty-three skiddo" and "Ish ka bibble" school of American writing. Its pall and the lack of clarity in the combat scenes,

is what makes the Dos Passos book unreadable today. 35

As the decade ended Hemingway received news that William Faulkner had been awarded the Nobel Prize. He had often voiced his opinion of the Prize and its recipients, and Gregory remembers a 1949 conversation in which Hemingway commented on Pearl Buck's award: "But Pearl Buck! The Good Earth, maybe, but Jesus, the awful stuff that followed."³⁶ It is ironic that Faulkner was having similar thoughts at approximately the same time:

I don't know anything about the Nobel matter. Been hearing rumours for about three years, have been a little fearful. It's not the sort of thing to decline; a gratuitous insult to do so but I don't want it. I had rather be in the same pigeon hole with Dreiser and Sherwood Anderson, than with Sinclair Lewis and Mrs. Chinahand Buck. 37

Faulkner echoed Hemingway's own feelings as expressed to Harvey Breit. Hemingway said that Faulkner was a "nice guy and deserved the prize" but that if it were offered to him he would be tempted to "thank them politely and refuse to appear for the ceremony."³⁸ Hemingway's opinion of Faulkner had evidently not yet taken a turn for the worst and he was apparently not irate over the award presentation. It would irritate him later though, and when he had won it himself he would remark that he had caught up to Faulkner. Gregory

remembers his father being almost gracious at the time of the presentation to Faulkner:

He's the best of us all--although he can't finish his novels and you have to wade through a lot of crap to get to his gold.

When Papa heard that Faulkner had won the Nobel Prize for Literature, he said, "Faulkner deserves it; it's just that he lacks a literary conscience. If no nation can exist half slave and half free, you'd think no man could write half whore and half straight. But Faulkner can. God I'd love to have his talent. 39

The relationship between Hemingway and Faulkner erupted heatedly in 1947. The May 11, 1947 edition of the New York Herald Tribune quoted a remark made in one of Faulkner's addresses at the University of Mississippi in which he had questioned Hemingway's courage as a writer. It stung Hemingway sufficiently for him to persuade General Charles T. Lanham to write Faulkner directly and affirm Hemingway's physical courage. Faulkner replied to Lanham and sent a copy of the letter to Hemingway with this covering note:

I'm sorry of this damn stupid thing. I was just making \$250.00, I thought informally, not for publication or I would have insisted on looking at the stuff before it was released . . . I hope this won't matter a damn to you. But if or when or wherever [sic] it does, please accept another squirm from yours truly. 40

It is interesting to note that while Faulkner disavowed any intended slur on Hemingway's physical courage, his letter to General Lanham reiterated his remarks on

Hemingway's courage as a writer. Of course Faulkner had himself been the target of more savage attacks from Hemingway than the one for which he, himself, apologized. Yet Hemingway bristled repeatedly at any of Faulkner's remarks, possibly because of his very real respect for Faulkner's ability as a writer. In 1944, in conversation with Jean-Paul Sartre, he repeated his statement uttered a decade earlier that he considered Faulkner a better writer than himself.⁴¹

Part IV: The 1950s

The Fifties proved to be a decade of extremes for Hemingway. The world awaited his novel of World War II which would join A Farewell To Arms as the definitive representation of wartime experience. Instead it received Across The River and Into The Trees, a novel which few people welcomed and fewer still understood. Its publication was widely heralded as signifying Hemingway's demise as an author. Recent studies have suggested that it may be an impressive exercise in the narration of subjective perception.¹ Nevertheless, in Hemingway's own metaphor, he had lost his title. He soon recovered it in 1952 with The Old Man and The Sea. It was a publishing sensation, both in its unprecedented publication in Life magazine and in book form. Many people considered it the culmination of his career. Baker quotes Hemingway as saying: "All he knew was that it was the best he had ever done in his life. It could well stand as an epilogue to all his writing and to all he had learned, or tried to learn, while writing and trying to live."² It won him his first and only Pulitzer Prize and was directly mentioned in his Nobel Prize citation.

These prizes proved to be the high-point in

Hemingway's literary reputation. Certainly, they reinforced his celebrity to an unprecedented degree. Aside from The Old Man and The Sea however, Hemingway's writing went poorly. The injuries suffered in two airplane crashes in 1954 proved to be the toughest blow of his entire career. A catalogue of injuries received includes yet another concussion, a ruptured liver, spleen and kidney, temporary loss of vision in the left eye, loss of hearing in the left ear, crushed vertebrae in the lower spine, a sprained right arm and shoulder, a sprained left leg, paralysis of the sphincter, and first degree burns to his face, arms and head.³ A few days later, in a foolish attempt to help douse a brushfire, he received additional second degree burns to his legs, abdomen and chest and third degree burns to his left hand and right forearm.⁴ It is little wonder that friends attending him during his convalescence remarked that he had aged over night. This is no doubt responsible for the change in tone of his literary remarks made during the decade. Many of his remarks seem unduly harsh when one is unaware of the state of his mind and body. He knew what was happening to him. In a letter to Bernard Berenson dated 4 April 1954 he wrote that he would say terrible things and hear himself say them; he knew it was no good.⁵

As a result of his injuries, the Fifties were a

decade in which Hemingway's ability to manage his previous lifestyle severely diminished while the pressure to live up to his image constantly increased:

Fame as a writer was one thing, and he was on record as wanting to write books that would last forever. But he had had enough of that other thing called publicity. All the plane-crash business, he said, had only replaced the old and false tough-guy mythology with a new legend of indestructability that was equally false. What interested him in his serious times was fiction, the roughest of trades. 6

For the remainder of his life the man who had earlier revelled in his celebrity was now beset by it. His ability to withstand its demands lessened. A Moveable Feast, written during these years, reflects his desire to be remembered for his writing. Many critics have detected in it Hemingway's determination to manage his own biography. Unfortunately, too many see it as Hemingway's version of "how it was". More importantly, it is his attempt at the close of the decade to rescue the body of his work from under the shadow of his imposing biography.

i.

In 1956 Hemingway wrote an article which appeared in the September 4 issue of Look magazine. It was titled, appropriately enough, "A Situation Report". He began the article with an extensive quotation from a book which he

had interrupted his own work in order to read:

The more books we read, the sooner we perceive that the true function of a writer is to produce a masterpiece and that no other task is of any consequence. Obvious though this should be, how few writers will admit it or, having made the admission, will be prepared to lay aside the piece of iridescent mediocrity on which they have embarked. 7

It is a thought which was much on his mind during the Fifties and which coloured his awareness of other authors' writing as well as his own. The book is Cyril Connolly's The Unquiet Grave of which Hemingway wrote: "It is a book which, no matter how many readers it will ever have, will never have enough."⁸ It may seem odd that the Hemingway of the Fifties needed another writer to articulate his thoughts, but then, he was not the Hemingway of earlier years.

Yet he continued to be as concerned as ever with literary craftsmanship. He continued to discuss great writers of the past, though not as vigorously. His letters to Bernard Berenson were sprinkled with literary remarks and opinions. During their correspondence in 1952 Berenson, naturally enough, discussed The Old Man and The Sea in relation to Herman Melville's Moby-Dick. His comments, which favoured Hemingway over Melville, led to Hemingway's own comparison of the two books. He said that Moby-Dick had always seemed to him to be two things: good journalism

and forced rhetorical epic.⁹ He continued to say that the difference between the two works was that he had taken the sea as being the sea rather than some malignant force and had stripped his book of all symbolism.¹⁰ In a 1955 letter he called Victor Hugo a horrid character but said that his "Chose Vie", as he put it, was still worth reading.¹¹ Most of his remarks to Berenson, however, concerned his own contemporaries and his feelings towards them.

His most literary forum for his remarks came in an interview with George Plimpton published in the Spring 1958 issue of The Paris Review. The comments, often carefully formulated, were meant for publication and are therefore valuable--though it is sometimes difficult to tell when Hemingway is being serious rather than amusing himself. Some comments were quite brief. On Shakespeare, for example, he said: "I read some Shakespeare every year, Lear always. Cheers you up if you read that."¹² The remark does little to indicate the extent of Hemingway's appreciation of Shakespeare, although it does show a familiarity with King Lear. It is not too surprising though, that Hemingway should claim to read Shakespeare yearly. Since his wounding in 1918 he had kept as a talisman these words from The Second Part of King Henry The Fourth quoted to him by a close friend: "By my troth,

I care not; a man can die but once; we owe God a death . . . and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next."¹³ He used those words in Men At War and "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" and passed them on to his son Jack during the Second World War.¹⁴ He did not, however, mention Shakespeare on any of his lists of required reading; it may have been assumed.

In the Plimpton interview he also demonstrated his awareness of renowned poets. He showed at least a marginal knowledge of their biographies while responding to a question concerning the incarceration of Ezra Pound:

Great poets are not necessarily girl guides nor scoutmasters nor splendid influences on youth. To name a few: Verlaine, Rimbaud, Shelley, Byron, Baudelaire, Proust, Gide, should not have been confined to prevent them from being aped in their thinking, their manners or their morals. 15

Hemingway's Nobel Prize award provided him with other public venues for expressing his views on literature. Following the Prize announcement he was besieged by reporters and interviewers. His own reaction to the award was ambiguous; he was aware of the honour attending the winning of the Prize but had long been critical of many of its recipients. He said to his close friend, General Lanham: "I should have had the damn thing long ago . . . I'm thinking of telling them to shove it."¹⁶ He used the occasion of his own Prize announcement, as

he had used others in previous years, to express his regret that a number of writers had not been so honoured. In an interview with Harvey Breit of the New York Times he said: "as a Nobel winner I cannot but regret that it was never given to Mark Twain, nor to Henry James, speaking only of my own countrymen. Greater writers than these also did not receive the prize."¹⁷ It was a sentiment repeated in his acceptance speech read in Stockholm by American Ambassador John Cabot.

The greater writers than Twain and James mentioned above probably include James Joyce and Ezra Pound if his earlier statements are any indication. No doubt Mark Twain's name came quickly to mind since he had only recently been rereading his work. Recuperating from the serious injuries inflicted by the airplane crashes, Hemingway had remained largely bedridden during his shipboard voyage from Africa to Venice:

I logged a lot of reading time on the S.S. Africa and reread Huckleberry Finn, which I have always touted as the best American book ever written and which I still think is. But I had not read it for a long time and this time reading it, there were at least forty paragraphs I wished I could fix. And a lot of the wonderful stuff you remember, you discover you put there yourself. 18

Some years later in the Plimpton interview he said: "You have to wait two or three years with Twain. You remember too well."¹⁹

ii.

The 1950s heralded a growing influx of academic inquiry into Hemingway and his work. Major critical studies were published by John Atkins, Philip Young, Carlos Baker and Charles Fenton. Hemingway's reaction to this invasion of scholars was not positive. He did not want biographical criticism published and made serious efforts to hinder the Fenton and Young books. He initially refused Young the right to quote passages from his published works. Although Carlos Baker's biography does not suggest it, Philip Young remembers Hemingway acting throughout the ordeal with a measure of kindness and grace; he even offered to loan Young money.²⁰ He did not, however, agree with the critical assessment of his work. The Atkins book he called "well-intentioned hodgepodge" and the Young book "excessively confused":

He rejected Young's assertion that "Out of Season" was indebted to Scott Fitzgerald, and "The Killers" to Stephen Crane; that the basic symbols in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" were derived from Flaubert and Dante; that there was an implication of homosexuality in his portrait of the Negro in "The Battler"; and (most horrendous) that he had been portraying himself in the account of Francis Macomber. The academic critics, he now concluded, were all trying to fit his works "to the procrustean bed of their isms and dialects," and, what was worse, behaving like gossip columnists rather than scholars.

He discussed all four of the books with Hemingway collector Professor Fraser Drew who recorded the comments in a written transcript:

He is very kind about them all . . . but feels that books should not be written about living men . . . EH did not like Young's book at all, for his major thesis was that the Hemingway books all derive from trauma . . . EH admires Carlos Baker and Baker's big book . . . But it is a hard book and makes too much, as many critics do, of the symbolism . . . No good writer ever prepared his symbols ahead of time and wrote his book around them, but out of a good book which is true to life symbols may arise and be profitably explored if not over-emphasized . . . The Fenton book EH also finds overdone. Fenton is a disappointed creative writer and a disappointed FBI investigator. 22

Whether their conclusions were right or wrong, Baker and Young at least attempted to "place" Hemingway within a continuing literary tradition; although they were more concerned with his work's biographical elements, they realized his debts and relationships to other authors.

In the 1958 Plimpton interview, Hemingway expanded upon the list of his formative influences and laid the groundwork for future scholarly inquiry. His most memorable accolade went to James Joyce:

He was not a direct influence. But in those days when words we knew were barred to us, and we had to fight for a single word, the influence of his work was what changed everything, and made it possible for us to break away from the restrictions. 23

When asked who his literary forebears were, those he had

learned the most from, he replied:

Mark Twain, Flaubert, Stendhal, Bach, Turgenev, Tolstoi, Dostoevski, Chekov, Andrew Marvell, John Donne, Maupassant, the good Kipling, Thoreau, Captain Marryat, Shakespeare, Mozart, Quevedo, Dante, Vergil, Tintoretto, Hieronymus Bosch, Breughel, Patinier, Goya, Giotto, Cézanne, Van Gogh, Gauguin, San Juan de la Cruz, Gongora--it would take a day to remember everyone. 24

He went on to say that he was merely trying to list influences and not to claim an erudition he did not possess. He said he had listed composers for the value of what one could learn from a study of harmony and counterpoint. He then went on to make a remark which had been virtually ignored until just recently:

I put in painters, or started to, because I learn as much from painters about how to write as from writers. 25

Emily Stipes Watts's Ernest Hemingway and The Arts has made the first foray into this new area. It may prove vastly rewarding; Hemingway wrote a number of prefaces to collections of paintings and had a number of books on art techniques in his library.²⁶ In A Moveable Feast Hemingway wrote what has since proved to be one of his most tantalizing remarks:

I was learning something from the painting of Cézanne that made writing simple true sentences far from enough to make the stories have the dimensions that I was trying to put in them. I was learning very much from him but I was not articulate enough to explain it to anyone. Besides it was a secret. (p. 13)

Hemingway's debts to painters are peripheral to the present discussion but are mentioned for two reasons: to suggest the range and scope of Hemingway's sources and to illustrate the extraordinary lack of critical attention paid to his remarks.

Of the authors mentioned in the Plimpton interview, one of the most intriguing questions is what constitutes the "good Kipling"? The answer can be found in another of his habitual lists of required reading for young writers. In a 1953 letter to a nineteen-year old author who had asked his advice, Hemingway replied: "read Kipling--i.e. "The End of the Passage", "The Strange Ride of Maraby Jukes", "The Mark of the Beast" for three."²⁷ The other works he recommended to the young man's study were:

De Maupassant's "Boule de Suif" and "Le Maison Tellier" Stevie Crane's "The Open Boat" and "The Blue Hotel"; Ambrose Bierce's "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge"; Flaubert's "Un Coeur Simple", and read "Madame Bovary".

That will hold you for a while. If you've read them, then reread them. Read a story by Thomas Mann called "Disorder and Early Sorrow". Read "Buddenbrooks". Skip all late Mann.

Hemingway's appreciation of Mann seems to have been limited to these two works. Two years later, in a letter to Bernard Berenson dated 4 October 1955, he expanded slightly on his feeling for Mann. He called Buddenbrooks the finest bourgeois romance and said it

was perhaps as good a book as anyone had ever written. He then mentioned "Disorder and Early Sorrow" but said that after those two if you liked The Magic Mountain that was your privilege; Hemingway thought Mann was simply re-writing the Bible.²⁸ In other letters to Berenson he commented on two of his early mentors. In 1955 he declared his disgust at the aberrations of Ezra Pound but said that he had never been a knave and, despite his pretensions, was often an excellent poet.²⁹ In a 4 May 1953 letter he discussed his relationship with Gertrude Stein. He said that despite her faults (and he listed them meticulously) he had always been fond of her. He attributed the breakdown in their friendship to the jealous machinations of Alice B. Toklas and to Stein's sudden manifestation of militant lesbianism. He blamed her attacks on him as her form of reaction to having learned how to write dialogue from reading The Sun Also Rises.³⁰ A few years later he would write about her in the A Moveable Feast sketches. They are usually considered a devastating attack on her but they were not unalloyed with a certain respect for Stein's ability:

"Melanctha" was very good and good samples of her experimental writing had been published in book form . . . She had also discovered many truths about rhythms and the uses of words in repetition that were valid and valuable and she talked well about them. (p. 17)

An interesting sidelight to the Plimpton interview is a list of books shelved on the bookcase which served as Hemingway's work-desk at the Finca Vigia:

Virginia Woolf's The Common Reader, Ben Ames Williams' House Divided, The Partisan Reader, Charles A. Beard's The Republic, Tarlé's Napoleon's Invasion of Russia, How Young You Look by one Peggy Wood, Alden Brook's Shakespeare and the Dyer's Hand, Baldwin's African Hunting, T.S. Eliot's Collected Poems and two books on General Custer's fall at the battle of the Little Big Horn. 31

Whether they were so placed for easy reference or simply shelved at random is difficult to say, although the books in the other parts of the Finca were constantly being shuffled; the Hemingway boys once arranged the Finca bookshelves according to jacket colour.³²

iii.

When Hemingway discussed his contemporaries in the Fifties it was difficult to differentiate between legitimate literary remarks and those spawned by increasing ill-health. Many of the comments reinforce Hemingway's earlier statements but in a number of instances they seem obsessive and vindictive. While it is characteristic of Hemingway to give opinions of his contemporaries limned in acid, they usually gave simultaneously evidence of a subtle and sarcastic wit. A common feature of his

pronouncements in the Fifties is an outburst of vitriol completely lacking in humour. His most severe outburst took place in 1951:

Nothing could match the vehemence with which he condemned James Jones, author of From Here To Eternity, for behaving like a "whiner" and a "Battle-Fatigue type." He indulged himself further by describing Tom Wolfe as a one-book glandular giant with the guts of three mice, and Fitzgerald as a rummy and a liar with the inbred talent of a dishonest and easily frightened angel . . . His first ungrudging reaction to Faulkner's Nobel Prize was spoiled by his assertion that he was proud of not writing like the author of the latest installment of the "Optonawhoopoo" story in the Partisan Review. 33

During the Twenties and Thirties his literary assaults had taken the form of parodies or caustic witticisms such as those found in Death In The Afternoon. The reason behind these attacks usually showed through as a distaste for his colleague's manipulation of language. The most famous of his parodies, The Torrents of Spring, vandalizes Sherwood Anderson's noun-heavy style as well as other of Anderson's characteristics. The book devastated Anderson but was thoroughly humorous. Similarly, some eight years later, he made light of T.S. Eliot in Death In The Afternoon:

" . . . with their quaint pamphlets gone to bust and into foot-notes all their lust."
Old lady: That's a very nice line about lust.
Author: I know it. It came from Andrew Marvell.
 I learned how to do that by reading T.S. Eliot.

(p. 139)

In the Fifties both the tone and the subject matter of his criticism had altered. Instead of deflating linguistic and literary pretensions with good (if piercing) high humour, his attacks now centred on the personal qualities of an author. His intention seemed to be to discredit an author and his situational knowledge, or what Hemingway referred to as "the true gen", rather than criticize his craftsmanship. He said of Norman Mailer in 1954:

The guy who wrote The Naked and the Dead . . . was in bad need of a manager. Can you imagine that a general wouldn't look at the co-ordinates on his map? A made-up half-ass literary general. The whole book's just diarrhea of the typewriter. 34

Presumably, since he did not elaborate on it, John Horne Burns wrote the most accurate account of the war experience among all the post-war novelists:

The only truly good novel, maybe great, to come out of World War II is The Gallery. I say 'maybe great' because who in the hell can tell. 35

Another of the few contemporaries to receive Hemingway's praise in the 1950s was John O'Hara. It was, however, confined to one book:

Ever since I told John how good Appointment in Samarra was, and he knew I meant it, he's been like a faithful retriever. Next time I see him I'll tell him that Appointment's as good as anything I've ever written--which, by the way, it may be. 36

Hemingway later summarized his interest in O'Hara's

career in 1954 after listening to an oral review of A
Rage To Live:

When I first read him, it looked like he could hit: Appointment in Samarra. Then, instead of swinging away, for no reason he started beating out bunts. He was fast and he had a pretty ear but he had the terrible inferiority complex of the half-lace-curtain Irish . . . so he kept beating out bunts instead of learning to hit and I lost interest. Am awfully glad to hear he has a good book. I'd written him off and am always happy to be wrong. 37

The rest of Hemingway's contemporaries fared rather poorly in his estimation. The only exception was James Joyce. When Arthur Mizener was preparing his biography of Fitzgerald, he initiated a lengthy series of correspondence with Hemingway. In one letter to Mizener, dated 1 June 1950, Hemingway mentioned his great respect for Joyce amid a flurry of comments on other of his early contemporaries:

And always Scott's sort of cavorting and Tom Wolfe's interminable flow and his silly love affairs and Scott's aborted virginity and their thirst for fame bored me . . . Jim Joyce was the only alive writer that I ever respected. He had his problems but he could write better than anyone I knew. Ezra was nice and kind and friendly and a beautiful poet and critic. Gertrude Stein was nice until she had the menopause. But who I respected was Mr. Joyce and not from reading his clippings. Scott always seemed like a child trying to play in the big league. 38

In another letter he completely dismissed another old colleague from the Paris years, Ford Madox Ford: "I could never read Ford even when I worked with him on the magazine,

it was wrapped in too many layers of tissue paper."³⁹ In an earlier letter to Mizener, dated 12 May 1950, he delivered his opinion upon the body of Fitzgerald's writing. It is interesting to note that it reflects elements of both statements made during the previous decade as recorded by Carlos Baker and Gregory Hemingway:

For me the best of the books, despite any inconsistencies, is Tender Is The Night . . . I thought Gatsby was OK with reservations. No one of the stories is a great story but the best are "Babylon Revisited" and "The Rich Boy" I guess . . . I thought This Side of Paradise was comic. Couldn't read The Beautiful and the Damned. 40

Nor did he have any good words for his old friend and rival, John Dos Passos. Dos Passos had just published Chosen Country with the character of George Elbert Warner flagrantly based on Hemingway in his early years. Hemingway did not suffer it kindly. He wrote a letter to a friend saying that "the Finca Vigia supported a pack of fierce dogs and cats trained to attack one-eyed Portuguese bastards who wrote lies about their friends."⁴¹ He took a form of revenge on Dos Passos by portraying him as the "pilot fish" in A Moveable Feast.

In one of his letters to Bernard Berenson written during this period, he talked a little about books and his own reading preferences. He said that he liked true books about campaigns and voyages the best. He liked novels very

much, he said, but there were almost no new good ones being published. The only good new novel he had read recently was Hemlock and After by Angus Wilson and he called it one of the nastiest and most unpleasant books he had ever read.⁴² He went on to say that he had read Sartre whose novels he considered worthless. Sartre, he said, had written one good book of short stories, Le Mur; the title story was worthless but he considered the rest of the stories excellent. He also said that he thought Moravia was a skillful writer but very unpleasant as well. In another letter to Berenson, dated 6 March 1953, he reiterated his opinion of André Malraux. He thought that La Condition Humaine was a fine book but denigrated L'Espoir. He called its battle scenes comic and said they were written like a scenario for a motion picture.⁴³

As was by now usual Hemingway's most lively comments were reserved for William Faulkner. Hemingway's hatred for him continued unabated though Faulkner apparently did not return it. During the Fifties he cabled Hemingway his congratulations upon winning the Pulitzer and Nobel Prizes. Hemingway had done the same on the occasion of Faulkner's Nobel award but had received no acknowledgement. However, when the publication of The Old Man and The Sea was causing a sensation, Faulkner wrote a short review in the little magazine Shenandoah

saying: "Time may show it to be the best single piece of any of us . . . I mean his and my contemporaries."⁴⁴ He was not simply joining a popular trend. A few years earlier in 1950, when the literary world was heaping scorn upon Across The River and Into The Trees, Faulkner rebuked Truman Capote for criticizing the book:

Young man, I haven't read this new one. And though it may not be the best thing Hemingway ever wrote, I know it will be carefully done and it will have quality. ⁴⁵

Hemingway, for his part, said throughout the Fifties that Faulkner was finished as a writer. In 1951 he told A.E. Hotchner:

Did you read his last book? It's all sauce-writing now, but he was good once. Before the sauce, or when he knew how to handle it. You ever read his story "The Bear"? Read that and you'll know how good he once was. ⁴⁶

Hemingway made light of Faulkner's talent in a letter to Bernard Berenson. He said that when he was tired he would imitate Faulkner just to show him how it should be done. He compared this to loosening up with five-finger exercises and said that anyone who was not a musician could easily mistake it for music.⁴⁷ When it was rumoured that Hemingway was being considered for the Nobel Prize his thoughts also turned to Faulkner:

"no son of a bitch that ever won the Nobel Prize ever wrote anything worth reading afterwards." The case seemed to be proved by Faulkner's A Fable, published in August. It

struck Ernest as false and contrived; all a man needed in order to do 5,000 words a day of that kind of stuff was a quart of whiskey, the loft of a barn, and a total disregard of syntax. 48

In 1955 he took to shooting buzzards while atop the tower at the Finca in Cuba; he would pretend that each one he aimed at was someone he disliked:

These included Bernard DeVoto, whose death in November he made no pretense of regretting. Ernest's sharpest shooting was reserved for Faulkner--"Old Corndrinking Mellifluous", as he named him. His hunting tales had just been collected in a handsome volume called Big Woods. Through Harvey Breit, Ernest sent Faulkner a message that the stories were very well written and delicately perceived, but that Mr. Hemingway would have been more impressed if Mr. Faulkner had ever hunted animals that ran both ways. 49

There are probably deep reasons underlying Hemingway's personal conflict with Faulkner. As both men now receive greater critical attention than any other Twentieth Century American author those reasons will no doubt be probed extensively. Whatever they may have been, Hemingway remained unregenerate. In a letter dated 29 July 1956 he expressed his opinion of Faulkner as graphically as possible:

The most readable of Faulkner is Sanctuary and Pylon. I think he is a no-good son of a bitch myself. But some of the Southern stuff is good and some of the Negro stuff is very good. Also a short story called "The Bear" is worth reading. His last book A Fable is pure shit. It is impure diluted shit and there isn't a shit tester at Ichang where they ship the night soil from Chungking but would fault it. 50

As a brief examination of Joseph Blotner's biography of Faulkner will attest, there is no evidence that he took overmuch offence at such remarks.

CONCLUSION

For a major author Hemingway's volume of published work is remarkably small. It was his fortune, or misfortune, to become, relatively speaking, an immediate success. His success was predicated upon a reshaping of literary language to such a degree that it rewarded scholarly study yet could be understood by readers of below-average education. He was a writer who proclaimed his craft rather than his art. He was a man who studied his trade.

As such he learned from studying books as an architect would learn from studying buildings. Aside from recreational reading, he read for three purposes:

- 1) to understand what had been achieved in his field,
- 2) to learn his craft by studying appropriate models and
- 3) to keep abreast of contemporary developments in fiction.

These three purposes account for the tripartite structure of this thesis once the section introductions are removed. The divisions according to decade roughly correspond with the stages in Hemingway's career: the Twenties, when he struggled with and mastered his craft; the Thirties, when his celebrity threatened to dominate his work; the Forties, when his health and output declined while his popularity increased; and the Fifties, when he salvaged his reputation with The Old Man and The Sea and reigned as the grand old man of fiction. Within those

four stages there is a further division which can be made. In the Twenties and Thirties his powers as a writer were in full flourish; in the Forties and Fifties they diminished seriously.* The deterioration continued until, just prior to his death, he was unable to write one complete sentence. Here quite probably lies the difference in tone and attitude which separates his literary remarks in his last two decades from those made in earlier years.

Nevertheless a further pattern emerges from a study of his comments once the debris of personal abuse has been cleared away. Hemingway despised any writing which favoured rhetorical flourishes over clear and accurate presentation. Everything must be made true, nothing must appear contrived. As he said to A.E. Hotchner:

That is what the artist must do. On canvas or on the printed page he must capture the thing so truly that its magnification will endure. That is the difference between journalism and literature. There is very little literature. Much less than we think.¹

To be a true presentation the description must cause a reaction in the reader rather than say what that reaction should be; it is, in a sense, a very restrained prose.

* There is recent speculation that the first draft of The Old Man and The Sea was written as early as 1936, thus accounting for the flash of brilliance which illuminated Hemingway's later years. It is speculation only, although the plot of the story had its genesis in that year. ²

Hemingway wrote to Edmund O'Brien in 1925 and tried to explain what he was trying to do in this vein:

What I've been doing is trying to do country so you don't remember the words after you read it but actually have the country. It is hard because to do it you have to see the country all complete all the time you write and not just have a romantic feeling about it. 3

The writers whom he admired and studied--Turgenev, Tolstoy, Flaubert, et al.--had given him models of his art as it should be. He had no use for a writer's literary games (Eliot's footnotes and Andrew Marvell paraphrases for example) nor for writers (Tom Wolfe and, occasionally, William Faulkner) whose interminable flow of words proved more a barrier between the subject and the reader's perception of it than a conduit.

Ernest Hemingway did not write in isolation. Nor did he remain ignorant of his fellow writers, past or present. He read a vast amount of books and assimilated data and method into his own work. His most important reading came during the forging of his early style. In the Thirties he experimented with techniques in Green Hills of Africa and To Have and Have Not which are reminiscent of Joyce and Faulkner. In "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" he wrote with a heavy symbolism previously foreign to his work. Linda Wagner feels that the great lyric novelist of the Twenties was developing into a

great epic novelist in his later years and may even have achieved that status with For Whom The Bell Tolls.⁴

His reading was partly responsible for his epoch-making prose in the Twenties and it was no doubt partially responsible for the changes his style underwent in later years.

This is only recently becoming apparent and there has been a belated surge in the number of books and articles devoted to his literary--as opposed to biographical--source material. One avenue of research is to examine his libraries and his letters for clues to the use of his reading in his work. Another avenue, the one presented in the preceding pages, is to process his remarks and establish a foundation for examining his work. His statements hold many clues for scholars determined to follow them. Although Hemingway said as much in his introduction to Men At War, it took critics thirty years to notice the similarities between A Farewell To Arms and The Charterhouse of Parma. It was not until ten years after his death that Hemingway's debt to painters was examined--despite his remarks in the Plimpton interview and repeated comments about the influence of Cézanne. There is the relationship between de Maupassant's "La Maison Tellier" and "The Light of The World" and the list goes on.

There are more areas to be explored: Turgenev, Flaubert and virtually every author who appears repeatedly on his lists or in his conversation. For a man who reputedly spent so much of his time hunting wild animals and fishing the Gulf Stream, he read a remarkable amount of books.

NOTES

INTRODUCTION

1. Mark Twain Journal, XI, No. 4 (Summer 1962), 10.
2. Ibid., p. 10.
3. Richard Astro and Jackson J. Benson, ed., Hemingway In Our Time (Corvallis: Oregon State University, 1974), p. 6.
4. Mark Twain Journal, XI, No. 4 (Summer 1962), 10.
5. James D. Brasch, "Hemingway's Words: Enduring James's Thoughts: a Review Essay," Modernist Studies, 2, No. 1 1976, 46.
6. Publications of the Modern Language Association of America, March 1973, 271-279. Michael S. Reynolds furthers Stephens's comparisons in Hemingway's First War pp. 154-158. He also suggests that Hemingway signals a connection with Stendhal by using the Christian names of Frederic Stendhal and Henri Beyle to form the name Frederic Henry. Reynolds also notes that Henry is the name of the protagonist in Stephen Crane's The Red Badge of Courage which Hemingway also praises in Men At War.
7. "The Mark of Sherwood Anderson on Hemingway: A Look

- at the Texts," South Atlantic Quarterly, Autumn 1974, pp. 487-503.
8. "On Disremembering Hemingway," Atlantic, August 1966, pp. 45-49.
 9. Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story (New York: Scribner's, 1969), p. 373. Cited hereafter as "Baker".
 10. Charles A. Fenton, The Apprenticeship of Ernest Hemingway (New York: Octagon Books, 1975), p. 101. Fenton quotes D.M. Wright's article, "A Mid-Western Ad Man Remembers" (1937), which says Hemingway "was trying any and every kind of writing at the time--he even fired out satirical rewrites of world news to Vanity Fair, to no avail." This work is cited hereafter as "Fenton".
 11. Richard Astro and Jackson J. Benson, ed. Hemingway In Our Time (Corvallis: Oregon State, 1974), p. 4. Cited hereafter as "Astro and Benson".

PART I: The 1920s

1. Fenton, p. 5.
2. Ibid., p. 6.
3. Baker, p. 5.
4. Ibid., p. 6.

5. Ibid., p. 11.
6. Ibid., p. 12.
7. Ibid., p. 240.
8. Ibid., p. 37.
9. George Plimpton, "An Interview With Ernest Hemingway,"
in Ernest Hemingway: Five Decades of Criticism, ed.
Linda W. Wagner (Michigan: Michigan State, 1974), p. 27.
Cited hereafter as "Five Decades".
10. Fenton, p. 59.
11. Ibid., p. 72.
12. Baker, p. 60.
13. Ibid., p. 69.
14. Fenton, p. 101.
15. Baker, p. 77.
16. Baker, p. 78.
17. Philip Young, Ernest Hemingway: A Reconsideration
(University Park: Pennsylvania State, 1966), p. 177.
Cited hereafter as "Young".
18. Ibid., p. 177.
19. Baker, p. 100.
20. Ibid, pp. 119-120.
21. Ibid., p. 86.
22. Ibid., p. 116.
23. Ernest Hemingway, By-line Ernest Hemingway ed. William
White (New York: Scribner's, 1967), p. 132. Cited
hereafter as "By-line."

24. Ibid., p. 132.
25. Ibid., p. 133.
26. Ibid., p. 133.
27. Baker, p. 161.
28. Ibid., p. 161.
29. A Moveable Feast (New York: Scribner's, 1964), p. 133.
Cited hereafter as "A Moveable Feast" and also within
the text.
30. Baker, p. 162.
31. Ibid., p. 162.
32. Matthew J. Bruccoli and C.J. Fraser Clark, Jr., ed.
Hemingway at Auction 1930-73 (Detroit: Bruccoli-Clark,
1973), p. 144. Cited hereafter as "Hemingway at Auction".
33. Baker, p. 144.
34. Hemingway at Auction, p. 116.
35. Ibid., p. 117.
36. Ibid., p. 118.
37. A Moveable Feast, p. 38.
38. Baker, p. 189.
39. Michael S. Reynolds, Hemingway's First War (Princeton:
Princeton University, 1976), p. 17. Cited hereafter
as "Reynolds".
40. Ibid., p. 40.
41. A Moveable Feast, p. 192.
42. Fenton, p. 132.
43. A Moveable Feast, p. 86.

44. Ibid., p. 26.
45. Phoenix ed., Edward D. McDonald (Harmondsworth, Middlesex: Penguin, 1978), pp. 361-366.
46. Richard Layman, "Hemingway's Library Cards at Shakespeare and Company," Fitzgerald/Hemingway Annual 1976 ed., Matthew J. Bruccoli (Englewood, Colorado: Indian Head, 1976), p. 203.
47. A Moveable Feast, p. 133.
48. Ibid., p. 134.
49. Reynolds, pp. 295-297.
50. Ibid., p. 64.
51. Five Decades, p. 29.
52. Harold M. Hurwitz, "Hemingway's Tutor, Ezra Pound" in Five Decades, p. 16.
53. Richard Bridgeman, "Ernest Hemingway" in Five Decades, p. 165.
54. Baker, p. 134.
55. Ibid., p. 160.
56. Shakespeare and Company (London: Faber & Faber, 1956), p. 86.
57. A Moveable Feast, p. 36.
58. Ibid., p. 133.
59. Layman's "Hemingway's Library Cards at Shakespeare and Company," pp. 192-205.
60. A Moveable Feast, p. 133. Hemingway refers to "knowing" the roads and landscapes in Turgenev, suggesting that

these are the most influential aspects of Turgenev's writing.

61. Layman's "Hemingway's Library Cards at Shakespeare and Company," pp. 192-205.
62. Linda W. Wagner, Hemingway and Faulkner (Metuchen, N.J.: Scarecrow Press, 1975), p. 142. Cited hereafter as "Wagner".
63. Beach's Shakespeare and Company, p. 61.
64. Baker, p. 87.
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66. "Ernest Hemingway, Literary Critic" in Five Decades p. 51.
67. "The Wasteland in A Farewell To Arms," MLN 76 (Dec. 1961), 24.
68. Reynolds, p. 36.
69. "Sunrise Out of The Wasteland," Five Decades, pp. 241-251.
70. Gregory Hemingway, Papa: A Personal Memoir (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1976), p. 63. Cited hereafter as "Gregory Hemingway".
71. Wagner, p. 15.
72. Clinton S. Burhans, Jr., "The Complex Unity of In Our Time" in The Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway, ed. Jackson J. Benson (Durham, N.C.: Duke University, 1975), p. 15.

73. Reynolds, pp. 43-44.
74. Richard Astro and Jackson J. Benson, ed., Hemingway In Our Time, p. 4.
75. Hemingway at Auction, p. 235.
76. A Moveable Feast, p. 26.
77. The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas (London: Bodley Head, 1933), p. 234. Cited hereafter as "Stein".
78. Ibid., p. 235.
79. Baker, p. 119.
80. Ibid., p. 143.
81. The Nick Adams Stories, p. 219.
82. Baker, p. 91.
83. Stein, p. 229.
84. Baker, p. 586.
85. Ibid., p. 128.
86. Ibid., p. 107.
87. Richard Hasbany, "The Shock of Vision: An Imagist Reading of In Our Time" in Five Decades, p. 226.
88. Baker, p. 146.
89. Ibid., p. 114.
90. Ibid., p. 161.
91. Ibid., p. 501.
92. Ibid., p. 119.
93. Ibid., p. 161.
94. Hemingway at Auction, p. 114.
95. Ibid., p. 116.

PART II: The 1930s

1. Plimpton's "Interview" in Five Decades, p. 34.
2. Baker, p. 207.
3. Ibid., p. 208.
4. Robert O. Stephens, Hemingway's Nonfiction (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina, 1968), p. 14. Cited hereafter as "Stephens".
5. Baker, p. 245.
6. Stephens, p. 14.
7. Ibid., p. 25.
8. Ibid., p. 26.
9. By-line, p. 173.
10. Green Hills of Africa, p. 108.
11. Ibid., p. 111.
12. Ibid., p. 70.
13. By-line, p. 184.
14. Baker, p. 606.
15. Ibid., p. 283.
16. By-line, p. 186.
17. Ibid., p. 218.
18. Baker, p. 222.
19. By-line, p. 219.

20. Hemingway at Auction, p. 212.
21. Baker, p. 330.
22. Ibid., p. 241.
23. Ibid., p. 240.
24. Ibid., p. 240.
25. Fenton, p. 26.
26. Baker, p. 236.
27. Plimpton's "Interview" in Five Decades, p. 28.
28. Green Hills of Africa, p. 71.
29. Baker, p. 240.
30. Ibid., p. 226.
31. The Nick Adams Stories, p. 217.
32. Baker, p. 465.
33. Ibid., p. 245.
34. Ibid., p. 285.
35. By-line, p. 187.
36. Baker, p. 335.
37. By-line, p. 184.
38. Ibid., p. 486.
39. Baker, p. 286.
40. Hemingway at Auction, p. 225.
41. Baker, p. 226.
42. Death In The Afternoon, p. 106.
43. Baker, p. 268.
44. Ibid., p. 219.

45. Ibid., p. 602.
46. Ibid., p. 219.
47. Ibid., p. 236.
48. Ibid., p. 227.
49. Ibid., pp. 227, 603.
50. Ibid., p. 227.
51. Ibid., p. 234.
52. By-line, p. 200.
53. Baker, p. 297.

PART III: The 1940s

1. Baker, p. 454.
2. Ibid., p. 364.
3. "A Portrait of Mister Papa" in Ernest Hemingway: The Man and his Work, John K.M. McCaffery, ed. (New York: Avon, 1950), pp. 26-27.
4. Baker, p. 373.
5. Ibid., p. 373.
6. Gregory Hemingway, p. 78.
7. Baker, p. 447.
8. Gregory Hemingway, p. 104.
9. Baker, p. 602.

10. Stephens, p. 25.
11. Ibid., p. 29.
12. Ibid., pp. 29, 32.
13. Gregory Hemingway, p. 104.
14. Ibid., p. 102.
15. Ibid., p. 78.
16. Men At War (New York: Berkley, 1958), p. 10.
17. Gregory Hemingway, p. 105.
18. Robert O. Stephens, "Language Magic and Reality in For Whom The Bell Tolls" in Five Decades, p. 269.
19. A. E. Hotchner, Papa Hemingway (New York: Bantam, 1967), p. 17. Cited hereafter as "Hotchner".
20. "Portrait of Hemingway--Preface, 1961" in Edge of Awareness, ed., Ned E. Hoopes and Richard Peck (New York: Dell, 1966), p. 46.
21. James D. Brasch, "The Watershed in Hemingway Criticism," Canadian Review of American Studies, IX, No. 1 (1978), 112-118.
22. Baker, p. 447.
23. Ibid., p. 495.
24. Gregory Hemingway, p. 103.
25. Baker, p. 369.
26. Gregory Hemingway, p. 103.
27. Ibid., p. 102.
28. Hotchner, p. 26.

29. Ibid., p. 22.
30. Baker, p. 353.
31. Ibid., p. 371.
32. Men At War, p. 8.
33. Ibid., p. 9.
34. Ibid., p. 9.
35. Ibid., p. 9.
36. Gregory Hemingway, p. 104.
37. Joseph Blotner, ed., Selected Letters of William Faulkner
(New York: Vintage, 1978), p. 299
38. Baker, p. 489.
39. Gregory Hemingway, p. 102.
40. Joseph Blotner, ed., Selected Letters of William Faulkner,
pp. 251-252.
41. Baker, p. 439.

PART IV: The 1950s

1. See Peter Lisca, "The Structure of Hemingway's Across The River and Into The Trees" in Five Decades and Jackson J. Benson, Hemingway: The Writer's Art of Self-Defense (1969).
2. Baker, p. 522.

3. Ibid., p. 522.
4. Ibid., pp. 522-523.
5. EH to Bernard Berenson, 4/4/54.
6. Baker, p. 525.
7. By-line, p. 470.
8. Ibid., p. 470.
9. EH to Bernard Berenson, 13/9/52
10. Hemingway had not, of course, written a book stripped
of all symbolism. However, he went on to say to
Berenson that the secret to the book was that the sea,
the old man, the boy, the fish and the sharks were all
exactly what they seemed to be. This is probably what
he meant by there being no symbolism in the book;
particularly when it is compared with Moby-Dick.
11. EH to Bernard Berenson, 9/7/55.
12. Five Decades, p. 30.
13. Baker, p. 54.
14. Ibid., p. 377.
15. Five Decades, p. 37.
16. Baker, p. 527.
17. Ibid., p. 527.
18. Hotchner, p. 123.
19. Five Decades, p. 30.
20. Philip Young, "Hemingway and Me," Kenyon Review, XXVIII
(January 1966), 33.

21. Baker, p. 509.
22. Ibid., p. 530.
23. Five Decades, p. 28.
24. Ibid., p. 29.
25. Ibid., p. 29.
26. Hans-Joachim Kann, "Ernest Hemingway and the Arts--A Necessary Addendum," Fitzgerald/Hemingway Annual 1974, ed., Matthew J. Bruccoli and C. E. Frazer Clark, Jr. (Englewood: Microcard Books, 1974), pp. 145-154.
27. Mark Twain Journal, XI, No. 4 (Summer 1962), 10.
28. EH to Bernard Berenson, 4/10/55.
29. EH to Bernard Berenson, 24/10/55.
30. EH to Bernard Berenson, 4/5/53.
31. Five Decades, p. 23.
32. James D. Brasch and Joseph T. Sigman, "The Library at Finca Vigia: A Preliminary Report" in Fitzgerald/Hemingway Annual 1978 (Detroit: Bruccoli-Clark, 1978) pp. 185-203.
33. Baker, p. 495.
34. Hotchner, p. 123.
35. Ibid., p. 123.
36. Gregory Hemingway, p. 110.
37. Hotchner, p. 122.
38. Hemingway at Auction, p. 83.
39. Ibid., p. 204.

40. Ibid., p. 174.
41. Baker, p. 495.
42. EH to Bernard Berenson, fragment of a letter, Brasch-Sigman Files # 40.
43. EH to Bernard Berenson, 6/3/53.
44. Baker, pp. 503-504.
45. Joseph Blotner, Faulkner: A Biography (New York: Random House, 1974), p. 1308.
46. Hotchner, p. 75. If Hotchner is accurate in his dating of the conversation, the Faulkner book referred to would be Requiem For A Nun (1951). If his dating is incorrect, the remarks sound very much like others made by Hemingway in reference to A Fable (1954).
47. EH to Bernard Berenson, 24/10/55.
48. Baker, p. 526.
49. Ibid., p. 532.
50. Hemingway at Auction, p. 83.

CONCLUSION

1. Hotchner, p. 43.
2. Darrel Mansell, "When Did Ernest Hemingway Write The Old Man and The Sea?" in Fitzgerald/Hemingway Annual 1975,

ed., Matthew J. Bruccoli and C. E. Frazer Clark, Jr.
(Englewood, Colorado: Indian Head, 1975), pp. 311-324.

See also Baker, p. 339.

3. Hemingway at Auction, p. 243.

4. Wagner, p. 232.

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