PART IX

◈ LITERATURE AND POLITICS ◈

[22]

THE LAST GREAT CAUSE

HEMINGWAY'S SPANISH CIVIL WAR WRITING

A LEFTWARD DRIFT

During the second half of the 1930s, almost all of Ernest Hemingway's writing followed a political agenda. In newspaper dispatches, magazine articles, a film, a play, his only public speech, a number of stories, and one of his greatest novels, he consistently—and sometimes passionately—wrote on behalf of the Spanish Republic.

Neither before nor after this time did Hemingway so devote himself to a political purpose. But this hardly means, as two of his biographers have argued, that he was "one of the least overtly political writers of his generation" and "basically bored by politics" (Kinnamon, "Hemingway and Politics." 149; Raeburn, "Hemingway on Stage," 14). Though Hemingway did not belong to any party, he was an interested observer of the politics of his time, and he often expressed himself on issues of the day, especially in his correspondence. In his excellent article "Hemingway and Politics," Keneth Kinnamon subdivides the author's political beliefs into three distinct positions. First, Hemingway disliked and distrusted all politicians, whatever their affiliation. Second, he resented governmental control over individuals. Third, and most important, "From the beginning to the end of his adult life, he had deep sympathies with the left, especially the revolutionary left" (159).

Not until the late 1930s did these sympathies demonstrate themselves in Hemingway's writing. He was too fiercely independent to be drawn into most liberal causes. In two angry letters of 1932, he engaged in an argument with Paul Romaine, a bookdealer who urged him to join "the Leftward drift" in writing. He wasn't about "to swallow communism as though it were an elder Boys Y.M.C.A. conference," Hemingway responded. Beyond that, he refused to outline his own political beliefs for Romaine, since he could be "jailed for their publication." But, he added, "if they are not much further left than yours which sound like a sentimental socialism I will move them further over." Still, he was damned if he'd "follow the fashions in politics, letters, religion etc. . . . There is no left or right in good writing. There is only good or bad writing" (*Selected Letters* 363, 365).

Various forces were at work, however, to persuade him to use his pen on behalf of causes beyond the boundaries of art. Like almost all sensate observers of the time, Hemingway was troubled by the poverty and misery of the Depression. "Country is all busted," he wrote Guy Hickok in October 1932. He had little confidence in the ability of Herbert Hoover ("The Syphilitic Baby"), Franklin Delano Roosevelt ("The Paralytic Demagogue"), or any other politician to remedy the apparent collapse of capitalism. Nor was he ready to accept communism as the answer. He described himself as an anarchist, one who believed that no unit larger than a village could be effectively governed. Still, it was all right with him if John Dos Passos decided to join the comrades, and he wrote admiringly of the "*wonderful* reporting" in *The American Jitters*, Edmund Wilson's 1932 portrayal of a nation in economic crisis (*Selected Letters*, 372–73, 375, 360).

The previous year, Hemingway had gone to Spain during the revolution that led to the second Spanish Republic. He had fallen in love with Spain—and with *toreo*—in the summer of 1923 and returned during bullfight season in most years since. In urging Howell Jenkins to join him at Pamplona for the 1925 fiesta of San Fermin, he expounded on the virtues of the country. There was "swell fishing" on the Irati, the fiesta itself offered "the godamdest wild time," the Spaniards had "any people in the world skinned," and the price was right. "Spain is the real old stuff," he declared, the best country of all now that the "post war fascisti" had ruined Italy (*Selected Letters*, 131). "If I could have made this enough of a book," he began the last chapter of *Death in the Afternoon* (1932), "it would have had everything in it," and he followed that with a lyrical evocation of the Spanish settings he'd visited. "The Prado, looking like some big Ameri-

can college building, with sprinklers watering the grass early in the bright Madrid summer morning; the bare white mud hills looking across toward Carabanchel; days on the train in August with the blinds pulled down on the side against the sun and the wind . . . ; the change when you leave the green country behind at Alsausa; . . . Burgos far across the plain and eating the cheese later up in the room" (270).

Feeling as he did about Spain, Hemingway naturally took an interest in its politics. These were much on his mind when he arrived in Spain in May 1931, only a month after the overthrow of the dictator Primo de Rivera and the departure of King Alphonso. In Madrid, he met the radical Spanish painter Luis Quintanilla, who quietly explained why a revolution was necessary, and the American newsmen Jay Allen and Elliot Paul, who felt the same way. "Been following politics closely," Hemingway wrote Dos Passos from Madrid late in June, and he proceeded to report on factional and regional complications. The Republicans were sure to win a landslide victory in the June 28 election but were themselves divided among "Red White and Black" configurations. Then, too, Spain's various regions had differing agendas. Andalusia was coming to a boil. Madrid loved the Republic. Catalonia was waiting to do business. The king was "permanently out," but Don Jaime the Pretender had entered the country incognito and made considerable headway in Navarre.

On Hemingway's voyage across the Atlantic he had talked with seven Spanish priests who were fearful of a Republican victory. The Catholic Church was aligned with the right, and there were reports that mobs had destroyed churches. The violence worked both ways, Hemingway reported. In Navarre, it was "no uncommon thing for a prelate to shoot down a good republican from the top of an autobus." Still, he saw no chance of a Marxian revolution. Spain was not Russia, and the local communists had "no money at all" (*Selected Letters*, 341–42).

Two years later, the Hemingways were in Cuba when the dictator Gerardo Machado was overthrown after a bloody insurrection. Ernest's sympathies lay with the Cuban people, and he was pleased that they had disposed of the "lousy tyrant" Machado (Baker, *A Life Story*, 245). En route to their African safari a few months later, he and Pauline stopped in Spain, where conditions under the second Spanish republic had turned sour. In a January 1934 article for *Esquire*, Hemingway outlined the situation. On the surface, the country seemed prosperous enough. More people were traveling and going to bullfights than before. More tax money was coming in than during the days of the monarchy, but the money was going into the pockets of "the innumerable

functionaries of the republic," while the peasants remained as poor as ever. Politics in Spain remained "a lucrative profession," Hemingway cynically concluded ("The Friend of Spain," 147). "All the idealists now in power have their fingers in the pie." When they ran out of pie, there would be another revolution (*Selected Letters*, 398).

Presumably, the situation degenerated still further by October 1934, when Luis Quintanilla was sent to jail for conspiring against the government whose installation he had advocated three years before. Hemingway signed a petition on behalf of the artist that avoided all political issues, instead arguing for Quintanilla's release on the grounds that his work "redound[ed] greatly to the credit of the fatherland of Goya and Velasquez" (Baker, *A Life Story*, 267; letter to Zamora).

In that same year, Hemingway's work was published in Russia for the first time and immediately became popular. Between 1934 and 1939, his short stories, his three novels, and the play *The Fifth Column* all appeared in Russian translation. Asked to name their favorite foreign author in 1937, nine of fifteen Soviet writers chose Hemingway. In his eternally competitive way, Ernest was delighted to tell Maxwell Perkins that he was outselling Dreiser, Dos Passos, Sinclair Lewis, and "several other guys" in the Soviet Union (Baker, *A Life Story*, 277).

He also found a sensitive and intelligent Russian interpreter of his work in Ivan Kashkin, whose essay "Ernest Hemingway: The Tragedy of Craftsmanship" appeared in the May 1935 issue of *International Literature*. It was a pleasure, Hemingway wrote the Russian critic, "to have somebody know what you are writing about." But he disabused Kashkin of any notion that they shared the same political convictions. "Everyone tries to frighten you now by saying or writing that if one does not become a communist or have a Marxian viewpoint one will have no friends and will be alone. . . . I cannot become a communist now because I believe in only one thing: liberty. First I would look after myself and do my work. Then I would care for my family. Then I would help my neighbor. But the state I care nothing for. . . . I believe in the absolute minimum of government." His standards were Jeffersonian, not Marxian (Baker, *A Life Story*, 479–80).

Despite such disclaimers, the left continued to cultivate Hemingway. He was highly visible, widely respected, and, if not communist, at least aggressively antifascist as Hitler and Mussolini gained power in Europe. By the mid-1930s, it had become the policy of the Comintern (the Communist International) and its Popular Front to court all antifascists, especially if, like Hemingway, their name carried authority. His fame

made him an inviting target for the Communist Party, both at home and abroad.

Still, it took a natural disaster to get Hemingway into the pages of the *New Masses*, the American Communist Party magazine. In the mid-1920s he was angered when the publication rejected two of his stories and ran a critical review of *The Sun Also Rises* by Dos Passos. It was nothing more than "a house organ" for parlor pinks, he told Ezra Pound. "FUCK the new masses and their revolution" (Baker, *A Life Story*, 473–74). Thereafter he had nothing to do with the *New Masses* until September 1935, when editor Joe North wired him for an article on the hurricane that wiped out the C.C.C. camps on Lower Matecumbe Key. The storm killed hundreds of World War I veterans who had been shipped to Florida after participating in the Bonus March on Washington.

Carefully preparing for the hurricane from his home at Key West, Hemingway moored the *Pilar* in the safest corner of the submarine base, brought the garden furniture and children's toys inside the house, and nailed down the shutters at all the windows. The full brunt of the storm missed Key West, striking at Islamorada and Upper and Lower Matecumbe Keys. When the winds subsided, Hemingway persuaded Bra Saunders and J. B. Sullivan to accompany him on an inspection tour of the devastation. In staccato prose, he wrote Max Perkins what they'd seen. "Between 700 and 1000 dead [an exaggeration: 458 veterans were killed]. . . . The foliage absolutely stripped as though by fire for forty miles and the land looking like the abandoned bed of a river. Not a building of any sort standing. Over thirty miles of railway washed and blown away. We were the first in to the camp five of the veterans who were working on the Highway construction. Out of 187 only 8 survived. Saw more dead than I'd seen in one place since the lower Piave in June of 1918" (Hemingway and Perkins, *Only Thing*, 226).

Hemingway placed the blame for the veterans' death squarely on Harry Hopkins and President Roosevelt. They "sent those poor bonus march guys down there to get rid of them all right all right." Then they'd had two full days to evacuate the vets from their flimsy quarters before the storm struck and done nothing. In his outrage, Hemingway tore off 2,800 words for the *New Masses*. North titled the piece "Who Murdered the Vets?" This only slightly misconstrued what Hemingway had to say. In the article itself, he posed his own rhetorical question: "And what's the punishment for manslaughter now?" As he'd written Perkins, "The veterans in those camps were practically murdered" (Baker, *A Life Story*, 481; Hemingway and Perkins, *Only Thing*, 226).

Privately Hemingway excoriated the editors of the *New Masses* as hypocrites who denigrated his work as "decadent" and lacking in class awareness then called on him for a contribution when they wanted the truth about the hurricane. But the literary left regarded "Who Murdered the Vets?" as an unmistakable sign that Hemingway had seen the light and was ready to join the crusade against capitalism. "That was a damn fine piece," Dos Passos wrote Hemingway after reading the article reprinted in the *Daily Worker*, the communist newspaper (Baker, *A Life Story*, 482). "Who Murdered the Vets?" was also translated into Russian for the December 1935 *International Literature*, where an editorial footnote welcomed it as "one of the most important documents of the development of revolutionary literature in America": especially important because Hemingway, "the most powerful American writer," had never previously "taken part in any sort of social action of writers and ha[d] consciously stood aside from the revolutionary movement" (Brown, *Soviet Attitudes*, 307).

Despite his awakened indignation about governmental mistreatment of the individual, and despite his hatred of the fascist regimes in Germany and Italy, Hemingway was not ready to join the revolution. In two articles for *Esquire* in the fall of 1935, he warned against American involvement in the war developing in Europe. "Not this August, nor this September. . . . Not next August, nor next September; that is still too soon. . . . But the year after or the year after that they fight." Europe always fought, and the thing to do was to stay out of it. "We were fools to be sucked in once on a European war and we should never be sucked in again" ("Notes on the Next War," 199, 206).

He cited several reasons, all bad, why the United States might be drawn into a European conflict: "through mistaken idealism, through propaganda, through the desire to back our creditors, or through the wish of anyone through war, notoriously the health of the state, to make a going concern out of a mismanaged one" (200). Now was the time to decide to stay out. "Now, before the propaganda starts." Above all, he maintained, "no one man nor group of men incapable of fighting or exempt from fighting should in any way be given the power . . . to put this country or any country into war" ("The Malady of Power," 220).

Hemingway followed these two "serious letters" for *Esquire* with "Wings Always Over Africa," a scarifying portrait of the miseries of the war Mussolini was waging against Ethiopia. The Italian dictator would do well, he wrote, to censor all reports from the African battlefields that described the activity of the carrion birds. These birds—especially the vultures and the marabou storks—would hit a wounded man as quickly

as a dead one. Italian soldiers should be trained to roll over on their face if they were hit and could not keep moving. Otherwise the vultures and storks would shuffle over them and peck their faces away.

One might think that the Italians would have learned about the horror and futility of war from World War I, he pointed out. But the propaganda of Mussolini, "the cleverest opportunist in modern history," saw to it that this did not happen:

> No knowledge of the past war will help boys from the little steep-hilled towns of the Abruzzi where the snow comes early on the tops of the mountains, nor those who worked in garages, or machine shops, in Milano or Bologna or Firenze, or rode their bicycles in road races in the white dust-powdered roads of Lombardy, nor those who played football for their factory teams in Spezia or Torino, or mowed the high mountain meadows of the Dolomites and guided skiers in the winter, or would have been burning charcoal in the woods above Piombino, or maybe sweeping out a trattoria in Vicenza, or would have gone to North or South America in the old days. [In Africa] they will feel the deadly heat and know the shadeless land; they will have the diseases that never cure, that make the bones ache and a young man old and turn the bowels to water, and when there is a battle, finally, they will hear the whish of wings when the birds come down and I hope when they are hit someone will have told them to roll over.

Mussolini's own sons were pilots with no enemy planes to shoot them down, while poor men's sons from all over Italy were the foot soldiers. Hemingway wished them luck, and wished they knew who was "their enemy—and why" ("Wings Always," 226–27).

Maxwell Perkins at Scribner's was mightily impressed by "Wings Always Over Africa," the antiwar pieces in *Esquire*, and the article about the veterans who died in the hurricane. There wasn't a man alive who could write as well as Hemingway about the turbulent times they were living through, Perkins wrote him on December 20, 1935, and he thought that the best of these articles ought to be preserved in more permanent form. That would be a way of showing "the proletarian boys, the Marxists . . . what could be done in the way of dealing with actual events and class conflicts that would make their stuff look silly" (Hemingway and Perkins, *Only Thing*, 230).

Four months later Perkins proposed including the "Wings" article, the hurricane one, and the best of the *Esquire* pieces in the book of stories he and Hemingway were considering bringing out in the fall of 1936. Readers

who liked "journalism that transcends journalism" would prize these articles, Perkins pointed out, and he added, with a measure of calculation, they "would get a little of the radical vote too." Hemingway vigorously rejected the idea of "mixing in articles and stories," however. That would only give the left-wing New York critics a chance to dismiss them all as trash written for *Esquire*, that "Men's Clothing Trade magazine." Besides, he had no desire to be aligned with the "literary fashionable communist crowd" that Perkins apparently thought he should cultivate. They couldn't tell literature from shit, and he wasn't about to truckle to them (*Only Thing*, 242).

Still, when the *New Masses* asked him for a contribution to its twenty-fifth-anniversary issue later in the year, Hemingway sent a friendly wire explaining that he was "awfully sorry" but he was busy with a novel (*To Have and Have Not*) and couldn't write anything else. "Congratulations twenty-fifth anniversary will send you a good story for the fiftieth," he concluded. The magazine printed the telegram in its December 1, 1936, issue. By that time, the war in Spain was well underway.

In February 1936 Spanish voters elected by a narrow plurality a Popular Front coalition of anarchists, socialists, and communists loosely conjoined in support of the third Spanish Republic. With that election, the issue was joined between groups violently opposed to one another. On one side stood representatives of the old ruling order: bankers, landlords, the clergy, and the military—taken together, the Nationalists, sometimes called rebels, insurgents, or fascists. On the other side were ranged the peasants, the workers, and most of the writers and intellectuals—the Republicans, also known as Loyalists, or the government, or communists

Once in power, the Republicans started settling old scores with a brutal display of force. The Catholic Church, which supported and was supported by the establishment, became a target of opportunity. According to one estimate, some 60,000 people were killed during the first three months, "including twelve bishops, 283 nuns, 4,184 priests, and 2,365 monks" (Knightley, *The First Casualty*, 197). In July 1936, the Nationalists under Generalissimo Francisco Franco launched a rebellion that quickly made its way across the country to the gates of Madrid, committing a similar number of murders along the way. Jay Allen of the *Chicago Tribune* witnessed Nationalist troops rounding up 1,800 probable Republican sympathizers in the town of Badajoz, on the Portuguese border, and sending them to the bull ring to be machine-gunned (Knightley, *The First Casualty*, 201–2).

"No other war in recent times," Phillip Knightley said, "aroused such intense emotion, such deep commitment, such violent partisanship as the

Civil War in Spain" (*The First Casualty*, 192). Both sides were fighting for what they regarded as a holy cause: the Nationalists to resurrect a Christian Spain uncontaminated by communists and other unbelievers, the Republicans for the new age of a Marxist utopia. Behind and beneath the idealism lay the hard economic struggle of the rich against the poor. "In essence it was a class war," as George Orwell observed. "If it had been won, the cause of the common people everywhere would have been strengthened" (Knightley, *The First Casualty*, 192). Hemingway's sympathies, like Orwell's, rested with the common people and the Republic. Years later he was to write Edmund Wilson that the "believed in [the Spanish Republic] deeply long before it was an American Communist cause" (*Selected Letters*, 733).

It was something of a miracle that the war lasted nearly three years. Most military officers were supporters of the Nationalists, and their troops were well trained and well equipped. The Republicans—beset by factionalism and regional rivalries—had to scramble to assemble an effective fighting force, working with raw recruits and unskilled leaders. If it had not been for the International Brigades, made up of volunteers harking to the cause from Europe and North America, Madrid would undoubtedly have fallen to Franco in the autumn of 1936. But the Republicans managed to hold the capital then, and soon thereafter they launched offensives of their own.

Hemingway watched the civil war closely from his bases in Key West and Wyoming. "I hate to have missed this Spanish thing worse than anything in the world," he wrote Max Perkins on September 26, "but have to have this book [*To Have and Have Not*] finished first." On December 15, he expressed himself even more vehemently. "I've *got* to go to Spain," he told Perkins, but he had his book to finish, it was cold as hell in Madrid, and they'd be fighting for a long time (*Selected Letters*, 454–56).

Meanwhile, he was firming up his commitment to the Republican cause. Franco was "a good general but a son of a bitch of the first water," Hemingway declared, and he demonstrated his convictions by way of his pocketbook (*Selected Letters*, 455). He contributed $3,000 of his own money for the purchase of ambulances (an amount inflated in the press to $40,000) and paid passage for two volunteers to fight for the Loyalists.

His own passage to the Spanish Civil War came as a result of his celebrity. In his newspaper column, Walter Winchell ran an item that Hemingway was planning to go to Spain to write about the war. John N. Wheeler, the general manager of the North American Newspaper Alliance (NANA), thereupon proposed to Hemingway, in a letter of November 25, that he

provide news coverage for them from Spain. NANA, he explained, was a news service affiliated with sixty leading newspapers in the United States and Canada, as well as others around the world. Hemingway soon closed a deal with Wheeler that made him the world's highest paid war correspondent. He was to receive $500 for each cabled dispatch and $1,000 for mailed articles of up to 1,200 words: nearly a dollar a word.

Before his departure at the end of February, Hemingway spent some time in New York, where he became involved in two films designed to promote the Spanish Republic. Helene van Dongen, companion of the Dutch communist filmmaker Joris Ivens, stitched together a film from newsreel material called *Spain in Flames*. The subtitles were written by Prudencio de Pereda, a young Spanish novelist, with contributions from Dos Passos, Archibald MacLeish, and Hemingway himself. Hemingway's commentary stressed the cruelty of the Spanish war, where indiscriminate bombing by Fascist planes killed women and children instead of soldiers. To accompany scenes of Madrid burning, he specifically noted that both Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy were helping the Nationalists shell the capital.

Dependent as it was on stale newsreel footage, *Spain in Flames* did not turn out to be especially effective propaganda. Ivens thereupon persuaded a number of sympathetic Americans to support another film that he would make in Spain itself, with live scenes from the front lines. A group called Contemporary Historians was formed to promote this endeavor. In addition to Ivens, the principals included MacLeish (who served as treasurer), Dos Passos, and Hemingway, along with the playwrights Lillian Hellman and Clifford Odets and the Broadway producer Herman Shumlin. A total of $18,000 was raised to finance the film, which was eventually called *The Spanish Earth*. The two largest contributions, $4,000 each, came from the North American Committee for Spain—a branch of an international committee formed in Paris by the Communist Party propaganda chief Willi Münzenberg—and from Ernest Hemingway. Before long, Hemingway and Ivens would be shooting the film in Spain, side by side in dangerous circumstances.

Hemingway's letters in early February to Harry Sylvester, a young Catholic novelist, and to his wife Pauline's devoutly Catholic family, set forth his reasons for going to Spain. To Sylvester he acknowledged that the Spanish war was a bad war, "and nobody is right," and he added his conviction that it was "a dirty outfit in Russia now." But the bulk of the letter amounted to an apologia for the Republican atrocities against the Church. While he was borrowing to finance ambulances for the Loyalist

wounded, "the rebels have plenty of good Italian ambulances. But it's not very catholic or christian to kill the wounded in the hospital in Toledo with handgrenades or to bomb the working quarter of Madrid for no military reason except to kill poor people. . . . I know they've shot priests and bishops but why was the church . . . on the side of the oppressors instead of for the people . . . ?" (*Selected Letters*, 456).

Hemingway adopted a more defensive posture in his letter to the Pfeiffer family, introducing himself as "the leader of the Ingrates battalion on the wrong side of the Spanish war." Then he went on to explain his position in idealistic terms. For a long time, he pointed out, "me and my conscience both have known that I have to go to Spain." He'd staked the government to ambulances, but now it was time to see the war for himself. "The Reds may be as bad as they say but they are the people of the country versus the absentee landlords, the [M]oors, the [I]talians and the Germans. I know the Whites are rotten because I know them very well and I would like to have a look at the others to see how it lines up on a basis of humanity" (*Selected Letters*, 457–58).

In addition, he hoped his reporting from Spain might help to keep the United States out of the inevitable European war to follow. He expanded on the point as he boarded ship on February 27: "Everybody is trying to push us into the next war, the new style war, the kind of war they fought in Ethiopia and are fighting in Spain, the total war, where there is no such thing as a non-combatant, where everybody who lives across a line on the map is a target" (Watson, "Joris Ivens," 43). The horror of that kind of war hadn't been brought home clearly enough, and that was what he meant to do as an antiwar war correspondent.

LOVER

During two months in Spain in the spring of 1937—the first of four trips to the war-torn country he was to make over a period of twenty months—Hemingway converted from a presumably objective antiwar correspondent to a fervent supporter of the Republican cause. Much of the change in his attitude derived from what he saw and did there. But the people then closest to him had even more to do with it, particularly Martha Gellhorn, Joris Ivens, and Herbert Matthews.

Gellhorn and Hemingway met in the dankness of Key West's Sloppy Joe's one day in December 1936. The story, as Carlos Baker recorded it, was that Martha (called Marty), her mother, Edna, and her brother Alfred were traveling southeast from St. Louis and, finding Miami uninspiring,

decided to head for the keys. Whether this was a chance encounter remains in some doubt, for the ambitious Martha had a knack for attracting the attention of the famous and powerful and may have presented herself at Hemingway's Key West hangout in order to get to know him. Only twenty-eight years old, she had already—before beginning her relationship with Hemingway—won the interest and support of Eleanor Roosevelt and served as H. G. Wells's protégé.

By any standard she was a remarkable young woman, who despite her youth had established a reputation as a rising journalist and fiction writer. She grew up in St. Louis, the daughter of a well-known doctor and his suffragist wife. After three years at Bryn Mawr, she left college for a job at the *New Republic*, went on from there to reporting for a newspaper in upstate New York, and landed in Paris in 1929, working successively for *Vogue*, the United Press, and the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. In 1933 she went to Capri to write *What Mad Pursuit*, a first novel about three young American women. The title came from John Keats, and the epigraph—"Nothing ever happens to the brave"—from Ernest Hemingway.

The following year she ended her marriage to Bertrand de Jouvenel, a titled French journalist who had in his day been one of Colette's young lovers, and came back to the States. Marquis Child, the Washington correspondent for the *Post-Dispatch*, got her an interview with Harry Hopkins, FDR's right-hand man. Gellhorn persuaded Hopkins to hire her as an investigator for the Federal Emergency Relief Administration (FERA), reporting back to Washington about the suffering of the nation's unemployed. Her reports were so moving that Hopkins made a point of introducing her to Eleanor Roosevelt, who was impressed by Gellhorn's writing, person, and dedication to the cause of the impoverished. Through Mrs. Roosevelt Martha met the president and, on another White House occasion, the famous British writer H.G. Wells, who was much taken with her. Wells contributed an admiring preface to *The Trouble I've Seen*, a fictionalized version of Gellhorn's FERA interviews that came out to excellent reviews in August 1936. "Who is this Martha Gellhorn?" Lewis Gannett asked. "Hemingway does not write more authentic American speech. Nor can Ernest Hemingway teach Martha Gellhorn anything about economy of language." Mrs. Roosevelt mentioned the book favorably three times in her syndicated "My Day" column. It was a wonder, she observed, that the youthful Gellhorn, coming from "more or less Junior League background, with a touch of exquisite Paris clothes and 'esprit' thrown in," should be able to write with such understanding about the travails of the Depression's downtrodden (Lynn, *Hemingway*, 464–66).

So it was on the wings of success that the energetic, talented, and ambitious Gellhorn sailed into Sloppy Joe's, where Hemingway was having a drink with owner Joe Russell. She had shoulder-length blonde hair, and was wearing a black cotton dress that showed off her lovely long legs—legs, Hemingway said, that started at her shoulders. When the two of them began talking, it reminded the bartender of beauty and the beast, for the unkempt Hemingway was wearing his usual grubby outfit of t-shirt and shorts tied with a rope. The conversation between them went on into the night, past the time when he was supposed to be home for a dinner party. Pauline sent Charles Thompson to fetch Ernest. Thompson returned without him, but with the disquieting news that Mrs. Hemingway's husband had been detained by an admirer, "a beautiful blonde in a black dress" (Mellow, *A Life Without Consequences*, 484).

What began that night continued for another fortnight, as Gellhorn extended her visit to Key West. She was working on a novel about French and German pacifists and he was putting the finishing touches on *To Have and Have Not*, but they made time for daily meetings. They went swimming together, and he showed her around the island. They talked about his books, about the Cuban revolution, about hurricanes, and above all about the civil war in Spain. He gave her his work in progress to read, and it left her "weak with envy and wonder" (Moorehead, *Gellhorn*, 104). Pauline was fully aware that Martha posed a danger to their marriage. "I suppose Ernest is busy again helping Miss Gellhorn with her writing," she once sarcastically remarked (Meyers, *Biography*, 300). Presumably to diminish the intensity of the relationship, she welcomed Martha to their home. Nothing worked. When Gellhorn left Key West, Hemingway pursued her as far as Miami, where they had a steak dinner, with boxer Tom Heeney serving as a beard, and then rode the train together as far as Jacksonville, whence she proceeded to St. Louis and he to New York. To correct a rumor that Ernest had fallen seriously ill, Pauline wired Arnold Gingrich with measured acerbity: "SECONDHAND REPORT ENTIRELY BASELESS ERNEST IN MIAMI ENROUTE TO NEW YORK IN SHALL WE SAY PERFECT HEALTH" (Baker, *A Life Story*, 299). Martha's thank-you letter soon arrived, telling Pauline that it was good of her "not to mind my becoming a fixture, like a kudu head, in your home" (Moorehead, *Gellhorn*, 105).

Hemingway's marriage was in disrepair even before Gellhorn appeared, as any close reader of "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" (in the August 1936 *Esquire*) might have intuited. Ernest felt he was living entirely too comfortable a life in Key West. "I could stay on here forever," he told the visiting

writer Matthew Josephson, "but it's a soft life. Nothing's really happening to me here and I've got to get out" (Lynn, *Hemingway*, 485).

The war in Spain gave Hemingway a valid reason to make his departure, along with the opportunity to continue his relationship with Gellhorn. Both of them supported the Loyalist cause, she with an even stronger commitment than his. When Ernest told her about his contract with NANA to report on the war, Martha abandoned her pacifist novel and set about securing reportorial credentials of her own. "Please don't disappear," she wrote Ernest. "Are we or are we not members of the same union? Hemingstein, I am very very fond of you" (Moorehead, *Gellhorn*, 106). As coconspirators they plotted a reunion in Spain. "I have personally already gotten myself a beard and a pair of dark glasses," she reported in mid-February. "Please, please leave word in Paris."

Meanwhile, Hemingway refused Pauline's request to accompany him to Spain, on the grounds that it would be dangerous for her and distracting for him. Considering his secret plans with Gellhorn, he must have felt a pang of guilt when his wife's somewhat embittered farewell letter reached him in New York. "Would love to be with you instead of being here with nobody and the sea," Pauline wrote. "And all those telegrams about Spain and ambulances bring my situation of impending doom pretty near the front door. . . . So goodbye big-shot-in-the-pants, good luck and why not start keeping me informed?" (Lynn, *Hemingway*, 468).

Hemingway made the voyage across the Atlantic with the bullfighter Sidney Franklin and the poet and horseplayer Evan Shipman. Franklin, absolutely without politics but skilled in talking his way into favors and out of trouble, went along as general factotum. Shipman was en route to join the Abraham Lincoln Battalion and fight for the Spanish Republic. After spending ten days in Paris, Hemingway reached Madrid in the middle of March. Less than two weeks later, Martha Gellhorn joined him. It was not easy for her to get there.

First she had to wangle a letter of accreditation from Kyle Crichton, an editor at *Collier's*. She had no firm contract with the magazine, but the letter enabled her to secure a passport for Spain. Held up in Paris for a few days, waiting for papers from the French allowing her to cross the frontier, she looked in vain for other writers to travel with. Finally she set off alone, carrying a knapsack, a duffel bag full of canned food, and fifty dollars in her pocket. She reached Barcelona March 24, and Valencia two days later, where apparently by chance she ran into Franklin, who was gathering provisions. He offered her a ride to Madrid in a car loaded down with ham, coffee, butter, marmalade, and a hundred-kilo basket of

oranges, lemons, and grapefruit. They reached the capital the evening of March 27.

Hemingway was proprietary about Gellhorn from the start. When she appeared at the basement restaurant on the Gran Via where the correspondents ate, Hemingway was surrounded by an admiring coterie of young soldiers. "I knew you'd get here, daughter, because I fixed it so you could," he announced. This was untrue, but Gellhorn accepted it as "one of the foibles of genius." Ernest had circumspectly booked adjoining rooms at the Hotel Florida for them, and on the first night he locked her in her room, presumably to protect her from the pimps and drunks roaming the hallways. Gellhorn was furious but decided to let it pass. Hemingway had much to teach her about war, she knew no Spanish, and as "just about the only blonde in the country," she thought it better to "belong to someone." Two weeks later, according to her account, they went to bed together for the first time (Moorehead, *Gellhorn*, 112–14).

The liaison was uncovered late one night when a rebel shell hit the hotel's water tank, forcing residents into the security of the basement. As John Dos Passos recalled the scene, men and women in various stages of undress scuttled from their rooms, among them Ernest and Martha. The French writer Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, magnificent in a blue velvet dressing gown, solemnly handed a grapefruit from his private store to all who passed his room, while Josephine Herbst took charge of providing coffee until the bombardment was over. They were all stopping at the Florida, home away from home for many foreigners and most correspondents in Madrid.

A sense of camaraderie bound them together, as well as a conviction that they were witnessing—and helping to shape—the course of history. Some became friends for life, with a particularly close bond springing up among Hemingway, Gellhorn, and Herbert Matthews of the *New York Times*. Six weeks after she arrived in Madrid, Gellhorn declared that she found "Spain superb," while Madrid "was heaven, far and away the best thing I have seen or lived through" (Moorehead, *Gellhorn*, 128). Years later, she tried to articulate what she meant. Being in Madrid under siege, in the spring of 1937, gave her a rare "fusion of body and soul," a feeling "of living one's life and believing with one's whole heart in the life around one" (154). She "just *knew* that Spain was the place to stop Fascism" (111). Hemingway shared her conviction and her sense of elation. "I think I can truly say . . . that the period of fighting when we thought the Republic could win the Spanish civil war was the happiest period of our lives," he wrote in 1940 (Bruccoli, *Mechanism of Fame*, 82). For both of them, as for Matthews and

others, the civil war in Spain became a cause of tremendous importance: if it was won the next great war would not have to be fought.

More than anything else—more even than the excitement of their clandestine affair and the daily exposure to enemy bombardment—it was Hemingway and Gellhorn's devotion to this "last great cause" of the struggle against fascism that bound them together. "I think it was the only time in his life when he was not the most important thing there was," she commented years later, after their bitter divorce. "He really cared about the Republic and he cared about that war. I believe I never would've gotten hooked otherwise" (Mellow, *A Life Without Consequences*, 496).

Not everyone felt the way they did about the Republic. In one instance, a journalist dubious about the cause attempted to take advantage of Gellhorn's good nature. This was Frederick Voigt of the *Manchester Guardian*, who arrived in Madrid in April 1937 for a brief visit and began telling the other correspondents that a reign of terror gripped the city and that "thousands of bodies [were] being found." He'd not seen them himself, Voigt admitted, but would not back down from his assertion.

As it happened, Gellhorn was about to travel to Paris, and Voigt persuaded her to carry a sealed envelope with her to be mailed to his newspaper. It was merely a copy of an already censored dispatch he'd sent to the *Guardian*, he assured her; he asked her to mail it for him in case the original did not arrive. Hemingway, hearing about this request, immediately became suspicious. He took Voigt's envelope to the government censor in Madrid. It turned out to contain not a copy of an already censored dispatch but a new one that began: "There is a terror here in Madrid. Thousands of bodies . . ." (Knightley, *The First Casualty*, 198). Had Gellhorn been found with this document, she would have faced charges of smuggling uncensored material out of Spain. Only with difficulty did she persuade Hemingway not to start a fistfight with Voigt, who—fortunately for all parties—soon left town.

The siege of Madrid was at its fiercest in the early months of 1937. During the previous November the Fascist forces had reached the gates of the city, only to be turned back by the Republicans. Both sides then dug in to form a front line that ran through University City and the Casa del Campo. It was only two miles from the main shopping district, and more or less accessible to correspondents damn-fool enough to take the risk. "You took a tram halfway, walked the other half, and you were there," correspondent Virginia Cowles recalled (*Looking for Trouble*, 21).

During the six months after being stopped on the city's outskirts, the Nationalists—using German and Italian artillery—rained shells on down-

town Madrid. Thousands were killed or wounded by the incessant shelling, but ordinary life went on pretty much as usual. People walked on one side of the street because shells usually fell on the other. Department stores emptied for a bombardment and filled up again when it was over. Madrileños went to see Greta Garbo in *Anna Karenina* and the Marx Brothers in *A Night at the Opera*. (Hemingway was convinced that the fascists timed their shelling to coincide with the time the movies let out). The siege drew the people together, Cowles believed. "Everyone was *camarada* and everyone was fighting the Fascists" (38).

Everyone was also hungry, for the usual supply routes were cut off. Queues formed daily, women and children waiting long hours for whatever beans, bread, and rice might be rationed to them. The professional foreign correspondents were only marginally better off at their basement restaurant on the Gran Via. Lunch usually consisted of salami and rice, followed by dinner of salami and beans. But if food was scarce, beer and whiskey were dispensed in abundance to an assemblage that in addition to the journalists included—in Dos Passos's somewhat jaundiced description—"young worldsaviours and . . . members of foreign radical delegations . . . , militiamen and internationals on sprees and a sprinkling of young ladies of the between the sheets brigade" (Dos Passos, *Journeys*, 372).

Hemingway drank his share of the liquor and managed with the aid of Sid Franklin to commandeer quantities of food in short supply. Josie Herbst recalled sitting in the lobby of the Florida as the heavenly odor of bacon and eggs wafted down from rooms 108 and 109 on the fourth floor. Hemingway also had seemingly unlimited access to transport, although gas was rationed and it was hard for most reporters to get a ride anywhere. His fellow correspondents knew that Hemingway was working on a film with Joris Ivens and needed a car and driver to shoot on location but still felt resentful about the privileges granted him—a resentment that tended to dissipate when they got to know him better.

Easily the most famous figure among those covering the Spanish war, Hemingway wore his prominence lightly. There was nothing pretentious about him. "He was a massive, ruddy-cheeked man who went around Madrid in a pair of filthy brown trousers and a torn blue shirt," as Cowles observed (*Looking for Trouble*, 31). The government censor Arturo Barea remembered him as "big and lumbering, with the look of a worried boy on his round face, diffident and yet consciously using his diffidence as an attraction, a good fellow to drink with, fond of dirty jokes 'pour epâter l'Espagnol,' questioning, skeptical and intelligent in his curiosity, skillfully stressing his political ignorance, easy and friendly, yet remote and

somewhat sad" (Barea, "Not Spain," 208). Many nights Hemingway and Gellhorn held open bar in their rooms at the Florida for other correspondents, officers of the International Brigades on leave, and a motley crowd of tourists and tarts.

Hemingway proved useful to his fellow reporters when he discovered a battered apartment house on the outskirts of Madrid whose entire front had been ripped away by a bomb. He called the place "The Old Homestead," and it served as an excellent site from which to observe firefights from a safe distance. On an early April afternoon, he, Gellhorn, Cowles, Dos Passos, Matthews, and the British journalists Sefton (Tom) Delmer of the *Daily Express* and Henry Buckley of the *Daily Telegraph* watched as two Loyalist tanks tried—and failed—to take three houses where rebels were entrenched. War seemed banal at that remove, Cowles thought. Against the wide panorama of rolling hills, the tanks looked like children's toys. Hemingway, who had seen and studied other wars, observed with fascination. "It's the nastiest thing human beings can do to each other, but the most exciting," he said (Cowles, *Looking for Trouble*, 33–34).

To a considerable extent, of course, Hemingway operated under the same restrictions imposed on all correspondents. Everyone had to send dispatches from the Telefonica building directly across from the restaurant, and all dispatches had to clear censorship. Only two outside lines were available, and correspondents scrambled to get first access to them. But for the most part they were friendly competitors, members of the same guild. They lived through the repeated shelling together and adapted—at least two of them said so—by abandoning their sense of self. As she looked back on her time at the Hotel Florida, Josie Herbst could "see it only as a misty sort of unreality. . . . There was a disembodiment about my own entity, which didn't even bother me" (Herbst, *The Starched Blue Sky*, 137). Similarly, Hemingway observed that after two weeks in Madrid he "had an impersonal feeling of having no wife, no children, no house, no boat, nothing." All fear of death vanished. With the world in such a bad way, "to think about any personal future [seemed] very egoistic" (*Selected Letters*, 461).

COMRADE

Joris Ivens and Helene van Dongen turned up in Greenwich Village in March 1936 and set about charming everyone they met. Both Dutch by origin, they came to the United States directly from Moscow, where Ivens had learned his trade as a director of documentary films. Only thirty-

eight, he had already produced two avant-garde films so well regarded that experts spoke of him as "the best new documentarist since Eisenstein" (Koch, *The Breaking Point*, 45).

He and his girlfriend were unusually attractive, and they had come to New York to make films advancing the communist cause. Within a month's time, Ivens touched base with John Dos Passos, and the two of them considered collaborating on a film attacking Hollywood. Dos Passos led Ivens to Archibald MacLeish, who admiringly described the Dutchman as "the great camera man of his time, an absolutely fearless man, a passionate and convinced Communist who was as mild as your grandmother, really quite a lovely guy" (*Reflections*, 112, 119). After the Spanish war broke out, Ivens abandoned the Hollywood project, along with a documentary about Harlem and another about deplorable health care for the poor in Detroit. Instead, he persuaded Dos Passos and MacLeish and others to send him to Spain. There he could shoot a documentary on-site, with fresh footage that would carry immediacy and power.

As Ivens's biographer makes clear, he was working during this time "in close consultation with party and Comintern functionaries" (Koch, *The Breaking Point*, 60). They saw an opportunity in Spain to win support for their goals, at least indirectly, by concentrating their propaganda not on the virtues of communism, but on the vices of fascism. The objective was to organize a Popular Front movement in western democracies against Hitler and Mussolini and against the Spanish Nationalists under Franco those dictators were supporting.

Ivens left for Spain in December 1936, shot a good deal of film involving the war's destruction and death, and came to Paris in February to show the results to the people—including the Communist Party propaganda czar Willi Münzenberg—who would let him know whether he "was making a film, or just newsreel shots." He planned to return to Spain early in March but reversed course and stayed in Paris. William Braasch Watson, an authoritative commentator on the subject, believed that Ivens remained in Paris in order to meet and indoctrinate Hemingway, who had been enlisted by MacLeish and others to write commentary for the film and who was on his way across the Atlantic. Ivens had not read much (if any) of Hemingway's work but understood that an internationally famous novelist could be of considerable benefit to the cause.

The two men met at the Deux Magots and immediately hit it off. As Ivens recalled in his memoirs, "Hemingway seemed to me that day like a simple and direct man, a kind of big boy scout who imposed himself by his physique and his manner of expressing himself. I knew he had

been seriously wounded during the 1914–1918 war. . . . [He] knew Spain in peace, but not in war. In Paris he could see things from a distance, but I knew that once we were [in Spain] things would be different" (Meyers, *Biography*, 311). Hemingway seemed eager to be of help, and as they talked Ivens did his best to advance his political education. Ivens served, Carlos Baker said, as "Ernest's Political Commissar" (*A Life Story*, 307). Going one step further, Watson called Ivens Hemingway's secret "case officer," in the idiom of espionage the person designated "to develop an agent or an asset" (Watson, "Joris Ivens," 39).

Specifically, Ivens instructed Hemingway on the disastrous effects of the U.S. nonintervention policy in Spain. It was the heyday of isolationism in the United States, and most people—including Hemingway in his articles for *Esquire* at the end of 1936—were adamant in their conviction that the country should avoid any entanglement in foreign wars. Following the lead of England, the United States and many other countries signed a Non-Intervention Pact that effectively prevented dispensing aid to the Spanish Republic. It was to prove, as the diplomat Sumner Welles commented in 1944, the most disastrous "of all our blind isolationist policies." Italy and Germany ignored the pact, sending abundant artillery, airplanes, and troops to assist the insurgents. The western democracies sat on their hands, their arms embargo effectively working against the Republicans. Only Soviet Russia sold arms to the Loyalists, but this assistance—in Welles's words—amounted to "only a token compared to that obtained by Franco" (Matthews, *Education*, 93).

All of this was conveyed to Hemingway by Ivens, and in Spain he could see the results for himself in the form of shells launched by German and Italian guns and bombs dropped by their airplanes. Almost immediately he began campaigning in his dispatches for an end to nonintervention, a position diametrically opposed to the antiwar neutrality he'd been advocating back in the States. He lobbied for this change in policy throughout the war, and with even greater passion and frustration as the course of events swung against the Republicans.

During the first weeks of their time together in Madrid, Hemingway regularly accompanied Ivens and cameraman John Fernhout when they were filming. "Hemingway went everywhere with us," Ivens recalled, and he was a great help: carrying heavy cameras, taking orders willingly, speaking demotic Spanish to smooth their way, and suggesting how best to film actual battle scenes. Ivens was politically involved, and Hemingway was not, but they were both brave in the face of danger, strengthening the tie between them. As Ivens said in an interview with Watson, "if

you are on the front line with a man, even for one day, you come to know who he is. We saw each other and we held each other in high regard" (Watson, "Joris Ivens," 49).

Hemingway benefited from the arrangement because Ivens had more or less carte blanche from the authorities to shoot film wherever he wanted. As part of the crew Hemingway could thus go much closer and oftener to the front than other correspondents. On these trips Ivens cemented their friendship and set himself the task of making Hemingway understand the antifascist cause.

In an obscure piece for an even more obscure journal, Hemingway wrote of the difficult conditions he and Ivens and Fernhout encountered while shooting battle scenes. "The first thing you remember is how cold it was; how early you got up in the morning; how you were always so tired you could go to sleep at any time; how hard it was to get gasoline; and how we were always hungry. It was also very muddy and we had a cowardly chauffeur." Then there were hot days, too, when they "ran with cameras, sweating, taking cover in the folds of the terrain on the bare hills," with dust in the nose and hair and eyes and the "great thirst for water, the real dry-mouth that only battle brings" (Hemingway, "The Heat"). To sustain himself Hemingway carried raw onions in his lumberman's jacket that neither Ivens nor Fernhout would eat, though they partook eagerly from the large, flat silver flask of whiskey he brought along.

The crew attached itself to the Twelfth International Brigade to film combat near Morata de Tajuna. Hemingway admired the officers of that brigade, who accepted him as a fellow soldier and as an artist. The convivial General Lukacs, the Hungarian commander, had written novels before the war. The chief medical officer, Werner Heilbrunn, a German Jew, looked "like a weary beggar-monk" as he tirelessly cared for the wounded and organized everything for the filmmakers. Gustav Regler, another refugee from Nazi Germany and a longtime antifascist, served as political commissar of the brigade, a task that he undertook with some reservations after witnessing the first purge trials in Moscow. These men more or less adopted Hemingway, who basked in the warmth of their comradeship. The brigade threw a farewell party for him on May Day, where Lukacs, late at night, played a tune on a pencil held against his teeth, "the music clear and delicate like a flute" (Hemingway, "The Heat").

Back in the States, Hemingway was crushed when he heard that Lukacs had been killed and Regler badly wounded by rebel artillery during a June 16 assault on Huesca and that Heilbrunn, grieving for the loss of Lukacs, had been shot dead by a Rebel plane as he drove alone toward the Pyrenees.

Hemingway cried when the news reached him, for he thought of the dead men as irreplaceable. "There is no man alive . . . who has not cried at a war if he was at it long enough," Hemingway wrote somewhat defensively (Bruccoli, *Mechanism of Fame*, 83). More philosophically, he reflected that "death is still very badly organized in war," an observation he would like to have been able to make "to Heilbrunn, who would grin, and to Lukacs, who would understand it very well" (Hemingway, "The Heat").

The International Brigades were badly needed in Spain, where the Loyalist army consisted largely of untrained and underequipped peasants under the command of inexperienced officers. The internationals were recruited in Europe and North America by the Communist Party, which organized transport to Spain and training. Altogether, about 40,000 came to fight for the Republic, the largest contingents including 10,000 French, 5,000 Germans and Austrians, 3,400 Italians, 2,800 Americans, and 2,000 British. Among them were party members, trade unionists, and left-wing intellectuals and artists who volunteered to stem the tide of fascism. "Our spirit," the English poet Louis MacNeice wrote, "would find its frontier on the Spanish front / Its body in a rag-tag army" (Moorehead, *Gellhorn*, 110).

Most of the Americans saw action in the Abraham Lincoln Battalion, part of the Fourteenth International Brigade. About a third of them were Jewish, and more than half had Communist Party affiliation. But they were less dedicated to Marxist doctrine than to antifascism, regarding the war in Spain as a crusade against Hitler, Mussolini, and Franco's Nationalist forces (who for their part saw the civil war as a crusade against the godless atheism of Marxism). Over a third of the Americans in the Lincoln Battalion lost their lives during the course of the war.

Each of the brigades fought under the command of a general officer appointed by the Communists. None of them were Russians (that would have given the game away), but most had undergone training in Russia. Each of the brigades was also assigned a political commissar, whose role was to stimulate and reinforce the soldiers' dedication to the cause and, if possible, to usher them into the party. John Gates, who served as commissar for the Lincoln Battalion, estimated that from 75 to 80 percent of the volunteers were members of the American Communist Party—the highest percentage in any of the International Brigades. Late in April, Ivens urged Hemingway to write an article "about the great and human function of the political commissar on the front," an endeavor sure to advance the Communist cause (Watson, "Joris Ivens," 51). Hemingway did not write such an article, although he did attempt to write a short story based on one such commissar, his friend Gustav Regler.

Ivens saw it as his duty to bring Hemingway into the communist fold, or at least to make him sympathetic to its goals. When they were not shooting film, and sometimes being shot at, he introduced Hemingway to a number of the war's international participants, most of whom (like Ivens himself) were associated with the worldwide communist movement. The most important introduction was to Mikhail Koltsov, who was headquartered with other Russians at the Hotel Gaylord in Madrid. He brought the two men together, Ivens revealed in an interview with Watson, as part of his campaign to "develop" Hemingway as an asset to the party.

> Koltsov of Pravda and some of the Russians . . . were living in the Gaylord Hotel and I introduced Hemingway to them so that he would know some other communists. That gave him an edge and with it came more confidence . . . because other correspondents did not have this access. So through me he was able to get accurate, first-hand information. I didn't keep any secrets from him. "Yes, here are Russians," [Ivens admitted.] For many people the Gaylord Hotel was some kind of secret center. *I had a plan for Hemingway and I think I used the right tactics*. For this kind of man, I knew how far he could go and that he was not a traitor. *I didn't introduce Hemingway to the Russians when he first asked me. But after four weeks, I thought, now, he is ready to make that step, and it worked*.
>
> (WATSON, "JORIS IVENS," 50; ITALICS ADDED)

Indeed it did work. Ivens's tactics let Hemingway think of himself as an insider privileged to know more about what was going on in Spain than other correspondents. He learned, for example, that Russian communists were taking charge of the political and military structure of the Spanish Republic. But he also became convinced that this was necessary, and that only through the discipline (and sometimes the brutality) of the communists could the crusade against fascism succeed.

Regler used much the same technique to win Hemingway's confidence. As he wrote in his memoir, Regler thought it remarkably fortunate that "at just that time [the spring of 1937], when we were in urgent need of a sympathetic world-opinion to explain our defeats, Ernest Hemingway should have appeared as a war-correspondent on our front." In order to make Hemingway an ally, Regler provided him with "inside stories of operations and crises," as well as "secret material relating to the [Communist] Party" (qtd. in Sanderson, "'Like a Rock,'" 3–4). Like Ivens, he accompanied Hemingway on visits to the Gaylord Hotel for meetings with

Koltsov, who was in the best possible position to dispense information about communist control of the Republican war effort.

Koltsov, nominally a correspondent for *Pravda* and *Izvestia*, was in charge of Russian propaganda and reported directly to Stalin. He was "Stalin's man, Stalin's eyes and ears on the spot," Gellhorn said (Moorehead, *Gellhorn*, 126). Charming, witty, and urbane, with a touch of cynicism, Koltsov captured Hemingway's respect, just as he had that of André Malraux, André Gide, and Louis Aragon. He persuaded Hemingway that he wanted him to understand "how everything was run" so that when he came to write a book about the war he could "give a true account of it" (Koch, *The Breaking Point*, 56). Hemingway, who thought Koltsov "the most intelligent man" he had ever met, sat at his feet and took the indoctrination. "[Koltsov] knew I was not a communist and would never be one," he later commented. But he had seen men die for the cause in the field, and Koltsov knew that he "would not write anything . . . which could hurt the Republic" until the war was over (Mellow, *A Life Without Consequences*, 503).

In his newspaper and magazine reports, Hemingway avoided any mention of the clandestine intelligence Koltsov dispensed about Soviet manipulation behind the scenes or of atrocities committed by the Republicans. To reveal such machinations, he realized, would arouse anticommunist sentiments back in the States and effectively undermine any possibility of American intervention. So he stored that information away for his 1940 novel, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. He was practicing what Ivens called "the law of half truths": "if you're in the domain of class struggle or a war of liberation and a particular truth is in the way of events, then you have to progress beyond that truth if you want to get anywhere" (Schoots, *Living Dangerously*, 127–28).

The film Ivens and Hemingway were making was *The Spanish Earth*, the title coming from MacLeish. Openly propagandistic, it was designed to evoke sympathy for the Spanish people, who were the victims of the war, or more particularly victims of the Nationalists and their fascist supporters, Hitler and Mussolini. In a plot outline, Ivens sketched out the story. In the village of Fuentiduena, a peasant youth works with others on an irrigation project. He joins the Loyalist forces to fight with his regiment in Madrid, returns to train other village boys, then goes back to the front. The film draws a parallel between the irrigation project bringing water to *The Spanish Earth* and the fight for the freedom of that earth. Initially Dos Passos was to have been involved in writing the commentary, with an overriding emphasis on the plight of the common people. By

the spring of 1937, however, Dos Passos and the communists were mutually disillusioned with each other, and Hemingway—who wanted more scenes of actual battle—took over.

After forty-five days in Spain, Hemingway came back home, arriving May 18 on the *Normandie*. He planned to collect Pauline and the boys in Key West and head for Bimini for the summer, but he also had to write the commentary for *The Spanish Earth*, revise the episodic *To Have and Have Not* into a novel, and make a speech at Carnegie Hall. In late May Ivens, van Dongen, and Prudencio de Pereda were editing footage in New York, and Hemingway joined them there to write the script. "Don't write about what you see," Ivens advised him, "don't repeat the image." The trick was to "reinforce the image by writing about related things." Ivens also told him that his script would have to be cut; it was too long and too complicated. Hemingway balked at the criticism, then relented. "Now I see," he said, and wrote a tighter script that better fit text to film (Meyers, *Biography*, 312).

Meanwhile, Martha Gellhorn was using her connections to open doors for the film in progress. On May 28 she had lunch with Eleanor Roosevelt and secured an invitation for herself, Ernest, and Joris to show the final cut of *The Spanish Earth* at the White House. In her newspaper column the next day, Mrs. Roosevelt rather vaguely commented that Gellhorn had come back from Spain "with a deep conviction that the Spanish people are a glorious people and something is happening in Spain which may mean much to the rest of the world" (Lynn, *Hemingway*, 470).

On June 4, Hemingway made the only public speech of his life at the second congress of the League of American Writers, a Popular Front organization headed by his old friend Donald Ogden Stewart. Archibald MacLeish, a liberal but not a party member, chaired the opening program in Carnegie Hall. "Why they chose me I don't know," he said, "except that I was an editor of *Fortune*, so I was the other side. Also, I could produce Hemingway, who they particularly wanted, and nobody else could" (Donaldson, *MacLeish*, 264–65). Actually, though, Ivens was involved in choosing MacLeish *and* in excluding Dos Passos. As Gellhorn wrote Hemingway, Ivens had "a dandy meeting with our pals Archie and Doss [*sic*], and it must have been something. These communists are sinister folk and very very canny. The upshot is that [Archie] is president of the affair and Dos is the poison ivy" (qtd. in Koch, *The Breaking Point*, 222).

A capacity audience of 3,500 jammed a hot and smoky Carnegie Hall for the evening, and another thousand were turned away. Many came

to see and hear Hemingway speak, and he was scheduled last on the program. First MacLeish read telegrams of support from Thomas Mann, C. Day Lewis, Upton Sinclair, and Albert Einstein. Stewart spoke next, reminding the audience how ineffectual it was to adopt the conventional liberal stance of seeing both sides of the question so well that it prevented you from acting on either. Earl Browder, secretary of the Communist Party of the United States, called the assembled writers to action against fascism, not necessarily as communists but under any political banner they chose. Then the "dark serious burning-eyed" Ivens (Folsom, *Days of Anger*, 9) showed a silent draft of *The Spanish Earth* and urged his listeners to join the battle for the Spanish Republic. "This picture," he said in his halting English, "[was] made on the same front where I think every honest writer ought to be." "Where were you in 1937?" posterity would ask of them. "Only talking at the New School?" (Schoots, *Living Dangerously*, 130).

About 10:30 P.M. it was finally Hemingway's turn at the rostrum. Sweaty and uncomfortable in his tweed jacket, and "well-inbibulated" for the occasion, he nervously raced through his brief talk, "A Writer in War Time." Writing and fascism were inherently incompatible, he began. A writer's problem was "always how to write truly and, having found what is true, to project it in such a way that it becomes a part of the experience of the person who reads it." But fascism was "a lie told by bullies," and "a writer who will not lie cannot live under fascism." He then characterized "the totalitarian fascist states" as murderers. He had seen "highly efficient" murdering done by German artillery during the shelling of Madrid. "Every time they are beaten in the field," he said of the enemy, "they salvage that strange thing they call their honor by murdering civilians."

Like Browder and Ivens before him, Hemingway called for the assembled writers to become active participants in the Spanish war. They must decide for themselves, he said, "whether the truth [was] worth some risk to come by." It would be easier "to spend their time disputing learnedly on points of doctrine. And there will always be new schisms and new falling-offs and marvelous exotic doctrines and romantic lost leaders for those who do not want to work at what they profess to believe in, but only to discuss and to maintain positions." But now—and for a long time to come during the "many years of undeclared wars" he anticipated—writers had the opportunity to learn about war for themselves (Hemingway, "Fascism").

It sounded as if Hemingway were trying to shame his listeners into action, yet when he abruptly finished and dashed into the wings, Carnegie

Hall erupted in applause. "It was magnificent," said Paul Romaine, the bookseller who five years before had urged Hemingway to become more political in his writing. Now Hemingway was clearly a companion, a comrade, in the fight against fascism. "How could this fight be lost, with Hemingway on our side?" (Baker, *A Life Story*, 364).

In a letter to Dos Passos, who was not in attendance, the novelist Dawn Powell took a more sardonic view. "About 10:30," she said, "all the foreign correspondents marched on, each one with his private blonde, led by Ernest and Miss Gellhorn, who had been through hell in Spain and came shivering on in a silver fox cape chin-up. . . . Ernest gave a good speech . . . and his sum total was that . . . writers ought to all go to war and get killed and if they didn't they were a big sissy" (Moorehead, *Gellhorn*, 130). Gellhorn herself spoke at the congress the following afternoon, sans the silver fox. In Spain, she declared, writers were judged not by their writing but by whether they were good soldiers.

Two weeks later Ivens cabled Hemingway that he had finished editing *The Spanish Earth*; only the soundtrack was lacking. Ernest flew to New York for final revisions and, in an eleventh-hour change of plans, to record the commentary in his own voice. Previously MacLeish had arranged for Orson Welles to do the narration, but upon hearing it Lillian Hellman and Frederic March thought that Welles's rich theatrical voice clashed with the spare, matter-of-fact script. Better that the author should do the job himself. Hemingway took some persuading—"I don't have the proper training in breathing," he objected—but eventually consented to speak the commentary. Despite his flat Midwestern voice, the result proved extraordinarily successful. "While recording," Ivens said, "Hemingway found the emotions that he had felt at the front [and that] no other voice would have been able to communicate" (Meyers, *Biography*, 314).

Hemingway's script for *The Spanish Earth*, which was published in an unauthorized version by a Cleveland high school student in the summer of 1938, does not pretend to objectivity. To accompany film of the bombardment of Madrid, Hemingway wrote, "Unable to enter the town, *the enemy* try to destroy it," adding that "Madrid, by its position, is a natural fortress and each day *the people* make its defenses more and more impregnable" (Hemingway, *Spanish Earth*, 41). The battle was thus joined between, on our side, "the people" and, on the other side, "the enemy" whose shells killed and maimed innocent civilians. The film took the optimistic position that the people would prevail, winning back possession of their land. As Republican troops are shown advancing, Hemingway's description says that "this is the movement that the rest of the

war prepares for, when six men go forward into death to walk across a stretch of land and by their presence on it prove—this earth is ours. Six men were five. Then four were three, but these three stayed, dug in and held the ground. Along with all the other fours and threes and twos that started out as sixes. The bridge is ours. The road is saved" (qtd. in Cooper, *Politics*, 90).

This was strong stuff, and both Roosevelts were moved by it during the July 8 showing at the White House, their only reservation being that the filmmakers ought to add even "more propaganda" (*Selected Letters*, 460). Afterward, Harry Hopkins said he felt sure the Republicans would win. Hemingway replied that they might very well lose unless the arms embargo was ended and they got the weaponry they needed.

Four days later, Ivens and Hemingway showed *The Spanish Earth* in Frederic March's home for Hollywood's most prominent antifascists: six directors, seven actors, and six writers. The goal of the meeting was to raise money for ambulances in the field. "Now you have seen what it looks like," Hemingway said after the screening, adding that there were some things they could not get into the film. "The way the ground rocks and sways under your belly and against your forehead when the big bombs fall . . . the noises kids make when they are hit, [although] there is a sort of foretaste of that when the child sees the planes coming and yells, 'Aviacion!'" He spoke also of comrades killed in battle. "These men all knew what they were fighting for. . . . It is our fight as much as it is theirs." "I know that money is hard to make," he concluded, "but dying is not easy either." A thousand dollars would have an ambulance "rolling in action" in only four weeks.

F. Scott Fitzgerald, among those in attendance, wrote Max Perkins that Ernest spoke with a "nervous intensity" that had "something almost religious about it." Dorothy Parker was moved to tears. The group contributed seventeen thousand dollars, everyone making a donation except Errol Flynn, who was said to have "escaped through the bathroom window" (Baker, *A Life Story*, 316; Schoots, *Living Dangerously*, 131).

Ivens and Hemingway did not succeed, however, in arranging wide distribution for *The Spanish Earth*. None of the big distributors would take a chance on a documentary with so obvious a bias, and it was shown primarily to film societies and gatherings of viewers committed to the cause. Reviewers generally praised the film, the *New Republic* singling out "the carrying power in understatement" of Hemingway's commentary (Meyers, *Biography*, 316). It reached its widest audience through a four-page spread of stills in *Life* magazine under the heading "The War

in Spain Makes a Movie with Captions by Ernest Hemingway" (Raeburn, "Hemingway on Stage," 9). Ivens was not mentioned.

In the spring of 1937, the friendship between Hemingway and Dos Passos dissolved under pressure of political differences aroused by the war in Spain. A 2005 book by Stephen Koch, *The Breaking Point: Hemingway, Dos Passos, and the Murder of Jose Robles*, presents a damning indictment of Hemingway in this dispute, "an unlovely portrait of the engagé artist as useful idiot" (Packer, "The Spanish Prisoner," 84). Koch undervalued his man, who may have been mistaken but was nobody's fool.

To retell the oft-told story, Dos Passos was a close friend of Jose Robles Pazos, the Spanish translator of his novels. In the summer of 1936, Robles left his professorship at Johns Hopkins to join the Loyalists as a colonel. A linguist who knew Russian as well as English and Spanish, Robles was arrested in December and not heard from again. Dos Passos came to Spain in March to find out what had happened to his friend. Soon after Dos Passos's arrival, Hemingway told him he had the word of Pepe Quintanilla, brother of the artist Luis Quintanilla and head of counterespionage for the Republic, that Robles would receive a fair trial. Nonetheless, Dos Passos was unable to get in touch with Robles or to learn where and under what charges he was incarcerated. Eventually it emerged that Quintanilla had lied, that Robles had been summarily executed. It fell to Hemingway to deliver this news to Dos Passos. Robles must have been "worthless," he told Dos Passos. If the Loyalists shot him, it was because he deserved it (Donaldson, "Dos and Hem," 176).

This terrible news, delivered with casual brutality, devastated Dos Passos. The execution of Robles struck him as disturbingly similar to the behavior of the Soviets during the Moscow purge trials. It seemed to him that Russian communism had appropriated the Republican cause for its own purposes, and that Robles had probably been killed because he "knew too much about the relations between the Spanish war ministry and the Kremlin" (Mellow, *A Life Without Consequences*, 507). Robles also had a brother who fought on the Franco side, rendering him suspect to a government that tended toward paranoia at the least hint of disloyalty or disaffection.

During lunch one day in Madrid with Hemingway, Virginia Cowles, and Josie Herbst, Pepe Quintanilla, familiarly known as the executioner of Madrid, cheerfully acknowledged that he was sometimes overzealous in rooting out enemies of the Republic. Shelling began just as lunch ended, and Hemingway kept insisting that he had to leave; "El Rubio" (the blonde Martha) was waiting for him, he had work to do. "Nonsense," Quintanilla

kept saying, counting the shells as they struck in the street above. Ernest then began asking Quintanilla about his work. Sometimes, he must have made mistakes, hadn't he? "Yes," the executioner admitted, a very few mistakes, and very regrettable, and they had all died very well (Herbst, *The Starched Blue Sky*, 167–70). Hemingway filed the conversation away for his play, *The Fifth Column*, and (for the time being) accepted Quintanilla's position that lethal mistakes must sometimes be made in the pursuit of a greater good.

Dos Passos remained in Spain only briefly after hearing about Robles's death, but long enough to arouse in Ivens a wrath he freely communicated in letters to Hemingway. This correspondence makes it seem likely that Hemingway's callous attitude about Robles and Dos Passos derived in good part from Ivens. In Valencia, where the government was then headquartered, Dos Passos attempted to secure a death certificate that would enable Robles's widow to obtain a pension—a worthy and altruistic endeavor—but continued to ask difficult and embarrassing questions about why his friend had been eliminated. Ivens, also in Valencia at the time, wrote Hemingway that Dos Passos "is running here for the same cause as he did in Madrid. . . . Hope that Dos will see what a man and comrade has to do in this difficult and serious wartime" (qtd. in Schoots, *Living Dangerously*, 126).

Still in search of answers, Dos Passos traveled from Valencia to Barcelona, where he spoke with Andres Nin, leader of the Workers Party of Marxist Unification (POUM) and with George Orwell, who had fought with the POUM militia on the Aragon front. In May 1937 Barcelona was the site of bloody factional uprisings that threatened to tear the Loyalist movement asunder. The Stalinists regarded POUM as dangerously Trotskyite, many POUM members were jailed, and Nin himself was executed. Orwell had to flee the country to avoid arrest, as he wrote in his *Homage to Catalonia*. None of these arrests or executions troubled Ivens in the least. He saw them as necessary to successful prosecution of the war and confided to Hemingway on the clear assumption that he shared the same view. "I still get angry," he wrote Hemingway early in 1938. "when I think of the fact that Dos after being with us went into the POUM office in Barcelona—it [was] not only the worst political thing to do—but more: dirty disloyal to all of us." Thereafter Ivens referred to Dos Passos as an "enemy" and to Robles as "the friend-translator-fascist of Dos Passos" (Schoots, *Living Dangerously*, 127). Hemingway accepted these judgments. In wartime things were not always as they seemed. "If you want to have it simple . . . you can do one thing: take orders and obey them

blindly" even if, in the process, you might well have to renounce friendship (Hemingway, "Three Prefaces," 11).

Ivens did not go back to Spain after finishing *The Spanish Earth*. This astounded Gellhorn, who with Hemingway was to return three more times. Ivens must not have been as committed to the cause as they thought, she concluded. In fact, he was acting under orders from the Comintern, which wanted him to make a film celebrating the rise of Chinese communism. To sponsor and help finance the film, Contemporary Historians segued into History Today, with a board including MacLeish and Broadway producer Herman Shumlin, but not Dos Passos.

Although bound for China himself, Ivens wrote two letters of introduction for Hemingway to communist friends of his in Europe: one to an undersecretary in the propaganda bureau in Valencia, the other to Paul Vaillant Couturier, who edited the newspaper of the French Communist Party. Hemingway "is a very good friend of ours," he told Couturier. "He has done and will do a great deal for our cause, the cause of Spain here in America and in England. . . . I am counting on you to help Ernest Hemingway if he needs anything. A letter for Diaz [José Diaz, head of the Spanish Communist Party] would [also] be good" (qtd. in Watson, "Joris Ivens," 53). Then, as he prepared to leave for China in January 1938, Ivens proposed an undercover arrangement to contribute to Hemingway's continuing political education. "If there is something you would like to talk over with one of our leading people [presumably, communist agents in the United States]," he wrote Ernest, Helene van Dongen would be glad to "fix the rendezvous for you." Destroy this letter, he told Hemingway, who did not (Koch, *The Breaking Point*, 250).

COLLEAGUE

Hemingway, like many American writers, got his start as a newspaperman. Having succeeded as an author after giving up journalism, he felt a measure of scorn for those who stayed in city rooms and never achieved their literary ambitions. Yet it was among newsmen, and particularly foreign correspondents, that he found a number of his friends and mentors.

As a young man Hemingway had a dream job working in Toronto for the *Daily Star* and its Sunday *Star Weekly*. He was headquartered in Paris, with all of Europe as his beat. In 1922 the *Star* sent Hemingway to cover two international meetings, the economic conference in Genoa and the peace conference in Lausanne. He acquired supporters at both conferences. In Genoa he met the superannuated muckraker Lincoln Steffens,

who took an interest in Ernest's fiction. At Lausanne he encountered the impressive and sardonic William Bolitho Ryall, a South African reporting for the *Manchester Guardian*. Ryall was a man of opinions, which he dispensed over dinner to an admiring Hemingway. Those dinners, Carlos Baker said, "marked the real beginning of Ernest's education in international politics" (Baker, *A Life Story*, 102).

Ryall discoursed on "the malady of power," and took pleasure in debunking the great men of the day. Previously, Hemingway had been impressed by Benito Mussolini; after listening to Ryall, he started calling him "the biggest bluff in Europe." Newsmen like Ryall acquired authority by working close to the centers of power. He buttressed his disparagement of Mussolini, for example, by specific reference to what he had seen and heard in the actual presence of the Italian dictator. You had to be there, Hemingway learned. You had to be on the inside.

The lesson stayed with Hemingway when he went to Spain. There he formed a lasting friendship with another correspondent who matched him in bravery and in determination to see the truth for himself. This was Herbert L. Matthews of the *New York Times*, tall, gaunt, serious, and destined to become one of that paper's most distinguished foreign correspondents.

Matthews, like Ivens almost exactly Hemingway's age, was near the beginning of his forty-five-year career with the *Times*. He came to work for the paper after pursuing graduate work in Romance languages at Columbia. Matthews arrived in Madrid in November 1936, fresh from covering the Italian invasion of Ethiopia. By the time Hemingway arrived on the scene in March 1937, Matthews had become a dedicated partisan of the Republicans. This was characteristic of him as an "austere romantic" who, as *Times* editor Max Frankel put it, "yearn[ed] to give history a hand by directing society toward the good and the beautiful" (Frankel, *Times of My Life*, 191). Another *Times* editor, Turner Catledge, summed up Matthews as "an extremely sensitive man. I never saw him laugh; I did see him smile faintly, on occasion. He was a fearless man, ready to run any risk in pursuit of a story. He was also politically committed and concerned, given to deep emotional involvement in the stories he wrote" (Catledge, *My Life*, 265–66).

During the spring of 1937, when Hemingway was not on location with Ivens, he and Matthews often went foraging to the front together in search of stories. In Madrid, where conflicting reports from the propaganda bureaus of the combatants muddied the truth, Matthews learned once and for all the necessity of seeing for himself. His code, like that of

Ryall, resembled that of Dr. Johnson: "Trust as little as you can to report; examine all you can by your own senses."

Sometimes Marty Gellhorn accompanied the two correspondents as they ventured into dangerous territory. Matthews was in love with her, the Lincoln Battalion commander Milton Wolff decided (Moorehead, *Gellhorn*, 118). Usually the British correspondent Tom Delmer rode along too. On one occasion Delmer insisted that their car fly both the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes to proclaim their neutrality, a precaution that backfired when rebel forces, assuming the flags meant staff officers were inside, concentrated their fire on the correspondents' vehicle.

As they faced jeopardy together, the bond between the *Times* man and the famous author grew stronger. In effect Matthews continued the indoctrination of Hemingway that Ivens and Regler had so effectively begun. He did not belong to the Communist Party—he belonged to no party—but Matthews vehemently espoused the Popular Front position that the Spanish Civil War offered the last best chance to stop the rise of fascism in Europe. "Those of us who championed the cause of the Republican government against the Franco Nationalists were right," he maintained. "It was, on balance, the cause of justice, legality, morality, decency" (Knightley, *The First Casualty*, 192).

Most other correspondents felt the same way. Their convictions did not always jibe with the official policies of the countries they came from or the news organizations they represented. But on the ground in Madrid and at the front, they were initiated into an informal fraternity pledged to support the Loyalists and by so doing help to stave off a wider war against fascism. No one felt this way more fervently than Matthews, who regarded his time in Spain—he was there for the entire duration of the war—as the high point of his life and career.

"I know," Matthews wrote in his 1946 *Education of a Correspondent*, "that nothing so wonderful will ever happen to me again as those two and a half years I spent in Spain. . . . There one learned that men could be brothers, that nations and frontiers, religions and races were but outer trappings, and that nothing counted, nothing was worth fighting for, but the ideal of liberty. . . . In those years we lived our best, and what has come after and what is to come can never carry us to those heights again. . . . We left our hearts there" (Matthews, *Education*, 67–68). And Hemingway was very much part of that experience. They were correspondents and comrades and colleagues. More than that, they were friends. Matthews thought Hemingway "great-hearted and childish, and perhaps a little mad," but wished there could be more like him. For Matthews, he

represented "much that is brave and good and fine in a somewhat murky world" (Mellow, *A Life Without Consequences*, 496).

As the *Times* man in Spain, Matthews was one of the best-known correspondents reporting on the war. His editors at the paper were sometimes reluctant to print those of his dispatches—and of Hemingway's, which came to them as part of their participation in NANA—that seemed openly hostile to the Nationalist side. The powerful Catholic lobby in the United States tried to pressure the newspaper into recalling Matthews, whom they called "a rabid Red partisan" (Moorehead, *Gellhorn*, 124). And in the news room itself there were people who agreed with his critics. *Times* editorials backed the government's anti-intervention policy throughout the war, and the news side expected objectivity from its reporters in the field.

In order to cover the war with impartiality, the *Times* devised a policy that, while sensible in theory, proved a disaster in practice. The newspaper decided to print the news from both sides, with William P. Carney, a Catholic correspondent who felt strongly about Republican mistreatment of the clergy, assigned to Franco's forces, and Matthews to the Republicans. Their competing stories were to run to the same length and be given equal prominence. One problem was that Carney was not in Matthews's class as a correspondent, so that the *Times* often overplayed a bad story while cutting a good one. This unfortunate situation was made worse by the pro-Catholic orientation of the *Times* "bullpen," the cadre of senior editors who decided on how to handle incoming dispatches.

In particular, night managing editor Raymond H. McCaw decided that both Matthews and Hemingway were "too strongly prejudiced in favor of the Government side." Theoretically McCaw worked under the direction of managing editor Edwin L. (Jimmy) James, but in practice James ceded all decision making to McCaw when he left the office for the evening. As the former city editor Arthur Gelb described the procedure, McCaw "had final say about editing of stories, their space allotment and position, and, most importantly, which stories would appear on page one" (Gelb, *City Room*, 121). McCaw often cut Matthews's copy or buried it well inside the paper.

In March 1937, for example, a large Nationalist offensive towards Guadalajara was turned back by the Loyalists. Matthews went to the front and found that the routed troops were Italian. He interviewed Italian prisoners, saw the weapons they had left behind, witnessed dead Italians being buried, and filed a dispatch to the *Times*. This report established for the first time that Mussolini was sending not only armaments to aid the

Nationalists but an expeditionary force as well—a matter of considerable political and emotional importance. To emphasize the point, Matthews wrote that the troops "were Italian and nothing but Italian." McCaw on the night desk changed it to read that they "were Insurgent and nothing but Insurgent," and substituted "Insurgent" for "Italian" throughout, entirely obliterating what the correspondent reported. Not content with this intentional distortion of the facts, McCaw cabled Matthews, chiding him for the story. The only papers to emphasize that the attacking troops were Italian were those in Moscow, he maintained. (This was inaccurate, for Hemingway stressed the same point in his NANA dispatches). "We cannot print obvious propaganda for either side even under bylines," McCaw maintained (Matthews, *World in Revolution*, 25–28).

Matthews was naturally indignant about such treatment. Deeply concerned with the ethical obligations of the foreign correspondent, he believed that "an open, honest bias" was not only permissible but to be expected from chroniclers in the field, especially during wartime. With McCaw and the Catholic campaign against him in mind, he later set forth his convictions. "I always felt the falseness and hypocrisy of those who claimed to be unbiased and the foolish, if not rank stupidity of editors and readers who demand objectivity or impartiality [from war] correspondents" (Matthews, *World in Revolution*, 12). As human beings, these correspondents naturally had feelings and opinions that emerged in their reporting. "In condemning bias," Matthews asserted, "one rejects the only factors which really matter—honesty, understanding and thoroughness. A reader has a right to ask for all the facts; he has no right to ask that a journalist or historian agree with him" (qtd. in Knightley, *The First Casualty*, 195).

Raymond McCaw criticized Hemingway as well as Matthews and often consigned his NANA stories to the wastebasket. In June 1937, just as Hemingway and Jack Wheeler were preparing to sign a new contract, McCaw complained to the NANA editor about Hemingway's pro-Republican bias. Wheeler did not agree, arguing that Hemingway was simply trying to report what he saw and to give NANA the "straight, unbiased, colorful reporting" it wanted (Wheeler to Hemingway, 8 June 1937). Upon hearing about this discussion, Hemingway placed McCaw and the night desk at the *Times* near the top of his enemies' list.

Was McCaw right? Did Hemingway slant his reporting from Spain? Not ordinarily in the eye-witness accounts of battle that the intrepid correspondent sent back from the front. There Hemingway drew upon his considerable knowledge of tactics to describe in unusual detail what was

going on and why. But the charge definitely had merit where the choice of material was concerned. In vividly describing the mutilation of civilians by fascist bombs, in repeatedly citing the involvement of the Italian and German dictatorships on the Nationalist side, and in adopting a false optimism about the chances of an eventual Republican victory, Hemingway tilted his copy to the left. Nor would he—or Matthews or Gellhorn—acknowledge in their dispatches the persecutions and summary executions that they knew the Republicans were carrying out or the control they knew that Soviet Russia was exercising over the government and military.

Gellhorn, who was damned if she would practice "all that objectivity shit" (Moorehead, *Gellhorn*, 125) the journalism schools taught, wrote an incendiary letter to the *Times* in defense of Matthews when he came under attack by the Catholics. With Hemingway, she shared Matthews's conviction that good reporters should write with their hearts as well as their minds and that in a war they had to take sides. If effect, all three of them were affiliated with the propaganda effort to bring the western democracies over to the Republican side. The battle was on for the hearts and minds of the American people, and although, yes, Hemingway and Matthews reported accurately on what they saw in the field, they chose an angle of vision that they hoped would win that battle for the Loyalists.

During 1936 and 1937, most Americans remained indifferent to the civil war in Spain. More than two-thirds of the public, the Gallup polls found, did not care which side won. But those who did care cared passionately. About 20 percent, disturbed by the intervention of Hitler and Mussolini, supported the Loyalists. Another 10 percent, motivated by hatred of communism, favored the insurgents. The two groups were divided by religious as well as ideological convictions, with the Roman Catholics supporting Franco and the Jews on the side of the government.

The news media generally stayed neutral, in effect adopting Washington's anti-intervention policy. A few publications, like *Time* magazine, opposed the Republicans from the start. *Time*'s coverage presented a highly favorable view of Francisco Franco, characterizing him as a soft-spoken, serious man of "soldierly simplicity," blessed with a winning sense of humor. The magazine's use of nomenclature also revealed its slant. Instead of referring to the government forces as Republicans or Loyalists, *Time* called them "Reds." Similarly, the opposition led by the "smiling Generalissimo Franco" was designated as "Whites," not rebels or insurgents. Readers were inevitably swayed by the terminology. "Reds" meant "communists," who were to be feared. "Whites" symbolized innocence and purity (Donaldson, *MacLeish*, 277–78).

After Hemingway's June 1937 star turn at the League of American Writers Congress in Carnegie Hall, he was invited to represent the United States at the Congress of the International Association of Antifascist Writers, held the following month in Madrid and Valencia. The congress brought together delegates from several European and Latin American countries, all dedicated to developing sympathy for Republican Spain. Hemingway could not be there: "regret finishing ivens film makes absolutely impossible attend madrid congress," he wired André Malraux in a telegram slimmed down to ten words (20 June 1937).

He was also busy revising *To Have and Have Not*. Cuts had to be made to avoid libeling Jane Mason and John Dos Passos in their thinly disguised fictional selves as Helene Bradley and Richard Gordon. In addition, Hemingway shuffled his previous drafts "to counterpoint the 'haves' (the very rich and the supercilious writers) and the 'have nots' (working poor and displaced vets)." Then he wrote eight new pages for an ending, culminating with Harry Morgan's dying words. "One man alone ain't got. No man alone now. . . . No matter how a man alone ain't got no bloody fucking chance."

"It had taken him a long time to get it out and it had taken him all of his life to learn it," Hemingway added in the book's final sentence (Reynolds, *Hemingway: 1930s*, 269–70).

This ending represented something new in Hemingway's fiction—a change from concentration on the courage in defeat of the isolated protagonist to a statement that men, and particularly working-class men, needed to band together against inimical economic and political forces. When *To Have and Have Not* came out in October, in an apparent shift of policy *Time* ran a cover story on Hemingway celebrating his newly awakened social consciousness, wrongly describing Harry Morgan as his "most thoroughly consistent, deeply understandable character," and pointing out that the author had gone back to war-torn Spain where, in the prime of life at thirty-nine, he chose "to be in the midst of death" ("All Stories," 84–85).

Before leaving, Ernest felt compelled to explain himself to Pauline's mother in Arkansas. In two weeks' time, his letter of August 2 said, he would be on his way "back to Spain where, if you get your politics from direct or indirect [Catholic doctrine], you know I am on the wrong side and should be destroyed with all the other Reds. After which Hitler and Mussolini can come in and take all the minerals they need to make a European war." In this letter he also dealt with Mrs. Pfeiffer's urging him to stay at home to spend more time with his sons. "Dear Mother I am sorry

about going back to Spain and I think what you write about staying here and looking after the boys is very sound. But when I was there I promised them I would be back and while we cannot keep all our promises I do not see how not to keep that one. I would not be able to teach my boys much if I [broke that promise]" (*Selected Letters*, 460–61).

He did not mention Martha Gellhorn, or that they were both on their way back to Spain, discreetly traveling on separate ships and taking adjoining rooms at the Hotel Florida. The war had not gone well in their absence. Madrid had "a grim look" about it, two-thirds of the country lay in Nationalist hands, and Republican losses were steadily mounting. Still, Hemingway's room became a refuge for officers on leave from the International Brigades. "Among the American visitors, the outstanding one, and the one best loved by the Lincoln boys, was, with Matthews, Ernest Hemingway," Edwin Rolfe of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade said. "That such a man, with so pre-eminent a position in the world, was devoting all of his time and effort to the Loyalist cause did much to inspirit those other Americans who were holding the first-line trenches" (Bruccoli, *Mechanism of Fame*, 69).

Ernest and Martha entertained other visitors as well. Lillian Hellman came to dinner, contributing nothing to the evening except grumpiness and ill feeling. Mikhail Koltsov, a more entertaining guest, told a story about the poison he had been given to administer to Russians in case the Nationalists took Madrid. The Kremlin did not want it known that there were Russians in Spain.

As before, Hemingway and Gellhorn saw a great deal of Matthews, both professionally and socially. In late September, the three of them climbed rocky trails to observe the area around Belchite on the Aragon front, where a successful Loyalist offensive temporarily lifted the prevailing climate of gloom. Joined by Delmer, the correspondents went to see Brunete in early October, peering down from the heights at rebel troops occupying the city. On November 8, Gellhorn's twenty-ninth birthday, Matthews presented her with a large basket of flowers and somehow produced caviar, pâté, and other delicacies, while Hemingway supplied the champagne. The occasion was nearly ruined by Martha's having heard that "malicious gossip" about herself and Hemingway was circulating back in the States—gossip more hurtful because for the most part true (Moorehead, *Gellhorn*, 138).

Hemingway's single greatest combat adventure involved the capture of Teruel by the Republicans in December 1937. Franco planned to split the Republic in two, driving from the northwest down to the sea to cut

off Valencia (then the government's headquarters) from Barcelona. Nationalist propagandists were claiming that their troops would reach the Mediterranean in a month's time. The Rebel stronghold Teruel, a well-fortified mountain city, was to serve as the point of entry from which this salient would be launched. The Loyalist assault on the city, during a fierce blizzard, caught the Nationalists completely by surprise.

Only three correspondents—Hemingway and Matthews and Delmer—were there when Teruel fell to the Loyalists late on Monday, December 20. "On four occasions" during the previous ten days, Matthews recalled, "we drove, worked, and wrote for more than twenty-four hours . . . at a stretch. I have never in my life experienced such cold. We rarely got a square meal" (Meyers, *Biography*, 316). Harsh though the conditions were, Hemingway and Matthews agreed that the fall of Teruel "was the greatest day of our lives." Matthews referred to it as "the day we took Teruel," and if that was not entirely accurate, it was close enough (Matthews, *Education*, 7, 96). A great victory had been achieved, one that might change the course of the war, and they were there—not watching from a distance but walking into the city like conquering heroes. It was exhilarating.

Hemingway is supposed to have written three separate dispatches about the battle for Teruel. Only two have survived, and they rank with the best nonfiction pieces he ever created. He began the first dispatch, datelined Sunday, December 19, by stressing the triumph of the underdog. "In the biggest upset expert opinion has received since Max Schmeling knocked out Joe Louis, Government forces, while all the world awaited a Franco drive, launched a large-scale surprise offensive against Teruel Wednesday morning." After three days of fighting in a blinding snowstorm, they reached the outskirts of the city. Hemingway brought the weather and the battle to life in passages of description. On Friday, he and Matthews and Delmer watched the Loyalist troops—all Spanish, no internationals—advance "from a hillside above the town, crouching against boulders and hardly able to hold field glasses in a fifty-mile gale which picked up snow from the hillside and lashed it against our faces." He offered two more similes to communicate the conditions: it was "cold as a steel engraving and wild as a Wyoming blizzard on the Hurricane Mesa." Horses could not have stood it. Cars had their radiators frozen and cylinder blocks cracked. But men could and did fight through the storm. The lesson was that "you need infantry still to win battles and impregnable positions are only as impregnable as the will of those that hold them."

To send this dispatch, Hemingway had to drive to Valencia, where Constancia de la Mora, who had replaced Berea and Ilse Kulczar as director

of censorship, approved it for cabling to NANA. "As this is filed and the result is not known," Hemingway concluded, "this correspondent is returning to Teruel by all-night driving with two frozen fingers and eight hours of nonconsecutive sleep in the last seventy-two" (Hemingway, "Dispatches," 61–63).

He arrived in time to participate in the taking of the city. The weather had moderated but not the intensity of the fighting. "At 11:20 this morning," Hemingway's report began, "we lay on top of a ridge with a line of Spanish infantry under heavy machine gun and rifle fire. It was so heavy that if you lifted your head out of the gravel you had dug your chin into . . . the machine guns on the next ridge beyond would lift the top of your head off. You knew this because you had seen it happen." Later they broke for the center of the advanced positions, "not a nice place to be either." The soldier Hemingway was lying next to was having trouble with his rifle, which jammed after every shot, and Hemingway showed him how to knock the bolt open with a rock. Then suddenly they heard cheering along the line as the fascists broke and ran "in a leaping plunging gait that is not panic but retreat." It went on like that all day, and by nighttime they were six kilometers beyond the site of the first attack.

At dusk Matthews and he were watching government planes swoop down to bomb enemy positions inside Teruel when two trucks full of dynamiters drove up, looking like a group of kids on their way to a football game. Under cover of machine gun and automatic rifle fire, they slipped quietly up to the edge of the town, hesitated a moment behind a wall, and "then came the red black flash and roar of the bombs and over the wall and into the town they went."

"How'd it be to follow them into the town?" Hemingway asked the colonel in charge.

"Excellent," the colonel said. "Marvelous project."

So, in "the pleasant autumn feeling dusk we walked the road down hill and into Teruel. . . . In town the population all embraced us, gave us wine, asked if we didn't know their brother, uncle, cousin in Barcelona, and it was very fine. We had never received the surrender of a town before and we were the only civilians in the place. I wonder who they thought we were. Tom Delmer looks like a bishop, Matthews like a Savanarola and me like, say, Wallace Beery three years back."

A burst of exultant sarcasm in Hemingway's concluding paragraph erased any doubts about where he stood. The New York papers just arrived in Madrid, Hemingway said at the end, were still talking about Franco giving the government five days to surrender before starting a

final triumphant offensive. So "it seemed just a little incongruous . . . to be walking tonight into Teruel, that great Franco strongpoint, from which they were to drive to the sea in thirty days" (Hemingway, "Dispatches," 64–68).

Hemingway wrote this dispatch as a typescript rather than in cablese, and sent it by courier to Madrid with an explanation for John Wheeler at NANA: "UNCABLESED TODAY ACCOUNT COLOUR YOU ALSO BUYING STYLE" (Hemingway, "Dispatches" 64).

He rightly believed that he had done a real piece of writing in his dispatches from Teruel, especially the second one, and he didn't want editors tampering with his copy. He was accordingly furious when he discovered that NANA did not want to see his third report from Teruel and that the *New York Times* had not bothered to run either of the first two. Word reached him in Paris, where Pauline was awaiting him in an attempt to save their marriage, and provoked an angry cable to NANA headquarters in New York.

> LEFT PARISWARD WHERE WIFE ILL AFTER HOLDOWN TERUEL ORDER. WAITED THREE MONTHS PROSTORY. FILED FIRST SUNDAY LONDON TEN HOURS BEFORE ANY COMPETITION. SARGINT [H. J. J. Sargint, head of NANA's London office] MADE WEDNESDAY MORNING HERALD. UNDERSTAND TIMES UNUSED. CONGRATULATE THEIR CATHOLIC NIGHT DESK. COVER BATTLE ENTER CITY WITH INFANTRY DRIVE DAY NIGHT SEVEN DAYS AHEAD FILING ALL THROWN AWAY. NICE WORK IF YOU CAN GET IT.
>
> (HEMINGWAY, "DISPATCHES" 60)

NANA cabled back that the *Times* had slopped his dispatches because Matthews, its correspondent, was sending similar stories, and suggested that Hemingway come back to the United States. "TIMES USAGE MATTHEWS STORIES SEEMS REASON THEY UNPUBLISHED YOUR TERUEL ARTICLES STOP SUGGEST YOU UNTAKE FURTHER RISK SPAINWARD THIS TIME FAVOR YOUR RETURN REGARDS" (8 January 1938). Ernest was already planning to return, and he had his own ideas about where NANA might stick its regards and why the *Times* hadn't used his material.

His resentment was still festering when he wrote his first wife, Hadley, about it on January 31. He'd had the "most godwonderful housetohouse fighting story ready to put on wire" when NANA cabled him they didn't want any more. Then "the catholic night desk on the Times threw away

all my stuff and cut my name out of Matthews dispatches and just last night in bed read in Time about how Matthews was the only newspaperman to actually be in Teruel. But first the Times retook the town for Franco on the strength of a [Nationalist headquarters] Salamanca communiqué. They refused to use my stuff so NANA would cable me to lay off" (*Selected Letters*, 462). In his fury Hemingway may have exaggerated the perfidy of the *Times*. He was probably right, though, in his implication that McCaw on the night desk decided not to run his dispatches, no matter how excellent or hard-won they were, because of their pro-Republican bias.

In fact, the *New York Times* played down the taking of Teruel in its issues of Tuesday and Wednesday, December 21 and 22. The Tuesday paper carried two accounts about the Loyalist offensive, both filed at a considerable distance from the action. The Associated Press story, from Hendaye, France, said that "three government columns *were reported* today to have captured the center of besieged Teruel" and that "a violent house-to-house battle *was reported* raging within Teruel." Obviously, these were not eyewitness reports. This dispatch characterized the campaign as the biggest government drive of the war but concluded with a reminder that its largest previous offensive, using 40,000 troops against Brunete, had failed to attain its objective. The second article in the *Times*, wired anonymously from San Sebastian, presented the insurgent side of the story. According to this account, their forces had recaptured several villages near besieged Teruel and "Generalissimo Francisco Franco's aviation gained a clear victory in the Teruel sector yesterday, shooting down ten planes." Nothing was said about the fall of the city ("Attackers Claim," "Rebels Say").

Wednesday's *Times*, under a "Teruel Captured, Madrid Announces" headline, used an AP story that led off with "the Spanish Government tonight announced the capture of Teruel, key city of the Insurgent salient, 135 miles east of Madrid" and ended with the validating information that "newspaper reporters in Madrid were invited to visit Teruel tomorrow." Once again the newsman filing the story, datelined Madrid, could furnish no information from the site, and apparently in the interests of objectivity, included a disclaimer from an Insurgent general saying "he had received no confirmation of Teruel's fall, but 'if so, it is only an episode in the struggle without importance'" ("Teruel Captured").

Not until Thursday, December 23, did Matthews's account of the taking of Teruel finally appear in the *Times*. Matthews's story concentrated solely on the Monday, December 20, fighting that ended with "your correspondent and two other journalists" strolling into the town. Sent "wire-

less to the New York Times" but "delayed," Matthews's dispatch did in fact duplicate much that Hemingway had written in his second, courier-sent dispatch from Teruel. Both stressed how dangerous the conditions were as the Loyalist troops struggled to traverse the last four miles into the city and how the correspondents were greeted as liberators by the men and women and children who had lived in their cellars during the six-day siege. But there were significant differences between the two reports as well. Matthews did not communicate the same sense of "being there" to his readers that Hemingway achieved in his dispatch, as in its under-fire opening scene and the brief conversation with the colonel about entering the city. On the other hand, Matthews gave his report greater structure, concentrating on the Loyalist assault on the insurgents' strongly fortified Mansueto Hill and providing an ongoing timeline for the battle that lasted all day and into the evening (Matthews, "Stronghold Reduced").

Unlike the Tuesday and Wednesday articles about Teruel, which both appeared on page sixteen, Matthews' eyewitness account began on page one, with a jump to page ten. The *Times* accompanied it with three other stories: two AP dispatches from Hendaye and another from Madrid. All of these represented the occupation of Teruel as an important Loyalist victory. "The fall of Teruel," according to the lead on the AP dispatch from Madrid, "was acclaimed here as marking the turn of the tide of the civil war for the government forces" ("Madrid Hails").

On the following day, however, the *Times* reversed course, running another page one story—"Rebel Artillery Rushed to Teruel"—to the effect that the battle was far from over. Sent "Wireless to the New York Times" from San Sebastian (a long way from Teruel) under the byline of William P. Carney, the story served as a corrective to Matthews's vivid on-the-scene dispatch. According to Carney, General Franco had visited the front, insurgent aviation was controlling the skies, and there were still 400 rebels holding out within Teruel. Carney's dispatch, dependent on insurgent data, reported 15,000 Loyalist casualties in the fighting, with 3,000 dead. An AP story from Teruel itself, quoting the government minister of defense, said that there were only 900 Loyalist casualties. Readers of the *Times* could choose whichever version of the truth best suited their prejudices ("Rebel Artillery"; "400 Rebels").

A week later, Carney inaccurately reported—again from a safe distance—that the Nationalists had recaptured Teruel, adding that the citizens joyfully welcomed Franco's troops with cheers and fascist salutes. The day the *Times* ran the story, Matthews and the photographer Robert Capa arrived in Teruel (Hemingway had gone to Paris to celebrate Christmas with

his wife Pauline) and found it still in Republican hands. He duly filed a story to that effect, with eye-witness details to back it up.

This sort of "fair and balanced" handling by the *New York Times* infuriated Hemingway as well as Matthews. Matthews was "a wonderful guy," he thought, and they were colleagues rather than competitors. When he heard that Matthews's book, *Two Wars and More to Come*, was scheduled for January 1938 publication, Hemingway cabled a blurb from Paris for use in advertising. "Herbert L. Matthews," he wrote, "is the straightest the ablest and the bravest war correspondent writing today. He has seen the truth where it was very dangerous to see and in this book he brings that rarest commodity to you. In a world where faking is far more successful than the truth he stands like a gaunt lighthouse of honesty. And when the fakers are all dead Matthews will be read in the schools to find out what really happened" ("Ernest Hemingway Cables"). For Hemingway, Matthews, and most of the war correspondents in Spain, the principal "faker" was surely Carney, whose frequently false, pro-Franco dispatches sent at a safe distance from the front were designed to placate Catholic and other readers of the *New York Times* opposed to the Loyalists.

Aside from newspaper dispatches, Hemingway's major project for the fall of 1937 was to write *The Fifth Column*, his only play. *The Fifth Column* patently laid out the case for the Republican cause in Spain, and he was eager to see it published as soon as possible. In another cable from Paris early in January 1938 he urged the play's merits on Max Perkins. Following a query about sales of *To Have and Have Not* and a reference to the book of his collected stories Scribner's was interested in, Hemingway added, "ALSO MUST REMEMBER PLAY HIGHLY PUBLISH-ABLE PROBABLY BEST THING EYVE EVER WRITTEN WOULD BE POSSIBLE COMBINE IT WITH PRESENT THREE UNPUBLISHED STORIES ["The Capital of the World," "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro"] MAKE GOOD LENGTH BOOK COULD SETUP IMMEDIATELY" (Hemingway and Perkins, *Only Thing*, 252–53).

When Perkins had a chance to read the play, he shared his author's enthusiasm. *The Fifth Column* was "extraordinarily fine," he thought, and he'd been "mightily impressed" and "moved" by it. The play "confirm[ed] what *To Have* showed, that you have marched forward into new fields, and large ones" (*Only Thing*, 257). In July Hemingway had a new proposal for Perkins. Scribner's was planning to publish his collected stories in the fall. "Now what about the Fifth Column starting the whole thing off?" he suggested. Either that or bring out "The Fifth Column and the three new stories," saving the collection for later (*Selected Letters*, 470). Perkins opted for the first

idea, and in October 1938 *The Fifth Column and the First Forty-nine Stories* appeared. Despite the play's placement at the beginning, most reviewers devoted their attention to the stories. What comments they made on the play were usually unfavorable.

Over time, Hemingway's opinion of his own play changed; eventually he labeled it "probably the most unsatisfactory thing I ever wrote" (*Byline*, 246). Much of his disillusionment stemmed from his unhappy experience of trying to get the play produced on Broadway—a project that took three years to develop, so long that by the time audiences actually saw *The Fifth Column* its propaganda value was drastically diminished. He realized, as he wrote Perkins, that he should have written it as a novel, but "there wasn't time while we were waiting for Teruel" (*Selected Letters*, 479).

In his seminal essay on *The Fifth Column*, John Raeburn described the play as "less egregiously propagandistic" than *The Spanish Earth* but nonetheless "intended to rally support for Republican Spain and to celebrate the unyielding commitment of those fighting for it" (Raeburn, "Hemingway on Stage," 7–8). Actually, Hemingway's play conveys an entirely different message than the documentary film he worked on the previous spring. Whereas *The Spanish Earth* celebrated the indigenous Spaniard peasants who rallied to the cause, *The Fifth Column* emphasized foreign contributions to the Loyalist war effort, which gains significance as the first battle in the international struggle against fascism. Philip Rawlings, the protagonist, praises the American volunteers with the Lincoln Battalion. It's an "awfully good battalion," he tells his companions; "it's done such things that it would break your damn heart if I tried to tell you about it" (Hemingway, *Fifth*, 56). Offstage, soldiers are heard singing anthems of the left such as "The Internationale" and "The Partizan." When they get to "Bandera Rossa," Rawlings declares that "the best people I ever knew died for that song" (85). The German communist Max, a sympathetic figure, spells out the reasons why he is fighting. "You do it so *no one* will ever be hungry. You do it so men will not have to fear ill health and old age; so they can live and work in dignity and not as slaves" (108).

Then there was the matter of the fifth column itself, and how to deal with it. The phrase originally referred to fascist sympathizers within besieged Madrid, conspiring to subvert the Loyalists. In the spring of 1937 the government created a counterespionage agency, the SIM, to combat these and other subversives. From the start, according to historian Hugh Thomas, "the SIM employed all the odious tortures of the NKVD" (the Soviet Union's secret espionage agency) and became "the bureaucratic instrument . . . through which the Communist Party murdered its enemies"

(Raeburn, "Hemingway on Stage," 13). In Hemingway's play, the Seguridad (his name for the SIM) is embodied in the character of Antonio, a figure modeled on Pepe Quintanilla, and the enemies Antonio ferrets out and executes are indeed fascists (except when mistakes were made). Under the rules of war, Hemingway asserted in his preface to *The Fifth Column and the First Forty-nine Stories*, fifth column operatives "deserved to be [shot] . . . and they expected to be" (Light, "Of Wasteful Deaths," 68). In actuality, the SIM did much of its deadliest work not against actual fascist spies but against factions on the left threatening the dominance of the Russian Stalinists in Spain. Hemingway knew about these activities but chose not to write about them. He did not want to complicate or compromise his message.

The Fifth Column is a didactic play, designed along Brechtian lines as a "fusion of instruction and entertainment" (Block and Shedd, *Masters of Modern Drama*, 841). Like most didactic works, it suffers from stereotyped and single-dimensional characterization. The theme of love vs. duty is played out through the figures of Philip Rawlings and Dorothy Bridges, neither of whom emerges as a fully developed character. Rawlings is a caricature of Hemingway himself, or rather—as Raeburn put it—"a caricature of a caricature, Hemingway's public personality of the 1930s touched up . . . and burnished with the luster of a righteous cause" ("Hemingway on Stage," 9). He drinks and gets into fights, walks like a gorilla, likes sandwiches made of bully beef and raw onions, and rarely takes baths. He is also an insider, privy to the "true gen," who can pronounce sound judgments on the fate of others.

As Michael Maiwald points out, *The Fifth Column* is constructed along the lines of a romantic triangle, with Rawlings torn between the idealistic Max and the long-legged blonde Dorothy Bridges. Bridges is a far from flattering version of Martha Gellhorn. Hemingway supplies her with Gellhorn's "curiously cultivated accent," her distaste for dirt and disorder, even her silver-fox cape. The Moorish tart Anita warns Rawlings against getting mixed up with Dorothy. "Listen, you don't want make mistake now with that big blonde," To which he replies, "You know, Anita, I'm afraid I do. . . . I want to make an absolutely colossal mistake" (Hemingway, *Fifth*, 66). Besides, Anita is unjust to Dorothy, he says. "Granted she's lazy and spoiled, and rather stupid, and enormously on the make. Still she's very beautiful, very friendly, and very charming and rather innocent—and quite brave" (68–69). Gellhorn could hardly have been pleased with this portrait or with the way her character is dismissed at the end when Rawlings, pleading a higher calling, announces that his time "is the

Party's time. . . . And where I go now I go alone, or with others who go there for the same reason I go." She cannot come along (131).

Why Hemingway "in the early blush of a romance" should have created such transparent representations of himself and his lover and why he should have had his alter ego spurn the lover in the name of duty pose interesting biographical questions. Perhaps, Raeburn suggested, by doing so Hemingway "projected and assuaged his guilt at his disloyalty to his wife Pauline" ("Hemingway on Stage," 8). Perhaps, too, he wanted somehow to reassure Pauline or himself that despite his affair with Martha he had not yet committed himself to her.

The Hemingways had been back in Key West barely a month before Ernest decided to return to Spain, armed with a six-week contract from NANA. The situation was worsening for the Loyalists. Franco's troops retook Teruel (truly) on February 21 and resumed their drive to the Mediterranean that sought to split the Republic in two. It was beginning to look as if the defeat of the Spanish Republic was inevitable, but as always Hemingway wanted to be where the action was and to advance the cause in any way he could. He and Martha Gellhorn rendezvoused in Miami on March 4 and agreed to meet in Spain as soon as possible. On March 15 Hemingway wrote Perkins that he couldn't sleep at night. "I feel like a bloody shit to be here in Key West when I should be in Aragon or in Madrid," he said (Watson, "'Old Man,'" 152). The next day, the Rebels began bombing Barcelona, eighteen raids in forty-eight hours. Many bombs fell in the city's most crowded quarters, killing and injuring helpless civilians. Blood flowed into the gutters. Matthews, who was on the scene, reported that he had witnessed "things which Dante could not have imagined" (Moorehead, *Gellhorn*, 144).

It was in this climate of frustration and near-despair that Hemingway ran into Dos Passos in New York during a party at Gerald and Sara Murphy's penthouse apartment. The meeting was not auspicious. Archibald MacLeish detected "a terrible icy coldness" between the two men. "You think for a long time you have a friend," Dos Passos told Gerald Murphy, "and then you don't" (Koch, *The Breaking Point*, 251–52). Ten days later, Hemingway broke the friendship forever in a scathing letter from Paris. He had just finished reading Dos Passos's article in the February 1938 *Redbook*. The article, excerpted from his book *Journeys Between Wars*, described the lunch when the Fifteenth International Brigade was, presumably, converted into part of the "Spanish people's army." This was the very day, a year earlier, when Hemingway confronted Dos with the news of Robles's death. Robles was not mentioned in the article, or in Hemingway's

letter, but their mutual and lasting animosity about that matter colored the terrible things he had to say.

Dos Passos's article does not so much criticize the Loyalist cause as make fun of the ceremonial aspects of the day—bands playing, generals making speeches, and so forth. But his worst offense, in Hemingway's judgment, came in his reference to "a Russian staffofficer who goes by the name of General Walter" (Dos Passos, *Journeys*, 376). This he regarded as an act of disloyalty, even treachery, inasmuch as it called attention to the Russian communist involvement in the war and would provide fodder for anti-Republican propagandists. Even worse, Dos Passos was wrong about Walter.

"A war is still being fought in Spain between the people whose side you used to be on and the fascists," Hemingway began. If Dos Passos with his "hatred of communism" felt justified "in attacking, for money, the people who are still fighting that war" he should at least try to get his facts right. Dos mentioned Walter's name and called him a Russian general, hence giving "the impression that it is a communist run war." But Walter was in fact a Pole, just as Lukacs was a Hungarian and Regler a German and so forth. "I'm sorry, Dos, but you didn't meet any Russian generals," Hemingway told him. (What Hemingway didn't say was that Walter, like most of the other European commanders of the International Brigades, had received extensive training and indoctrination in Soviet Russia).

Hemingway's letter went on to insult Dos Passos in a number of ways. Dos was guilty of pretending to knowledge he didn't have about what was going on in Spain. He had only been there for a short time during the war, and—Hemingway insisted—"you don't find out the truth in ten days or three weeks." For him to "try constantly to make out that the war the government is fighting against the fascist Italian Moorish invasion is a communist business imposed on the will of the people is sort of viciously pitiful." Here Ernest was attacking a conclusion that Dos Passos had not articulated, at least not in his *Redbook* article.

Hemingway ended his diatribe with a personal assault on Dos Passos's moral and ethical standards. Over the years of their friendship Ernest had loaned Dos money on several occasions, and now—rhetorically, at least—he called in those loans. "When people start in being crooked about money, they usually end up being crooked about everything," he wrote. Dos Passos might send him thirty dollars, or twenty or ten, when he had the chance, but Hemingway didn't really expect payment. What he expected was the same sort of traitorous attack on himself that Dos Passos was making on the Republican cause. "Good old friends," he wrote

in a viciously sarcastic conclusion. "Always happy with the good old friends. Got them that will knife you in the back for a dime. Regular price two for a quarter. Two for a quarter, hell. Honest Jack Passos'll knife you three times in the back for fifteen cents and sing Giovanezza free" (*Selected Letters*, 463–64). "Giovanezza," they both knew, was the anthem of Mussolini's fascist supporters.

Instead of waiting for Dos Passos to knife him in the back, Hemingway launched a frontal barrage of his own: a piece for *Ken* magazine called "Treachery in Aragon" that disparaged an American writer—"a very good friend of mine," Hemingway called him—who had turned up in Madrid the previous year and been unwilling to believe that a Spanish friend of his (Robles) who had been shot as a traitor could possibly be guilty. This was simply an example of the typical liberal's "good-hearted naïveté," Hemingway maintained. He happened to know that the man was guilty, he added, and that he "had been shot . . . as a spy after a long and careful trial in which all the charges against him had been proven" (Hemingway, "Treachery"). Hemingway did not really *know* this at all. Undoubtedly it was what he had been told by Ivens and others, and he chose to believe it. An article by Herbert Solow in the *Partisan Review* called attention to Dos Passos's move away from communism and Hemingway's move toward it. "Substitution at Left Tackle: Hemingway for Dos Passos," it was called.

Hemingway arrived in Paris in late March, where a message from Matthews in Barcelona awaited him—a message making it clear that the two men were in effect working together as correspondents. Matthews telephoned the *New York Times* office in advance, advising them to give Hemingway a supply of typewriter paper and various envelopes, since "this town is out of them," to ask him to bring any accumulated mail for Matthews along with him, to show Hemingway a copy of his March 18 article on the bombing of Barcelona, and to tell him the "situation looks bad" (Matthews, telephone message). On March 20, the insurgents had begun their drive to the coast by striking at three points on a sixty-mile front. "The Loyalist lines," Matthews reported, "crumpled like paper" (*Education*, 118).

The end looked so near that Ernest, along with two other correspondents, alerted Claude Bowers, the American ambassador to Spain, of the need to prepare for evacuation of American medics and wounded should Franco's forces prevail. In addition, the government's supply of ambulances was again in short supply, so Hemingway, Vincent (Jimmy) Sheean, and Louis Fischer wired the League of American Writers in New York

appealing for additional funds (*Writers Take Sides*, vii). The telegram arrived April 1, the same day Hemingway reached Barcelona with Sheean and young James Lardner, son of Ring Lardner, both of them representing the *New York Herald Tribune*.

Two days later, Hemingway and Matthews journeyed together to see the Republicans desperately trying to stave off Franco in fighting along the Ebro river north of Tortosa. Ernest filed dispatches three days in a row, April 3, 4, and 5, only to be greeted with a cable from NANA complaining once again that his reports were not being used by the *Times* because they were too similar to those of Matthews. "REQUEST THEY SEPARATE," NANA wired.

Hemingway replied angrily, as before blaming the problem on the editors at the *Times*. "TIMES SUGGESTION DUPLICATION MATTHEWS JESUIT MANOEUVRE AS COMPARISON OF DISPATCHES . . . WILL SHOW STOP IF TIMES WANTS MATTHEWS ME COVER DIFFERENT FRONTS REGARDLESS IMPORTANCE STORY WILL THEY FURNISH HIM WITH TRANSPORT CAR STOP BEEN SHARING COST STOP TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS IS UNPAID STOP" (Hemingway, "Dispatches," 75). In his next dispatch, Hemingway tried to make the worsening situation in Spain look better. In the north, he wrote, Franco's troops were advancing against token opposition, but "they were absolutely held up in their attempt to come down the Ebro . . . absolutely checked . . . for five days above Tortosa" (Hemingway, "Dispatches," 76–77). Hemingway was by that time "absolutely" wrapped up in the Republic's cause and what looked like it might be its last stand. He was supposed to write an introduction to Luis Quintanilla's drawings of battle scenes, but, he said, "this is Barcelona, and yesterday was Tortosa, and tomorrow will be Tortosa again, and it is very difficult to write an introduction when the only thing you can think about is holding the line of the Ebro" (Hemingway, "Three Prefaces," 9).

Early in May he went to Madrid for the first time in five months and was heartened by the city's continuing struggle to relieve the siege. In the meantime the Nationalists had reached the Mediterranean at Vinaroz, but, as he wrote Perkins, "there has been no collapse and we held solidly along the Ebro" (*Selected Letters*, 466). In a cable to Wheeler at NANA, he predicted that there was "a year of war clearly ahead where European diplomats are trying to say it will be over in a month" (Baker, *A Life Story*, 330). Hemingway was more nearly right than the diplomats.

When he got back to Key West after six weeks in Spain, Hemingway wrote Wheeler defending the objectivity of his reporting. "My stuff on

Spain has been consistently accurate," he insisted. "I gave full accounts of government disasters and criticized their weaknesses in [the] same measure I reported their success" (qtd. in Reynolds, *Hemingway: 1930s*, 288). But this was not and could not be true. He and Matthews and Gellhorn all gave their hearts to the cause, and it could not help showing it in what they wrote about the war. (In June 1938, Hemingway went so far as to dispense some blue-sky malarkey to New York reporters. Franco was short of troops, he told them, and beset by factional wrangling among the foreign components of his army. The Republicans were well-organized and stood a good chance of winning [Knightley, *The First Casualty*, 213].)

Wheeler remained somewhat bewildered about Hemingway's animus against the *New York Times* "beyond the Catholic matter you mentioned to me." He also wondered why—in covering the fighting along the Ebro—Hemingway had not left Matthews behind. Inasmuch as the *Times* did not furnish transport and Matthews did not drive, that would have enabled NANA, which *was* paying for Hemingway's transportation to the front, to have "exclusive material." In short, Wheeler said, "I don't understand why you took him with you" (14 June 1938). But Hemingway and Matthews were far more than competing journalists. They were road warriors linked by a common bravery and determination to see the war up close. They were friends. And they were on the same side.

Hemingway and Gellhorn came back to Spain one more time, in November. On a November 5 visit with other correspondents to observe the fighting near Tarragona, Hemingway saved all their lives. The Ebro was in flood, with its bridges down, so they hired a rowboat to cross to the east bank. The boat was being pulled along by a rope, which snapped, and the boat started drifting rapidly toward the rapids downstream. Hemingway took the oars and "by an extraordinary exhibition of strength . . . got [them] safely across. He was a good man in a pinch," Matthews decided (Lynn, *Hemingway*, 445–46). He described Hemingway's feat in a dispatch that the *Times* declined to print.

Ten days later, Ernest and Martha witnessed the farewell parade of the International Brigades in Barcelona. President Juan Negrín disbanded the brigades in the wan hope that Franco might do the same with the Italians and Germans fighting for the Nationalists. Also, the disbanding gave the troops a chance to get out of Spain before the end-of-the-war atrocities that were sure to follow. It was an admission of defeat, and they watched the troops in bitterness and despair. The men, Gellhorn thought, looked "very dirty and weary and young, and many of them had no country to go back to." Hemingway had nothing to say during

the parade, silently tolerating the histrionics of the Spanish communist orator La Pasionaria (Dolores Ibarruri), who "always made him vomit always." "You can go proudly," she told the troops. "You are history. You are legend." That night, in their hotel room, he leaned against the wall and cried. "They can't do it!" he kept saying. "They can't do it!" It was the only time Gellhorn ever saw Hemingway cry. Their relationship was to end disastrously, with copious ill will on both sides. But at that moment, Gellhorn really loved him (Moorehead, *Gellhorn*, 153; Mellow, *A Life Without Consequences*, 514).

With the cause he cared about lost, Hemingway blamed the defeat on the unwillingness of the United States, England, and France to support the Loyalists, and on certain unspecified traitors within the Loyalist government. As he wrote Max Perkins in February 1939, there was only one thing to do in a war and that was to win it. "But in this one winning was made impossible by many circumstances outside the control of the military." Scornfully, he spoke of "the carnival of treachery and rottenness on both sides" (Baker, *A Life Story*, 334).

Matthews saw the war to its end the next spring and wrote Hemingway about it. It was just as well, he said, that "dear Scrooby" (a shortened version of "screwball," his and Gellhorn's nickname for Ernest) had not seen the final failed offensive along the Ebro, or the "heartbreaking" concentration camps set up for Republican troops. Matthews brought back several Spanish pistols that Loyalist officers had to throw away as they surrendered. He had given one to Eddie Rolfe of the Lincoln Battalion, now writing for the *Daily Worker*, and was keeping another as a souvenir for Ernest.

In that same letter of April 12, 1939, Matthews described his confrontation with the *Times* about the paper's handling of his (and Hemingway's) dispatches from Spain. For "one long dangerous moment," in a meeting with publisher Arthur Hays Sulzberger, it looked as if Matthews would have to quit. The publisher and the correspondent had forged close ties over the years—Sulzberger was godfather to Matthews's only son—and both of them wanted to avoid a parting of the ways. So Sulzberger asked Matthews to put his complaints in writing, Matthews did so, his report cleared the air, and the *Times* made its peace with its star correspondent. In the report, Matthews told Hemingway, "I couldn't accuse McCaw and Co. of dishonesty, because that couldn't be proved, but I did accuse them of bias." As for Matthews's own dispatches, "lots of people—including Sulzberger—accused me of giving the Loyalists too good a break and not making it clear that all was being lost. Maybe"

(12 April 1939). Maybe, to be sure, but how else could it be? They were partisans as well as reporters.

Twenty years later, looking over his clippings from the war inspired Matthews to write Hemingway. He still saw a lot of Luis Quintanilla in New York, Matthews said, and "so long as there are Spaniards like him," he'd be working "to see Franco & Co. go down the drain." The clippings confirmed his feeling that "Spain was the best thing" he'd done in his career, "and since said career is now drawing to a close, it [would] always remain the best" (17 February 1956).

In 1957, the year after he wrote Hemingway this letter, Matthews hiked his way alone into the Sierra Maestra in Cuba for an exclusive interview with the revolutionary Fidel Castro. At the time the propaganda arm of the Cuban government under dictator Fulgencio Batista was circulating a rumor that Castro had been killed. The account Matthews brought back established that Castro was very much alive—and that, in Matthews's judgment, Castro was not a communist and he and his followers promised to bring a new and better deal to Cuba. Matthews's story went around the world, transforming Castro from hotheaded communist rebel "into the youthful face of the future" (Alter).

The pattern in Cuba was not unlike that in Spain, Matthews believed. Batista's repressive regime beholden to landowners held power, and a revolutionary movement under Castro had sprung up to represent the working people. To his way of thinking, there could be no question which side merited support. And Hemingway, on the site at his home outside Havana, was on the same page as his friend, supporting the revolution against Batista as he had the one against Machado.

When Castro was on his way to the United States in April 1959, Hemingway sought an audience with him. Specifically, he wanted to warn Castro how to handle the American press. He should be wary of enemies at *Time* and the *Miami Herald*. He should have answers ready to questions about communism in Cuba, and about the executions that his government—like the one in Republican Spain—had resorted to as it took control. In July, when Castro appeared on the television show *This Is Your Life*, he was asked about those executions. "Let me tell you what Hemingway thinks about that," Castro replied, that "the military criminals who were executed by the revolutionary government received what they deserved" (Reynolds, *Final*, 332–33). Ernest's position, if Castro had it right, had not changed since the Spanish war when he justified the death of Robles and the activities of the SIM on similar grounds. A certain amount of collateral damage must be tolerated in the struggle for the greater good.

Hemingway lived long enough to realize that going back to live in Cuba, after the Bay of Pigs fiasco, was no longer a viable option. Matthews, however, did not let Cuba's close ties with Russian communism change his mind. Much to the consternation of his colleagues at the *New York Times*, Matthews continued to maintain that Castro's government was "free, honest and democratic" even after the Cuban missile crisis nearly started a war between the United States and the U.S.S.R. Editors at the *Times* didn't quite know how to deal with the famous veteran newsman. They couldn't muzzle him, but they devoutly wished he would pipe down.

NANA AND *KEN*

As the leading foreign journalist in Spain, much was expected of Hemingway, and whether or not his dispatches met those expectations is a matter of some dispute. In his biography, Carlos Baker called Hemingway's Spanish Civil War reports "not noticeably superior" to those he'd sent back to the Toronto *Star* in the early 1920s. He could, it was true, summarize grand strategy with uncommon force, evoke the terrain through descriptive passages, and create "arresting similes" and patches of dialogue. But these virtues, Baker felt, were matched by Hemingway's faults as a correspondent: "a curious monotony" in his stories of battles, a predilection to shock his readers, and the "note of triumphant boastfulness" he too often struck. Dos Passos had a keener eye for the telling detail, Baker wrote, and the dispatches of Matthews and Delmer outshone Hemingway's in their "meticulous exactitude and inclusiveness" (Baker, *A Life Story*, 329). The journalist Phillip Knightley was still more critical in *The First Casualty*, his authoritative study of war correspondence in the twentieth century. Hemingway's reporting was "abysmally bad," Knightley maintained, citing in particular "his total failure to report the Communist persecution, imprisonment, and summary execution of 'untrustworthy elements' on the Republican side." Knightley believed Hemingway failed his obligations as a reporter by salting away such material for use in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. "For a novelist," he commented, "this was understandable. For a war correspondent, it was unforgivable" (212–14).

For the most part, these judgments have been echoed by other commentators, sometimes without demonstrable evidence that they have actually read Hemingway's reporting from Spain. An exception, certainly, is William Braasch Watson, the scholar responsible for assembling, introducing, and making accessible all thirty of the dispatches. In a judicious evaluation, Watson divided Hemingway's correspondence into several categories.

> Some . . . were poorly done, trivial or incoherent or just plain perfunctory. Some were done well enough, but they were so full of topographical and place-name details that they were more appropriate for general staff colleges than for newspaper audiences. Some provided superb examples of his powers of observation, his responsiveness to human suffering and human excellence alike. Some were masterpieces of characterization, of analysis, of description, or of just plain factual reporting. A half dozen or so of these dispatches can stand up to the best reporting from the Spanish Civil War.
>
> (HEMINGWAY, "DISPATCHES" 7)

Hemingway was not the best judge of his own writing and tended to overvalue the work he had done most recently. Still, it is significant that on several occasions from 1937 to 1939 he proposed to Max Perkins that some or more of his dispatches from Spain should be collected in book form along with stories, the speech at Carnegie Hall, and his piece "Who Murdered the Vets?"

Any sensible estimate of the merit of Hemingway's Spanish Civil War correspondence should take into account what his employer wanted him to write. Jack Wheeler at NANA made it clear that he was not looking for "meticulous exactitude and inclusiveness" from Hemingway. He was looking for "color and drama and the personal adventures of the celebrated writer": material that NANA's syndicated members could find nowhere else. In a "promotion box" sent to its papers, NANA proclaimed that Hemingway would provide "both from the bombed towns and the bombed trenches the human side of the war, not just an account of the game being played by general staffs with pins and a map" (Cooper, *Politics*, 82–83).

His assignment was to present the war in Spain up close and personal, and he did his best to fulfill it, often placing himself in harm's way. When he wrote, for example, that "for two days, this correspondent [his usual way of referring to himself in the dispatches] has been doing the most dangerous thing you can do in a war. That is, keep close behind an unstabilized line where the enemy is attacking with mechanized forces," it was not so much a show of bravado or "triumphant boastfulness" as part of the job he signed on to do (Cooper, *Politics*, 89). In the fall of 1938, Edmund Wilson disparaged Hemingway's newspaper dispatches for "always diverting attention to his own narrow escapes from danger," whereupon Ernest reminded Wilson that "if you are paid to get shot at and write about it you are supposed to mention the shooting" (Hemingway, "Dispatches," 157,

159). It was part of his job. As Matthews put it, "a war correspondent who avoids danger had better be doing other things" (Matthews, *World*, 22).

Another criticism of Hemingway's reporting from Spain—that it amounted to propaganda for the Republican side—had more justification. In three ways particularly, his dispatches sought to advance the government's cause. First, he crafted his accounts of the shelling of Madrid to evoke the deepest possible feelings of horror and of sympathy for the victims. Second, the undue optimism of his battlefield reports ignored Loyalist defeats and exaggerated the importance of its victories. And third, he repeatedly called attention to the participation of Italians and Germans on Franco's side in an effort to persuade the Western democracies to end their policy of nonintervention.

The shelling of Madrid began in earnest on April 11, 1937. It was a Sunday, and the shells exploded when the streets were full of crowds. Hemingway filed his vivid and grisly report later in the day. The shells "killed an old woman returning home from market, dropping her in a huddled heap of black clothing, with one leg suddenly detached whirling against the wall of an adjoining house." A car "stopped suddenly and swerved after the bright flash and roar, and the driver lurched out, his scalp hanging down over his eyes, to sit on the sidewalk with his hand against his face, the blood making a smooth sheen down over his chin." The Telefonica building was struck three times that day, and—Hemingway commented—that was legitimate enough, since it was a communication center, "but the shelling that traverses the streets seeking the Sunday promenaders was not military" ("Dispatches," 27). For twenty days in a row, the shelling continued, and in his dispatch of April 30 Hemingway cited the government figures on casualties: 312 killed . . . and more than 3,000 wounded (37).

Twice, in descriptions of close calls in the field, Hemingway harked back to the continual shelling of the city. Late in April he wrote about riding in an armored car with machine gun bullets pinging off its side. The bursts of fire were "very unimpressive," he said, when compared with the thirty-two shells that fell within 200 yards of his hotel the night before ("Dispatches," 57). Similarly, when high explosive shells were launched at the Ford flying the American and British flags that he and Matthews and Delmer were using, he commented that "being sniped at with six-inch stuff is a compliment journalists rarely receive, but it was actually a relief to hear shells strike the earth and burst with an honest mud-throwing thump being fired at a definite objective after the feeling one gets about the indiscriminate shelling in the stony

streets of Madrid." It was nothing less than murder, he thought, and he wanted his readers to share his outrage.

Gellhorn and Matthews felt the same way. In an article for *Collier's* entitled "Only the Shells Whine," Gellhorn painted a word picture of one child's terrible death. "A small piece of twisted steel, hot and very sharp, sprays off from the shells; it takes the little boy in the throat. The old woman stands there, holding the hand of the dead child, looking at him stupidly, not saying anything, and the men run out toward her to carry the child" (qtd. in Moorehead, *Gellhorn*, 122). Years later, Matthews celebrated the grace and dignity with which the Madrileños suffered through the bombardment. "In the centuries to come," he wrote, "Madrid will be to Spain what London and her high bravery during the German 'blitz' will be to England" (Matthews, *Education*, 94).

Most of Hemingway's reporting during the war dealt with military engagements, and he adopted a stance of exuberant optimism about the outcome of the war that proved—and much of the time he knew it—to be unwarranted. In his fourth and fifth dispatches, late in March 1937, he described government victories in the battle of Guadalajara. Dispatch four focused on the defeat of Italian troops sent by Mussolini to aid Franco. Inspecting the battlefield a few days later, Hemingway saw three dead Italians who looked less like soldiers than "curiously broken toys. One doll had lost its feet and lay with no expression on its waxy stubbled face. Another doll had lost half of its head. The third doll was simply broken as a bar of chocolate breaks in your pocket." After so miniaturizing the enemy, he concluded his dispatch with the estimate that the fortunes of the war had turned "when the supposedly invincible Italian mechanized columns were defeated on the Guadalajara front" ("Dispatches," 19–20). In dispatch five, about another rout of the Italians, Hemingway stated "flatly that the battle of Brihuega will take its place in military history with the other decisive battles of the world" (22). It has not, but Hemingway's account of the forced retreat of the Italians and his on-the-scene proof that organized Italian troops were fighting for the Nationalists were of considerable propaganda value to the Loyalist cause.

Before leaving Spain early in May 1937, with the Nationalists then attacking Bilbao, Hemingway boldly forecast that no matter what happened in the short term the Loyalists would eventually win. "This correspondent believes that if the Fascists take Bilbao, the war will last two years, with the Government still winning. If Franco fails to take Bilbao, the Government should win the war by next spring" ("Dispatches," 38). In December, after the Loyalists captured Teruel, he speculated that this battle might prove to

be "the decisive one of this war" (62). And even after it became clear in the spring of 1938 that the superior Nationalist army, abetted by support from other fascist regimes, would prevail, Hemingway refused to acknowledge that fact in his dispatches. "After a week along the Ebro and Segre Rivers and a month on the front," he wrote on April 29, 1938, "your correspondent has been unable to see a conclusion to the Spanish war" (87).

Hemingway, who had a good understanding of military tactics and strategy, surely knew that the future was dark. Under the circumstances, he must have felt that a false optimism was mandatory. If there was a single goal that as a Loyalist partisan he was aiming for, it was to persuade the United States to abandon the nonintervention policy and lift the arms embargo that played into Franco's hands. And that would only happen if the United States and the other democracies believed that their assistance might help the Loyalists win. Certainly they would be unlikely to support a lost cause.

As early as his second dispatch from Spain, Hemingway documented the participation of Italian and German forces in the war. According to a "most reliable source," he wrote on March 15, 1937, there were already 88,000 Italian and 16,000 to 20,000 German troops fighting with Franco, and every day in Salamanca trucks arrived from Portugal carrying German materiel ("Dispatches," 14–15). Subsequent reports noted that German-made artillery was shelling Madrid, that Savoia-Marchetti and Heinkel bombers, accompanied by Messerschmidt pursuit planes, were bombing Tortosa, and so forth. These dispatches were implicit cries for help. Italy and Germany were aiding Franco's Nationalists in a fascist alliance, and if they were to be defeated the antifascist countries had to provide aid to the Spanish Republic.

Only on one occasion did Hemingway make that appeal explicit, in a brief and eloquent piece written on May Day 1938. This was not published by NANA and, Watson speculates, may not even have been sent to them. Hemingway told Jack Wheeler a month later, probably with the May Day account in mind, that he had decided against "a summing-up story as people might think it was propaganda no matter how true." The piece itself does indeed read like propaganda, and as such belonged on the editorial page rather than in the news columns. In it Hemingway combined his customary unjustified optimism with an overt call for armaments.

"There was war in Spain on last May Day, there was war in Spain on this May Day, and there will be war in Spain on next May Day," he began. The Republic was divided between those at the front—"young, brave, determined and already forged in two years of fighting into a skillful army," with morale "solid and unshaken" in the face of the fascist advance—and

those in the rear—"politicians without faith, generals without ability." As the front came closer to the rear (as the Loyalists lost ground, in other words) it had a purifying effect, and "in the purification of that merging is Spain's hope of ultimate victory." This sounded very much like whistling past the graveyard, finding the best opportunity for victory in the discouraging fact of the Loyalist retreat.

"But meantime," Hemingway concluded, the Spanish Republic "must have planes and guns. Anyone who thinks the war is over in Spain is a fool or a coward. A great fighting people who are for the first time being led by generals who are of the people, who are not fools, nor traitors, will not be defeated that easily. But she must have planes and guns; and she must have them at once" ("Dispatches," 87–88).

Actually Hemingway was a good deal less hopeful about the war's outcome in the spring of 1938 than his dispatches indicated. The situation of James Lardner offers a case in point. The youth, a son of writer Ring Lardner, rode down to Barcelona on the same train as Hemingway and Vincent (Jimmy) Sheean. Lardner was backing up Sheean as a correspondent for the *New York Herald Tribune* but became restless in that role and decided to join the International Brigades. Hemingway cabled a brief story about it on April 25, in which he depicted the "dark serious scholarly" twenty-four-year-old as an idealistic supporter of the Spanish Republic. "I believe absolutely in the justice of the Spanish Loyalist cause," Lardner is quoted as saying in explanation of his enlistment. "From what I've seen in the last two weeks at the front, I know all they need to win is the right to buy artillery, planes and war material, and I want to back up my beliefs by joining the Brigade" ("Dispatches," 84–85).

Although he did not say so for NANA, Hemingway did everything he could to discourage Lardner from enlisting. Agreeing with Sheean that Lardner's enlistment so late in the war made no sense, Ernest tried to talk him out of it. In their conversation at the Majestic Hotel in Barcelona, he and Lardner kept going over the same question: where and how could he be "most useful" in the Spanish war? Hemingway's answer was that Lardner should go to Madrid and stay there "until it falls and after it falls stay on and then come out and write the truth about what happened." Lardner, who had no registered political beliefs, could do this task without being jailed and would not have to write any propaganda. "All you have to do," Hemingway told him, "is write the truth and be there where you can write it. . . . If no honest man is in Madrid to write about what really happens if it ever falls it will be one of the tragedies of history" (Sheean, *Not Peace*, 248; Hemingway, "The Writer").

Lardner listened, but Hemingway's remarks sounded "far-fetched" and like "defeatist talk" to him. The next day he joined the International Brigades. In some frustration, Ernest wrote Jack Wheeler, a friend of the lad's mother, that Lardner ranked at the top of "all the pigheaded kids and gloomy superior little snots" he'd ever encountered. But at least, he added, he was undergoing artillery training "with the intention of his being shifted to anti-aircraft and not being sent to the front" ("Dispatches" 121). Wheeler could tell Ellis Lardner that her son was in no more immediate danger than if he had to walk across the street a few times a day in traffic.

In making this assurance, Hemingway did not reckon with James Lardner's persistence. Lardner managed to get himself transferred to the Fifteenth International Brigade's infantry and was soon serving in the fierce fighting along the Ebro. He was slightly wounded late in July, and after a period of recovery came back to the front in less than a month. On September 4 he wrote his mother that he'd passed up an opportunity to go to Barcelona. "The Fascists are making heavy attacks on our sector and I want to stay until it is over," he explained. "To leave now would be equivalent to deliberately running away." On September 19, he told her that his company had recently taken a position on an exposed hill "almost enclosed by the Fascist lines." They arrived at night, and four of them spent seven hours digging with pick and shovel in stony ground to make a trench. Soon after daybreak it was deep enough to sit in with their heads below the surface, and they climbed in just as the mortars began to land. The mortars exploded around them all day. "I was never so well paid for hard labor," he said, "as by that feeling of comparative safety" (Nelson and Hendricks, *Madrid 1937*, 413).

Three days later, on September 22—the last day the Fifteenth Brigade was in the lines and a day after Negrín announced that all international volunteers would be withdrawn from the field—James Lardner was killed. Hemingway wrote a requiem to him the following year. "Well, he joined the Brigades and soldiered well and everybody liked him and he was a fine kid and he ran into a fascist patrol, or onto a fascist post by mistake . . . and he was killed. His joining the Brigade was a fine example and he was a brave and cheerful soldier, if not a particularly skillful soldier, and he is dead" (Hemingway, "The Writer"). He left it to others, to Jimmy Sheean and Jack Wheeler and assuredly Lardner's mother, to say that his death was a terrible waste.

Hemingway was never compensated for his brief dispatch about Lardner, he complained to NANA. It was only a minor instance in the ongoing dispute between the news service and its celebrity correspondent in

Spain. The famous writer signed a contract that would pay him $500 for each cabled story and $1,000 for mailed stories, where he could work his literary magic without having to resort to the shorthand of cablese. These were extraordinary terms at the time, when most reporters were being paid fifteen to twenty-five dollars an article (Hemingway, "Dispatches," 6, 91). Predictably, NANA's editors tried to rein in Hemingway to hold down expenses. From the beginning to the end of their two-year connection, the famous writer and the syndicate supplying copy to sixty leading newspapers were at financial loggerheads.

As early as March 20, after receiving but three cabled dispatches from its new man in Spain, H. J. J. Sargint, NANA's European editor based in London, forwarded a message from New York calculated to slow him down. "WIRE HEMINGWAY CONGRATULATIONS HIS FIRST STORIES BUT ADVISE WE UNWANT DAILY RUNNING NARRATIVE HIS EXPERIENCES AS PREFER HE MAKE THOROUGH SURVEY BEFORE WRITING CONSIDERED APPRAISAL SITUATION" ("Dispatches," 18). If not exactly a rebuke, the message could hardly have pleased Hemingway, but he did respond with his "considered appraisal" (an accurate one) that in order to win the war Franco would have to cut the lines of communication between Valencia and Barcelona by driving to the Mediterranean.

Two weeks later New York weighed in again with what Watson called "a stinging rebuke." "NOTIFY HEMINGWAY IMMEDIATELY LIMIT ONE STORY WEEKLY UNLESS OTHERWISE REQUESTED" ("Dispatches," 26). In case Hemingway wasn't listening, NANA repeated its message four days later. "ADVISE HEMINGWAY WANT MAXIMUM ONE WIRE STORY WEEKLY ONLY OF WORTHWHILE MATERIAL. WE WILL REQUEST IF ANYTHING SPECIAL" (29). The cable specified but "one wire story" a week but said nothing about mailed pieces. So Hemingway sat down and wrote one of his best dispatches, about visiting the badly wounded American volunteer Robert J. Raven in a Madrid hospital, and put it in the mail. NANA accepted this article, and another mailed at the $1,000 rate, but refused to publish a third. This one, sent May 9, presented Hemingway's sanguine assessment of the strategic situation in Spain and may have been rejected as much because of its apparent bias as because of its exorbitant cost. In the article, Hemingway wrote that the Italians lost more killed and wounded at Brihuega than in the entire Ethiopian campaign. "The simple truth," he added, "is that these Italian troops cannot or will not fight in Spain . . . [and their] infantry could not compare with the rawest of the new Spanish troops." He also described Madrid as "an impregnable fortress" (40–41).

The next day another cable arrived from Sargint. "NEW YORK CABLE ME ASK YOU UNSEND ADDITIONAL STORIES. WHEN NEW YORK INFORMED YOUR IMPENDING DEPARTURE EXSPAIN IT EXPRESSED WISH HAVE ONE CABLE STORY IF FACTS WARRANTED . . . EYE MAILING TO NEW YORK YOUR STORY RECEIVED TODAY. PLEASE DO NOT SEND THE OTHER TWO" ("Dispatches," 39).

What seems clear from all these cables is that Wheeler and Hemingway had made a deal that Hemingway was eager to exploit and NANA was reluctant to fulfill. The wonder is that the two parties were able to continue working together, yet in late June Wheeler sent Hemingway a letter of agreement for his next trip from Spain, along with a handwritten note: "If there is ever a general European war, we would like to make a deal with you as our correspondent" (8 June 1937).

The crucial capture of Teruel occurred during Hemingway's fall tour of duty, and occasioned a flurry of accusations against the *New York Times* "Catholic Night Desk" from both Hemingway and Matthews. Then, in the spring of 1938, Hemingway and NANA went to the mat again about money. Hemingway turned out more reporting from the front in early April 1938 than during any other period during the Spanish war. This was too expensive for NANA in New York. On April 19, they instructed Sargint to "WIRE HEMINGWAY PLEASE RESTRICT CABLES TO VITALLY IMPORTANT DEVELOPMENTS UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE" ("Dispatches," 83). Early in May, a misunderstanding arose about how many of the stories Hemingway developed at considerable risk to himself NANA would be willing to publish. Eventually Wheeler sent a check for $1,000 (later upped to $1,250) to dispose of the matter. By way of explaining NANA's actions, Wheeler told Ernest that there had been "loud cries for economy" at the annual meeting of NANA, and that he (at least in part because of his agreement with Hemingway) was the target at which they were aimed (31 May 1938). Despite disagreements about money, the two men remained on good terms. As late as 1956, with the Suez crisis heating up, Wheeler asked Hemingway if he was interested in "attending" any resulting war and writing articles about it for the North American Newspaper Alliance (13 September 1956).

By the spring of 1938 Hemingway was covering the Spanish War not only for NANA but also for a new, short-lived magazine called *Ken*. He'd signed a contract with *Ken* the previous summer after discussions with David Smart and Arnold Gingrich. Gingrich, the editor of *Esquire*, and Smart, publisher of that magazine, jointly conceived the idea for *Ken*. It was to be a rival to *Look* and *Life*, *Collier's* and the *Saturday Evening Post*, differentiated

by its political purpose: "the first mass-circulation, public-opinion-forming magazine in history on the liberal side—'one step left of center,'" as publisher David Smart put it (Seldes, *Witness*, 328). Its mission, as Gingrich expressed it in a telegram to Hemingway, was to spread the gospel of antifascism: "WILL BE NEITHER COSMO NOR CHICAGO TRIBUNE BUT WILL BE BIG LEAGUE POPULARIZATION OF MILITANT ANTIFASCISM HITHERTO CONFINED INTELLECTUAL MAGAZINES SMALL CIRCULATION" (10 January 1938). "What's needed," Gingrich explained in a letter, "is not another little magazine in between the New Masses and the New Republic, but a big popular commercially successful magazine, big enough to exert a real influence" (6 February 1938).

What they wanted from Hemingway, besides the selling power of his name, was precisely the kind of opinion articles he could not write for NANA. In a telegram of January 9, 1938, Gingrich spelled out his requirements for *Ken*'s first issue. "HAVE URGENT EXTREME NEED EDITORIAL GIVING VIVID PROJECTION TO AVERAGE AMERICAN READER WHAT FASCISM WILL MEAN IF ALLOWED DEVELOP OVER HERE." The piece, he added, should be strongly worded like Ernest's "Notes on the Next War" for *Esquire* or his speech to the Writers' Congress. "HAVE EVERY ASSURANCE ENORMOUS SUCCESS KEN AFTER LONG PUBLIC ANTICIPATION AND MANY MONTHS BUILDUP YOUR PARTICIPATION KEN HAS RECEIVED WIDEST PUBLICITY GREAT CHANCE ACQUIRE HUGE AUDIENCE HEAR WHAT YOU REALLY BELIEVE IN AND WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY WARN THEM OUT THEIR APATHY."

Hemingway shared *Ken*'s objectives and welcomed the opportunity to express his views with greater latitude than newspaper correspondents were allowed. He agreed to write for *Ken* for the paltry fee of $200 per contribution and to serve (at least honorifically) as one of four joint editors of the magazine.

As the time approached for the first issue, due out on April 7, 1938, Hemingway began to have second thoughts about his affiliation. These arose because of the disillusionment experienced by friends of his who had quit or been fired during the magazine's formative months. One of these was Jay Allen, whose connection with Ernest went back to Spain in the early 1930s. Allen was hired to serve as *Ken*'s news editor, but he and Gingrich fell into disagreements about the magazine's makeup and content, and the embittered Allen left. Next George Seldes, who had been covering the Spanish war from Madrid with Hemingway, attempted to fill Allen's role, but he too jumped ship.

Gingrich maintained that these departures resulted from editorial disagreements and issues of competence. "ALLEN DRIFTED TOWARD WEAK IMITATION TIME AND NEWSWEEK WITHOUT ACTUALLY ACHIEVING EVEN THAT," he wired Hemingway (30 January 1938). Allen and Seldes, however, told Hemingway that the trouble lay with *Ken* abandoning its political principles. As Seldes described the situation in a telegram to Hemingway, "UNPRINTED TYPEWRITTEN PROSPECTUS KEN DEFINITELY LEFTWING ANTIFASCIST. ADVERTISING AGENCIES THREATENED BOYCOTT. PRINTED PROSPECTUS ANTICOMMUNIST. REDBAITING PRONOUNCEMENTS FOLLOWING. ANTIRED POEMS CARTOONS ATTACKING MURDEROUS RUSSIA BOUGHT. ADVERTISERS DEMANDING REACTIONARY ANTILABOR POLICY SMART SURRENDERING KEN COMPLETELY PHONY" (23 February 1938).

Gingrich had been telling him that *Ken* would "SCINTILLATE AND SHINE FORTH AS AN ALMOST LONE CANDLE OF ENLIGHTENMENT IN THIS NAUGHTY, CHILD BOMBING, KLAN RIDDEN, BLACK LEGION TRAMPLED WORLD" (31 January 1938). But Allen and Seldes made Hemingway wonder; committed as he was to the Loyalist cause in Spain, he did not want to be affiliated with an anticommunist publication. After hearing from Seldes, he wired Gingrich asking for an explanation of the "new setup": he couldn't write for *Ken* intelligently without knowing who he was working with (30 January 1938). In a letter of February 6, 1938, Gingrich attempted to clear the air. Circumstances altered cases, he argued, and it did not follow that "if *Ken* praises, as it should, the communists in Spain, that it must equally laud the communists in [the United States]. Because *Ken* is avowedly anti-totalitarian it is against a seizure of this government by a dictatorship of either the left or the right. To that extent, *Ken* must be anti-communist to be consistent." Meanwhile, Gingrich went on, Ernest could feel sure that if there was "any confusion in the public mind about *Ken* it will be on the side of considering it a communist sheet, a Bolshevik magazine."

Hemingway was not entirely convinced by this argument, especially after he heard that *Ken*'s first issue contained "two cartoon cracks at Communism, as protective coloring" (Baker, *A Life Story*, 331). That sort of redbaiting, Hemingway thought, marked the magazine's editor as either a fool or a knave. But he decided to write articles for *Ken* anyway, on the grounds that they might do some good in the war against fascism. In addition, he may well have been swayed by the 1,000 shares of *Esquire* stock (at sixteen dollars a share) that Gingrich and Smart sent him early in March.

Hemingway would not, however, allow himself to be listed as an editor, nominal or otherwise. "SORRY CAN'T BE EDITOR IF NOT EDITING," he telegraphed Gingrich (14 March 1938). He also demanded that the magazine print a boxed notice accompanying his article in its first issue. It read: "Ernest Hemingway has been in Spain since KEN was first projected. Although contracted and announced as an editor he has taken no part in the formation of its policies. If he sees eye to eye with us on KEN we would like to have him as an editor. If not, he will remain as a contributor until he is fired or quits" (Hanneman, *Hemingway: A Comprehensive Bibliography*, 157). On this basis Hemingway contributed to the first thirteen issues of the biweekly magazine during the spring and summer of 1938, and to one more, on January 13, 1939. Soon thereafter *Ken* went under.

His initial contribution, headlined "The Time Now, the Place Spain," repeated two themes prominent in his NANA dispatches. First, the Italian troops fighting for Franco lacked drive and motivation and could be defeated. In fact, the Spanish troops on the ground would defeat them, and "do it gladly, if only they can be allowed to buy planes, artillery and munitions." This constituted his second and overriding point: that only by ending the arms embargo could fascism be stopped in Spain. Why not beat them now, in Spain, before Hitler and Mussolini started the larger war that was otherwise sure to come? The only way to stop that war—and "brother, when it starts, we will be put in it"—was to "beat Italy, always beatable, and to beat her in Spain, and to beat her now. Otherwise you will have to fight tougher people than the Italians, and don't let anybody ever tell you that you won't."

Gingrich was pleased with this article and the next one. "THESE SHORT PUNCHES," he wired Hemingway, "HAVE DONE MORE GOOD LOYALIST CAUSE THAN VOLUMES ORDINARY REPORTING" (18 April 1938). Even better was his fourth contribution, "The Old Man at the Bridge." This was Hemingway's best piece of writing during the Spanish war and was later printed, without any changes from its appearance in *Ken*, in Hemingway's collected stories. Remarkably, Hemingway turned it out in only a few hours' time, and cabled it to *Ken* at deadline. The story depicts a poignant victim of the war: an old man driven from his home by artillery, resting tired and alone near the pontoon bridge at Amposta, more worried about the animals he had to leave behind than himself.

Hemingway's next article, called "The Cardinal Picks a Winner," generated a tremendous amount of trouble for *Ken*. In it he attacked Patrick

Cardinal Hayes and a number of leading Spanish Catholic leaders for supporting the fascists. The article was structured around two photographs and a news clipping about a press conference. The first photograph showed the bodies of dead children lying neatly in a row. They were among the 118 children, 245 women, and 512 men killed in the bombing of Barcelona on St. Patrick's Day, Hemingway said in his lead. Next he moved to the clipping about Cardinal Hayes's press conference March 24. The cardinal said that he was praying for a Franco victory because the Loyalists were controlled by radicals and communists. Asked about the recent bombing of Barcelona, Hayes said "he didn't know the facts, but *didn't believe* that Franco would do such a thing."

"Now somebody dropped the bombs that killed those 118 children," Hemingway commented in a paragraph dripping with sarcasm. "The Cardinal says he is sure it wasn't Franco. So that is okay with me. It wasn't Franco. Franco wouldn't do anything like that. We have it on the Cardinal's authority."

Finally Hemingway dealt with the second photograph. It showed Nationalist military officers and Catholic dignitaries standing in front of the cathedral at Santiago de Compostella. The officers are saluting, the salute of the old regular Spanish army. But the priests—among them the bishop of Lugo, the archbishop of Santiago, the canon of Santiago, and the bishop of Madrid—raise their right arms directly in front of them. "Is that the fascist salute they are giving?" Hemingway asked. "Is that the salute of the Nazis and the Italian fascists?" Then, once more resorting to irony, he declared that "if they are giving the fascist salute I *refuse to believe* it. Maybe the photograph is faked."

In a final paragraph Hemingway used repetition to underline his point:

> Maybe there isn't any moral to these pictures. But the children of Barcelona are dead as you can see from the picture and millions of other people will die before it is their time because of the policy of might makes right that strange outstretched arm salute stands for. So I *don't believe* the people shown in the photograph can really be making it. I would rather prefer to think that the photograph was faked.

This sort of irony may have escaped some of *Ken*'s subscribers, but it surely aroused the ire of the Catholic community in the United States. Most American Catholics, like Cardinal Hayes, devoutly wanted Franco's forces to win the Spanish war. The Republicans in Spain, after all, had been guilty of destroying churches and murdering priests.

In the middle of June Gingrich wrote Hemingway a frantic letter asking him to keep religion out of his articles about Spain. The Catholics had made "enormous progress" on a campaign to get both *Ken* and its parent publication, *Esquire*, banned from the mails. They were also working to undermine the company financially in three different ways. By boycott threats they were scaring news dealers out of selling the magazines, hence knocking circulation for a loop. Through an organized letter and postcard campaign they were scaring advertisers into canceling their ads: *Ken* had lost nearly all of its ads and *Esquire* was down more than 50 percent. And finally, they were knocking the stock down in the face of a rising market by putting blocks of it on sale "at less than the lowest bids." Hemingway, tongue-in-cheek, wrote Gingrich to let him know when that happened, so he could buy shares of the stock at cut-rate prices and make some money (letter to Gingrich, summer 1938).

He wasn't "spooked" or in a panic, Gingrich told Hemingway, but added that "we will have to avoid any open or overt offense to [the Catholics] for a while if we are to survive." Accordingly he instructed Ernest to ignore the Catholic angle in anything he wrote about Spain: "take the treachery angle or the tactical angle or the economic or any goddamn angle except the direct religious one" (Gingrich to Hemingway, mid-June 1938). Without saying so, Gingrich was probably incensed about the way Hemingway's Cardinal Hayes piece stirred up the trouble.

Personally, Hemingway felt deeply conflicted about his own Catholicism. The only way he could run his life decently was to accept the discipline of the Church, he wrote Pauline's mother in August. But he was so troubled by the Catholics in Spain siding with the enemy that he couldn't even bring himself to pray. It seemed "crooked" to have anything to do with a religion that supported fascism. He was embittered by "reading in the Sunday Visitor about the atrocities of the Reds, the wickedness of the Spanish 'Communist' Government, and the humaneness of General Franco . . . that sort of lying kills things inside of you" (Baker, *A Life Story*, 333; *Selected Letters*, 476).

In any event, Hemingway followed his editor's proposal and laid the "Catholic angle" to rest in his articles. (He did send a July 1938 telegram to Bishop Francis J. McConnell and Dr. Walter B. Cannon, adding his name to the sponsors of the "American Relief Ship for Spain" scheduled for a fall sailing.) For *Ken*, however, he wrote about "Treachery in Aragon," which gave him an opportunity for a swipe at Dos Passos. He attacked alleged fascists in the American State Department doing their "level, crooked . . . best" to lose the Spanish war. He denounced British diplomats in general

and Neville Chamberlain in particular for betraying the cause. He called on President Roosevelt to take the lead in repudiating the nonintervention policy on the Spanish war (Baker, *A Life Story*, 331). As late as September 8, 1938, he was harping on the same theme. "It is still not too late," Hemingway wrote, "to lift the arms embargo and allow the legal Spanish government to buy arms to defend itself against German and Italian invasion" (Hemingway, "False News," 18).

Hemingway's contractual writing on the Spanish Civil War ended with his final articles for *Ken*. But he also wrote two other propaganda pieces upon being solicited to do so by two communist publications. In July 1938, M. J. Olgin, the American correspondent for *Pravda*, wired him asking for an article of 1,000 to 1,500 words on the "Barbarism of Fascist Interventionists in Spain" for the August 1 issue of the Russian newspaper. Hemingway wired right back with "regards to [Mikhail] Koltsov," who had served as his urbane and somewhat cynical guide to the Soviet involvement in the war, and dropped everything to meet the deadline. The *Pravda* invitation, as Will Watson pointed out, gave Hemingway an opportunity to "vent his anger openly and without pulling punches" (Hemingway, "'Humanity,'" 115). None were pulled in his article, which appeared on page 4 of the Soviet newspaper, alongside contributions from Koltsov, Upton Sinclair, Chou En-lai, and Mao Tse-tung.

In this article, as in several of those for *Ken*, Hemingway made the conflict in Spain sound less like a civil war than one of the Spanish people against a foreign invasion. "During the last fifteen months," his diatribe began, "I saw murder done in Spain by the Fascist invaders." The murdering came from the indiscriminate shelling and bombing of innocent civilians. He had lived through the artillery attacks on Madrid, timed—he once again said—to catch the Sunday crowds just as the cinema let out. He had seen the devastation of the bombing of Lerida and Barcelona and Alicante. "There is no bitterness when the Fascists try to kill you," he added, because they had a right to. "But you have anger and hatred when you see them do murder. And you see them do it almost every day." So "you hate the Italian and German murderers who do this as you hate no other people."

In his conclusion Hemingway argued that the fascist invaders made a terrible mistake in killing civilian noncombatants, "for the brothers and the fathers of the victims will never forgive and never forget. The crimes committed by Fascism will raise the world against it" ("'Humanity,'" 116, 118).

Hemingway's other propaganda piece was written at the very end of the war, for the February 14, 1939, "Lincoln Brigade Number" of the American Communist Party magazine, the *New Masses*. "On the American Dead in

Spain," a prose poem of about 600 words (cut down from 3,000), was written as a memorial for the volunteers who gave their lives to the cause. "Our dead are a part of the earth of Spain now and the earth of Spain can never die," he wrote. "Each winter it will seem to die and each spring it will come alive again. Our dead will live with it forever." They will live, too, "in the hearts and the minds of the Spanish peasants, of the Spanish workers, of all the good simple honest people who believed in and fought for the Spanish republic." And these people would not accept defeat.

> The fascists may spread over the land, blasting their way with weight of metal brought from other countries. They may advance aided by traitors and by cowards. They may destroy cities and villages and try to hold the people in slavery. But . . . the Spanish people will rise again as they have always risen before against slavery.

In an editorial note, the *New Masses* editors hailed this article as "one of the finest tributes yet paid to the boys who won't be coming back" and praised its expression of "faith in the ultimate victory of the Spanish people—and of all folk battling for liberty." They called it "a bugle call to action. No pasarán!" (2). To back up his rhetorical contribution, Hemingway donated the typescript of the piece and the manuscript of *The Spanish Earth* to be auctioned off for the rehabilitation fund of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade.

It was difficult to write about the American dead, he told his Russian translator Ivan Kashkin. There was really not much to say about the dead except that they were dead. But he had lost many friends in the war, and what he wanted to do now was "to write understandably about both deserters and heroes, cowards and brave men, traitors and men who are not capable of being traitors." He had learned "a lot about all such people" during the war in Spain (*Selected Letters*, 480). Much of what he learned came to light in the four stories about the war he wrote late in 1938 and, most notably, in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*.

CIVIL WAR STORIES AND *FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS*

"Christ it is fine to write again and not to have to write pieces," Hemingway told Arnold Gingrich in October 1938 (*Selected Letters*, 472). He was relieved not to be obliged to turn out, every two weeks, another editorial call to arms in *Ken*. Instead, he mailed Gingrich the typescript of "Night

Before Battle" for publication in *Esquire*. This story, like "The Denunciation" and "The Butterfly and the Tank," was set in Chicote's, the Madrid bar that, before the war, had been a favorite watering place for the Spanish aristocrats who sided with Franco's Nationalists. Chicote's thus became an ideal place for exploration of the themes of betrayal and loyalty, subjects much on Hemingway's mind as the Spanish Republic slid toward defeat.

In "The Denunciation," a waiter in Chicote's recognizes a customer as a Rebel spy and decides that he must turn him in with a telephone call to the secret police. In "The Butterfly and the Tank," based on an actual incident Hemingway mentioned briefly in *The Fifth Column*, a drunk at the bar begins squirting others with a flit gun full of eau de cologne. In a violent ending, disgusted soldiers at the bar beat up the drunk and then shoot him.

"Night Before Battle" and "Under the Ridge" express Hemingway's disillusionment about the conduct of the war. Both stories are narrated by a character (called Edwin Henry in "Under the Ridge") who has been making propaganda films for the Loyalists, and both are set in the spring of 1937, when Hemingway was doing just that with Joris Ivens. But by the time he wrote the stories, late in 1938, much of Hemingway's initial idealism has evaporated. Adopting a somewhat cynical stance, the stories dramatize the effects of political and military incompetence in the Loyalist leadership.

In "Night Before Battle," a tank commander named Al Wagner is drinking at Chicote's before taking part in an offensive scheduled for the following day. He knows the attack will fail. Although his tank might "photograph well," he and the narrator both know it is ill equipped for battle. Moreover, the attack has been poorly conceived by Largo Caballero, a prime minister so puffed up by publicity that "he thinks he's Clausewitz." Al expects to be killed, and although he is angry about it as "wasteful," he will obey his orders (Hemingway, *Fifth*, 170).

"Under the Ridge," the best of these stories, introduces another sympathetic character who, like Al, understands the futility of what he has been ordered to do but who, unlike the tank commander, decides to walk away from the battle. Again an attack has been ordered, but the International Brigade designated to carry it out is so short on artillery that there is no chance of success. As the narrator watches, a tall middle-aged Frenchman, with a blanket rolled over his shoulder, comes "walking alone down out of the war." The narrator could understand, he says, "how a man might suddenly, seeing clearly the stupidity of dying in an unsuccessful

attack, . . . walk away from it as the Frenchman had done. He could walk out of it not from cowardice, but simply from seeing too clearly." Watching the Frenchman striding out of the attack with great dignity, the narrator "understood him as a man." But he also understood that as a soldier, the Frenchman would be tracked down and killed by the Soviet battle police, who are described as "hunting dogs."

"The nearest any man came to victory that day was probably the Frenchman who came, with his head held high, walking out of the battle," the final paragraph reads. "But his victory only lasted until he had walked halfway down the ridge. We saw him lying stretched out there on the slope of the ridge, still wearing his blanket." In war, the narrator dryly observes, "it is necessary to have discipline" (*Fifth*, 205, 209–10, 215).

The disillusionment evident in these stories marked a midpoint in the process by which Hemingway transformed himself from a propagandizing journalist with a cause, as in *The Spanish Earth* and *The Fifth Column*, "into a political novelist of the first magnitude"(Raeburn, "Hemingway on Stage," 16). The stories were far more autobiographical and political than most of his fiction. As Allen Josephs persuasively argues, they served collectively to purge Hemingway of the bitterness he felt about the defeat of the Spanish Republic (*For Whom*, 38).

Once he'd gotten them out of his system, he settled down to work on *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. He began writing the novel March 1, 1939, and three weeks later found that he "had 15,000 words done, [and] that it was very exciting" (*Selected Letters*, 482). Hemingway vowed to stay with the book until it was finished, and he did so. At the same time, however, he did not abandon those companions who had fought for the Republic. Many of these men were imprisoned after the war, and Hemingway interrupted his work on the novel long enough to make several public appeals on their behalf.

"All those who went from here to Spain to fight are home now. That is they are all home except the men who are stranded in Ellis Island, or in Franco's prison corrals, or those who made their permanent homes in Spain in plots of ground six feet long" (qtd. in Bruccoli, *Mechanism of Fame*, 72), Hemingway wrote in a foreword to Joseph North's *Men in the Ranks*, published in 1939 by the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. Those interned at Ellis Island had gone to Spain to join the International Brigades from the United States, only to be stopped and interned on their return because they were not U.S. citizens. In a fundraising letter for the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born, Hemingway pointed out that these heroic veterans were "being

cast into disrepute by an avalanche of legal technicalities" and that they would face "imprisonment and possible death" if deported to "Germany or Italy or Greece or Yugoslavia" (Bruccoli, *Mechanism of Fame*, 74).

At least the men at Ellis Island managed to escape the concentration camps that were set up in France—"Franco's corrals"—to confine the soldiers of the International Brigades. If the internationals had fallen into Nationalist hands in Spain, they would probably have been summarily executed, as regularly happened to those taken prisoner during the war. As foreigners interfering in Spanish "domestic affairs," they were shown no mercy. Yet even after crossing the border to France, as many as 7,000 internationals were captured and "interned in barbed-wire concentration camps . . . with little food, water, or clothing, and no shelter or medicine" (Sanderson, "'Like a Rock,'" 7–8). Hemingway cosigned a letter seeking the release of the writers among these men for the League of American Writers in 1939 (Bruccoli, *Mechanism of Fame*, 75).

The following spring, with the Nazis about to take Paris, he was incensed to read Archibald MacLeish's comments linking him among the writers and intellectuals—the "Irresponsibles," MacLeish called them—who had failed to provide the United States with the conviction "that fascism is evil and that a free society of free men is worth fighting for." Specifically, he argued that novels like *A Farewell to Arms* and Dos Passos's *Three Soldiers* had virtually unmanned the nation through their condemnation of the empty rhetoric used to justify World War I. Furiously, Hemingway launched an ad hominem broadside against MacLeish in the June 24, 1940, issue of *Time* magazine. Archie must have a guilty conscience for having skipped the war in Spain, he wrote. "If MacLeish had been at Guadalajara, Jarama, Madrid, Teruel, first and second battles of the Ebro, he might feel better." As for himself, "having fought fascism in every way that I know how in the places where you could really fight it," he had no remorse whatever, neither literary nor political (Donaldson, *MacLeish*, 334–36).

As an illustration of his ongoing commitment to the cause, Hemingway lobbied for the soldier and author Gustav Regler. The friendship between the two men, initially forged on the battlefield in Spain, deepened in January 1938 when the German, wounded in battle, came to the United States as a propagandist and organizer for the Republican cause. Ernest invited Regler and his wife, Mieke, to his house in Key West, where they stayed several weeks. In March, when Regler went to Washington, D.C., to raise funds for the Republic, Hemingway came along to introduce him and—in order to attract the interest and sympathy of American audi-

ences—lifted Regler's shirt and invited people to place their fists in the cavities of Regler's wounds.

Back in Spain later in the year, Regler crossed the border to France as the war was winding down. He volunteered for the French army, but within hours was arrested and taken first to a concentration camp in Paris and then to the atrocious camp at Le Vernet, where inmates were confined in unlit, cold, and rat-infested quarters. He was there for seven months, from fall 1939 to spring 1940, when he was released to put the finishing touches on his novel *The Great Crusade*.

Hemingway eagerly agreed to write a preface for the English translation of Regler's novel. He journeyed down to Mayito Menocal's sugar and rice plantation to do the job, temporarily setting aside work on the final chapters of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. In the preface Hemingway had very little to say about *The Great Crusade* itself. Instead he praised the officers and men of the Twelfth International Brigade and lobbied for allowing the Reglers to settle in the United States. As a refugee Regler deserved a place to live and work, he pointed out, and could hardly expect to find one in his homeland. Surely America was "a big enough country to receive the Reglers who fought in Germany and in Spain; who are against all Nazis and their allies; who would honor America as much by living in it as we would aid them by granting them the right to asylum we have always accorded to those who have fought in their own land against tyranny and been defeated" (Bruccoli, *Mechanism of Fame*, 83). In due course the Reglers did come to the States, and then moved to Mexico.

Also in 1940, word reached Hemingway that Hans Kahle, another German who commanded Loyalist troops in Spain, was being held in a Canadian prison camp. Hemingway met Kahle in March 1937, when the general conducted the correspondent on a tour of the battle of Guadalajara, and saw him in action the following year, leading Republican troops during the battle along the Ebro. He admired Kahle for his generalship and for his capacity to remain cheerful when things went wrong in the field. "I am very sorry to hear you are in a prison camp," Hemingway wrote Kahle upon hearing of his internment. "Don't those Canadians know that you are one of the most valuable living warriors against Fascism?" He also sent Kahle a check—"hope you can cash it"—and offered to do whatever else he could to help him (Bruccoli, *Mechanism of Fame*, 98–100).

When Regler's *Great Crusade* came out in September 1940, a Comintern report—citing the review in the Sunday *New York Times*—criticized the book as "anti-Soviet" in character and doubly dangerous because the

preface by Hemingway would attract readers. The novel reflected the disillusionment that Regler, formerly "a dogmatic Communist," felt after the end of the Spanish Civil War. In a June 1940 note in his diary, Regler went so far as to link the Stalin and Hitler regimes as totalitarian enemies of the people: "what cold criminals are these Russians and these Nazis. They're always right and we die of our 'idealistic' passion." Within a year, he would publicly announce his defection from the Communist Party (Sanderson, "'Like a Rock,'" 12).

The Great Crusade sold only a few thousand copies. A few weeks later, *For Whom the Bell Tolls* was published, its best-seller status guaranteed as a Book-of-the-Month Club selection. The two novels were alike, however, in displeasing the Soviets: so much so in Hemingway's case that *For Whom the Bell Tolls* was not translated into Russian, and neither was anything else he wrote in the next fifteen years.

Hemingway was perfectly aware that his book would annoy the communists. In December 1939 he cautioned Max Perkins not to talk to Alvah Bessie or any of the "ideology boys" about his novel in progress, which aimed to present a balanced view of what went on during the Spanish Civil War. "Those poor unfortunate bastards [the absolutely dedicated communists] need all the ideology they can get and I would not want to deprive anyone of [it] any more than would make cracks about religion to a nun." Bessie had written a good fine straight book about the war for Scribner's called *Men in Battle* (1939), Hemingway added, but "what was wrong with his [International Brigade] outfit was too much ideology and not enough military training, discipline or materiel" (*Selected Letters*, 498–99).

Bessie did not see that letter, of course, but Hemingway was right to anticipate his censure. As Bessie wrote in *The Heart of Spain*, published in 1951 by the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade,

> Hemingway's talent and the personal support he rendered to many phases of the loyalist cause were shockingly betrayed in his work "For Whom the Bell Tolls," in which the Spanish people were cruelly misrepresented and leaders of the International Brigade maliciously slandered. The novel in its total impact presented an unforgivable distortion of the meaning of the struggle in Spain. Under the name and prestige of Hemingway, important aid was given to humanity's worst enemies.
>
> (QTD. IN BRUCCOLI, *MECHANISM OF FAME*, XXIII–XXIV)

Retrospectively, it is difficult to accept Bessie's judgment that Hemingway betrayed the cause in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Soon after he began

writing his novel in earnest, Hemingway realized that it would be substantially better than his Spanish Civil War stories: "rounded" where the stories were "flat," "invented" where the stories were "recalled" (Josephs, *For Whom*, 38). He poured into the book everything he had learned in Spain. It might well have been subtitled "The Education of Robert Jordan," as the author's protagonist moves through various stages of disillusioning knowledge without, quite, abandoning his faith in the Spanish Republic.

In a number of superficial ways Hemingway distances himself from Jordan, a college professor who volunteers to serve in Spain and becomes an expert on explosives. Jordan is ordered by the admirable General Golz to blow up a bridge in support of a planned Loyalist offensive. To accomplish the task, he must infiltrate himself into and win the confidence of a band of guerilla fighters who have been striking at the enemy from a secret camp in mountainous terrain. The group is led by Pablo, who sees at once that its location will be revealed if the bridge is blown and sets about trying to undermine Jordan's mission. When his treachery is revealed, the *partisans* turn over leadership of the band to Pablo's wife, Pilar. A commanding figure, Pilar is also instrumental in promoting the love affair between Jordan and the girl Maria, a victim of atrocities who has seen her parents killed and then been raped by the Nationalists. In the few days they have together, Jordan falls deeply in love with Maria. Eventually he does manage to destroy the bridge, but by that time word of the Loyalist offensive has been leaked to the Nationalists and it is doomed to fail. At the end, the wounded Jordan—knowing he will be killed—mans a machine gun to delay the advance of the Nationalist troops and give Maria and the others who have survived the day's battle time to escape.

The plot proceeds slowly, for much of the novel takes place in Jordan's reflections, which clearly echo those of his creator. Like many volunteers, Jordan believed completely in the Loyalist cause when he first joined the International Brigades in Spain. It was like joining a religious order. "It gave you a part in something that you could believe in wholly and completely and in which you felt an absolute brotherhood with the others who were engaged in it," he recalls. "It was something you had never known before but that you had experienced now and you gave such importance to it and the reasons for it that your own death seemed of complete unimportance" (*Bell*, 235). This "puritanical, religious communism" he associates with Velazquez 63, the Madrid palace that served as the International Brigade headquarters in the capital.

Velazquez 63 is contrasted in the novel with Gaylord's hotel (the buildings, like a few of the characters, are undisguised with fictional names).

After his initial exposures to battle, Jordan comes to Gaylord's, the hotel the Russians had taken over, and discovers certain unpleasant facts that subvert the purity of the cause he had been zealously fighting for. "Gaylord's was the place where you met famous peasant and worker Spanish commanders who had sprung to arms from the people at the start of the war without any previous military training and found that many of them spoke Russian," Jordan recalls. That had been "the first big disillusion," but he refused to let it make him cynical, for the propaganda buildup was at least partly true (*Bell*, 228–29). The Spanish generals were in fact peasants or workers who had been active in the 1934 revolution and had to flee the country when it failed. In Russia they had been trained in military tactics and communist doctrine so they would be ready to lead the fight the next time around.

Still, this information was carefully withheld from the public, along with the fact that commanders like Lister and Campesino and Modesto were "told many of the moves they should make by their Russian military advisers. They were like students flying a machine with dual controls which the pilot could take over whenever they made a mistake" (*Bell*, 234). During a revolution in Spain you could not admit that outsiders were in control. "If a thing was right fundamentally the lying was not supposed to matter," Jordan thinks, but there was a lot of lying to get used to. Jordan hated the lying at first and then came to like it. "It was part of being an insider but it was a very corrupting business" (*Bell*, 229).

Jordan's political education at Gaylord's obviously paralleled that of Hemingway himself, extending to the portrayal of Mikhail Koltsov (called Karkov in the novel) as his principal instructor. "Wearing black riding boots, gray breeches, and a gray tunic, with tiny hands and feet, puffily fragile of face and body, with a spitting way of talking through his bad teeth, [Karkov] looked comic when Robert Jordan first saw him. But he had more brains and more inner dignity and outer insolence and humor than any man he had ever known" (*Bell*, 231).

Karkov's humor extends to making fun of the excesses of his own side's propaganda. He recites for Jordan's benefit his favorite Republican communiqué, from the Córdoba front: in translation, "our glorious troops continue to advance without losing a foot of ground." Jordan is disgusted by the high-flown rhetoric but disturbed as well by Karkov's cynicism and his own acceptance of it. "You could remember the men you knew who died in the fighting around Pozoblanco; but it was a joke at Gaylord's." Jordan realizes that his original idealism has eroded. "You corrupt very easily, he thought. But was it corruption or was it merely that you lost the

naïveté that you started with? . . . Who else kept that first chastity of mind about their work that young doctors, young priests, and young soldiers usually started with?" (*Bell*, 238–39).

For Whom the Bell Tolls deals harshly with the empty catchphrases of Republican propagandists—particularly as circulated by La Pasionaria, the "leftist saint" Dolores Ibarruri, a communist from the Basque provinces. In the book, her histrionic sloganeering proves of little value to El Sordo's band, which is trapped on a hilltop and faces systematic destruction by fascist aircraft (identified as of Italian and German origin). The callow Joaquín counsels the other soldiers to remember that "Pasionaria says it is better to die on your feet than to live on your knees." He continues to repeat the phrase to himself until the bombs begin to fall, when he shifts suddenly to "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee" (*Bell*, 309, 321). Neither mantra can save him or any of the others.

The novel makes it clear that during the Spanish Civil War both sides were engaged in wholesale lying and a great deal of false rhetoric. Hemingway had learned, as George Orwell observed, "that no event is ever correctly reported in a newspaper, but in Spain, for the first time, I saw newspaper reports which did not bear any relation to the facts, not even the relationship which is implied in an ordinary lie" (qtd. in Knightley, *The First Casualty*, 191).

"The facts" were often very hard to swallow. *For Whom the Bell Tolls* vividly portrays treachery and incompetence within the Loyalist ranks, for example. The principal villain, identified in the novel by his real name, was André Marty, the paranoid French Stalinist who led the International Brigades. "Only Stalin himself had a more suspicious nature than André Marty," according to the Spanish Civil War historian Hugh Thomas (*The Spanish Civil War*, 458). From his position of power, Marty simply eliminated anyone who aroused his suspicions. When, in the spring of 1937, Gustav Regler told Hemingway that Marty had brutally executed two shell-shocked Brigade volunteers, Hemingway exclaimed "Swine!" and spat on the ground (Sanderson, "'Like a Rock,'" 3). Later, he heard still other tales of Marty's unwarranted cruelty from Evan Shipman: information he would not use during the war itself, filed away for the novel to come.

In *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, the hopelessly suspicious Marty refuses to believe the intelligence Robert Jordan provides and so allows the Loyalists to launch an offensive doomed to end in disaster. A corporal working at Marty's headquarters spells out the indictment against him. Marty is "crazy as a bedbug," he says, with "a mania for shooting people." Moreover, he

doesn't kill fascists, as his troops do. Instead he does away with "Trotskyites. Divigationers. Any type of rare beasts" (*Bell*, 418). Here Hemingway condemns the very practices he had apparently accepted as necessary to the cause in *The Fifth Column*, written only two years earlier.

In addition to excoriating the Frenchman Marty for his paranoia, Hemingway (through the thoughts of Robert Jordan) accuses the Spanish of a temperamental predilection for treachery. As he tries to win the confidence of the guerilla band, Jordan knows that eventually they will turn against him as a foreigner. "They turned on you often but they always turned on every one. They turned on themselves, too. If you had three together, two would unite against one, and then the two would start to betray each other" (*Bell*, 135). This could lead to disaster when they were competing for positions of leadership. "Muck all the insane, egotistical, treacherous swine that have always governed Spain and ruled her armies," Jordan thinks. "Muck everybody but the people and then be damned careful what they turn into when they have power" (*Bell*, 370).

Hemingway's novel also characterizes the Republican leadership as incompetent in its conduct of the war. Irony abounds, for example, in the excellent General Golz's account of the "complicated" and "beautiful" battle plan he is supposed to execute, a "masterpiece" designed by a professor in Madrid. Golz is not given adequate resources with which to carry it out. He must "put in" for artillery, knowing he will not be get what he asks for. But that is the least of it, he tells Jordan. "You know how these people are. . . . Always there is something. Always some one will interfere" (*Bell*, 5). In scenes like these, *For Whom the Bell Tolls* approaches that "cruel misrepresentation" of the Spanish that Bessie complained of.

But what most outraged Bessie and other doctrinaire communists was the novel's depiction of the massacre of the fascists in Pablo's hometown. Pilar tells the story in thirty extraordinarily vivid and powerful pages early in the book. First Pablo and his Republican followers execute the *guardia civil*. Next they form a gauntlet of workers and peasants armed with flails and sickles that the town's fascist officials and sympathizers are forced to run. At the end, they are flung over the cliff to their death. At first, the townspeople are somewhat reluctant to strike at their neighbors, but drunkenness and a camaraderie in brutality overcome their scruples. Some of the victims die badly, some bravely. Some are actual enemies of the common people, some are not. Pilar, who has seen more than her share of good and bad, can hardly bear to watch as the hapless Don Guillermo—a humble merchant, and only a fascist by virtue of his own snobbery—is viciously beaten and killed.

There were of course atrocities on both sides, particularly at the start of the war. And Hemingway to some extent balances the books through the character of Maria. Her parents were shot by the fascists, declaring "Viva la República" as they died, and then she was raped. But these terrible events—deeply moving as Maria recalls them—are recounted in but four pages near the end of the book, and without the vividness of Pablo's wholesale massacre.

Many of those who supported the Loyalist cause during the war were shocked by Hemingway's emphasis on an atrocity committed by their fellow fighters. He must have abandoned his principles, they felt. But the killings in Pablo's hometown—a village that resembles Ronda, with its precipitous chasm—perform a crucial role in adumbrating the novel's underlying theme. "No man is an *Iland*, intire of it selfe . . . any mans *death* diminishes *me*, because I am involved in *Mankinde*": so the epigraph from John Donne spells it out, and it is a truth that Robert Jordan repeatedly reflects upon.

As he scouts the enemy soldiers occupying an abandoned sawmill to guard the bridge he must blow up, Jordan thinks of them as basically his fellows. "I have watched them all day and they are the same men that we are," he observes. They were not fascists, but poor men enlisted into the war against the Republicans. In the end, he knows, they must be eliminated if his mission is to succeed, but he does "not like to think of the killing" (*Bell*, 192–93). Later in the novel, after the *partisans* have had to kill a cavalryman to avoid detection, Jordan goes through the soldier's pockets, only to discover a letter from his sister proud of him for "liberat[ing] Spain from the domination of the Marxist hordes" and another from his fiancée that is "quietly, formally, and hysterically hysterical with concern for his safety" (*Bell*, 303). The dead boy was only twenty-one, son of a blacksmith from Tafalla in Navarra. He liked the people of Navarra better than those from any other part of Spain, Jordan thinks. He might well have seen this lad running through the streets of Pamplona during the *feria*.

This prompts Jordan to consider how many of the twenty men he has killed during the war were "real fascists." Only two that he was sure of, he decides, and he took no pleasure in disposing of them. More killing will come during and after the blowing of the bridge, and he does not look forward to that either. But it is a sacrifice he will make on behalf of a cause greater than himself or those he must destroy: an end to tyrannical fascist rule. To the extent that it condemns killing, *For Whom the Bell Tolls* fulfills something of the mission Hemingway declared upon first coming to Spain in March 1936: that he intended to function as an antiwar war

correspondent. Yet despite clearly deploring the wasteful deaths that war inevitably led to, the novel takes pains to justify this particular war.

Even among members of the guerilla band, Jordan realizes, only Pilar and the admirable old man Anselmo shared his belief in the Spanish Republic. And *belief* was very much at issue, for the Republicans needed a secular faith to replace the religion they have left behind. As Pilar says, "I believe firmly in the Republic, and I have faith. I believe in it with fervor as those who have religious faith believe in the mysteries" (*Bell*, 90). With the Catholic Church on the side of the Nationalists, Anselmo observes that he misses God, having been brought up in religion, but that now he must be responsible to himself alone. Like Jordan, he has no taste for killing. If it were left to him, he would "not kill even a Bishop" or "a proprietor of any kind." Instead, he would put them to work as the common people work in the fields or the forests "all the rest of their lives" (*Bell*, 41). That way, the fascists would learn what it meant to be among those they oppress.

Jordan himself maintains a similar faith in the Republic, despite all that he has witnessed of Soviet control of the war, Spanish incompetence and treachery, and phony propaganda. He noticed everything, and listened carefully; nobody owned his mind, and in due course, he thinks, he would form his judgments. But for the time being, he "was serving in a war and he gave absolute loyalty" to the effort (*Bell*, 136). The important thing was to win the war. "He fought now in this war because it had started in a country that he loved and he believed in the Republic and that if it were destroyed life would be unbearable for all those people who believed in it." Though he was not a communist himself, he would remain under communist discipline—the best discipline, the soundest and sanest—for the duration of the war (*Bell*, 163). "Remember this," he tells himself, "that as long as we hold them here we keep the fascists tied up. They can't attack any other country until they finish with us." As he lay awaiting his certain death, Jordan has no regrets. He has fought for a year for what he believes in. "If we win here," he thinks, "we will win everywhere" (*Bell*, 467).

Robert Jordan's hopes for the future were not to be realized. The Republicans lost the war, and before long the fascist governments in Germany and Italy widened the struggle into a World War. The Loyalists who lived to see this happen were bound to be disillusioned, Ernest Hemingway included. But like Jordan himself, he did not abandon his conviction that the lost cause had been worth the effort. *For Whom the Bell Tolls*—despite its honest depiction of nearly everything wrong with the conduct of the war—does not waver in its idealistic portrayal

of those who were willing to sacrifice everything, their lives included, for the battle against fascism.

For the twenty years left to him after finishing this novel, Hemingway held firmly to the antifascism that drove him to support the Spanish Republic. In March 1942, a few months after Pearl Harbor, he visited Gustav Regler in Mexico, where—as the communist dissident Regler confided to his diary—Hemingway "talked much political nonsense." All Nazis "must be castrated," he said (he insisted on the same point in his introduction to the 1942 *Men at War*). And since only the communists offered a viable "organization" to win the war, he advised Regler to rejoin the Party (Sanderson, "'Like a Rock,'" 12–13). Invited to the tenth reunion of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade in 1947, Hemingway sent his regrets along with a tape to be read at the banquet. It made him proud, he said, to be "in the company of premature anti-Fascists": those who would be demonized during the Red scare following World War II (Hemingway, tape). The following year, he wrote Charles Scribner that he felt loyalty to a number of people and institutions: "to Scribners and to Max [Perkins]…to the Spanish Republic, the 4th U.S. Infantry Division and the 22nd Infantry Regiment [the units he'd been with during the Battle of the Hürtgenwald]." But he felt even more deeply "about he 12th International Brigade and my children and Mary" (*Selected Letters*, 638).

The months Hemingway spent in Spain during 1937 and 1938 did more than give him the experience and inside knowledge that he needed to write *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. They taught him, too, that there were some things worth fighting for: an end to fascism, and his friends and colleagues at the front and under siege at home and abroad. "All of us who *lived* the Spanish Civil War felt deeply emotional about it," his friend Herbert Matthews wrote more than thirty years later (Matthews, *World*, 11). Books about the war might provide the historical facts, Martha Gellhorn commented, but they could not capture "the emotion, the commitment, the feeling that we were all in it together, the certainty that we were *right*"(Knightley, *The First Casualty*, 215): comrades bound together in the last great cause of their time.