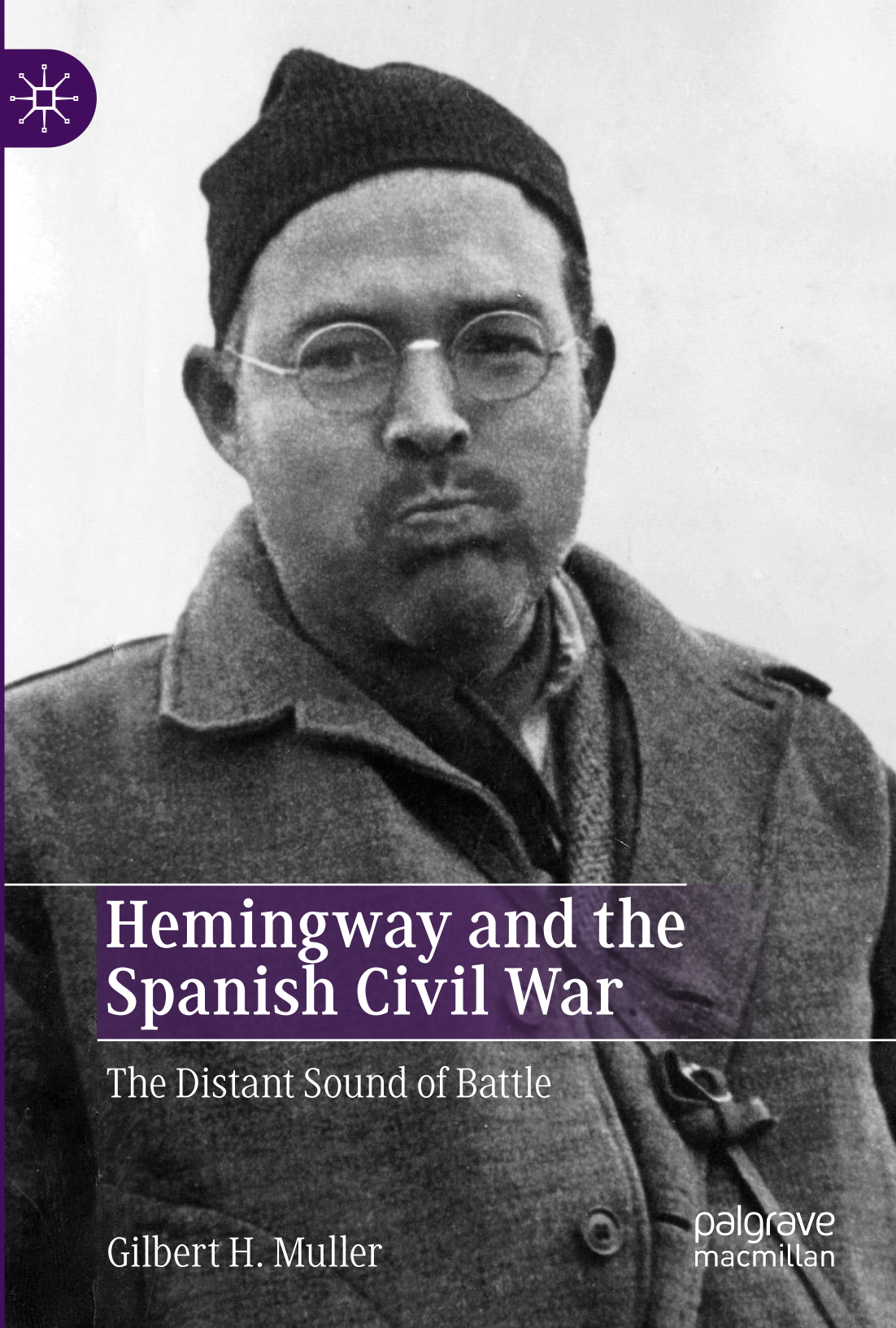

Hemingway and the Spanish Civil War

The Distant Sound of Battle

Gilbert H. Muller

palgrave
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To
Sadie Rain and Vivian Dalia
With Love

Preface

The Spanish Civil War was, as Hugh Thomas observes, "a most passionate war," and no American writer was more devoted to the democratically elected Second Republic than Ernest Hemingway.[1] This book offers a fresh account of Hemingway's adventures in Spain during the Civil War, stressing his embrace of radical political action and discourse in defense of the Republic against the forces of Fascism. Virtually all of Hemingway's writing and political activities during the period deal with this polarized moment in Spain's history. In the end, his immersive journey into the turbulent world of the Spanish Civil War enabled him to compose *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, a landmark in American political fiction.

Hemingway was a unique witness to cataclysmic events and a writer unusually adept at capturing in fiction and other modes of literary expression the complexities of world history. During the 1930s, he was never apolitical as some critics and biographers contend; in fact, he was a deep reader of history and an astute observer of the political scene who marched to his own drummer. An anarchist or libertarian by temperament and a supreme artist by inclination, Hemingway had coherent views on national and world events, and during the Spanish Civil War experimented with diverse forms of political discourse to render his understanding of the conflict. (He even conquered stage fright to speak in behalf of the Spanish Republic.) Suspicious of the New Deal's attempt to transform Key West into a tourist attraction and the Roosevelt administration's tepid response to the devastating Labor Day hurricane of

1935, he railed against bureaucrats in "Who Murdered the Vets?" which appeared in the radical magazine *New Masses*. Viewing the global scene in articles for *Esquire* and *Ken*, new magazines that he was instrumental in promoting, he predicted that a new war in Europe was unavoidable. Throughout the decade, Hemingway was preoccupied with developments in Spain, the one nation that he loved more than any other except for his own.

Hemingway realized that totalitarian nations were using Spain as a laboratory for the mechanized horrors and mass killing that anticipated another world war. Paul Preston, whose monumental scholarship about the Spanish Civil War informs this book, observes: "The scale of terror and repression… which had been easily won by the rebels made it clear that their objective was not simply to take over the state but to exterminate an entire liberal and reforming culture."[2] Hemingway operated from a similar perspective. He covered the *causa* as a reporter on four occasions, recording his understanding of the conflict in dozens of dispatches for the North American Newspaper Alliance. Additionally, he wrote numerous articles for *Esquire* and *Ken* magazines; a three-act drama and a documentary screenplay; and five semi-autobiographical stories, all rooted in his intimate experience of the Civil War. And in the immediate aftermath of the Spanish tragedy, he wrote *For Whom the Bell Tolls*—a work as relevant today as it was in 1940 and hailed by both Barack Obama and John McCain as their favorite novel.

Hemingway was a magnetic presence among the journalists, writers, fighters, and political operatives who flocked to Spain during the Civil War. He enjoyed unrivaled access to officials and combatants alike, among them key figures in the International Brigades including volunteers in the Abraham Lincoln Battalion. With him throughout the conflict were Martha Gellhorn, an accomplished writer, activist, and journalist who would become his third wife; and Herbert Matthews, a correspondent for *The New York Times*. Their influence on Hemingway is a main feature in the book.

Hemingway's passionate commitment to the Spanish Republic illuminates all aspects of this study. With the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War, he returned to professional journalism for the first time since he had filed articles for the *Toronto Star* on the postwar situation in Europe. He used his new assignment in order to promote the cause of the Spanish Republic. His activities and writing during this period, culminating with

For Whom the Bell Tolls, should be considered as a body of political production unmatched by any other American or European writer of the era. As such, this book asks readers to consider Hemingway's writing during the period framed by the Spanish Civil War as a coherent political project. In this context, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, which Hemingway conceived as a contemporary counterpart to *War and Peace*, should be viewed as a transnational novel with historical and political implications. Hemingway advanced the global debate over the relevance of the Spanish Civil War for global democracy. His work during this period encapsulates an era.

Ernest Hemingway was at his best as a person and an artist during a time that for him was a personal crusade to save the Spanish Republic. In the immediate aftermath of the Spanish Civil War, he harnessed personal experience, a supple critical intelligence, and creative talents to write *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, creating a love story for a popular audience while at the same time dramatizing through the trope of war all the complex interactions among competing cultural, historical, and ideological forces that defined the conflict. Hemingway's love of Spain, relentless efforts to support the Republican cause, and warnings about the gathering forces of totalitarianism reveal an engaged, visionary artist who anticipated the world to come.

New York, USA Gilbert H. Muller

Notes

1. Thomas, 616.
2. Preston, *The Spanish Civil War*, 109.

Acknowledgements

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The study itself builds on foundational biographies and critical texts by numerous Hemingway scholars, among them Carlos Baker, Jeffrey Meyers, Michael Reynolds, Scott Donaldson, Matthew J. Bruccoli, Bernice Kert, Gail D. Sinclair, Kirk Curnutt, Linda Martin-Wagner, Sandra Spanier, and Robert W. Trogdon. Two recent biographies by Mary Dearborn and James M. Hutchisson offer fresh critical insights influencing my approach to Hemingway's involvement in historical and political events. Among the specialized treatments of Hemingway and the Spanish Civil War, I have found studies by Allen Josephs, Peter Wyden, Edward F. Stanton, Amanda Vail, Alex Vernon, Adam Hochschild, and William Braasch Watson to be especially helpful. My focus on Hemingway's relationship with Martha Gellhorn would not have been possible without Caroline Moorehead's biography and her edition of Gellhorn's selected letters. Among the numerous historians on the Spanish Civil War, I am indebted to the work of Paul Preston and Helen Graham who, I suggest, get the conflict right.

Finally, I wish to thank the staff of the Hemingway Collection at the John F. Kennedy Library (notably Maryrose Grossman) as well as archivists in the rare books and manuscript collections at the New York Public Library, New York University, and Stanford University who pointed me to primary sources and illustrations. With much gratitude, I salute the Hemingway Society for its ongoing efforts to keep the iceberg afloat.

Contents

Abbreviations

DIA	*Death in the Afternoon*
EH	Ernest Hemingway
FSF	F. Scott Fitzgerald
FWBT	*For Whom the Bell Tolls*
HM	Herbert Matthews
JDP	John Dos Passos
JFK	Ernest Hemingway Collection, John F. Kennedy Presidential Library and Museum, Boston, Massachusetts
LEH	Sandra Spanier and Robert W. Trogdon, eds., *The Letters of Ernest Hemingway*
MG	Martha Gellhorn
MP	Maxwell Perkins
NYT	*The New York Times*
PUL	Princeton University Library, Special Collections
SL	Carlos Baker, ed., *Ernest Hemingway: Selected Letters, 1917–1961*
SLMG	Caroline Moorehead, ed., *Selected Letters of Martha Gellhorn*
THAHN	*To Have and to Have Not*

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CHAPTER 1

The Distant Sound of Battle, December 1936

On a late December afternoon in 1936, Ernest Hemingway was sitting at the bar in Sloppy Joe's, his favorite saloon in Key West, enjoying a few drinks while quietly sorting through his mail.[1] An autodidact since his teenage years when he devoured everything around the family house in Oak Park, Illinois including his father's AMA journals, Ernest had already perused the daily newspapers—he typically read at least three—for updates on the Spanish Civil War.[2] The insurrection had been launched in Spanish Morocco on 17 July by right-wing generals against the duly elected Republican government, followed the next day by the rebel takeover of numerous military barracks in southwestern and northwestern Spain.

Ten days into the rebellion, Jay Allen of the *Chicago Daily Tribune*, a friend of Ernest's, had been the first foreign correspondent to interview a key conspirator (and its future Caudillo) in the uprising. General Francisco Franco had flown from his exile in the Canary Islands to Tetuán, Morocco in order to help launch the rebellion. By chance, Allen, then in San Roque, a small town near the Straits of Gibraltar, was told to cross over to Tetuán in order to meet with Franco.[3] "There can be no compromise, no truce," the short, bald, corpulent rebel informed Allen.[4] "I shall advance. I shall take the capital…. I shall save Spain from Marxism at whatever cost." When Allen replied that such a strategy would force Franco to shoot half of Spain, the General answered, "I said whatever the cost."

Hemingway had known Allen, one of the best-informed correspondents working in Spain, since their time together in Paris during the 1920s.

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He would have an opportunity to discuss the Spanish situation with Allen prior to his own departure for Madrid as a foreign correspondent for the North American Newspaper Alliance (NANA). For the first time in more than fifteen years, when he had covered the Greco-Turkish War of 1922–1923 for the *Toronto Star*, Hemingway would be filing dispatches from a war zone. He was anxious to return to Spain and once again conduct his life on a decidedly dangerous global stage.

For Hemingway, the distant sound of battle in his beloved Spain signaled a critical moment in his life and career. "I hate to have missed this Spanish thing," he had telegraphed his editor Max Perkins from Wyoming in late September.[5] He had fretted from afar as Nationalist rebels under the command of General Queipo de Llano quickly took Seville on 19 July, launching a massive purge of union members and Republican sympathizers.[6] There followed another rebel victory and massacre of civilians in Badajoz near the border with Portugal on 14 August. Then, on 27 September, Franco broke the Republican siege of the rebel garrison in Toledo, where reprisals once again made the streets flow with blood. Throughout the summer and fall of 1936, the rebels advanced inexorably on Madrid, hoping for a quick triumph, only to be halted at the city's outskirts in mid-November by the furious resistance of the capital's citizen militias.

How could any writer resist the clarion call to arms against Fascism and in defense of the beleaguered Spanish Republic? Already men and women in the International Brigades were fighting and dying in Madrid, thrown into the breach at University City on the western edge of the city during the fraught days of 7–12 November in order to counter Franco's dreaded Army of Africa, which had been airlifted to the mainland by German and Italian transport planes, and General Emilio Mola's legions based in the northern province of Navarre.[7] The Civil War in Spain was too compelling for any writer worth his salt to ignore. In truth, war was Hemingway's greatest subject, the ruling principle in his modernist renditions of the First World War in *The Sun Also Rises* and *A Farewell to Arms*. "War," he wrote to Scott Fitzgerald, "groups the maximum of material and speeds up the action and brings out all sorts of stuff that normally you have to wait a lifetime to get."[8] Moreover, as he observed in his typically laconic and self-referential style in *Green Hills of Africa*, "Civil war is the best war for a writer, the most complete."[9]

For Hemingway, Spain was the ideal nation, the most complete, in which to view the course of a civil war. Many readers keeping abreast of the Spanish Civil War in *The New York Times* would have caught the allusion to Hemingway's affinity for Spain in a front-page article that had appeared in early October. The headline, "Death in the Afternoon—and at Dawn—A Picture of Mad War in Spain, Where Murder Stalks Behind the Lines of Fighting Men," references Hemingway's innovative 1932 treatise on bullfighting, *Death in the Afternoon*.[10] The illustrated article captures at length the distinctively modern brutality of the conflict: "The newest methods of warfare are blended with the oldest in this fantastically bitter Spanish civil war. There is no uniformity of action on the part of either side, Red or White, except in the ferocity with which the struggle is waged." The photographs interspersing the account highlight the "reign of fear" that had immediately become apparent in the early months of the Spanish Civil War.

Aside from the slaughter of combatants and civilians by both sides but primarily by the Nationalists as Paul Preston, the preeminent scholar on the Spanish Civil War documents, new forms of horrifying mechanized warfare had quickly emerged.[11] Even as Hemingway anticipated his return to Spain as a foreign correspondent, Italian and German planes were bombarding Madrid in an effort to terrify the population and destroy its eighty thousand poorly organized civilian and militia defenders—the first blitz of a European capital in the annals of warfare and a prelude to the savagery that would be unleashed by Germany's Condor Legion on the Basque town of Guernica in April 1937. In time, Hemingway would weave these planes—German, Italian, Russian—into the fabric of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, a masterpiece of political fiction based on his experience and understanding of Spain and the tragic outcome of the Spanish Civil War.

Hemingway worried that he would be late to the Civil War but sensed correctly that the conflict would be prolonged. In a 15 December letter to Max Perkins, his editor at Scribner's, he observes, "I've *got* to go to Spain. But there's no great hurry. They'll be fighting for a long time and it's cold as hell around Madrid now! I've paid two guys over there to fight (transportation and cash to Spanish Border) already. If I could send seven more could probably be a corporal. But I'm not going there as head of the Hemingstein Legion."[12] He comments on the generalissimo now leading the rebellion: "Franco is a good general but a son of a bitch of the first magnitude and he lost his chance to take Madrid for nothing by being over cautious."

Sitting at the bar in Sloppy Joe's, Hemingway was preparing to join the cavalcade of correspondents, writers, and artists already in Spain recording their impressions of the Civil War and the internal and external forces dividing that fated nation. After the influential newspaper and radio gossip commentator Walter Winchell informed the American public around Thanksgiving that Hemingway was bound for Spain, the celebrated author had been offered a lucrative contract by John Wheeler, the manager of NANA, to report on the conflict.[13] NANA, which provided copy for more than fifty newspapers including *The New York Times* and *The New Republic*, agreed to pay Hemingway handsomely for his war cables from the Spanish front. Wheeler promised Hemingway the astronomical fee of $1000 for posted longer pieces of about one thousand words ($18,000 in today's money) and $500 for shorter cabled items.

After taking his cabin cruiser *Pilar* over to Cuba for a week in order to ponder the offer from Wheeler, Hemingway returned to Key West and informed his wife Pauline that his pal Sidney Franklin, the tall, angular bullfighter from Brooklyn, had agreed to accompany him to Spain. Despite Pauline's reservations, Hemingway was impatient to depart.[14] He had no intention of passing on the opportunity to serve as an international correspondent—and to be paid well for it. Once again, he would be confronting war and covering vast geopolitical events. These forces had been the thematic nodes of much of his reporting for the *Toronto Star Weekly* during his early years in Europe, and they had informed the lives of the main characters in Hemingway's two groundbreaking novels, *The Sun Also Rises* and *A Farewell to Arms*.

Perhaps Hemingway imagined that he could chronicle the events of the Spanish Civil War while exploring new protocols of literary production, seeking the special dimensions required, he believed, to write a truly great novel. During the 1930s, his books *Death in the Afternoon* and *Green Hills of Africa* had been experimental excursions in nonfictional prose. Even a collection of stories, *Winner Take Nothing*, had been a diversion from what Hemingway perceived as a need for a major work of fiction that would elevate his reputation to the highest rank of authors. He did have high hopes for an untitled Key West novel (which he would finally name *To Have and Have Not*), but completing the manuscript was taking longer than expected. Hemingway was pondering his next move. Perhaps in Spain, he might find the ingredients for a major novel worthy of comparison with Tolstoy's *War and Peace*.[15] After all, the trajectory of his life—whether

in Paris, Key West, Cuba, Africa, or the remote terrain of Montana and Wyoming—had always circled back to Spain and Spanish culture.

People—friends, fans, and tourists alike—knew where they might find Hemingway on any given afternoon: at Sloppy Joe's, where Ernest typically occupied a stool at the end of the bar.[16] The cool, cavernous saloon, one of the seedier dives on Greene Street, was Hemingway's well-known watering hole in Key West, his retreat after a morning of writing, a pause for lunch, then a swim in the Navy Yard basin, or a fishing excursion in the Gulf. Along with Wallace Stevens, Robert Frost, Tennessee Williams, and other writers who spent time in Key West during the winter months, Hemingway found the town's boozy ambience appealing—a daily respite from the growing aggravations of family life and the persistent problems composing *To Have and Have Not.* One frequent visitor, the poet Elizabeth Bishop, who like Hemingway was a serious drinker, mused that in Key West "drunkenness is an excuse just as correct as any other."[17]

Hemingway had first visited the four-mile strip of land at the southernmost tip of the continental United States in April 1928 shortly after his marriage to his second wife, Pauline Pfeiffer, an attractive, stylish editor for *Vogue* in Paris.[18] Pauline had insinuated herself into the Hemingway household in Paris and pried him from Hemingway's first wife Hadley and their son John or "Bumby," whose godmother was Gertrude Stein. Seeking distance from the Paris crowd and a fresh start, the newlyweds ventured to Key West at the suggestion of the novelist and political activist John Dos Passos, who had stumbled on the shabby tropical paradise during a walking excursion. Dos, as friends called him, had been close to Hemingway ever since their days as ambulance drivers in Italy during the First World War.[19] Tall, lean, and balding, with a quiet professorial bearing befitting his Harvard education, Dos was one of the few friends whose opinions Hemingway actually valued. (It helped immensely that Dos had married Katy Smith, one of Hemingway's oldest friends from his childhood summers in Upper Michigan.) When Dos informed his younger friend that Key West, situated 125 miles southwest of Miami, "was like no other place in Florida," Hemingway decided to investigate the remote island himself.[20]

After arriving in Key West with Pauline in the first week of April 1928, Hemingway quickly surrendered to the exotic ambience of the town. He liked the fact that the tropical retreat was part of the United States but distant from it as well, as close to Cuba and Spanish culture that he loved as it was to the American mainland. "And is this not just what Hemingway has done?" his friend John Peale Bishop, who had been part of the Paris

crowd of expatriates in the previous decade, asked. "Is there a further point to which he can retire than Key West? There he is still in political America, but on its uttermost island, no longer attached to his native continent."[21]

Hemingway had discovered in Key West a mirror of the Hispanic world. In a 13 April 1928 letter to Waldo Peirce, the bearded, bearish, infinitely gentle but wildly profane artist who also had been an ambulance driver during the Great War and thus a certified member of the Hemingway fraternity of veterans, Ernest writes: "Pauline is in great shape. We are going to have a baby in June or July. This is a grand place—all talk Spanish—I work and we go out on the Keys and catch Red snappers, amber jacks and lose barracudas every day."[22] Hemingway was so enthralled by Key West that he exclaims a second time that the island is "a grand place," observing that the "population dropped from 26,000 to 10,000 in last ten years. Nothing can stimulate it… Fine breeze—hot as Spain and cool at night." Soon afterward, Peirce along with Dos, the artist Henry "Mike" Strater, and Katy's brother Bill Smith would venture to Key West to see for themselves exactly what Ernest found so charming about this rundown island at the tail end of the United States.

Key West in the late 1800s had been the wealthiest city in the United States on a per capita basis, but by the time Hemingway first visited it had fallen on hard times.[23] Up to the First World War, the town had been the jewel in the crown of developer Henry Flagler's Overseas Railroad linking Miami to the Keys over his magnificent viaduct—aptly referred to as events would prove as "Flagler's Folly." However, by 1920, Key West with its deserted Navy Yard, blighted sponge industry, and shuttered tobacco factories had become a faded island outpost a decade before the Great Depression. Yet Hemingway viewed the town as the perfect place to settle. He liked its faded charms, its remoteness, and its Hispanic ambience. The place offered him a separate peace.

After several excursions to Key West, Ernest and Pauline established the island as their permanent home in 1932. Pauline's wealthy uncle Gus Pfeiffer purchased a decrepit two-story Spanish colonial house for the couple at 907 Whitehead Street which they proceeded to renovate. Hemingway happily informed friends from his Paris years that the remote town at the tail end of the Keys, with its unpaved roads and bleached cottages anchored in coral bedrock to withstand hurricanes, was "the St. Tropez of the poor."[24]

Hemingway found the ragged backwater to be a welcome departure and refuge from his expatriate years in Paris during the 1920s. The town signaled a fresh stage in his life and career—a place far removed from the

glamor of Paris but symptomatic of Hemingway's tendency to start new phases of his life in a new place—and with a new woman. F. Scott Fitzgerald, with whom Ernest had a complicated relationship, posited: "I have a theory that Ernest needs a new woman for each big book. There was one for the stories and *The Sun Also Rises*. Now there's Pauline. *A Farewell to Arms* is a big book. If there's another big book I think we'll find Ernest has another wife."[25] Hemingway's last "big book," *A Farewell to Arms*, had been published in 1929 on the eve of the stock market crash. He was overdue for another major novel.

As Hemingway nursed his drink at Sloppy Joe's, tourists were ambling the streets, consulting a 67-page travel guide *Key West in Transition* that touted the town as the "Bermuda of America."[26] The Great Depression had ravaged the town, forcing the Key West administration to declare bankruptcy in 1934 and place itself at the mercy of the Roosevelt administration. With half the population on the national dole, the Federal Emergency Relief Administration (FERA) had decided to transform Key West into a tourist destination. Under FERA supervision, residents were put to work cleaning up the streets, collecting the garbage, and painting houses in preparation for an influx of tourists.

Consulting the black-and-white map insert, tourists could pinpoint Site No. 18 on the walking tour—the imposing Whitehead Street house with its wraparound Spanish balcony that belonged to "Ernest Hemingway, the Famous Author." Adept at self-promotion from the earliest part of his career, Hemingway nevertheless was irked to be viewed as Key West's most famous literary celebrity and a fit specimen for a tourist's gaze. At least, he muttered, he was not No. 1 on the tour guide; being No. 18 was "adequate."[27]

Hemingway, in truth, had created a public persona: the "legendary Hemingway" as his friend, novelist, and editor John Bishop labeled him. At thirty-seven, he was in the prime of life—vigorous and muscular with dark hair and mustache, sun-weathered face, and observant brown eyes. Six feet tall and two hundred pounds, he still resembled the "big powerful peasant as strong as a buffalo" described by James Joyce, who was his frequent drinking companion during their days together in Paris.[28] Back then the wiry, myopic Joyce, who was typically feisty when drunk, would unleash a torrent of invective on an unsuspecting bar patron; he then would stand behind Hemingway urging his big peasant to defend him. Ernest was preoccupied with his weight, keeping as close to two hundred pounds as possible, honing his body with almost obsessive physical activity. He cultivated

interlocking he-man personas as the soldier, bullfighter, hunter, fisherman, boxer, drinker, and lover—his "metaphors for the writer and his trade" in the words of a foremost Hemingway biographer, Michael Reynolds.[29]

By the middle of the decade, Hemingway indeed had become the epitome of the American male, his image appearing in scores of newspapers and magazines. Not without a touch of envy, John Bishop observed: "He appears to have turned into a composite of all those photographs he has been sending out for years: sunburned from snows, on skis; in fishing getup, burned dark from the hot Caribbean; the handsome, stalwart hunter crouched smiling over the carcass of some dead beast."[30] To Bishop, Ernest Hemingway was the incarnation of one of the great English poets, George Gordon, Lord Byron, "sinister and romantic."

Hemingway had cultivated this multilayered romantic persona almost from the start of his career. He had spent his literary apprenticeship in Paris along with Bishop and other writers and artists who were in the vanguard of the modernist movement. These writers strove to "make it new" as their tutor Ezra Pound, the tall poet whose red goatee and untamable hair made him a recognizable figure and who already was crafting his monumental *Cantos*, demanded.[31] Those who had experienced and survived the First World War—aspiring writers like Hemingway and his friends John Dos Passos and Archibald MacLeish—became the iconic artists of the "Lost Generation," a rubric coined by Gertrude Stein, the doyenne of the expatriate community in Paris.

Stein and Pound had been patrons of the young, handsome, clearly talented American who would become a voice of the Lost Generation. In Paris, under the tutelage of Pound and Stein, Hemingway perfected his literary voice. He fashioned a lapidary style conceived as an antidote to the hollow emotional discourse about love, honor, patriotism, and sacrifice that typified late Victorian and Edwardian culture and bled into popular sentiment about the First World War. By the time of the Spanish Civil War, Hemingway was celebrated as the legendary writer who had chronicled the period of disillusion and discontent produced by the Great War in *The Sun Also Rises* and A *Farewell to Arms*. In these two novels and his early short fiction, notably the crisp vignettes in *In Our Time* and memorable stories like "Soldier's Home" and "Big Two-Hearted River," Hemingway had probed the dark landscape of war and the aftermath for meaning—all the "silent slain" as his friend Archie MacLeish wrote in one lyric—or the absence of meaning in the modern world.

The Spanish Civil War would test Hemingway's earlier assumptions about war, politics, and violence. It had been two decades since his own experience in the First World War and years since he had written about the desire for a separate peace in *A Farewell to Arms*. He had followed the news about the powers—Italy, Germany, and the Soviet Union—contending for supremacy in Spain and what the conflict signified for the United States and the world. He saw the old disasters of war at work in Spain but new forms of totalitarianism as well. Soon Hemingway would be off to see the conflict and report on it for NANA. Perhaps there would also be an opportunity to write a novel about the Spanish Civil War, a big book appealing to highbrows and lowbrows alike as he had once told his first American publisher, Horace Liveright.

Spain for Hemingway had always been a special country, a nation divorced from the rest of Europe (like Africa) and immune to the postwar discontents of civilization. He valued Spain for its unique culture of violence and death: A Spaniard's mortal concerns, at least as Hemingway understood it, were rooted in history, ritual, and the soil itself. In a discarded section of *Death in the Afternoon*, Hemingway declares: "I went to Spain from Italy via Paris trying to learn to write and well cured of all abstract words.… Coming to Spain I found some of the things I believed in being practiced and an opportunity to observe others."[32]

Spain had loomed large in Hemingway's life and literary imagination from the outset of his career. His troopship had touched down in Spain in 1919 following Hemingway's wounding and convalescence during the Great War. The aspiring author also had made a brief stopover in Spain in December 1921 when, on his way to Paris with his new bride Hadley Richardson, he found the beauty of Vigo Bay in the northwestern corner of the country overwhelming. Entranced by Vigo, he told his pal Bill Smith, "We're going back there."[33]

Every year from 1923 to 1927 and again in 1929 and 1931, Hemingway made an annual pilgrimage to Spain—drawn typically to the San Fermines festival in Pamplona but exploring the far reaches of the Iberian Peninsula as well.[34] When he first visited Pamplona with Hadley, at the time pregnant, he immersed himself in the semi-pagan rituals of summer in the town. "We landed at Pamplona at night," he reports in the *Toronto Star*.[35] "The streets were solid with people dancing. Music was pounding and throbbing. Fireworks were being set off from the big public square. All carnivals I had

ever seen paled down in comparison." Hemingway was giddy with the five-day ritual of bullfighting. Having "discovered" Pamplona, insisting that he and Hadley were the only foreigners in town, Hemingway soon would be dragging his friends to the annual fiesta; some key members of his entourage would reappear as thinly disguised characters in his debut novel, *The Sun Also Rises*. Spain was, as he informed his friend James Gamble, "the very best country of all"—and a source of literary inspiration as well.

Untouched by the Great War, seemingly primeval in its cultural mores, Spain reminded Hemingway of the untrammeled regions of America. Typically, the landscape around Burguete (which would be fiercely contested during the Spanish Civil War) was for Hemingway a mirror reflection of Upper Michigan. He notes, "In the west of America you are in country that is physically so like Spain that where there are no houses you could not tell whether it was Spain or Wyoming. There are areas of Montana that are like Aragon." Jake Barnes, the maimed protagonist in *The Sun Also Rises*, seeks revival and solace in the primitive world and rituals defined by the time he spends at the Irati River, the Burguete woods, and Pamplona. If he is "lost," which is a leading thread in critical commentary, then Spain for Jake is regenerative. Moreover, in the Spanish stories that he wrote prior to the Spanish Civil War—the six bullfighting vignettes in *In Our Time* along with "The Undefeated," "A Banal Story," "Hills Like White Elephants," "The Mother of the Queen," "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place," and "The Capital of the World"—existence is stripped to its ritualistic, fundamentally tragic national core.

John Bishop shrewdly suggested that Hemingway's "vision of life is one of perpetual annihilation," a theme that is relevant to his understanding of Spanish culture. Bishop writes, "The Spaniards stand apart, and particularly the bullfighters, not so much because they risk their lives in a spectacular way, with beauty and skill and discipline, but because as members of a race still largely, though unconsciously, savage, they retain a tragic sense of life."[36] Early in his career, Hemingway had read Miguel de Unamuno's *The Tragic Sense of Life*, and it is this vision of tragedy woven into a nation's cultural fabric that would guide his experience of the Spanish Civil War and the amazing body of work he would produce.

All too often viewed as being a fan of the *corrida* and the charms of fiesta but disinterested in Spain's political affairs, Hemingway actually was astute in thinking that the Spanish Civil War would be savage, protracted, and a harbinger of a dark period in international affairs. He had served during the First World War as an ambulance driver and, for a brief episode

that he would embellish over the years, experienced its barbarity. Severely wounded, he had made his separate peace with that war, using its psychic disruption as the foundation for the novels that established his fame, *The Sun Also Rises* and *A Farewell to Arms*. And the cynicism permeating these novels—best illustrated by his protagonist Frederic Henry's rejection of noble concepts deriving from warfare in *A Farewell to Arms*—had actually been honed by his earlier political reporting for the *Toronto Star*.

More than half of the almost two hundred articles the young foreign correspondent filed for the *Toronto Star* were on political subjects including coverage of the Greco-Turkish War, Lausanne Peace Conference, unrest in the Ruhr as Germany was crushed by the crippling terms of the Versailles Treaty, and the rise of Mussolini's Fascist regime in Italy. To Hemingway at that time, Mussolini was "the biggest bluff in Europe."[37] With the outbreak of hostilities in Spain, Hemingway would revisit *Il Duce's* intrusion into Spain's Civil War. He was convinced that the machinations of Mussolini, Hitler, and Stalin in Spain signaled a dangerous new international war among major powers. The battle between Fascism and democracy in Spain, he predicted, was a prelude to a second international war.

The social, economic, and political changes that accelerated in the decades following the First World War had already resulted in "civil wars" that brought Mussolini and Hitler to power in Italy and Germany. These totalitarian triumphs had their origins in the cumulative anxieties provoked by a process of rapid, uneven, and accelerating modernization across the continent.[38] Hemingway loved Spain precisely because it had avoided both the First World War and the mad pace of industrialization seen throughout the rest of Europe. When Hemingway first stepped foot in Vigo in 1923, Spain was largely agricultural with almost seventy percent of the population living in rural areas. This disparity between urban and rural demographics had not changed very much when the Spanish Civil War commenced. Contributing to the disruptive situation was the fact that ever since the French invasion of 1808, Spain had been a nation of civil wars. Thus, the democratic regime created by the election of April 1931 produced a cultural and political polarization that had existed for centuries.

Spain historically had been beset by two clashing cultures—competing versions of a nation polarized by warring factions.[39] By the twentieth century, the first Spain consisted of aristocrats, monarchists, agrarian oligarchs, industrial elites, the Catholic Church, and some elements of the military. These groups were the upholders of tradition, best captured by the slogan of the major Catholic party, the CEDA (Spanish Confederation of

Autonomous Right-Wing Groups): *Religion, Fatherland, Family, Order, Work, Property*. This was the Spain of rigid tradition, of monarchical and clerical supremacy, centralized authority, and hierarchical social order.

Aligned against this vision of a traditional nation with its vestiges of Empire and historical glory was the second Spain consisting of a range of progressive political groups intent on bringing the country into the twentieth century. These worldly, modernizing men and women were the children of the Enlightenment, the French Revolution, and the Russian Revolution. They were workers, secularists, university students, liberal and left-wing Republicans, and advocates of various forms of regional autonomy. It was this disparate coalition of liberal, reformist, and revolutionary elements that constituted the new, secular Republican state. By 1936, however, the ongoing conflicts between liberals (broadly defined as including progressives, socialists, anarchists, and communists) and traditionalists had eroded civic culture and created the conditions for Civil War.

The February 1936 elections in Spain had resulted in a triumph for the Popular Front, a coalition of leftist parties constituting a parliamentary majority that was anathema to traditional elements in the nation. In response to the Popular Front victory, General Emilio Mola led a division of rebels down from Navarre to assault the capital Madrid with the goal of rapidly deposing the leftist Republican regime. At the same time, another conspirator in the military *putsch*, General Francisco Franco Bahamonde, invaded the Iberian Peninsula with his Army of Africa that was based on the Spanish Protectorate of Morocco. Composed of Moorish *Regulares* and Foreign Legionnaires or *Tercios*, Franco's soldiers constituted the only efficient fighting force in the Spanish Army.

From Key West, Hemingway followed the course of the conflict in the *New York Times* and other journals as twenty thousand rebel or Nationalist troops as they called themselves swarmed into southwestern Spain, slaughtering Loyalist militias in Merida and Badajoz on the border with Portugal, which was now an insurgent ally. By 18 September 1936, every town and village of Cadiz had fallen to Franco's army with more than three thousand Republican or Loyalist sympathizers—local politicians, school teachers, trade unionists, and Freemasons among them—slaughtered.

From Badajoz, Franco's Army of Africa drove northward toward Madrid whose capture would effectively end the war. However, the congenitally cautious commanding general, who was now receiving significant support from Mussolini and Hitler, flew seven hundred of his Legionnaires northward in German Junker transport planes to assist General Mola in taking

Irun, thereby effectively sealing off the French border. Even more damaging from the standpoint of military strategy, Franco diverted his march on Madrid to relieve supporters in the besieged Alcazar fortress of Toledo. On 27 September 1936, Nationalists entered Toledo with the Moors celebrating their victory by slaughtering inhabitants including wounded defenders in their hospital beds. Only then did Franco resume his march on Madrid.

Republican forces were far less inclined to wreak horror on their compatriots as the Civil War became a protracted struggle between partisans of the left and right. But as historian Paul Preston in his definitive account of the Spanish holocaust confirms, Republican forces did respond in kind on occasion. Most notably, in the province of Malaga, "the historic town of Ronda perched alongside the *tajo* or gorge in which the River Gaudalevin runs more than three hundred feet below… had suffered a pitiless repression at the hands of a character known as 'El Gitano.'"[40] Anarchists from Malaga and locals shot numerous rightists in the cemetery, perhaps as many as six hundred.

Ernest knew Ronda well because it was the one place in Andalusia that captured his imagination. After visiting the town in 1930, he wrote to Scott Fitzgerald informing him that Ronda was one of the best places in Spain and the perfect romantic retreat for a honeymoon.[41] He expands upon his delight in Ronda in a passage appearing in *Death in the Afternoon*: "The entire town and as far as you can see in any direction is romantic background and there is a hotel there that is so comfortable, so well run and where you eat so well and usually have cool breeze at night that with the romantic background and the modern comfort if a honeymoon or an elopement is not a success in Ronda it would be as well to start for Paris…." Extolling the scenery, seafood, and wine, Hemingway emphasizes the most distinctive feature of Ronda: "It is built on a plateau in a circle of mountains and the plateau is cut by a gorge that divides the two towns and ends in a cliff that drops sheer to the river and the plain below where you see the dust rising from the mule trains along the road." In time, Hemingway would hear about a slaughter of townspeople in Ronda and reinvent it in one of the most memorable chapters of the novel evolving from his experience during the Spanish Civil War.

By going to Spain, Hemingway thought that he could confront the "little pricks"—the prominent critics and intellectuals on the Left who were criticizing his lifestyle and questioning his commitment to social justice.[42] These critics lamented that Hemingway refused to join the radical, Soviet-tinged bandwagon. In a review of *Death in the Afternoon*, Max Eastman

ridiculed Hemingway's fascination with bullfighting and questioned his masculinity. Similarly, Granville Hicks in his review of *Green Hills of Africa* urged Hemingway to focus on the contemporary American scene, suggesting that he would like to see him "write a novel about a strike…because it would do something to Hemingway." It might even be useful, Hicks suggested, if Hemingway became a Communist. Malcolm Cowley opined that Hemingway was focusing on slight subjects like bullfighting as a reaction against the horrors of the Great War. It was time, Cowley stated, for Hemingway to dispense with trivial issues like bullfighting, embrace more salient political themes, and realize that Spain was "a revolutionary society." It mattered little that Hemingway was constantly experimenting with new dimensions in prose.

Even as he threatened to beat up Eastman if he ever encountered him in the office of their mutual editor, Max Perkins, Hemingway insisted on carving his own political path shorn of the popular ideologies of the day.[43] He had always been a contrarian in politics, typically voting for the Socialist candidate Eugene V. Debs in 1920, the only time he voted in a presidential election. Despite his conservative mid-western Republican upbringing, he could not embrace traditional American political parties, preferring to remain aloof. Global political ideologies also were anathema. Hemingway could never be a Communist, he told the Soviet critic Ivan Kashkin, whom he would reinvent as a character in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. "The bourgeois critics do not know their ass from a hole in the ground and the newly converted communists are like all new converts; they are so anxious to be orthodox that all they are interested in are schisms in their own critical attitudes."[44] Hemingway tells Kashkin that he subscribes to "the absolute minimum of government," adding, "I believe in only one thing: liberty…. But the state I care nothing for."[45]

But Hemingway did care for Spain, and his abiding affection for the country should have alerted critics to the anti-fascist, libertarian, incipiently anarchistic instincts that in a quirky way provided him with a coherent political philosophy. In "The Friend of Spain," which appeared in the January 1934 issue of *Esquire*, a new men's magazine edited by Arnold Gingrich whom he had befriended as a sort of paid patron a year earlier, Hemingway observes laconically that "Spain is a big country and it is inhabited by too many politicians…. The spectacle of its governing is at present more comic than tragic; but the tragedy is very close."[46] He laments the decline in the art of bullfighting, the disappearance of his favorite café, and the increase in pollution, tying this situation to social relations and the political climate.

Implying the need for radical or revolutionary social, economic, and political transformation, he observes that Spain seems much more prosperous but "functionaries" are the ones who benefit, not the heavily taxed middle class or the peasants who "are as bad off as ever."[47] He comments, "Politics is still a lucrative profession and those in the factions on the outside promise to pay their debts as soon as they get their turn in power."

Hemingway worried that the military coup against the democratically elected Second Republic was a prelude to the larger conflict looming over all of Europe. In "Notes on the Next War" in the September 1935 issue of *Esquire*, he warns against being drawn into another European conflict. "No European country is our friend nor has been since the last war, and no country but one's own is worth fighting for."[48] Surveying the European scene, Hemingway assesses the shifting alignments of powers who like players on a chessboard seem to be making conflict unavoidable. England and France are happy to see Italy distracted by its Ethiopian adventures—but Mussolini, Hemingway admits, is adept at playing on Italians' patriotism. Most ominously, "Germany, under Hitler wants war, a war of revenge, wants it fervently, patriotically, and almost religiously."[49] It would be tragic to be drawn into "the hell broth that is brewing in Europe we will have to drink…. We were fools to be sucked in once on a European war, and we should never be sucked in again."

No friend of the Roosevelt administration, Hemingway warns *Esquire's* readers in a November 1935 article about the "malady of power" that had driven nations into the First World War and that might be repeating itself. He remembers his time as a young journalist covering the Lausanne Conference at the beginning of his education in international politics. He recalls diplomats and other power brokers who seemingly spent more time drinking and boxing at the gym than articulating a vision for future peace among nations. He speculates that Lord Curzon's pride in power almost wrecked the attempt to agree on terms for the Greco-Turkish peace when he referred to the Turkish diplomats as Anatolian peasants. What Hemingway learned from his more seasoned journalistic colleagues was that the malady of power produces as well a "malady of greatness" afflicting leaders like Curzon, Wilson, and Clemenceau—and today, he intimates, Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Hemingway believes that the fate of America for the next hundred years or so depends on the extent of Franklin D. Roosevelt's ambition. "War is coming in Europe as surely as winter follows fall. If we want to stay out, now is the time to decide to stay out. Now, before the propaganda starts.

Now is the time to make it impossible for any one man…to put us in a war in ten days—in a war they will not have to fight."[50]

An incident that struck close to home had hardened Hemingway's disgust over the machinations of the Roosevelt administration—the disastrous Labor Day Hurricane of 1935 that wreaked havoc in the middle and upper Keys but largely spared Key West.[51] On 5 September 1935, easing his cabin cruiser *Pilar* into Lower Matecumbe Key situated forty-five miles north of Key West, Hemingway encountered a ghoulish sight, a scene of utter destruction unlike anything he had seen as an eighteen-year-old ambulance driver on the Piave front during the Italian campaign of the First World War. On Monday, 2 September, a Category 5 hurricane, the strongest ever to hit the Keys with winds of 185 miles per hour and a storm surge of nearly twenty feet, leveled construction sites that had been the quarters of Civilian Conservation Corps relief workers, most of them veterans, who had been building the Overseas Highway. Hundreds of workers, some of whom Hemingway had shared drinks and war stories with in Sloppy Joe's, were dead. As a member of the first relief expedition to reach Matecumbe Key, Hemingway helped to collect some of the mangled bodies.

Hemingway wrote to Max Perkins on 7 September: "Nothing could give an idea of the destruction. Between 700 and 1000 dead. Many, today, still unburied. 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 … Saw more dead than I'd seen in one place since the lower Piave in June of 1918."[52] He describes for Perkins one of the most gruesome scenes: "Max, you can't imagine it, two women, naked, tossed up into trees by the water, swollen and stinking, their breasts as big as balloons, flies between their legs."[53] Gradually, it dawns on Hemingway that the grotesquely disfigured bodies were those of "two very nice girls who ran a sandwich place and filling-station three miles from the ferry."

Hemingway was convinced that the veterans at Matecumbe Key "were practically murdered" by lethargic bureaucrats in Washington who did little to rescue them before the hurricane hit. In a rage, he penned an attack on New Deal functionaries, "Who Murdered the Vets?" that he offered for free to the left-wing journal *New Masses*, which published the searing article on 17 September 1935. After explaining his own meticulous preparations for the historic hurricane, he observes, "The veterans had been sent there; they had no opportunity to leave, nor any protection against hurricanes; and they never had a chance for their lives."[54] Like a prosecuting attorney, he poses a series of interrogatives: "Whom did they annoy and to whom was

their possible presence a political danger… Who sent nearly a thousand war veterans…to live in frame shacks on the Florida Keys in hurricane months? … Why were the men not evacuated … when it was known there was a possibility of a hurricane striking the Keys *and evacuation was their only protection*? … Who is responsible for their deaths?" Imbued with moral and political fervor, Hemingway notes ironically that distinguished individuals like "President Hoover and President Roosevelt do not come to the Florida Keys in hurricane months."

If any of his literary friends or left-wing critics thought he had lost his political bearings as well as his narrative gifts, Hemingway offers a graphic description of the carnage. "You could find them face down and face up in the mangroves. The biggest bunch of the dead were in the tangled, always green but now brown, mangroves behind the tank cars and the water towers. They hung on there, in shelter, until the wind and the rising water carried them away. They didn't all let go at once but only when they could hold on no longer. Then further on you found them high in the trees where the water had swept them. You found them everywhere and in the sun all of them were beginning to be too big for their blue jeans and jackets that they could never fill when they were on the bum and hungry." The purportedly apolitical, disengaged Hemingway was suddenly a friend of America's proletariat. "That was a damn fine piece," Dos Passos wrote Ernest after reading a reprint of "Who Murdered the Vets?" in the *Daily Worker*.[55]

Hemingway's indignation over the fate of the veterans carried over into his attack on Mussolini's invasion of Ethiopia, "Wings over Africa: An Ornithological Letter," published in the January 1936 issue of *Esquire*. Il Duce, writes Ernest, has to censor the news about Italian troops, dead and alive, falling prey to carrion African birds. He excoriates the dictator for sending poor boys into the carrion feast while his own sons fly warplanes over the ravaged landscape. The dictator, "the cleverest opportunist in modern history," had learned nothing from the Great War other than the need for his propaganda machine to hide the horrors of war from the Italian public.[56]

Hemingway by 1936 had become a political writer, and his attention was turning to Spain. In fact, he had been ready to go to the aid of Spain in the very first week of the Civil War. He offered to pay expenses for his young friend, the writer Prudencio de Pereda, to travel with him. "If you didn't get killed," he wryly told Prudencio, with whom he would collaborate on the pro-Loyalist film *Spain in Flames*, "it would be in a

good cause." Dos Passos knew about Hemingway's preoccupation with Spain, telling Ernest in October, "Gosh, I hope you get to go." By mid-December, Hemingway was wiring money to the Medical Bureau of the American Friends of Spanish Democracy as he prepared to leave Key West for Spain.

Hemingway took a proprietary interest in Sloppy Joe's, having named the place after one of his favorite bars in Havana. He even intimated that he was a silent partner in the bar, which was owned by his friend Joe Russell. Joe was a tough little man—a rumrunner, experienced charter boat captain, and Hemingway's occasional boat pilot and fishing companion. Fond of nicknames since childhood, Hemingway called Russell "Josie Grunts."

Hemingway's friend Josie was serving as a model for the main character Harry Morgan in his new novel, which he was having difficulty fashioning into a coherent manuscript from two previous stories he had published and an entirely new final section. It was this creative conundrum, among other irritations, that was delaying his departure for Spain. By late September, he had 55,000 words and some hope of finishing the novel by the end of October. "When finish this book," he told Max Perkins, "hope to go to Spain if all not over there." He adds, "I hate to have missed this Spanish thing worse than anything in the world but have to have this book finished first."[57]

Anchoring the bar at Sloppy Joe's this December afternoon was a man Hemingway admired, "Big Jimmy" Skinner. The 300-pound African-American bartender, a fixture at Sloppy Joe's for twenty years, helped Josie serve drinks and maintain order in the saloon. These days, Skinner rarely used the sawed-off cue he kept behind the bar; the Navy Yard was closed, its rowdy sailors long gone, and the boisterous Vets were dead or departed. Apparently, it was Skinner who first noticed the young, attractive blonde in a black sundress who entered Sloppy Joe's, recognized Hemingway, and approached the celebrated writer.[58]

For twenty-eight-year-old Martha Gellhorn, whose svelte sundress and high heels accentuated her long legs, lithe figure, and attractive face, Ernest Hemingway had been her "glorious idol" since her college days at Bryn Mawr. She had even tacked a photograph of Hemingway on a wall of her dormitory room and started to imitate his distinctive understated style.[59] Christmas week in Key West offered an attractive prospect of possibly meeting her idol. With Edna, her mother, and younger brother Alfred, who was between terms in medical school, Martha arrived in Key West from Miami, a city that the visitors from St. Louis found boring. As Gellhorn

later recounted, she immediately recognized the "large, dirty man in untidy somewhat soiled white shorts and shirt" sitting alone at the end of the bar, reading his mail.[60]

It was a vulnerable moment for Hemingway, who had recently ended a four-year affair with Jane Mason.[61] Born in 1909, Jane grew up in Washington, DC and the Maryland estate of her mother's second husband, the wealthy socialite Lyman Kendall. At seventeen, she ventured to Paris to study art, and her debut a year later at the White House prompted a gushing Mrs. Calvin Coolidge to comment that Jane was "the prettiest girl who ever entered the White House." In 1927, she married Grant Mason, himself an heir to an American fortune and at the time an executive for Pan American Airways in Havana, Cuba where they had a luxurious villa in the exclusive suburb of Jaimanitas. By all accounts, Jane Mason was a rare beauty, even hailed in an advertisement for Pond's Cold Cream as worthy of a portrait by Botticelli with "flawless skin as delicate as a wood anemone."

Ernest and Pauline had first met Jane and Grant Mason while returning from Europe aboard the *Ile de France* in October 1931. Hemingway had spent the summer months in Spain gathering material for his book on bullfighting, and he was now preparing for an African safari scheduled for 1933. He found his conversations with Jane about Cuba and Africa compelling—so much so that a fishing trip to Havana that he was planning for the spring of 1932 would bring him closer into Jane Mason's exciting orbit.

Although Hemingway would create blistering fictional portraits of Jane Mason in "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" and *To Have and Have Not*, the weight of evidence suggests that their relationship, conducted mainly in Havana and on Gulf waters, amounted to a serious extramarital affair. Ernest found a kindred spirit in daredevil Jane, who was fourteen years younger than Pauline and who could rival him in gambling, drinking, driving at suicidal speeds, Gulf fishing, and big game hunting.[62] Hemingway boasted to his son John that Jane would climb over the transom in the Ambos Mundos Hotel in Havana to join him in his room for trysts—a feat much debated by critics.[63] Nevertheless, Hemingway's son Gregory recalls, "During the late 1930s he used to cuckold Mother unmercifully in Havana with an American lady friend" who could only have been Jane Mason. Most revealing, Jane's datebook for 1934 states that she spent a quiet week with Hemingway alone, with Grant off on a business trip and

Pauline back in Key West. This was the pattern of their affair until, following numerous contretemps, Hemingway finally broke violently with Jane Mason in April 1936.

The young, attractive blonde in the black sundress who walked into Sloppy Joe's on this December day and audaciously introduced herself to Hemingway must have reminded Hemingway of Jane Mason. However, Martha Gellhorn was not emotionally fragile like Jane or enamored of the glamorous lifestyle that the Masons and their kind flaunted during the Great Depression. Gellhorn was a free spirit like Jane, but her commitment was not to all-night conga parties in Havana but rather to social, political, and economic justice. She was, as Hemingway quickly learned, a New Deal partisan who also happened to be a friend of Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt.

Born and raised in St. Louis, Martha grew up in a progressive household.[64] Her father George Gellhorn, an immigrant who escaped German anti-Semitism, was a distinguished gynecologist and obstetrician. Edna Gellhorn, her mother, was an early suffragette and social reformer who often would take Martha to meetings and demonstrations. Within the St. Louis's polyglot society, the Gellhorns were famous for being one of the few white families that regularly welcomed black guests for meals.

Martha departed St. Louis for college at Bryn Mawr in the autumn of 1926 but left after her junior year, terminally bored by academic life and much of the curriculum except for the literature courses taught by the poet Hortense Flexner. A college degree was worthless, she told her mother, for it only would prepare her for a job she would never accept. Instead, in the summer of 1929 Marty set off to follow the trail that Hemingway himself had blazed when he began work as a cub reporter for the *Kansas City Star* and *Chicago Daily Tribune*. Nearing the age of twenty-one, Martha Gellhorn decided to be journalist.

In June 1929, Martha landed a job reading galleys at the *New Republic* in New York City.[65] The chore of catching typos did not appeal to her, but the *New Republic* did accept Gellhorn's first article for publication—a parody of the American crooner Rudy Vallee. That fall, she moved to the *Albany Times Union* where she covered the downtown beat including the city morgue. Gellhorn got her stories, quickly earning the moniker the "blonde peril." But dissatisfied with American life, Martha resolved to leave the United States. Shortly after Christmas, she boarded a liner for Paris, retracing the steps that had lured Hemingway to the City of Light a decade

earlier. "I knew now I was free," she recounted years later. "This was my show, my show."[66]

"Nothing ever happens to the brave" became the guiding spirit in Martha's life, a mantra she adopted from *A Farewell to Arms*. It was as though Gellhorn was imitating Hemingway's own literary odyssey. Arriving in Paris with nothing more than a suitcase, a typewriter, and meager funds, Martha quickly learned to manage her "show," traveling through France, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, and Hitler's Germany as a stringer for UPI and other newspapers, writing articles for fashion magazines, and waiting for the inspiration to write a novel.[67] Like Hemingway, Martha declared that she wanted to be "the spokesman for a generation." Relishing her freedom, she met Bertrand de Jouvenel, a handsome French left-wing journalist and author who also fashioned himself as a spokesman for a young generation opposed to Fascism and in favor of a united, peaceful Europe. As a teenager, he had been seduced by Colette, his father's second wife. Five years younger than Bertrand, Martha entered into an intermittent four-year affair with the married man that stretched across two continents and resulted in at least two abortions. They parted in the summer of 1934 but remained friends until Bertrand's death in 1989.

Well versed in European politics and culture, having written fashion articles for *Vogue* as well as pacifist reports on the League of Nations for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, Gellhorn applied her worldly knowledge to her fiction and documentary prose. Her first book, *What Mad Pursuit*, about three college girls (one a radical like Martha) seeking meaning in a dreary world, was published in 1934 to mediocre reviews with critics dismissing the novel as mere juvenilia. (The novel's epigraph is from Hemingway: "Nothing ever happens to the brave."[68]) But with *The Trouble I've Seen*, first appearing in London and subsequently in the United States just prior to her visit to Key West, Martha Gellhorn discovered her literary voice.

An interconnected set of four novellas exposing the hardships wrought on men and women by the Great Depression, *The Trouble I've Seen*, its title taken from a Negro spiritual, incorporates the documentary power reflected in reports from the American field that Gellhorn filed while working for the Federal Emergency Relief Agency.[69] The fictionalized account of five Americans barely surviving in Depression-wracked America earned superlative reviews in England and the United States. H.G. Wells, a fervent admirer (he claimed erroneously that he had an affair with Gellhorn), wrote a preface for the English edition, finding *The Trouble I've Seen* "saturated with pity" but never lapsing into sentimentality. In a similar vein, Graham

Greene in a *Spectator* review of the book praised Gellhorn's ability to rise above certain "female vices of unbalanced pity or factitious violence; her masculine characters are presented as convincingly as her female." Reviews in the United States were equally enthusiastic with the *Saturday Review of Literature* declaring that "its four stories ring as true as a report from a relief worker's notebook." One reviewer, Lewis Gannet, was struck by the familiar tone of the book. "Who is this Martha Gellhorn? … Hemingway does not write more authentic American speech. Nor can Ernest Hemingway teach Martha Gellhorn anything about economy of language." Eleanor Roosevelt was so impressed by *The Trouble I've Seen* that she referred to it approvingly three times in her nationally syndicated column "My Day."

Martha had met Mrs. Roosevelt through Harry Hopkins, the head of FEMA, who employed Gellhorn in late October 1934 as an investigator, the youngest of sixteen individuals, for the agency.[70] With a full one-quarter of the nation's workers unemployed, some seventeen million, and with disease and drought spreading to all corners of America, Hopkins rapidly set up a program of emergency relief. The rumpled, chain-smoking Hopkins, arguably the closest of President Franklin Roosevelt's cronies, hired investigators who could write to report on demographic conditions in regions of their assigned states. At the age of twenty-five and for a wage of thirty-five dollars per week, Martha was assigned first to the textile towns of North Carolina, followed by investigatory work in Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Her reports to Hopkins reflected dismay over the abject conditions she encountered and anger that the United States had descended close to barbarism. "It is hard to believe," she wrote, "that these conditions exist in a civilized country."

Returning to Washington, Gellhorn cornered Harry Hopkins in his office, charging that FERA was poorly administered and threatening to quit and write an expose on the agency. Bemused by his young reporter's anger, Hopkins suggested that she take her complaints to the White House; he had been sending her reports to Eleanor Roosevelt, who read them with interest. Invited to the White House for dinner with the Roosevelts, Martha laid out her complaints to her complacent audience. Eleanor Roosevelt, who would be a lifelong friend, convinced Martha to remain at FERA where she could do the most good. But after Martha encouraged workers in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho to assault FERA offices in the town, which they did, she was returned to Washington and promptly fired.

Martha Gellhorn entered Hemingway's life at a propitious moment for the separate peace he had contrived for himself and his family in Key West

had lost some of its appeal. He told the editor and biographer Matthew Josephson, who had been part of the expatriate literary community in Paris during their years together in the 1920s, "I've got this nice boat and house in Key West."[71] But he admitted that his boat *Pilar* and their impressive two-story house on Whitehead Street had been procured through the largesse of Pauline Pfeiffer's family, notably her wealthy Uncle Gus. "They're both really Pauline's," he said. (He might have added that Uncle Gus had underwritten their African safari at a cost of $25,000.) Continuing his *mea culpa*, he admitted, "I could stay on here forever, but it's a soft life. Nothing's really happening to me here and I've got to get out.... In Spain maybe it's the big parade starting again." It was as though Ernest had become a passive protagonist like the ones in his early fiction—the Nick Adams of *In Our Time*, Jake Barnes of *The Sun Also Rises*, and Frederic Henry of *A Farewell to Arms*. He needed fresh battles, a new stage in his life and, as the afternoon's events at Sloppy Joe's unfolded, a new woman as well.

Hemingway was not surprised when Martha Gellhorn introduced herself to him, for women were doing this all the time, but with Marty, as friends called her, he would discover a woman of indomitable will. At first, Hemingway thought that Martha and Alfred were on their honeymoon because he looked older and she seemed younger than her twenty-eight years. Ernest thought that he could displace "the young punk" from Martha's affections in a matter of days. But with the initial misunderstanding cleared up, everyone settled in for a fresh round of "Papa Dobles" prepared by Skinner.[72] First devised by Hemingway at the Floridita, his favorite bar in Havana, the daiquiri consisted of two and a half jiggers of white Ron Bacardi rum, the juice of two fresh limes, the juice of a grapefruit half, and six drops of maraschino. Their conversation extended from late afternoon into the evening. Charmed by Martha's presence, Ernest forgot that he had guests for dinner.

At length, one of those guests, Charles Thompson, who had accompanied Ernest and Pauline on their African safari, came to Sloppy Joe's to remind Hemingway of his obligations.[73]

Unwilling to part with his new friends, most particularly the woman perched next to him who announced she had read many of his books and happened to be a writer herself, Hemingway told Charles that he would join them after dinner at Pena's Garden of Roses on Thomas Street. Thompson returned to the Whitehead Street house to let Pauline know that her husband was engaged in conversation with a "beautiful blond in a black

dress."[74] Pauline seemed unperturbed, having grown used to the blandishments of young women attracted to her famous husband.

Unlike Pauline, Big Jimmy Skinner was alert to marital danger. Privy to the ritual unfolding at the far end of the bar, including their talk about Spain, Skinner later recalled that Gellhorn and Hemingway reminded him of "beauty and the beast."[75]

Near the end of December 1936, Herbert L. Matthews, the Madrid correspondent for *The New York Times*, offered a relatively optimistic appraisal of the first five months of the Spanish Civil War. Born in 1900 and one year younger than Hemingway, Matthews shared a penchant for adventure and danger with the legendary writer. As tall as Hemingway but leaner in face and frame, Matthews would soon meet Hemingway in Spain, sharing with him and Martha the tragic course of the conflict from the siege of Madrid to the departure of the International Brigades from Barcelona. But for the present, Matthews viewed the Civil War as a stalemate that might actually benefit the Republic. After five months of war—"months of terror, bloodshed, heroism and cruelty"—Matthews reviews the trajectory of the conflict from its inception to the battle for Madrid.[76]

Both Matthews and Hemingway understood the global implications of the Spanish Civil War. "What started as a Spanish war," Matthews informs American readers, "has become an international one" exacerbated by shipments of arms, ammunitions, airplanes, tanks, and personnel from Italy and Germany. What was intended as a military revolt has become a "rising of the masses. World history is being rewritten and, whatever the outcome, Europe can never return to its pre-civil war status."

What Matthews referred to as "a little world war" in an earlier *Times* dispatch was playing out in the barricades of Madrid. It seemed that nothing could stop the relentless advance of Franco's troops toward Madrid on 7-8 November but almost miraculously a vast militia assembled to defend the city. Additionally, a fresh stream of International volunteers had been thrown into the breach. "The terrific impact came from the International Column under General Emilio Kleber, formed by Communists, Socialists, Democrats, Republicans and Liberals from far corners of the world," writes Matthews. For one critical moment in the Civil War, General Franco and his insurgents were stopped. After five months, Matthews concludes, the issue "still hangs in the balance. If General Franco wins, it will only be after putting forth an effort far greater than any yet launched."

Hemingway shared with Matthews this belief that only the first stage in the battle for the soul of Spain was ending. There would be time for him

to join Matthews and other journalists covering the conflict—but not as an objective reporter, which was NANA's expectation. Like Matthews, who already was running afoul of pro-Franco editors at the *New York Times*, Ernest could not reserve judgment when choosing sides in the Spanish Civil War. To the Brooklyn writer Harry Sylvester, Ernest confessed that he never could countenance Franco's plan to exterminate the Spanish working class even though the Republic also had committed atrocities against priests and bishops. It was simply "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."[77] He was going to Spain to combat Fascism and aid the Second Republic—and perhaps while he was there, he could find inspiration for the next big novel.

Notes

1. Reynolds, *Hemingway: The 1930s*, 243.
2. Dearborn, 36–39. See also Reynolds, *Hemingway's Reading*, 3–34. Reynolds estimates that Hemingway's library at Finca Vigía, his house near Havana, contained between 6000 and 8000 volumes.
3. For an appraisal of Allen, see Preston, *We Saw Spain Die*, 54–56, and 291–338. Preston's book provides an indispensable account of the foreign correspondents who covered the Spanish Civil War.
4. *Chicago Tribune*, July 28, 1936.
5. *SL*, 454–55.
6. Preston, *The Spanish Civil War*, 104–11.
7. Hochschild, 73–75.
8. Quoted in Hutchisson, 26.
9. *Green Hills of Africa*, 71.
10. *NYT*, October 4, 1936.
11. See Preston, *The Spanish Civil War*, 267–71; also Preston, *The Spanish Holocaust*, 434–38 on the destruction of Guernica.
12. *SL*, 455.
13. Dearborn, 366–67.
14. Kert, 279.
15. Hutchisson, 102. Hutchisson observes that Tolstoy, Stendhal, and Gogol—major writers on war—had been Hemingway's models since his years in Paris.
16. For a complete, colorful account of Hemingway's affinity for this bar, see McLendon, *Papa: Hemingway in Key West*, passim.
17. Quoted in Marshall, 170.

18. McLendon, 38.
19. For a full, recent account of their friendship, see McGrath.
20. Quoted in Carr, 231.
21. "Homage to Hemingway," *New Republic*, November 11, 1936, 40.
22. *LEH*, vol. 3, 378–80.
23. McLendon, 117, 121.
24. Quoted in Hotchner, 154.
25. Quoted in Meyers, *Scott Fitzgerald*, 182.
26. Curnutt and Sinclair, 227.
27. Ibid., 220–40.
28. Hutchisson, 53–54.
29. Reynolds, "Ringing the Changes," 18.
30. Bishop, *New Republic*, November 11, 1936.
31. Hutchisson, 54–55.
32. Meyers, *Hemingway*, 117. For a provocative inquiry, see Stanton, 91–125.
33. *LEH*, vol. 1, 312.
34. Reynolds, *Hemingway: The Paris Years*, 128–37.
35. "Pamplona in July," in *By-Line*, 99.
36. Bishop, *New Republic,* November 10, 1936.
37. "Pamplona in July," in *By-Line*, 61–65.
38. Graham, *The Spanish Republic at War*, 1.
39. Preston, T*he Spanish Holocaust*, xv.
40. Ibid., 171.
41. *SL*, 319.
42. Dearborn, 315; Hutchisson, 141.
43. Curnutt and Sinclair, 325–26, 362–63.
44. *SL*, 417–18.
45. Ibid., 419.
46. "The Friend of Spain," in *By-Line*, 146.
47. Ibid.
48. "Notes on the Next War," in *By-Line*, 206. Hemingway's essay received first prize of $200 in the *American Points of View* awards for 1935; it was selected over submissions by Charles Beard, Pearl Buck, and Joseph Wood Krutch among other notable essayists.
49. Ibid., 209.
50. "The Malady of Power," in *By-Line*, 228.
51. McLendon, *Papa*, 136–39. For additional background, see James H. Meredith, "Hemingway's Key West Band of Brothers," in Curnutt and Sinclair, eds., *Key West Hemingway: A Reassessment*, 241–67.
52. *SL*, 421.
53. Ibid., 422.
54. Quoted in Meyers, *Hemingway*, 288–89. See also Donaldson, *Fitzgerald & Hemingway*, 375–76.

55. Quoted in Baker, 482.
56. "Wings over Africa," in *By-Line*, 233.
57. *SL*, 454.
58. McLendon, *Papa*, 164.
59. Moorehead, 102.
60. Quoted in Moorehead, 101.
61. Dearborn, 305–6, 311–14.
62. Ibid., 311.
63. Ibid., 327.
64. Moorehead, 11–29.
65. Ibid., 16–17.
66. Ibid., 29.
67. Ibid., 31–42.
68. Ibid., 69, 81–82.
69. Ibid., 90–92.
70. Ibid., 73–87.
71. Quoted in Meyers, *Hemingway*, 302.
72. McLendon, Papa, 164.
73. Ibid., 165.
74. Ibid.
75. Ibid., 164.
76. *NYT,* December 20, 1936.
77. *SL*, 456.

Check for updates

CHAPTER 2

Conspirators, January–February 1937

The turbulent events unfolding in Spain inspired an emotional bond as well as an urgent activism in Ernest Hemingway and the chic young woman who had entered in life unexpectedly in late December. More so than Marty, Ernest seemed ready for amorous adventures. Nonetheless, both were equally prepared as the New Year began for political engagement with Spain; the granular lure of battle in a nation that Hemingway knew so well was tonic for these two adventurous souls.

Three days into the New Year, Herbert Matthews published a column in the *New York Times* that reflected Hemingway's own nuanced understanding of the seeds of revolution and conservative resistance to it in Spain.[1] Matthews's dispatch focuses on "the swing toward radicalism" in the government, indicating that every branch "is in the hands of Socialists, Communists, Anarchists, or Republicans." He assesses the move to the left by the Madrid government now presided over by Francisco Largo Caballero and supported by the two leading radical parties, the C.N.T. (National Labor Confederation), and U.G.T. (General Union of Workers). These Communist and Anarchist factions, once bitter rivals, were now linked in uneasy alliance, controlling the streets in Madrid, Barcelona, Valencia, and other areas. Yet Matthews doubts that any pure form of anarchism, communism, socialism, republicanism, or federalism will prevail if the Republic succeeds in defeating Franco. Ideally, the Madrid correspondent for the *Times* speculates, Spain will be able to reconcile these competing ideologies. "Perhaps

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out of this national suffering that dream of all Spanish intellectuals will come true. Some day Spanish character, with its truly great and individual traits, will again give the world something new and abiding."

Hemingway did not have to work hard to convey his emotional attachment to Spain to Martha Gellhorn, who was more than willing to see the Civil War for herself. Essentially, Martha would be his new muse, replacing Pauline. He brooded that he had become the embodiment of the sort of failure that he created in the dying writer Harry in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro." (Ernest later confided to A. E. Hotchner, "Never wrote so directly about myself as in that story."[2]) To exorcize his demons, he needed a new woman, a fresh calling, a big book. Ernest discovered a willing partner for this quest in Martha Gellhorn. Marty indicated that they would be "conspirators" as they headed to the Spanish Civil War.

Edna Gellhorn had left for St. Louis at the start of the New Year accompanied by Alfred who was returning to medical school.[3] Marty decided to remain in Key West, staying at the Colonial Hotel on Duvall Street, close enough to the house of the literary lion that she had attached herself to. Free spirit that she was, however, Marty also took up with a handsome Swedish vagabond who was enamored with her striking good looks.

It was not long before Hemingway introduced Marty to Pauline. If we are to believe Gellhorn, she first met Pauline Hemingway as she and Ernest were driving around town. As she recalled years later, Marty and Ernest were enjoying an afternoon together when they saw Pauline walking along the street. Stopping the car, Ernest told his wife to get in. "She was very grumpy," Gellhorn recalled. "It never occurred to me that she could be jealous, and who knows if she was; may have had others reasons for being cross."[4]

Despite the fact that they shared a common background as daughters of two prominent St. Louis families (Hadley also had hailed from this city), Martha and Pauline were polar opposites. At forty-two, Pauline was older than Ernest just as Hadley had been; Martha was twenty-eight but looked considerably younger than Hemingway, who seemed to her even older in experience and accomplishments. They also differed physically: Pauline was short and pixyish, her greying hair cut short; while Martha was tall and tawny, her golden curls falling to her shoulders. Pauline had devoted her life to the care and maintenance of her husband and the children. Marty Gellhorn was strictly her own woman, unmarried and childless (she had had abortions during her four-year affair with Bertrand de Jouvenel)

and unattached to any man. Above all else, Martha Gellhorn was a politically engaged woman with a growing reputation as an author who, critics maintained, was following the path of modern fiction blazed by Ernest Hemingway.

At the time the Spanish Civil War started in July 1936, Martha had been living in Germany, leading the sort of strategic political life that Hemingway also was planning to pursue.[5] Since the age of twenty-one, she had been a pacifist, joining with other young French men and women advocating Franco-German rapprochement in order to prevent another European war. "We had the right idea," she asserted, "but the Nazis arrived." Gellhorn later admitted that she once had "believed in the perfectibility of man, and thought of journalism as a guiding light."[6] According to Martha, "A journalist's job was to bring news" to the people in order to elevate their "conscience." Gellhorn recalled that in the summer of 1936, while conducting background research for her pacifist novel at the Weltkriegsbibliothek in Stuttgart, "The Nazi newspapers began to speak of fighting in Spain. They did not talk of war; the impression I got was of a bloodthirsty rabble, attacking the forces of decency and order. This Spanish rabble, which was the duly elected Republic of Spain, was always referred to as 'Red Swinedogs.' The Nazi papers had one solid value: Whatever they were against, you could be for."[7] Gellhorn declared that with the rise of totalitarianism throughout Europe, "I had stopped being a pacifist and become an antifascist." As such, she was determined to get to Spain. Moreover, from the outset, Martha knew which side of the Spanish Civil War she was on.

Martha's politics concerning the war in Spain were bound to conflict with those of Pauline Hemingway, thus creating a dilemma for Ernest himself. Martha espoused social justice, the innate dignity of the working classes, and the role of journalists in transforming the world. Pauline was less committed to these ideals. Hemingway shared Gellhorn's anti-Fascist belief which was at odds with Pauline's fervent Catholicism. Pauline had managed to convert Ernest to her faith before their marriage. As with most American Catholics, she harbored a sympathy for Franco and his conservative supporters and was appalled by the rampant stories of churches being burned, priests slaughtered, and nuns raped by Republican forces. The writer Dawn Powell mocked Pauline's religious fervor: "She should have a cause, beyond Saks Fifth Avenue, and a philosophy, instead of a religion."[8]

Ernest tolerated the Pfeiffer family's fervent Catholicism up to a point, but bridled when *Commonweal* magazine attempted to promote him as a writer who might someday compose "the first great Catholic novel in

the English language."[9] Hemingway would have none of this theological cant, rejecting the label of an incipiently Catholic author. "When I write," he asserted, "I try to have no politics nor any religion." His rebuke was somewhat disingenuous on the first score, for he realized that he would gladly sacrifice his opposition to American engagement in European hostilities in order to defend the Spanish working class—and by extension the Spanish Republic.

Recollections of exactly what transpired between Ernest Hemingway and Martha Gellhorn during her time in Key West tend to vary, but it is clear that they avidly monitored the events unfolding in Spain. They saw each other frequently in early January for swimming excursions and drinks at Sloppy Joe's and other haunts, and spent languid afternoons at her hotel or the house on Whitehead Street discussing their writing. (Gellhorn declared that she only visited the Hemingway house once, but this cannot be true.) Martha dressed in shorts or her signature black sundress, her tawny hair falling to her shoulders. Hemingway remained oblivious to any dress code, still the "large dirty man in untidy somewhat soiled white shorts and shirt" that Marty had first encountered.[10]

Ernest and Martha were clearly attracted to each other. Hemingway's younger brother Leicester believed that Martha was the aggressor and that she made the most of their bond as writers, talking up the opportunities and the hazards of a trip to report on the Spanish Civil War.[11] Matthew Josephson also recalls, "It was by now visible to most of us in the Key West circle that the marriage of Ernest and Pauline had reached a delicate stage."[12] Later, Hemingway's son Patrick was equally candid, noting that for Martha, "The world was her oyster," and that Ernest figured prominently in her plans.[13] Marty assuredly was alluring in her black and white outfits. One of her friends admitted, "Martha was a very beautiful woman. When she walked into a room with her carriage and bearing, everyone knew she was beautiful and they were in awe of her."[14]

Some of Ernest's and Pauline's friends were not in awe of Martha. Charles and Lorine Thompson made no secret of their disdain for Martha and the time she was spending with Ernest. Lorine Thompson recalled, "Martha was a very charming girl and if I had known her under other circumstances I would have liked her very much. She said she came to see Ernest, she wanted him to read a book she had written, she wanted to know him. There was no question about it; you could see she was making a play for him …. Pauline tried to ignore it. What she felt underneath nobody knew."[15]

Other Key West friends confirm Lorine Thompson's verdict.[16] Toby Bruce, one of Ernest's loyal factotums, felt that Martha was the most ambitious woman he ever met. The Hemingway cook, Miriam Williams, was perhaps the most explicit: "There would be parties and Mr. Ernest and Miss Martha would be outside and kissing and carrying on, and I'd say to Miss Ada, 'look at that would you.' The way some people act." Marty soon was calling Hemingway "Ernestino" while Ernest fondly addressed Marty as "Daughter," one of his favorite terms for younger women. The famous writer and his beautiful disciple were the talk of the town but apparently indifferent to the gossip they inspired. Pauline wryly observed of her husband's absences during this time, "I suppose Ernest is busy again helping Miss Gellhorn with her writing."[17]

Pauline Hemingway's reflections on her husband's literary as well as extracurricular interests in Gellhorn are apt, for Ernest and Marty were sharing their writing with each other and establishing a strategic emotional and ideological bond. In a 5 January letter to Eleanor Roosevelt, Martha confirmed that she was seeing a great deal of Hemingway whom she describes as "an odd bird, very lovable and full of fire and a marvelous story teller."[18] Hemingway regales her with stories about the Cuban revolution, Spanish culture and politics, and the great hurricane of 1935. Gellhorn adds in her letter to Mrs. Roosevelt that she has "just read the mss of his new book and been very smart about it." She admits that she was "weak with wonder" about the novel and doubts that she has the "technical ability" to succeed with her own novel about French and German pacifists confronting the rise of Fascism in Europe.

The "new book" that Hemingway was anxious to share with Martha was the first draft of *To Have and Have Not*. What he called his "Key West-Havana" novel in a letter to Max Perkins was essentially a patchwork narrative reflecting the difficulty he was having in composing a major work of fiction for the first time since *A Farewell to Arms*.[19] Creating Harry Morgan, whose name consciously alludes to the sixteenth-century English pirate, Hemingway finds in his central character a figure who embodies the social, economic, and political crosscurrents of the Great Depression. Harry's actions sweep the narrative from Key West to the Gulf to Havana and back, collecting the flotsam and jetsam of humanity in the wake.

The novel, which did not yet have a title, reveals Hemingway's preoccupation with Tolstoy and the great Russian writer's talent for creating in works like *War and Peace* a sprawling historic tapestry—what Hemingway

calls the "magnificent torture" of composing disparate but related structural elements.[20] "The book," he declares, "contrasts the two places—and shows the inter-relation—also contains what I know about the mechanics of revolution and what it does to the people engaged in it—There are two themes in it—The decline of the individual…and the story of a shipment of dynamite and all of the consequences that happened from it."

Hemingway's return to novel writing was a fitful affair that would not produce anything approximating Tolstoy but would in its political dimensions prepare him from the masterpiece he would produce at the end of the decade. *To Have and Have Not* is essentially an amalgam, its first two parts based on earlier short stories and its tone marred by scarcely veiled attacks on friends and literary rivals notably John Dos Passos. The genesis of the initial section, "Spring," is a story that Hemingway published in *Cosmopolitan* in April 1934; while the second part, "Fall," has its origin in "The Tradesman's Return" published in the February 1936 issue of *Esquire*. Only the third section, "Winter," represents fresh writing by Hemingway. Ernest brooded that he did not have the ingredients for a novel, toying with the notion of combining the two tales with other recent stories and articles, but in June 1936 Arnold Gingrich convinced him that it would be crazy not to expand his two Key West stories into a full-length novel.

Whether or not Hemingway succeeds in fusing these three sections into a coherent novel has been contested by reviewers and critics.[21] Nevertheless, his theme is clear: The three sections trace the progressive decline of Harry Morgan's fortunes as the charter-fishing captain attempts to cope with the grim realities of the 1930s. Like Hemingway himself and his friend Josie, Harry Morgan is a tough, burly "conch," a Key West stalwart who will do anything to support himself, his wife Marie, and their three daughters. In "Spring," a wealthy sport fisherman cheats Harry, forcing him to ferry illegal Chinese immigrants from Havana into the United States, a venture that ends in violence. In "Fall," Harry loses an arm in a fight with US Customs agents as he attempts to smuggle goods into Key West. In "Winter," Harry dies while taking a group of Cuban revolutionaries from Key West to Havana. His credo, "No matter how a man alone ain't got no bloody fucking chance," became a rallying cry for readers and critics on the Left who rejoiced that Hemingway had finally written a political novel.

Hemingway depicts Harry Morgan as a modern-day pirate—part fisherman, smuggler, and cold-blooded killer—a revolutionary figure of sorts. Harry illuminates what happens to an ordinary man in the hard times of

the Great Depression. As a "have-not," Harry is at the mercy of a rigged economic and social system. When the affluent Mr. Johnson charters his boat for a fishing excursion, then loses some of his equipment and escapes without compensating him, Harry must assume increasingly risky and illegal assignments simply to keep his family intact. Hemingway's anarchistic impulses animate the dialogue and action: "But let me tell you," Harry typically declares, "my kids ain't going to have their bellies hurt and I ain't going to dig sewers for the government for less money than will feed them…but I know there ain't no law that you got to go hungry."[22]

Hemingway's novel is incipiently revolutionary: The prevailing economic system that shuttles the Vets down to Key West in order to get rid of them has its counterpart in Cuba where the repressive regime of Fulgencio Batista, who rose to power in 1933–1934, abuses its citizens. Batista stifled promised reforms after the overthrow of the even more ruthless reign of Cuba's fallen president, Gerardo Machado who ruled from 1925 to August 1933. The young revolutionary Emilio in the novel possesses the same political awareness as Harry Morgan: "You do not know how bad things are in Cuba…. There is an absolutely murderous tyranny that extends over every little village in the country…. I love my country and I would do anything, anything to free it from the tyranny we have now…."[23] Hemingway tempers his own thoughts about revolution as a political strategy, counterpoising Emilio with the sadistic terrorist Roberto. But even Emilio with his polite, intelligent, well-educated bearing gives Hemingway pause. Emilio's talk about the ends justifying the means angers Harry who dismisses the idea of revolutionary expedience with a curse.[24]

Refusing to worship at the altar of rigid ideology, Hemingway was convinced that he had something new to add to one's understanding of the human cost of the Great Depression. Crafting a novel from old and new components, he depicts individuals suffering collateral damage as the social fabric weakens. Harry's harrowing life and death might reflect powerful global political, social, and economic realities, but basically these forces serve to enhance our perception of the universal human condition. And always transcending ideology is art, as Hemingway declares in *Green Hills of Africa*: "A country, finally, erodes and the dust blows away, the people all die and none of them were of any importance permanently, except those who practiced the arts…."[25]

Hemingway's political beliefs had always been eclectic but essentially cynical and anarchic, dismissive of rigid ideologies. "A writer can make himself a nice career while he is alive," Hemingway observes in "Old Newsman

Writes," an article that Gingrich commissioned for *Esquire*, "by espousing a political cause, working for it, making a profession of believing in it, and if it wins he will be very well placed." Hemingway continues: "A man can be a Fascist or a Communist and if his outfit gets in he can get to be an ambassador, or have a million copies of his books printed by the government, or any of the other rewards the boys dream about.... But none of this will help him as a writer unless he finds something new to add to human knowledge while he is writing." What had ideology and revolution to do with him as an artist? Hemingway would discover the answer to this question in Spain.

In a letter to Mrs. Roosevelt, Martha talked about sharing with Hemingway what she considered "smart" insights into *To Have and Have Not*.[26] But Marty worried about her own current novel for which she did not have a "solid" plan. Hemingway told Marty not to obsess over her writing so much—just get it done but throw it out if it was no good. (In her reply to Marty's letter, Mrs. Roosevelt concurs: "Mr. Hemingway is right. I think you lose the flow of thought by too much rewriting."[27]) Martha confesses to a hedonistic streak that masks her despair over world events—swimming and getting the sun in her hair and loving "as many people as one can" and as rapidly as possible. The European situation and Spain are on her mind: "If the madman Hitler really sends two divisions to Spain my bet is that the war is nearer than even the pessimists thought." But if there is a war, she states, none of this will matter. She tells the First Lady that in such a turbulent state she has already thrown out everything for her new novel and will abandon the project if her writing is not just right.

By her own account, Gellhorn was not yet interested in romance with Hemingway, this "odd bird" who was nine years her senior.[28] Nevertheless, he was a protean figure who had influenced her art. She was beguiled by both the aesthetic and sensual pleasure that Hemingway offered. Wittingly or not, she had become an exemplar of the Hemingway style in her own fiction, now being accepted in such prestigious journals as the *New Yorker* and *Harper's Bazaar*. She was having difficulty breaking free from his literary spell.

Planning his return to Spain to cover the Civil War, Hemingway was aware of the political crosscurrents that had existed there in recent history. He understood Spain's historical condition and the political fissures undermining Spain's recent experiment in Republican government. Wanting to impress Marty, he shared his insights into the current political situation, much of it gleaned from his time at the start of the decade when he was in Spain researching material for *Death in the Afternoon*. During the spring

and summer of 1931, he had studied the intricate levels of political maneuvering and intrigue convulsing Spain which, he believed, was at a historical watershed. The dictatorship of Miguel Primo de Rivera, who had been in power since 1923, had ended abruptly in January 1930, made inevitable by widespread unrest and the withdrawal of support by the military. The tragic element he discovered in the *corrida* was a counterpart to what he now perceived in the political arena.[29]

Hemingway registered his impressions of the political situation in Spain in illuminating letters to friends. His correspondence is filled with the same gusto and observational accuracy that characterizes his writing in the 1920s for the *Toronto Star* when he covered the postwar European scene. "About the revolution there," he writes to Max Perkins in April 1931 on the eve of sailing from Havana to Spain in order to complete background work on *Death in the Afternoon*, he speculates that the situation is still in its "honeymoon" phase.[30] The Madrid elections of 12 April had resulted in a smashing defeat of monarchist candidates, prompting the flight of King Alfonso XIII into exile. In the wake of this victory by left-wing elements, the Second Spanish Republic, composed of Socialist, Communist, and Anarchist parties and led by a new president, Niceto Alcalá-Zamora, had been declared. To forestall the loss of his manuscript because of this turmoil, Hemingway assures his editor that he has placed a carbon copy of the manuscript in a safe place.

Hemingway was in Madrid when on 28 June 1931 an uneasy coalition of Republicans and Socialists prevailed over conservative candidates in national elections for the Cortes or Parliament.[31] Although his primary intention was to follow the bullfights in the company of Pauline and his son Bumby and complete *Death in the Afternoon*, Hemingway could not ignore the reality that Madrid was under martial law. Strikes and civic unrest prevailed in both urban and rural parts of the nation. The fact that most bulls, as he informed Dos Passos, were "lousy," provoked an even greater interest in political affairs. Previously, Spain for Hemingway and his companions had been a heady cultural festival; as such, works like "The Undefeated" and *The Sun Also Rises* lack any significant indigenous political dimension. He had an urge to record his impressions of the political scene for readers.[32] Perhaps, he told Max Perkins, he could find "some market" for his views.

To the reporter Guy Hickok, whom he had known since their days as journalists together covering the postwar European scene, Hemingway offers a lively analysis of the "revolution" that was unfolding in Spain.[33]

From the Hotel Biarritz where he was staying in Madrid, Hemingway provides an overview of the factionalism and political unrest: the "overwhelmingly Republican" sentiment in Madrid; the Carlist strength in Navarre and throughout Andalusia; the ideological tensions between church and state, landowners and peasants, monarchists and secularists. He fears that this maelstrom of political discontent might echo the fate of the First Spanish Republic of 1873–1874 that ran through five presidents before its dissolution after twenty-three months. In a postscript, Ernest mentions that he has been seeing "a lot of Sidney Franklin," the self-styled bullfighter from Brooklyn. Franklin had been badly gored in March 1930 and did not perform in Spain in 1931.

Hemingway repeated much of the content in his letter to Hickok in his correspondence with John Dos Passos.[34] Composed in late June on the eve of the presidential election, Ernest predicts a "Republican landslide in various colors Red White and Black Republicans." He echoes the standard signifiers within Spanish political culture about parties on the left and the right, and those that are local or regional. Following politics closely as he informs Dos Passos, Hemingway predicts that the Communists may fare well in the elections but that "Chances for Marxian revolution nil."

Hemingway's appraisal of the political scene informs the tenor of *Death in the Afternoon* which, despite the intense summer heat, he was bringing to a conclusion. "If the people of Spain have one common trait," he observes, "it is pride and if they have another it is common sense and if they have a third it is impracticality."[35] These three traits produce a volatile cultural mixture. Consequently, the new regime's distaste for bullfighting will founder, according to Hemingway, precisely because the art will survive the "present European-minded politicians" who want "no intellectual embarrassments at being different from their European colleagues that they meet at the League of Nations, and at the foreign embassies and courts."

While in Madrid, Hemingway spent time with the artist, navy veteran, and political activist Luis Quintanilla, who would be a lifelong friend.[36] According to Quintanilla, he and "Ernesto" had first met in Paris in December 1921 when Hemingway and Hadley were living in the Notre-Dame-des-Champs neighborhood and the artist also had a studio there that he shared with Juan Gris. No major Hemingway biography places their friendship this early in their careers but such an encounter is possible. In any case, their mutual desire to capture the essence and mystique of Spain in their respective work, combined with their energetic embrace of the active life, did draw the two men together in May 1931.

With political turmoil swirling around them, Ernest listened attentively as Quintanilla, a devout Socialist since his days in Montparnasse, expanded on "the necessity of revolution."[37] Quintanilla was fluent in political discourse, but what Hemingway especially admired was the artist's flamboyant talent for translating ideology into action. On the eve of King Alfonso's abdication and exile, Quintanilla "ran up the Republican flag with his own hand before the abdication was definite, and then led the Republican forces to the palace."[38]

In the immersive, lyrical coda to *Death in the Afternoon*, the last pages an invocation to the grandeur of Spain, Hemingway alludes to his friend as he looks "beyond from Quintanilla's window" overlooking the parade ground of the machine gun school in Madrid to the summits of the Sierra de Guadarrama. At the start of the Spanish Civil War, the Battle of Guadarrama on 24 July would result in a Republican victory as Loyalist troops repelled an invasion of Carlist and Falangist units sent from Navarra by General Emilio Mara in a failed effort to rapidly take Madrid. Fiercely contested during the Civil War, the Guadarrama range would serve as the backdrop to *For Whom the Bell Tolls*.

Hemingway did not discount the reactionary forces aligned against the newly minted Second Republic. At the same time, he could be drolly dismissive of these counterrevolutionary elements. Considering Don Jaime, the Carlist claimant of the throne who was safely based in Paris, Hemingway describes a message from him that was read at a rally of 23,000 people in Pamplona, a hotbed of conservative support.[39] Don Jaime, Hemingway reports, "promised to cross the Pyrenees with sword in one hand, cross in other and sacred heart of Jesus on his chest." Hemingway remarks that Don Jaime "crossed the border a few days ago…to take the oath on the famous and sacred tree of Guernica as King of Navarre and defender of the religion." Hemingway repeated his description for the benefit of Dos Passos, adding "Navarra has gone for el Cristo Rey in the biggest possible way."

Hemingway was more circumspect when explaining the situation in Spain to Pauline's family.[40] The Pfeiffer clan was devout and influential in Catholic circles. Having converted to Catholicism to satisfy Pauline and her family but never observant, Ernest nevertheless tempered his remarks in order to stay in their good graces. Composing a chatty leader to Paul and Mary Pfeiffer from Madrid, Ernest is nuanced in describing the political situation. "Spain is in fair shape—Separation of Church and State inevitable—Believe that is the only logical condition in the modern world—Believe the

Pope would be glad now if he had never decided to go in with Mussolini—Church is necessarily at odds with aspirations of any modern state and much better to be in opposition than to try to have a Co-alition." Even as he criticizes the Lateran Treaty of December 1931 that proclaimed Catholicism the state religion of Italy, Hemingway senses correctly that he is on safe grounds with Paul Pfeiffer, who concurs with his son-in-law that the separation of church and state is necessary.

Back in the United States that fall for the birth of his third son, Ernest informed his Key West buddy Edward "Bra" Saunders that they had "a fine summer in Spain."[41] England and Germany, he writes, "are in bad shape," and Ernest predicts that the situation in America, where money is scarce in New York City, also will get worse. But the local residents of Key West—"the galdings, grunts, frits, and conchs" as he calls them—will always find ways to hold out. In another letter, he informs journalist and proletarian novelist Josephine Herbst and her husband that Spain "is in good shape—nice sensible little revolution so far." He echoes this assessment in a letter to Waldo Peirce: "Spain was damned nice with the revolution.[42] Had a fine time all spring and summer." As he raced to complete *Death in the Afternoon* near the end of the year, Hemingway found the revolution in Spain to be a fine little affair. Nevertheless, he sensed that history could be "absolutely deadly and absolutely vicious," much like the mad onrush of the first bull he had witnessed in Pamplona in 1923.

Energized by his days and nights with Martha, Hemingway was not inclined to remain in Key West after Marty departed for St. Louis on 10 January.[43] Telling Pauline that he had urgent business in New York City, Ernest left precipitously by seaplane to join Marty in Miami. That evening, they enjoyed a steak dinner with the retired heavyweight boxer Tom Heeney, who owned a bar the city. He had known Heeney for years and the two men were fishing buddies. The next day, Hemingway and Martha took the train to Jacksonville; there they separated, she leaving for St. Louis and Ernest for New York. Before boarding the Florida Special, Ernest kissed Marty on the forehead and murmured, "Goodbye, daughter."

Ernest's abrupt departure must have alerted Pauline to the fact that his interest in a new younger woman might be more than just the passing fancy.[44] Martha had spent a great deal of time at the Whitehead Street house as she confessed in a curious thank-you letter that she wrote to Pauline from St. Louis on 14 January addressing her as "dearie."[45] She tells Pauline that "Ernestino" is a swell guy and that his collected work is "tops" and "pretty

hot stuff." Martha is effusive in her praise of Pauline but also condescending to the older woman: "What I am trying to tell you is that you are a fine girl and it was good of you not to mind by becoming a fixture, like a kudu head, in your house." Curiously, she enclosed two photographs of Bertrand de Jouvenel with the request that they are returned, a subliminal signal perhaps that she was quite capable of stealing a married man from his wife as she had with Bertrand. Complaining about the cold, rainy winter in St. Louis and the frustration with her writing, Martha speculates that she might take a cutter around Cape Horn or scale the Himalayas to assuage the impulses of "an ambitious girl." There is no mention of Marty's plans to go to Spain.

With telegrams arriving daily from ad hoc committees set up to support the Spanish Loyalists, Pauline anticipated a rather boring existence in Key West without her husband. When a telegram arrived from Gingrich wondering if Hemingway was ill, she replied tartly that he was perfectly fine and heading to New York by way of Miami.[46] "Would love to be with you instead of being here with nobody and the sea," she tells Ernest in a letter.[47] "And all those telegrams about Spain and ambulances bring my situation of impending doom pretty near the front door where I am only used to the wolf and the stork.... So goodbye big-shot-in-the-pants, good luck and why not start keeping me informed?" Resigned to Ernest's absence, Pauline shipped Ernest's cold-weather gear to New York by special delivery. It is hard to imagine that she did not wonder that what was transpiring between Ernest and Marty bore a stark resemblance to her own intrusion into the Hemingway household in the spring of 1926 when he had been married to Hadley.

Hemingway had a packed schedule in New York.[48] Arriving at Pennsylvania Station, Ernest took a taxi to the Barclay Hotel on East Forty-Eighth Street. After settling into one of the Barclay's comfortable rooms, Ernest first met with Max Perkins at the Scribner's offices on Fifth Avenue. Max had been worried about his prized author's potentially dangerous trip to Spain and urged him not to go. As he indicated to another of his valued novelists, Josephine Hearst, who was one of Ernest's fishing buddies, Max had visions of his writers getting killed in Spain. Franco, he thought, was a fairly powerful adversary. But Ernest told Max that he was going anyway. Moreover, despite an earlier telegram announcing the completion of *To Have and Have Not*, he informed Max that he had to make some revisions. Arnold Gingrich, who would be serializing parts of the novel in

Esquire, had warned Hemingway that there were potentially libelous references to actual people, especially Dos Passos and the Masons, and that he would have to tone things down. He would submit the final version of the novel in June after he returned from Spain.

Hemingway's interest in Martha spilled over into his meeting with Perkins that day. Ernest asked Max to read one of Martha's stories, "Exiles." The story centers on a German refugee's hatred of Nazis and his sense of displacement in the United States. Max passed the manuscript on to Charles Scribner, who accepted "Exiles" for publication in *Scribner's* magazine with the proviso that Martha had to substantially shorten the story.

One day Hemingway telephoned Marty compulsively because, as she recalled, "he was a little lonely and very excited" about the trip to Spain.[49] For her part, Martha was tying her future prospects to Hemingway. Writing to Mrs. Roosevelt from St. Louis on 13 January, Martha gushes, "I've had a wonderful time with Hemingway in Key West. He does know the craft beautifully and has a swell feeling for words and is very very careful about them, working slowly and never using anything he doesn't think is accurate."[50] Lamenting her life in St. Louis, she confesses, "I suffer horribly from living here out of everything. I want to be in Spain desperately, because that's the Balkans of 1912."

Unlike Martha, Hemingway was busy with his affairs.[51] At the offices of the North American Newspaper Alliance, Ernest met with John Wheeler in order to sign his lucrative contract to provide dispatches covering the Spanish Civil War. With his NANA contract signed, he visited his sister-in-law Virginia Pfeiffer at her new apartment in Manhattan. He had known Jinny since their Paris days together, and Jinny had witnessed with disapproval Ernest's pursuit of Pauline even as he continued to pledge abiding love for Hadley. Jinny never minced words with Hemingway, now criticizing him for his extramarital pursuits, his neglect of Pauline, and his fanciful decision to go to Spain. (Confirming Jinny's suspicions, Ernest found time to visit his New York bank and set up a private account for Martha Gellhorn.)

Hemingway spent much of his remaining time in New York finding out about the situation in Spain and especially conditions in Madrid where he would be based. He quizzed Jay Allen who was in town after covering Spain as correspondent for the *Chicago Tribune*.[52] (Colonel Robert McCormick, the reactionary owner of the *Tribune*, had finally fired Allen for his pro-Republican articles.) Allen had lived in Spain for two years, reporting on the volatile political situation while also conducting research for a book on land reform.[53] With another American reporter, Louis Fischer, he had

traveled 1200 miles into rural enclaves, chiefly in Extremadura near the Portuguese border, exposing the feudal system there and the likelihood of peasant revolt.

Allen had witnessed one of the most barbarous early events of the Spanish Civil War—the massacre of thousands of Republican supporters in mid-August 1936 in Badajoz. Offering a chilling account for readers of the *Chicago Tribune*, Allen writes that thousands of Republican, Socialist, and Communist militia members were butchered after the fall of Badajoz for "the crime of defending their Republic against the onslaught of the generals and landowners."[54] Marched into the bullring, where the famed matador Juan Belmonte once fought, at four o'clock in the morning, these "Reds" were machine-gunned to death. The blood, he was told by an eyewitness, was "palm deep."

During his stay in New York, Hemingway met with Prudencio de Pereda, assisting the young novelist on a documentary film, *Spain in Flames*.[55] Part documentary and part propaganda, *Spain in Flames* is a compilation of footage designed to project Republican military strength in the Guadarrama campaign and the siege of the Alcázar de Toledo, set against the destruction of helpless towns by Fascist forces. Dos Passos and Archie MacLeish had taken a hand with the commentary, but the script was uneven, and Hemingway assumed the responsibility of smoothing it out. Ernest helped Pereda to revise the commentary for the pro-Loyalist documentary, which was partly narrated by Dos Passos. Directed by Helen van Dongen and composed in two parts, "The Fight for Freedom" and "They Shall Not Pass," the film depicts the horrendous battlefield carnage in the wake of Franco's relentless aerial bombardment.

Hemingway provided a blurb to be used in advertising for *Spain in Flames*, which opened at the Cameo Theater on 42nd Street east of Broadway on 29 January 1937. The next day, Frank S. Nugent of the *New York Times* offered a generally positive review of the film.[56] While acknowledging the pro-government bias of the documentary, Nugent nevertheless finds that the film refuses to "disguise the unassailable fact that modern warfare with its ruthlessly cruel effect upon civilian populations is a hideous and monstrous thing." The reviewer indicts Hitler and Mussolini for supporting the rebels who, he asserts, would collapse without external aid.

Hemingway was aware that Italian and German support for Franco and the Nationalists was making a mockery of the Non-Intervention Agreement.[57] That August, twenty-seven European nations, heavily influenced by England's conservative foreign policy (on a visit to Gibraltar, Stephen

Spender was outraged by the Governor's pro-Nationalist sympathies), pledged to withhold aid to both sides in the Spanish Civil War. When the agreement was immediately flouted by Hitler and Mussolini, by late September Stalin decided to supply full-scale military assistance to the Republic including planes and tanks but for a price—virtually all the gold in Spain's treasury. Franklin Roosevelt, keenly aware of the overwhelmingly isolationist sentiment of the American public, the power of Catholic voters, and the Hearst newspaper chain that was rallying behind Franco, also adopted a non-intervention stance. On 7 August 1936, the Roosevelt administration proclaimed that it would "scrupulously refrain from any interference whatsoever in the unfortunate Spanish situation." In vain, the American ambassador to Spain, Claude Bowers, urged President Roosevelt to support the Republic. (Bowers and Hemingway would leave the vanquished Republic together at the end of the Civil War. Roosevelt later admitted to Bowers that he had "made a mistake; you were right all along.")

On 16 January, Ernest interrupted his preparations for Spain in order to make a grim journey to Saranac Lake.[58] Accompanied by Jinny Pfeiffer and Sidney Franklin, his destination was the Adirondack lodge of Sara and Gerald Murphy, whose son Patrick was nearing the end of his eight-year battle with tuberculosis—two years after the death of their son Baoth from meningitis. The wealthy couple, whose Villa America at Antibes had been the summer destination for writers, artists, and musicians—Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald, Pablo Picasso, Cole Porter—was dealing with Patrick's condition with the same grace that they had extended to Ernest at the outset of his career. Ernest spent some time with the bedridden Patrick, promising the emaciated boy a special Christmas present—the skin of a bear he killed himself. Knowing that Patrick, who shared a name with his own son, would be dead before the holidays, Hemingway stumbled from the bedroom into the hallway sobbing uncontrollably.

Returning to Key West near the end of January, Hemingway had to deal with Pauline's growing concerns about his trip to Spain. Pauline now proposed that she accompany Ernest but he demurred, saying that it would be too dangerous for her. She must have wondered about the letters that Ernest and Marty were exchanging and his insistence that he leave for Spain alone. Martha also was intent on heading to Spain. In a letter, she lamented her isolation in St. Louis; her writing was going badly, and she felt that her life was growing moss.[59] As an antidote to her humdrum existence, she

looked forward to traveling to Spain. She informed her friends that Spain was a repeat of the Balkans in 1912.

To Catholic family members and friends, Hemingway attempted to present himself as a reporter who would try to cover the Spanish Civil War in an unbiased way. He told his friend Harry Sylvester that the Spanish war was "a bad war…and nobody is right," but undercut this sentiment by alluding to the situation in Toledo, where Franco's forces finally had lifted the Republican siege of the city; and events in Madrid, which was being shelled relentlessly.[60] Hemingway insists that "it's not very Catholic or Christian to kill the wounded in the hospital in Toledo with hand grenades or to bomb the working quarter of Madrid for no military reason except to kill poor people, whose politics are only the politics of desperation." True, he admits, priests have been killed by Republican troops, but then why is the Catholic Church on the side of the oppressors instead of the people? Hemingway concludes that his "sympathies are always for exploited working people against absentee landlords even if I drink around with the landlords and shoot pigeons with them. I would as soon shoot them as the pigeons."

In a belated Christmas thank-you letter to the Pfeiffers, Ernest presents himself as "the leader of the Ingrates battalion on the wrong side of the Spanish war."[61] He informs family members that he had become "involved in this Spanish business" when the North American Newspaper Alliance offered him generous terms to cover the Civil War. "I hate to go away" from his happy family in Key West, he writes disingenuously, but his conscience dictates that he must leave. Hemingway observes that "you can't preserve your happiness by trying to take care of it or putting it away in moth balls and for a long time me and my conscience both have known I had to go to Spain."

Having registered his motives for going to Spain and his ideological inclination to support the Republican cause, Hemingway tells Pauline's parents and Uncle Gus that she would be best off remaining in Key West with family and friends.[62] After all, he "would have to work fairly hard and wouldn't let her go into Spain in any event." As to any possible danger to himself, Ernest assures everyone that Sidney Franklin will accompany him and keep Hemingway out of trouble.

Ending his letter to the Pfeiffer family, who had been unusually generous and supportive of him, Hemingway offers a balanced assessment of the Spanish Civil War while at the same time suggesting its significance for world affairs. He has provided ambulances to the Republican government,

acknowledging that the "Reds" might be bad but "they are the people of the country versus the absentee landlords, the moors, the Italians and the Germans." The Whites are "rotten" as well. Ernest just wants to alert Americans to the fact that "Spain is the dress rehearsal for the inevitable European war and I would like to try to write anti-war correspondence that would help to keep us out of it when it comes."

Returning to New York on 17 February without Pauline but anticipating that Marty would be joining him, Hemingway made final preparations for his departure for Spain.[63] Ten days earlier, Franco had launched a poorly executed pincer movement against Madrid designed to cut the main road from Valencia, preventing the defenders from receiving arms, supplies, and personnel they relied on to defend the capital.[64] Fresh troops, mostly members of the International Brigades, had been rushed to the front in order to resist any flanking movement by the Moors and Spanish Foreign Legionnaires, who were well-armed with the latest German equipment. Hemingway met with the American Friends of Spanish Democracy, agreeing to chair a medical committee that was charged with the goal of buying ambulances for the Republican cause.[65] Hemingway already had contributed $1500 for the purchase of ambulances and paid for the passage of two American volunteers to join the International Brigades.

Prior to his departure, Hemingway met with members of Contemporary Historians, reuniting with Archie MacLeish, Dos Passos, and Lillian Hellman who had been busy raising funds for a new documentary, *The Spanish Earth*.[66] The project would be directed by a Dutch filmmaker named Joris Ivens, who was known for his Communist sympathies and who had already left for Spain to begin shooting. The objective of the documentary would be to promote the Republican cause to the American public. With MacLeish at the helm as its president, Contemporary Historians already had money for the project and also would handle the film's distribution.

Meeting in a private, second-floor room at the "21" Club on East Fifty-Second Street, Hemingway, Board officers, and members of Contemporary Historians hammered out plans for *The Spanish Earth*, a title proposed by MacLeish. According to MacLeish, contributions for the documentary were already pouring in from Grant Mason and others, supplemented by revenue from *Spain in Flames*. He also announced that Dos Passos would be traveling to Spain to assist with the project. MacLeish was the editor of *Fortune* magazine and would be able to offer Dos a stipend to write some on-site articles on the Civil War. During the meeting, Ernest and

Dos disagreed about the direction of the documentary. With Dos wanting to focus the film on the plight of the masses and Ernest insisting on the primacy of military action, the seeds of discontent between the two old friends were built into the project from the outset.

After the meeting, some members of the group went downstairs to the "21" Club dining room, joined by Katy Dos Passos and a surprise guest, Martha Gellhorn.[67] Ernest introduced his friend to the group, announcing that Marty would be going to Spain as a correspondent for *Collier's*. Resplendent in an orange dress that accentuated her hair, and never one to remain quiet, Marty corrected Ernest: In fact, she only had a letter of accreditation that might get her into Spain. Katy and John Dos Passos, who were loyal friends of Pauline, were suspicious of Ernest's glamorous new friend. Nor were they amused by the warmth between Hemingway and Gellhorn as Ernest regaled everyone with tales about his African safari.

Ernest sailed for Europe on 27 February aboard the liner *Paris*, accompanied by his erstwhile pal Sidney Franklin and the poet Evan Shipman who was entrusted with delivering ambulances for the Loyalists.[68] Max Perkins and other well-wishers came to the pier to see them off. Amid the farewell revelry in the stateroom, Ira Wolfert of the *Times* who also was a correspondent for NANA, observed Hemingway's muscular frame and bulging chest, the black mustache, the youthful vitality.[69] Wolfert also appreciated Hemingway's ideological moorings: A new kind of war was unfolding in Spain, Hemingway told the assembled reporters, waged as total war by Franco and his Italian and German allies. Ernest declared that he was setting out to cover the "little people"—the ordinary citizens who were the casualties of a civil conflict that knew no noncombatants. Then, Ernest said, he would be off to the front lines to "see what the boys are doing with the new toys they've been given since the last war."[70]

With the Civil War now in its seventh month, Hemingway's observations mirrored the opinions that Herbert Matthews was sending to the *New York Times* from the Madrid front. Viewing the carnage centered around the capital, Matthews praises the morale and heroic efforts of the Republican militias to turn back Franco's combined forces that have been supplied with the latest equipment from Italy, Germany, and Portugal. "This writer is convinced," he writes, "that there is not the slightest hope of a peaceful settlement of this dispute."[71] He speculates that if England and France enter the conflict, all Europe will be drawn into the Spanish Civil War.

Hemingway had hoped that Martha would be able to join his entourage but she was delayed.[72] However, following her surprise appearance in New

York, the tone of their relationship had warmed considerably. "I hope we get on the same ark when the deluge begins," Marty writes in one letter to Ernest. Her letters become more urgent as Hemingway's departure loomed. "Please don't disappear," she implores him. "Are we not members of the same union? Hemingstein, I am very fond of you." She wrote again, adopting a lighthearted but intimate tone. "We are conspirators and I have personally gotten myself a beard and a pair of dark glasses. We will both say nothing and look strong.… Angel, I have so much to tell you, but suddenly I find there is no time to even think straight.… Please, please leave word in Paris."[73]

Hemingway had already left for Europe by the time Martha returned to New York City. She was almost penniless but, as she recalled, "in a great hurry to be… in any sort of trouble I can find anywhere."[74] In short order, she obtained a commission from *Vogue* to write a fluff piece on middle-aged women's beauty problems, with a stipend sufficient to pay her "passage to Spain" as she informed an old friend. Armed with her letter from *Collier's*, Martha set off to catch up with Hemingway. "Me," she wrote to a family friend, "I am going to Spain with the boys. I don't know who the boys are, but I am going with them."

Notes

1. *HM, NYT*, January 3, 1937.
2. Quoted in Hotchner, 162.
3. Moorehead, 105.
4. Quoted in Kert, 290.
5. Kert, 288–89.
6. *The Face of War*, 1, 13–14.
7. Kert, 288.
8. Quoted in Reynolds, 242.
9. Ibid., 242–43.
10. Quoted in Moorehead, 101.
11. *Hemingway My Brother*, 202–3.
12. Quoted in Josephson, 428.
13. Quoted in Kert, 291.
14. Quoted in Rollyson, 90.
15. Quoted in Kert, 291.
16. Quoted in McClendon, *Papa*, 167.
17. Quoted in Rollyson, 93.
18. Quoted in Kert, 291–92.
19. Quoted in *One True Thing*, 243–44.

20. See Trogdon, "Their Money's Worth," 47–53.
21. For a useful collection of essays on the novel, see Knott.
22. *THAHN*, 96.
23. Ibid., 167.
24. Ibid.
25. *GHOA*, 109.
26. *SLMG*, 42–43.
27. Quoted in McLaughlin, 36.
28. Kert, 291.
29. *BEH*, 90–98.
30. *LEH*, vol. 4, 500–1.
31. *SL*, 341–42.
32. Dearborn, 303. the
33. *LEH*, vol. 4, 528.
34. Ibid., 529–31.
35. DIA, 264.
36. See Martin, 119–38.
37. Baker, 222.
38. Quoted in Martin, 122.
39. *LEH*, vol. 4, 528.
40. Ibid., 561–62.
41. Ibid., 571–72.
42. Ibid., 580–81.
43. Baker, 299.
44. Moorehead, 105.
45. Quoted in Baker, 298.
46. Ibid., 299.
47. Ibid.
48. See Vail, 113–16.
49. Quoted in Moorehead, 106.
50. *SLMG*, 46, 1/13/37.
51. Vail, 113–16.
52. Hochschild, 99.
53. See Wyden, 28–29.
54. Quoted in Rhodes, 14.
55. Baker, 299–300.
56. *NYT*, January 30, 1937.
57. Graham, 37–41.
58. Dearborn, 371.
59. Moorehead, 106.
60. *SL*, 465–67.
61. Ibid., 457–59.
62. Ibid.

63. Vail, 128–29.
64. Hochschild, 98–99.
65. Reynolds, 258.
66. Vail, 98–99.
67. Dearborn, 372; Vail, 128–29.
68. Dearborn, 372–73.
69. Ibid.
70. Quoted in Baker, 301.
71. *NYT*, January 17, 1937.
72. Moorehead, 106–7.
73. Quoted in Kert, 291, 294.
74. Quoted in Moorehead, 107.

Check for updates

CHAPTER 3

Madrid, March–May 1937

Hemingway had to wait in Paris for ten days in early March while trying to get a visa for Sidney Franklin from the US State Department.[1] Prior to their arrival, the left-wing coalition of Léon Blum had closed the border with Spain and announced a strict enforcement of the non-intervention agreement.[2] Moreover, the French government adopted a bill giving Blum power to prevent recruiting or aiding volunteers for Spain. Heavily influenced by a conservative English government, France had made a calculated decision to place itself on the margins of the Spanish Civil War.

In Paris, Hemingway checked into the comfortable Hotel Dinard in the Sixth Arrondissement and started immediately to hatch plans to circumvent French restrictions. He was now an activist with a political agenda. If André Malraux, the author of *La Condition Humaine*, could organize an entire international squadron of mercenaries to aid in the defense of the Spanish Republic, then Ernest assumed he could find a way to get Sidney from Paris to Spain.[3] In the meantime, Ernest dispatched Evan Shipman to Paris shops to stock up on canned goods, hams, Nescafé, and pâté—all to be transported in one of the ambulances that relief organizations were shipping to the Spanish Republic or carried by Sidney himself when he finally made it to Madrid. Ernest's friend Lester Ziffren, the head of the United Press bureau in Madrid, had advised Ernest to bring provisions, warm clothing, and money, for conditions throughout Spain and especially in Madrid, which had been undergoing aerial and ground bombardment since November, were increasingly dire.

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Paris was no longer the center of Hemingway's life but he still was fond of the city and its culture. Almost daily, Ernest met for meals and drinks with Janet Flanner, the Paris correspondent for the *New Yorker*, and her companion Solita Solano.[4] To kill time, Ernest and Sidney engaged in elaborate mock-bullfighting rituals in Franklin's room at the seedy Hôtel Montana, a notch or two below Hemingway's own room at the Dinard. Sidney would dress in his matador finery while Ernest, raising two pointed fingers atop his head, imitated a charging bull.[5] They repeated this game for friends, all the while admiring Sidney's outfits and swords; until Ernest, sweating profusely, ended the strenuous ritual by inviting everyone for drinks.

Ernest tried persistently to obtain a visa for Franklin but without success. He telephoned influential friends, approached the American ambassador to France, and met also with Luis Araquistáin, the Spanish ambassador to France, in what proved to be a fruitless effort to obtain a visa for Franklin. While waiting, Ernest composed his first dispatch for NANA outlining the ordeal, "Passport for Franklin."[6] A brief, amusing fluff piece lamenting his difficulties, Hemingway claims that he needs Sidney as his translator and factotum, someone to look after things while he is busy "at the front." He muses at one point that if the boxer Jack Dempsey could turn newspaper man almost overnight, then why not Franklin? He cannot understand why "Washington seems to be skeptical about Sidney Franklin's status as a bonafide newsman."

On 10 March Ernest met Luis Quintanilla, who had recently been released from jail in Spain under murky circumstances and sent abroad for his own safety. What is clear, however, is that the artist had led the crowd on 20 July 1936 that overran the Montaña barracks in Madrid.[7] In the aftermath, according to the distinguished historian Hugh Thomas, pro-Nationalist officers were thrown to their deaths from the battlements while others were machine-gunned despite a white flag of truce.

In the early stages of the Civil War, Quintanilla also commanded Republican forces at the siege of the Alcázar in Toledo.[8] For centuries the capital of Spain, Toledo held symbolic significance for both sides but especially for the Nationalists. In the medieval era, Toledo had been the first major Muslim city in the Peninsula to be liberated by Christian armies. Although Toledo was of little strategic value, General Franco, sensing the importance of the city for Nationalist elements, diverted his army from its march northward in order to relieve the siege in the last week of September.

After the siege was lifted, reprisals against the Republican militia and sympathetic townspeople made the streets of Toledo run with blood. As the Generalissimo toured the shattered streets, news about the liberation of the Toledo garrison burnished perceptions that Franco was truly the leader of the rebellion. (The junta appointed Franco supreme military and political chief of the rebels on 21 September 1936.) However, the diversion of Nationalist troops also gave Republican forces in Madrid time to organize before the rebels reached the outskirts of the city. Quintanilla had escaped the gruesome outcome of the failed siege of Toledo. In order to protect him, at the end of 1936 Prime Minister Juan Negrín, who had taken over the government in May 1937, sent the militant artist out of the country to serve on sundry diplomatic missions.[9]

Hemingway knew about Quintanilla's recent exploits and his history of political activism. When in the fall of 1934 Quintanilla had been arrested for storing weapons in his studio and his fate was uncertain, Ernest and Dos convinced the Pierre Matisse Gallery in New York City to exhibit forty of the artist's etchings of Madrid scenes and wrote the commentary for the exhibit's catalog. Hemingway also covered the cost of pulling prints from the etchings. They published the joint text in the January issue of *Esquire* illustrated with six reproductions of common Spanish life. For his part, Dos wrote letters and circulated petitions in defense of Quintanilla while organizing a demonstration in front of the Spanish consulate in New York City. The consul, who happened to be a friend of Quintanilla, sent telegrams to Madrid alerting officials to the massive turnout advocating Quintanilla's release from prison, a tactic that proved successful.

Ernest was amused, as he indicated in a letter to Max Perkins, that Luis Quintanilla had become a "general."[10] Nonetheless, he did not raise the "funny" fact that Quintanilla had become a revolutionary officer when he asked the artist if his studio and paintings were safe in Madrid. "Oh, it's all gone," Luis replied, explaining that a bomb had gutted the building.[11] The magnificent frescoes that Quintanilla had painted at University City and the Casa del Pueblo also were destroyed during the relentless bombardment of Madrid.

While still in Paris, Hemingway met Joris Ivens, the young director of *The Spanish Earth*, for the first time.[12] The Dutchman was in town to share rushes from his documentary on the Spanish Civil War with Popular Front journalists and auteurs including Jean Renoir. Apparently, it was hard not to like Ivens who, despite his commitment to Communism, was never a strident ideologue. With his slight frame, striking blue eyes, and shock of

dark hair, he reminded Dos Passos of "a high school boy playing hooky"; Archie MacLeish concurred, finding Ivens to be "as mild as your grandmother, really quite a lovely guy."[13] Ivens resembled Hemingway in his modernist approach to art, a director who had already made two experimental documentaries, *Borinage* and *New Earth*, in the tradition of the influential avant-garde Russian director Sergei Eisenstein.

Hemingway met Ivens at the Café Deux Magots and took an instant liking to the young director.[14] Ernest was flattered to learn from Ivens that he had read *A Farewell to Arms* in a French translation and also was familiar with *Death in the Afternoon*. In turn, Ivens was impressed by Hemingway's experience of warfare and Ernest's intention to discover the truth about the Spanish situation and transmit his findings to the American public. Hemingway told Ivens about the wound he had received in the Great War—his foundational story—and spoke emotionally about the horrors of combat. Shifting the conversation, Ernest mentioned in passing that his "beautiful girlfriend" would be joining him in Madrid. "She has legs that begin at her shoulders." To Ivens, Hemingway seemed a remarkable force of nature—"a simple and direct man, a kind of big boy scout who imposed himself by his physique and his manner of expressing himself."[15]

The two men agreed about the need to produce a film that would reveal the true face of the Spanish Civil War to American viewers and ideally an international audience as well.[16] In keeping with the goal of Contemporary Historians, Ivens was planning a documentary designed to convince the American and European democracies to provide aid to the Spanish Republic at a time when the terms of the non-intervention treaty were being violated by Italy, Germany, and the Soviet Union, while Great Britain, France, and the United States chose to honor it. To aid in the production of the documentary, Ernest had brought additional funds with him including a new contribution of his own that ultimately would amount to $4000, far greater than the $500 that most members gave.

Leaving Sid Franklin to the vagaries of French bureaucracy, Hemingway and Ivens took the night train to Toulouse, intent on driving from there to the French border to see if they could get across.[17] A police commander at the border informed them that only a special visa from the French government could provide them with legal entry. Ernest found it ironic that he was being denied entry while twelve thousand Italian troops had recently disembarked in southern Spain in a continuing surge of foreign soldiers rushing to prop up Franco's forces. Ernest filed his second dispatch from Toulouse on 15 March, confirming the infusion of Italian and German troops into

the conflict despite the non-intervention agreement.[18] Sidney Franklin was unable to obtain a visa, he notes, but "I am informed from a most reliable source that Italian regular troops now in Spain number 88,000." Moreover, there are roughly 16,000–20,000 German troops consisting mainly of "flyers, mechanics, anti-aircraft men, tank troops, engineers and other technicians." Meanwhile, the most important highway leading out of France to Spain is largely deserted and manned along the way by guards. As Ernest sees it, "the French border is closed up and airtight."

Not to be deterred by French intransigence at the border, Hemingway boarded an Air France flight in Toulouse on 16 March, which touched down briefly in Barcelona before continuing south. Flying down the coast to Alicante, past shimmering white beaches and hilltop castles, Ernest glimpsed images of his beloved Spain as it had been prior to the outbreak of the Civil War.[19] He offers an impressionistic account of Spain curiously removed from the wreckage of war: "Trains were moving, cattle were plowing the fields, fishing boats were setting out and factories were belching smoke." The imagery invokes Old Spain wedded to the modernizing efforts of the Second Republic. When he reaches Alicante, Hemingway spies the presence of young Republican conscripts, but even here—and all along the coast—the mood is festive, with people hailing the Republican victory at the Battle of Guadalajara on the north-east Madrid front. The celebrating crowds remind Ernest of the old days of ferias and fiestas more than a nation engaged in the Civil War. Still, the "convalescent wounded" intrude on his nostalgic vision of "the miles of orange groves in bloom and the smell of orange blossoms." The entire scene reminds "the correspondent" as he now styles himself, more of a wedding than a war. Only when he nears Valencia that night does Hemingway admit that there is no Italian wedding awaiting him.

The North American Newspaper Alliance did not appreciate Hemingway's impressionistic dispatch. With some asperity, NANA sent him a terse cable in the capital letters used at the time for transmission: "WE UNWANT DAILY RUNNING NARRATIVE EXPERIENCES."[20] Instead, NANA demanded "CONSIDERED APPRAISAL SITUATION." Wheeler apparently did not want any fine, compelling narratives from Hemingway. It was the start of an abrasive association, as Hemingway persistently attempted to harness his on-the-scene literary talents to NANA's contradictory expectations.

As he passed through Valencia, Ernest encountered the young, handsome English poet and pacifist Stephen Spender, who was in Spain as a

journalist but also was trying to locate a lover who had volunteered for the International Brigades.[21] At twenty-eight years of age, Spender already was an internationally acclaimed writer who had published four volumes of verse and one book of criticism. On first appearance, Ernest struck Spender as a "black-haired, bushy-mustached, hairy-handed giant" who reveled in his role as a "Hemingway hero." However, on deeper reflection, Spender wondered "how this man, whose art concealed under its apparent huskiness a deliberation and delicacy like Turgenev, could show so little of his inner sensibility in his outward behavior."

This "inner sensibility" that Hemingway camouflaged with his raw public persona revealed itself most vividly to Spender when the two men stopped at a bookstore during an afternoon walk. Spender wondered if he should purchase a copy of Stendhal's *The Charterhouse of Parma*. Hemingway stated that he thought the account of the hero, Fabrice, wandering lost in the middle of the Battle of Waterloo, "is perhaps the best, though most apparently casual, description of war in literature." Spender was amazed as Hemingway then launched into a disquisition on Stendhal. "He saw literature not just as 'good writing,' but as the unceasing interrelationships of the words on the page with the life within and beyond them—the battle, the landscape or the love affair." Spender's assessment is prescient: The triangulation of war, landscape, and love affair had informed *The Sun Also Rises* and *A Farewell to Arms*, and would serve Hemingway well as a template for any novel that he might write based on the Spanish Civil War.

Hemingway and Spender resumed their stroll through the streets of Valencia, which had become the seat of the Republican government after its exodus from battle-torn Madrid.[22] As they walked, Ernest told his companion that Spain would be a test of their nerves and courage. As Spender recalled, they passed a tavern filled with noisy patrons, "went inside and found some gypsy players. Hemingway seized a guitar and started singing Spanish songs." Spender saw that Ernest "had become the Hemingway character again."

On the morning of 20 March, Hemingway and Ivens departed Valencia for their final destination: Madrid.[23] They had a car at their disposal provided by Constancia de la Mora, who worked in the foreign press office in Valencia and virtually ran its censorship department. With her Modigliani-style beauty and fluency in English, French, and German, Connie, as she was known, was a favorite of Jay Allen, Louis Fischer, and other foreign correspondents. She provided Hemingway with ration slips for gasoline as well as a car and driver named Tomás who was four feet eleven inches

high and reminded Ernest of a "particularly unattractive, very mature dwarf out of Velasquez put into a suit of blue dungarees. He had several front teeth missing and seethed with patriotic sentiments. He also loved scotch whiskey."[24]

Leaving the tropical warmth of Valencia behind, Tomás and his occupants rose into the bitterly cold coastal mountains and onto the high plateau of La Mancha. Ernest shared his silver flask of scotch with his companions. Thus fortified, by the time they reached the outskirts of Madrid the men were in a festive, patriotic mood. When the city came into view, "rising like a great white fortress across the plain from Alcalá de Henares," an inebriated Tomás, now driving erratically, cried out with a burst of patriotic fervor, "Long live Madrid, the capital of my soul." To which Hemingway replied, "And of my heart."[25]

Speeding down the Gran Via toward the Plaza de Callao, Tomás almost collided with a Republican army staff car. Ernest cautioned the inebriated chauffeur to watch where he was driving. Finally, Tomás deposited Ernest safely at the entrance to the Hotel Florida. In due course, Hemingway soon discovered that his chauffeur's patriotism could not withstand the hazards involved in negotiating roads into an actual battle zone.

At the Florida, Hemingway selected two rooms at the back of the building facing an alley, believing the suite would protect him from Nationalist artillery fire from Garabitas Hill. The hotel's elevator still worked intermittently and there was hot water, but the Florida was a ghost of its former opulence. Opened twelve years earlier, the ten-story marbled Art Nouveau palace was situated just around the corner from the upscale shops on the Gran Via and fronting the ornate movie theaters on Plaza de Callao. The hotel once boasted lavish rooms, central heating, and an atrium rising from the center of the lobby all the way to a magnificent skylight on the roof. Rooms on each floor looked out on the atrium, creating a fish-bowl effect for guests whether they liked it or not. Sefton "Tom" Delmer of the London *Daily Express*, whose room was a source of nightly carousing, observed that whenever there was a particularly heavy shelling, "all kinds of liaisons were revealed as people poured from their bedrooms to seek shelter in the basement, among them Ernest and Martha."[26]

The Hotel Florida was situated down the street from the Telefónica, the imposing fourteen-story steel and concrete skyscraper housing the Spanish subsidiary of the International Telephone and Telegraph Company.[27] Journalists filed their dispatches for Paris and London at Telefónica after

submitting their work for scrutiny by the Press and Propaganda Department on the fourth and fifth floors. Frequently, when Nationalist troops occupying the higher elevations around Madrid launched shells at the Telephone Building, the Hotel Florida received collateral damage.

Hemingway immediately became the center of the picturesque crowd of foreigners assembled at the Hotel Florida. He thrived when surrounded by friends and admirers, and exerted a powerful appeal on the people who soon gravitated to his rooms. The American correspondent Virginia Cowles, a reporter for the Hearst chain who checked into the Florida with the freelancer Kate Mangan shortly after Ernest had arrived, recalled the colorful personalities including Hemingway who had rooms at the Florida.[28] The attractive twenty-six-year-old Cowles, who dressed in high heels and fashionable clothing befitting her Boston pedigree and experience as a former debutante, found Hemingway fascinating. In her memoir *Looking for Trouble*, a neglected classic, Cowles recalls Hemingway as "a large bulk of a man who was always smiling."[29] She asserts that "Hemingway was greatly admired in Spain and known to everyone as 'Pop.' He was a massive, ruddy-cheeked man who went around Madrid in a pair of filthy brown trousers and a torn blue shirt. 'They're all I brought with me,' he would mumble apologetically. 'Even the anarchists are disdainful.'"

As Cowles recalls, Ernest's suite on the second floor of the Florida was a "meeting-place for a strange assortment of characters." To Cowles, whom everyone called Ginny, these foreigners led lives seemingly out of adventure stories. "There were idealists and mercenaries; scoundrels and martyrs; adventurers and *embusqués*; fanatics, traitors, and plain down-and-outs. They were like an odd assortment of beads strung together on a common thread of war. Any evening you could find them in the Florida; Dutch photographers, American airmen, German refugees, English ambulance drivers, Spanish picadors and Communists of every breed and nationality."[30] Among this motley assortment of humanity were journalists including the thin, supremely cynical, eminently quotable Anglo-Scott Claud Cockburn who wrote for the Communist *Daily Express* as Frank Pitcairn; and the radical George Seldes of *The New York Post* who had been kicked out of Italy for his diatribes against Mussolini.[31]

Hemingway also recalled the carnival-like atmosphere at the Hotel Florida in a letter to the *New York Times* that was not published at the time but discovered in 2008.[32] He shared with Cowles a fascination with the "diverse assembly of foreigners" inhabiting the Florida. Among the foreign correspondents that he mentions are Herbert Matthews of the *New*

York Times, Tom Delmer of the *London Times*, Henry T. Gorrell of United Press, and his friend Josephine Herbst who worked "for various American weeklies and humanity in general." Suppressing his instinctive hostility to literary rivals, Hemingway offers an amusing cameo of Antoine de Saint Exupéry, who when he wasn't flying planes for the Republic wrote for *Paris-Soir* and would become a close friend. (He also cites Martha Gellhorn among these foreign correspondents without comment. In fact, with some assistance from Ernest, Martha would emerge from the conflict as a seasoned war reporter.) Adding additional color to the distinguished literary and journalistic community at the Hotel Florida, Ernest sketches "the greatest and most varied collection of ladies of the evening I have ever seen"—Spanish and Moorish prostitutes who with their constant flow of customers kept the Hotel Florida buzzing with excitement, often until daybreak. Ernest fondly would refer to these women, who enjoyed steady traffic from men on leave from the International Brigades, as the Hotel Florida's *whores de combat*.

Eager to inspect the battlefronts outside Madrid, Ernest promptly registered with the censorship office in the Telefónica. His arrival in Madrid coincided with the Battle of Guadalajara that had stretched from 8 to 18 March and resulted in a basically defensive victory for Republican forces. On 8 March, Franco had launched a pincer movement designed to cut the Madrid-Valencia road and encircle Madrid, swinging 50,000 Nationalist troops into action against the provincial capital of Guadalajara.[33] Most of these troops were not the dreaded Moorish and Legionnaire fighters of the Nationalist Army but instead 35,000 poorly trained Italian conscripts sent by Mussolini. Dressed in tropical fatigues unsuited for the bitter March weather on the Castilian Plateau and hampered by a blinding snowstorm as well as overextended communication lines, the Fascist troops were soundly routed. Among the Republican troops were two International Brigades, one of them the Garibaldi Battalion of the Twelfth International Brigade consisting of anti-Fascist Italian volunteers. Six thousand rebels were killed, wounded, or captured. In a dispatch to the *Times*, Herbert Matthews estimated that on a single day, the inexperienced Italian troops endured no fewer than 880 aerial bombs and 2500 killed and wounded.[34] In the aftermath of the debacle, Mussolini recalled some of his generals and ordered that those troops who had survived could not return home until Spain had been liberated and the shame of defeat wiped away.

By chance, Hemingway had met Hans Kahle after registering as a foreign reporter at the Telegraph Building.[35] A German Communist, Kahle was

a prominent commander coordinating strategy with General José Miaja, who had assumed control over the defense of Madrid. On the morning of 22 March, Kahle took Ernest, Ivens, and their cameraman John Ferno for a tour of the Guadalajara front forty-five miles north-east of Madrid. The driver of their car was Tomás, who was increasingly nervous as they neared the front, despite the fact that the battle had substantially ended four days earlier.

Back in his room at the Florida, Ernest typed a report for NANA on the Battle of Guadalajara, a cable that would be transmitted to London and then on to New York where editors would attach the title "Hemingway Sees Dead Strewing Battlefield." Recalling the Great War, Ernest claims that Franco's effort to cut the Guadalajara road "resulted in the biggest Italian defeat since Caporetto."[36] Hemingway had chronicled the 1917 Italian retreat at Caporetto in Slovenia in *A Farewell to Arms*; he was back in his element, offering a true account of war. The stunning power of his descriptive style—worrisome to NANA editors—appears in his account of the Italian dead. Surveying the massacre, Hemingway writes, "Hot weather makes all dead look alike, but these Italian dead with waxy faces" remind him of "curiously broken toys. One doll had lost its feet and lay with no expression on its waxy stubbled face. Another doll had lost half of its head. The third doll was simply broken as a bar of chocolate breaks in your pocket."

Hemingway sensitizes readers to the slaughter of untrained Italian conscripts before turning to an analysis of military strategy and what would turn out to be an accurate prediction of future events. Considering the terrain, he declares that Madrid with its "marvelous military position rising from the Castilian Plateau" can never be taken by Franco without a massive influx of better-trained troops. "To win the war," he predicts, "Franco must either encircle Madrid and cut the line of communications to the coast from Teruel, thus separating Barcelona and Valencia, or come up the coast and take Valencia."

Other foreign correspondents were equally optimistic in their assessment of the Republican victory at Guadalajara. Herbert Matthews, constantly at war with pro-Franco reporters and editors at the *New York Times* who were censoring and cutting his dispatches, offered bold political predictions. In one dispatch, referring to the 1808 victory of the Spanish Army over French troops in southern Spain, Matthews declares, "Guadalajara is for Fascism what Bailén was for Napoleon."[37] Mikhail Koltsov, the young correspondent for *Pravda* who purportedly was Stalin's eyes and ears in

Spain, was only slightly less predictive about the significance of the Battle of Guadalajara. Koltsov was stunned by the carnage, with the highway "littered with rucksacks, weapons, and cartridges," but optimistic about the course of the Civil War.[38]

The power of Hemingway's celebrity drew individuals with competing ideological views to him, opening doors that often were closed to other foreign correspondents. Most significantly, because of the influence that Joris Ivens had with Soviet officials, Ernest was able to gain access to the inner sanctum at the Gaylord Hotel. (For his part, Ivens played on Ernest's desire to obtain inside scoops about the Civil War.) Moreover, as he toured battlefronts and composed his dispatches, Hemingway was gathering information and impressions that might prompt future literary projects.[39] The Gaylord was the hub where, according to Antony Beevor, "Soviet advisers, commissars, senior officers and important Party cadres had their luxurious and well-stocked base."[40] Supporters and officials on fact-finding missions from abroad, along with sympathetic freelance journalists ("conspicuous as actresses" as the English poet W. H. Auden observed), were always welcome at the Gaylord. With his fame and political savvy harnessed to the Republican cause, Ernest was a featured guest at the hotel.

It was shortly after their return from the Guadalajara front where they were scouting for film locations that Ivens ushered Hemingway into Mikhail Koltsov's suite at the Gaylord Hotel on 25 March.[41] Ernest brought two bottles of whiskey to supplement the ample supply of vodka and wine provided by Koltsov, and he quickly entered into the evening's gaieties. He observed Koltsov carefully, bonding with this intelligent and amusing fellow who spat out his words through broken front teeth.

Surveying the other people at the party, Hemingway also was intrigued by the German writer Gustav Regler, the commissar of the Twelfth International Brigade, who would become a lifelong friend.[42] Regler had been at the Battle of Jarama that had started on 6 February and resulted in a stand-off. He told Ernest about the heroic defense of the Arganda Bridge spanning the river some twenty miles southeast of Madrid.[43] It was there that Regler's French battalion, joined by the Eleventh and Fifteenth, the latter including the Lincoln Battalion, fought off Moorish troops and secured the bridge, thereby saving the Valencia-Madrid supply line. With the twenty-one-day battle at a stalemate and the International Brigades

recovering from massive casualties, European and American celebrities—among them Henri Cartier-Bresson, J. B. S. Haldane, and Errol Flynn—had taken advantage of a lull in the fighting to visit the Jarama front. Ernest resolved to see the location for himself.[44]

Among the other guests who intrigued Hemingway were General Lukács (Mata Zalka Kemeny), who commanded the Twelfth International Brigade, and Alexander Orlov, the NKVD chief of the secret police in Spain, a terrifying figure just up from Valencia where he was organizing guerilla activities.[45] Close to Orlov was his assistant "Colonel Xanthé" (Ku. U. Mamsourov), who was guiding all *aktivki* sabotage teams infiltrating behind rebel lines (and who later claimed that he was the inspiration for Hemingway's hero in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*). These men were making history and Hemingway wanted to take their measure.

After a tense misunderstanding fueled by copious rounds of drinking, Ernest also found common cause with Koltsov's journalistic friend Ilya Ehrenburg, the chief correspondent for *Izvestia*.[46] Their conversation suddenly had become tense when, speaking in French, Ehrenburg asked Ernest if he was cabling news (*nouvelles*) as well as feature articles about the conflict. Mistaking "news" for "novels," Hemingway sensed an insult and turned combative, threatening Ilya with a wine bottle. But the two intoxicated combatants were quickly separated and reconciled, once the linguistic *faux pas* was resolved. Before the night was over, they were great friends. Ehrenburg turned out to be an admirer of Hemingway, amazed as much by his capacity for liquor as for his writing—but above all else, by his attraction to "danger, death, and great deeds."[47]

In short order, Hemingway had become a familiar figure at Gaylord's, strolling past the guards with their fixed bayonets at the entrance, into the marbled lobby, and up the slow-moving elevator to visit his new friends. As he would record in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, Gaylord's was "indecently luxurious and corrupt" but nonetheless "the place you needed to complete your education."[48] Ernest was surprised by the number of Spanish commanders who spoke Russian. There was Valentin Gonzalez, called El Campesino or the Peasant; the uneducated quarryman from Galicia Enrique Líster; and General Juan Modesto, a cabinet worker from Andalucía—all relatively fluent in a form of Russian that was not learned at Berlitz. These were the commanders who could tell you something important if you listened attentively and asked the right questions.

The Soviet operatives at Gaylord's thought they had cornered a prize celebrity in Ernest Hemingway. Claud Cockburn, who like his compatriot

George Orwell fought briefly on the Republican side, captured the carefully orchestrated strategy of cultivating famous figures for the cause. Speaking of W. H. Auden, who hoped to be an ambulance driver but soon returned disillusioned to England, Cockburn stated, "What we really wanted him for was to go to the front, write some pieces saying hurrah for the Republic, and then go away and write some poems, also saying hurrah for the Republic."[49]

Hemingway, however, was not beguiled by the Communist Party's efforts to cultivate him and exploit his fame. As he told Joe North, a journalist for New York's *Daily Worker*, "I like Communists when they're soldiers; when they're priests, I hate them. Yes, priests, the commissars who hand down papal bulls.... That air of authority your leaders wear like cassocks."[50] The Comintern officials in Madrid were not aware that his hatred of Fascism also included an animus toward the totalitarian nature of Communism. Ernest referred to these devout ideologues as "comic-stars," much to the fiery North's outrage. He taunted Joe North by telling the reporter that he stayed in shape in order "to fight the communists. I suppose you stay in shape memorizing a chapter of *Das Kapital*," all the while shadow boxing and making the sign of the cross. During a second meeting, Ernest continued to bait North: "Listen, Comrade Stalin, we've filed more good stuff in one day than the *Worker* has printed in two years."

Vouched for by Gustav Regler, Hemingway received approval to visit the Jarama front. Regler would serve as Ernest's guide. The Battle of Jarama had raged throughout February near the Jarama River southwest of Madrid, ending in a bloody stalemate.[51] At Jarama on 27 February, a few hundred Americans constituting the Abraham Lincoln Battalion had been thrown into the breech attempting to take an impregnable hill defended by Moorish troops. Already the Lincolns had been badly mauled in an earlier encounter with the rebels on 23 February and their morale following two poorly devised plans was low.

The Battalion's commander, Robert Merriman, a graduate student in economics at the University of California at Berkeley and a self-styled Communist, had been promised support by an inept commander nicknamed General "Gal" whose actual name was Janos Galicz.[52] With his ROTC training, the tall, broad-shouldered Merriman had vainly protested the order to advance at all costs. As Merriman stepped from the trenches and ordered his men to advance, he was struck by a bullet in the left shoulder, shattering bones in five places. The air and tank support he had been promised never arrived and his men were decimated. An estimated 120 Lincolns were killed and 175 wounded, precipitating a mutiny by the American

volunteers; a hastily arranged court-martial of Merriman and others was stopped at the last moment by a Russian tank commander named Pavlov.

In his autobiography *The Owl of Minerva*, Gustav Regler recounts the propitious arrival of Hemingway as a famous writer and war correspondent on the Jarama front.[53] Having read *A Farewell to Arms*, Regler introduced Hemingway to members of the Garibaldi contingent. Regler knew that Ernest "despised men of letters and intellectuals because he caught in them the scent of cowardice. Courage was the quality by which he first judged a man." Regler took Ernest to inspect the trenches around Arganda Bridge, which spanned the most direct supply road from Valencia to Madrid.[54] Under a scheme hatched by a Republican commander known as General "Walter" (Karol Swieczewski), members of the Sixteenth International Brigade, consisting largely of French and Belgian volunteers, had been ordered to lure pursuing Nationalist cavalry across the bridge, which had been dynamited. But when the explosives failed to detonate, the adversaries after fierce fighting ultimately staked out stable positions at respective ends of the bridge.

At the bridge, Regler introduced Ernest to the Brigade's German physician, Dr. Werner Heilbrun, who knew in advance that Hemingway was coming.[55] Heilbrun told Ernest that he could have earned more "fame and dollars" by covering the other side but Hemingway was not offended. As Werner hopped into an ambulance to take a wounded man to the hospital, he asked Ernest if he would be afraid to be left behind for an hour. Ernest laughed. With shells whistling overhead like "evil magicians," Hemingway climbed down the riverbank to get a better view of the bridge.

The next day, Ernest returned with Joris Ivens to shoot footage for *The Spanish Earth* around the town of Arganda.[56] Afterward, Regler took Ernest into town to interview French survivors of the Jarama battle, many of whom had seen their wounded compatriots carved to pieces by Moorish troops. Others related the execution of two volunteers who had run from the battle and had been ordered executed by the paranoid commissar of the International Brigades, André Marty. "Swine!" cried Ernest, spitting on the ground, a gesture of contempt for the thuggish Marty that endeared him to Regler and the demoralized men assembled in the Arganda town hall.

The Jarama stalemate in February and the Guadalajara victory in March boosted Republican morale, resulting as well in the international media frenzy that turned out to be prematurely optimistic. As Helen Graham observes in her admirably concise history of the Spanish Civil War, the

successful defense of Madrid created a compelling cultural moment.[57] The Jarama and Guadalajara battles "turned Madrid into a symbol of anti-fascist resistance. From across Europe and beyond artists and writers came to participate in the cultural mobilization of the war effort." Charismatic and committed, Hemingway was prepared to mobilize his own considerable talents in service to the Republican cause.

One evening in late March, Ernest was holding court at a table reserved for journalists in the basement restaurant of the Gran Via Hotel when Martha Gellhorn appeared.[58] She had arrived in Madrid by way of Valencia with Sidney Franklin in tow, along with the young, good-looking Canadian journalist Ted Allan who flirted with her openly in their car while Sidney looked on during the entire trip with disapproval. To Martha, the sight of the pitch-black Madrid streets seemed "silent and perilous."[59] She had the feeling that "a whole city was a battlefield, waiting in the dark."

Even before the tense car ride from Valencia to Madrid, there had been latent hostility between Martha and Sidney in Paris where they first met up. Like Franklin, Marty had trouble obtaining a visa for travel to Spain. Compounding the tension, Martha had left it to Sidney to get her suitcases to Madrid, which did not sit well given his close friendship with Pauline. Finally, Gellhorn and Franklin negotiated their separate ways into Spain. She arrived by second-class train in the Catalan border town of Puigendá, where she boarded a second train for Barcelona.[60] From there, Martha traveled by government car with two other journalists to Valencia where a room had been reserved for her—quite possibly with Hemingway's help—at the Hotel Victoria. The next morning, Connie de la Mora dropped by to tell Martha that the press office had made arrangements for her and Franklin, who had just arrived from Paris, to travel to Madrid the next day.

Hemingway was delighted to see Marty, telling her, "I knew you'd get here, daughter, because I fixed it up so you could."[61] Gellhorn recalled that Ernest's boast irritated her; she later created the legend of her hiking over the Pyrenees to Madrid exclusively on her own. After dinner, which was noted for its Spartan menu and unsavory offerings, Ernest set up Martha in a room facing the street on his floor. She was awakened later that night by crashing rounds of shells from the rebels on Garabitas Hill. Terrified, Martha rushed to the door to get out, but discovered that Ernest had locked her in. Pounding on the door until someone came to unlock it, she rushed down the hallway to Ernest's room where she discovered him playing poker with a few Internationals on leave. Demanding an explanation, Marty learned from an apologetic Hemingway that he had locked her

in her room for her own safety, fearing that a visiting Brigade member or another stranger might mistake her for one of the *whores de combat* residing at the Florida. From this low point—first the unpleasantness at the Gran Via and now this harrowing moment—relations were bound to improve. Before the second week was over, Martha would move into Ernest's room, but she thought from that moment on that Hemingway was "instantly leavable" and "not a grown-up."[62] Nonetheless, despite any aggravations caused by her first night in Madrid, Martha knew that Hemingway could be a useful guide, tutor, and protector in covering the Spanish Civil War.

The next morning, Ernest took Martha to the Telefónica and Room 402, where he introduced her to Arturo Barea, the chief censor, and his assistant and lover Ilsa Kulcsar. The tireless couple, who provided passes and petrol vouchers for new arrivals, were astonished by the "sleek woman with a halo of fair hair" who walked with a swaying movement through the dark, frosty office.[63] To the thin, intense Barea, a native Castillian, Martha had the appearance of an American movie star. Ernest told Barea: "That's Marty. Be nice to her. She writes for *Collier's*—you know, a million circulation."[64] Barea was more than willing to accommodate Martha. Tom Delmer, whose bulky frame reminded Ernest of a "ruddy English bishop," observed that Hemingway turned out to be a useful guide for Gellhorn: "he lectured her on how to observe things as a writer."[65] As Martha later admitted, "I tagged along behind the war correspondents, experienced men who had serious work to do."[66]

With Martha now at his side, Ernest was even more the center of attraction for the foreign correspondents who assembled nightly in his suite at the Hotel Florida. Chopin would be playing continuously on Ernest's Victrola, and the evening's entertainment always included wine and whiskey and delicacies stored in the armoire. Herbert Matthews, whose lean, ascetic face reminded Ernest of the Dominican friar and preacher Savonarola, believed that Hemingway was "brave and good and kind in this somewhat murky world."[67] To Matthews, Ernest was "great-hearted and childish, and perhaps a little mad, and I wish there were more like him—but there could not be."

On 26 March, the first warm day after a bleak, freezing winter, Ernest and Martha, accompanied by Gustav Regler and Werner Heilbrun, inspected the outcome of the fighting at the ancient walled town of Brihuega, which had been part of the larger battle of Guadalajara.[68] In a new dispatch, Hemingway sketches a "Cubist picture" of the scene: "It was bright and clear in the red hills north of Guadalajara," he writes, "and we

stood on the rocky edge of a plateau where a white road slanted down into a steep valley and watched the Fascist troops on the table-land that rose sheer across the narrow valley."[69] The group mingles with Republican troops who "lay about with their shirts off." Hemingway expands on the splendor of the landscape with its charming towns in the valley. But he reminds American readers that the "scrub oak woods northwest of the palace of Ibarra…are still full of Italian dead that the burial squads have not yet reached." After studying the terrain and speaking with Republican commanders, Hemingway concludes that the victory at Brihuega has been one of the most "decisive battles of the world." The extravagance of the claim obscures a deeper motive, for in Valencia, Ernest had confided to Stephen Spender that he couldn't wait to see if he had lost any nerve since his encounter with close combat during the First World War. At Guadalajara and Brihuega, although he was removed from the actual battle, Hemingway realized that he could successfully negotiate the ambient horrors of war and also burnish his credentials as an expert in military affairs.

The relationship unfolding between Hemingway and Gellhorn within the binaries or love and war was complicated.[70] Ernest was now "Scrooby" and Marty "Rabbit"—terms of endearment that scarcely hid their competitive instincts. Martha resented the constant flood of men who gathered in their suite late into the night, often not ending to three or four in the morning as they drank beer and whiskey, feasted on pâté, and swapped the day's war stories. Additionally, any Lincoln volunteer on leave could take a hot bath in Hemingway's tub. Ernest especially went out of his way to entertain the well-paid American aviators who mixed with the Lincolns. He was especially fond of Whitey Dahl, a shadowy figure wanted by the Los Angeles police for check forging, and Frank Tinker from Arkansas, who shared with Ernest tales of fishing and hunting near Piggott where the Pfeiffers lived. Also among the aviators were two old acquaintances from Hemingway's days in Paris, Ramon Lavalle and Lieutenant Colonel Gustavo Durán. All this male bonding bothered Martha but she tried to take it in stride. Tom Delmer appreciated the fact that Marty treated Ernest with "humorous indulgence" and not the "servile obsequiousness" that Hemingway often received from other people.

Then, there was Sidney, always an irritant to Martha. Franklin was the keeper of the Hemingway flame as well as the protector of his supplies. According to Virginia Cowles, there was always the smell of coffee, eggs,

and even ham wafting down the spiral staircase into the lobby every morning as Sidney invited all who might be interested in breakfast.[71] Occasionally there was also the aroma of roasted rabbit or partridge that Ernest had killed in forays into the hills around Madrid and brought back for the Hotel Florida's maid to prepare. There was a continual resupply of provisions to be stored in the armoire, even Johnny Walker scotch that Sidney procured as well as rare wines brought by Tom Delmer from the looted cellars of the Palacio Real. Anyone arriving at the Hotel Florida and joining the Hemingway salon was expected to contribute a fresh supply of food and drink. Ernest was not impressed when Dos Passos checked into the Florida around the same time as his old friend Josephine Herbst, bringing with him only a handful of candy bars and a few oranges to contribute to the communal supplies. With Josie, whom she instantly disliked, and Dos Passos joining the Hemingway entourage, Martha felt surrounded by friends of Pauline.

Ernest also seemed to have more than a passing interest in the glamorous Ginny Cowles—an attraction that Marty could not fail to notice. With her slender figure, polished bearing, chiseled features, and dark hair covered rakishly with a beret, Cowles actually was a favorite of the "boys," most notably Tom Delmer and J. B. S. Haldane, the English don and scientist who also was a colorful figure among the crowd at the Hotel Florida. After their initial meeting, Martha ridiculed Cowles for her high heels but gradually came to realize that they were kindred souls in their quirky search for fine fashion in the shops lining the Gran Via. They also began to visit hospitals together, including the former luxury hotels the Palace and Ritz that had been turned into hospitals and where Martha was gathering impressions for articles for *Collier's* and Ginny material for publication in Hearst.

With Ernest serving as her guide, Martha was coming into her own as a reporter and sympathetic friend of the Republican cause. Hemingway and Matthews encouraged her to begin a piece for *Collier's* but Martha initially resisted, telling them that she knew nothing about military affairs, only daily life which would not interest readers. "Not everyone's daily life," Ernest replied. Finally, Martha began a vivid piece on daily life in the streets of Madrid, which was published in the 17 July issue of *Collier's* under the title "Only the Shells Whine," followed by two more articles for the *New Yorker*. Gustav Regler placed Martha Gellhorn in the same rank as many major reporters he knew who worked for the *New York Times*, the *Manchester Guardian*, the *News Chronicle*, and *L'Oeuvre*. To Regler, Martha was "the most devoted of all…witty and humane, of the best St. Louis stock." He recalled her bravery navigating battlefronts and her general humanity

in visiting hospitals, consoling patients, and providing Dr. Heilbrun with bandages.

Hemingway frequently took Martha, at times accompanied by Ginny Cowles, to a gutted building in University City, which he dubbed the "Old Homestead" in memory of his Grandfather Anson's home in Oak Park.[72] The Old Homestead, Cowles wrote, "was a house Hemingway found on the outskirts of the capital. The front had been ripped away by bombs, so it provided an excellent vantage point from which to view the battle…. Against the wide panorama of rolling hills the puffs of smoke were daubs of cotton and the tanks children's toys. When one of them burst into flames it looked no bigger than the flare of a match." Dos Passos recalled that the apartment's "ground-glass door opens on air, at your feet, a well opens full of broken masonry and smashed furniture, then the empty avenue and beyond, across the Manzanares, a wonderful view of the enemy."[73] Hemingway delighted in demonstrating his knowledge and fascination with the art of war. "He followed the conflict eagerly," Cowles observed, but then turned somber, telling Ginny, "It's the nastiest thing human beings can do to each other, but the most exciting."[74]

One afternoon, Cowles joined Hemingway and Herbert Matthews at the Old Homestead, where they observed the battle on the Casa del Campo unfolding.[75] The rebels attacked three houses held by the rebels, shelling the insurgents from two tanks maneuvering in a narrow road. When one tank caught fire in a sheet of flames, the other broke off and the attack ended. "Herbert thought we might see a big offensive," Cowles recalled, "but nothing doing, so finally we went back to the hotel."

On another occasion, J. B. S. Haldane arrived at the Old Homestead and sat down in a red plush share in the middle of the debris.[76] He then adjusted his field glasses in order to take in a full view of the battlefield. Hemingway warned him that the glint from the binoculars would alert the Nationalists to their presence and probably precipitate sniper fire or bombardment. "My dear fellow," Haldane replied, "I can assure you there isn't any danger here in the house." Soon enough, there was a loud whistle from a rocket and then an explosion in the flat next door. Two more shells screamed overhead as everyone hugged the floor—all except Haldane, who escaped down the stairs and rushed back to the Florida. Later they found him sitting in the lobby nursing a beer. "'Hallo,' he cried amiably. 'Let's have a drink.'" Cowles recalls that they did—"and more than one."

Hemingway was asleep on the morning of 6 April when a machine-gun bullet flew through the open window and shattered the mirror on

the armoire.[77] With the first trenches in the Casa del Campo only eleven hundred yards from the Hotel Florida, the stray bullet challenged Ernest's claim that the room was completely safe from gunfire. After moving the bed over to a "more secluded angle in the corner of the room," he later recounted in a letter to the Lincoln volunteer Jo Heidt, Ernest achieved a greater modicum of safety for himself and the woman now sleeping with him.

From 8 to 14 April, General Miaja's Republican forces launched a massive attack against the Nationalists in an effort to wrest control of Garabitas Hill and the Casa de Campo from the rebels—and Ernest was ready for this new round of reporting.[78] Unable to sleep because of the previous night's carousing and the constant sound of artillery fire, Ernest along with Ivens, Ferno, and Hank Gorrell of United Press left the Florida and trudged downhill with camera equipment to Brigade headquarters in the Casa de Campo. Under bursting shells, the men moved deep into the woods of the former royal hunting park, accompanied by the sound of Republican aircraft dropping their bombs like "clutches of eggs—boom, boom, boom, boom then boom, boom, boom, boom" near them as Ernest wrote in a dispatch. Covering the battle in the "olive-studded broken hills of the Morata de Tajuña sector," Hemingway contended with strong winds and lung-constricting dust kicked up by bursting shells. He felt a desperate need for water—a thirst that was real but also symptomatic, he believed, of the fear every soldier or embedded correspondent felt when confronting the prospect of death in combat.

Seeking higher terrain that might afford a better view of the action, Ernest led his heavily sweating crew to a "marvelous" promontory where the entire action spread out panoramically. "Government artillery, with the noise now of flying freight trains, was registering shell after shell of direct hits on an Insurgent strong point, the castle-towered church of Vellou, with the stone dust roaring up in steady jumping clouds."

It quickly became apparent to Hemingway that their vantage point exposed them to rebel sniper fire. Seeking a safer place for his large telephoto camera, Ferno found a room on the top floor of a shattered apartment building fronting the Paseo Rosales that offered a commanding view of the valley to the west. All afternoon they filmed the action before disassembling the large camera, separating it into three loads, and starting the dangerous trek back to the hotel.

By Hemingway's assessment, the four men were fortunate to get back to the Florida alive after a long, hazardous day at the front. Bullets had missed

Ernest and Joris by inches. At one point, Ernest had to crawl on his hands and knees in order to retrieve Ferno's largest camera from an earlier spot. As light was fading in the late afternoon, German Junkers started dropping bombs on Republican positions, forcing the crew to shelter from "the huge sinister-shaped low-flying metal monoplanes" sweeping dangerously close to them. The gap between observer and participant had closed for Hemingway. He had handled the ultimate test of courage under fire that defined him and his art.

The next day, Ernest led Martha, Ginny Cowles, Matthews, Delmer, and Franklin to the Old Homestead for a view of the sprawling landscape of the battle.[79] Hemingway found Delmer's typically critical assessment of Loyalist tactics and his pointed complaints about the lethargic movement of the Republican tanks to be irritating. To Ernest, the tanks were "working like deadly intelligent beetles," systematically destroying enemy positions. He enjoyed displaying superior battlefield knowledge—and most assuredly no one could match the figurative power of his style. At one point, Ernest offered his field glasses to the group, warning them to shade the lenses so that the enemy could not detect the glare and thereby shell the Old Homestead.

George Seldes, a correspondent for the *New York Post* and *Chicago Tribune*, was struck by Hemingway's daredevil, almost fatalistic fondness for viewing the action from the Old Homestead. Ernest's "daily or almost daily visits to the wrecked building in no man's land," Seldes observed, "were an exhibition in courage…. Hem and Herb Matthews climbed out into no man's land almost every day and lay on their stomachs on the floor near a squashed second-floor window to watch the fighting. And Franco shelled everything, including this hideout."[80]

Generally, Hemingway tempered his risk-taking with prudence, but bravado could create issues from time to time. Jason "Pat" Gurney, a sculptor serving with the British Battalion, recalled a visit to the front by Hemingway, who was "full of hearty and bogus *bonhomie*. He sat himself down behind the bulletproof shield of a machine-gun and loosed off a whole belt of ammunition in the general direction of the enemy. This provoked a mortar bombardment for which he did not stay."[81]

In mid-April, Hemingway broke away from the heat of battle and the perpetual sounds of mortar fire descending on Madrid, frequently exploding near or directly on the Hotel Florida, to visit a hospital in Morata that had been donated by the American Friends of Spanish Democracy.[82] After breakfast, Ernest drove with Martha and Joris Ivens in one of the two cars

typically at his disposal to inspect the trenches around Jarama, where opposing forces had fought to a bloody stalemate. For Hemingway and Ivens, the Jarama frontline was crucial to their filming for Ivens already had shot footage for the documentary around Morata de Tajuña. The party, enjoying the midday warmth, had lunch by a stream before they drove to Morata to inspect the hospital. Ernest learned that a badly wounded American named Jay Raven, a social worker from Pittsburgh, had asked to see him. Ernest stopped by Raven's bedside for what turned out to be an emotional visit. Blinded in both eyes and missing his lips, Raven's bandaged face reminded Ernest of "something that had been a face, but now was a yellow scabby area with a wide bandage across where the eyes had been."

Holding Raven's hand, Hemingway initially doubted the Lincoln volunteer's amazing story of bravery under fire. He realized that men in war often lied about their exploits, admitting that he too might have exaggerated his experience in the Great War. However, after confirming Raven's experience with his commanding officer, Ernest found Raven's courage profoundly moving. "Your countryman from Pennsylvania, where once we fought at Gettysburg," the officer told him, had truly been a hero. Ernest promised Raven that he would return, bringing with him two other writers whom the badly wounded volunteer wanted to meet—Dos Passos and Sinclair Lewis. Ernest was moved by Raven's ravaged face and mangled body. "It still isn't you who gets hit," he admits, "but it is your countryman now." Having thoroughly sized up the situation, Hemingway concludes (as historians would agree) that the Battle of Jarama had been fiercely contested but inconclusive.

Returning one afternoon from the Old Homestead, Ernest and his companions encountered a chauffeur unloading a pile of luggage from a Hispano-Suiza automobile on the pavement outside the Hotel Florida.[83] Entering the lobby, they ran into Dos Passos, just arrived from Valencia with two French journalists (who knew about Martha's four-year affair with Bertrand de Jouvenel). Ernest and Marty took Dos up to their rooms for what should have been a joyful reunion, but the situation immediately soured. Aside from the scant amount of provisions he brought for the common larder, just chocolate and a few oranges, Dos immediately started talking about the disappearance of his friend José Robles.

A great deal has been written about the Robles affair and the rupture it caused in the friendship between Hemingway and Dos Passos, much of it tinged unfortunately by the biases of the major chronicler of the affair.[84]

What is incontrovertible is that Robles, a Spanish professor at Johns Hopkins University who happened to be in Spain when the Civil War broke out, had volunteered for the Republican cause. He was given the commission of a lieutenant colonel in the Ministry of War, assigned as a liaison officer to General Vladimir Gorev, the Soviet military attaché and intelligence chief in Spain. Robles apparently became involved in murky factional politics and then vanished, in all likelihood executed by an arm of the secret police.

Dos Passos had known Robles, who was fluent in English, Spanish, and Russian and had translated one of his novels, for more than twenty years. Arriving in Valencia on 8 April, he planned to invite Robles to join the crew already heavily involved in shooting footage for *The Spanish Earth*. "I knew," he later wrote, "that with his knowledge and taste he would be the most useful man in Spain for the purposes of our documentary film."[85] Not finding Robles at his old apartment, Dos immediately began to search for him elsewhere.

According to Dos Passos, his inquiry concerning Robles at the press office in Valencia had been met with "a strange embarrassment" on the faces of officials. "Behind the embarrassment was fear. No one could tell me where he could be found. When at last I found his wife she told me. He had been arrested by some secret section and was being held for trial."[86] Dos Passos took his concerns to Julio Àlvares del Vayo, the urbane Foreign Minister in the cabinet of Largo Caballero. A former journalist himself, del Vayo promised Dos Passos that he would look into the matter. It is doubtful that del Vayo, who was overwhelmed with work, honored this pledge. What is clear, however, is that Robles had been arrested in December, transferred to Madrid in late January and, presumably, executed.

That Dos Passos should raise Robles's disappearance as the first topic of conversation when once they were in Hemingway's room did not sit well with Ernest.[87] "I absolutely guarantee Robles's loyalty to the government," Dos insisted. Ernest was doubtful. After all, he replied, Dos had not seen Robles since the start of the Civil War. Perhaps his loyalties had shifted. No, Dos repeated, he knew "absolutely" that Robles was honest. Increasingly irritated, Ernest declared that such talk could alarm the government and even erode support for *The Spanish Earth*. Based on his contacts with Comintern operatives at the Gaylord, Ernest was aware of the danger that any search for Robles could pose.[88]

Following drinks in Hemingway's room, Ernest, Dos, and Marty went to dinner at the Gran Via where they ran into Pepe Quintanilla who was finishing his meal.[89] Quintanilla was the chief of counter-espionage, the

Comisario General de Investigación, in Madrid. Pepe was delighted to see Dos, with whom he had hiked in the Guadarrama mountains during their student days. After dinner, Pepe took Dos to the Telefónia, where he had his office, stopping on the fifth floor to introduce his old friend to Arturo Barea. Then, settling into Pepe's office, Dos raised his concerns about Robles. Pepe quietly assured Dos Passos that he would investigate the matter. As head of intelligence, Quintanilla was one of only a few individuals who probably knew already what happened to Robles. Significantly, Pepe had privileged knowledge about a special entity, Brigada Especial, set up to root out spies, traitors, and fifth columnists.

On 17 April, Ernest received a more candid message from Quintanilla concerning Robles when Pepe invited Ernest and Marty to lunch at his luxurious flat overlooking the Casa de Campo.[90] At the luncheon, which included Quintanilla's wife and young son, Pepe posed as a refined and gracious host; he was especially attentive to Martha. But Ernest had alerted Marty that this elegantly attired gentleman, who with his horn-rimmed glasses and seductive voice resembled a professor or diplomat, was the feared head of Madrid's secret police.

At some point during the otherwise lighthearted luncheon, the conversation shifted to the matter of José Robles. Quintanilla warned Ernest that Dos Passos should stop asking embarrassing questions about Robles's disappearance. He assured Ernest that whatever trouble Robles was facing, he would get a fair trial. With chilling candor, Pepe told Hemingway that Ernest must tell their mutual friend to stop his inquiry or there could be trouble.

As his guests prepared to depart, Pepe asked politely if he might bestow a small gift on Martha—a delicate Limoges glass cup—as a token of his esteem for her and as a reminder of her time in Madrid. He cautioned Marty to handle the cup carefully. It would be a shame if the cup were broken. Beneath the suave manners and sartorial elegance, Quintanilla was warning Ernest and Martha to tread carefully. Essentially, Ernest was in accord with Pepe. Robles was unimportant. The guiding principle was to support the Republican cause and thereby destroy Fascism. More to the point, Robles undoubtedly had been imprudent. As Paul Preston explains in *The Spanish Holocaust*, "Café gossip had it that he [Robles] had carelessly let slip military information… but more than carelessness was at stake. The internationally renowned journalist and Sovietologist Louis Fischer, who had privileged access to both the Russian hierarchy in Spain and the highest

levels of the Spanish government, was convinced that Robles's execution was the work of the Russians."[91]

On 19 April, Ernest helped load two cars for the trip to the village of Fuentidueña de Tajo, situated forty miles southeast of Madrid, to shoot footage for *The Spanish Earth*.[92] Accompanying Ernest were Marty Gellhorn, Josie Herbst, and Sidney Franklin along with Joris Ivens and Johnny Ferno who had discovered the poor, feudal village of fifteen hundred during a scouting trip. The owner of the village had "fled to Franco" Herbst recalled, and the villagers had appropriated the vineyards for the common good. With its collectivized fields, terraced hillsides and caves, and peasant houses, the place was an ideal setting for the documentary. The villagers were allocating profits from the vineyards toward the purchase of a pump to bring water from the Tajo for irrigation. To Ivens, the transformed village was an ideal vehicle to capture the promise of the revolution. Moreover, the fact that one of the villagers had left for the front would enable Ivens to link the agricultural and military motifs in order to satisfy the predilections of both Hemingway and Dos Passos.

Yet the ideological divisions roiling the Popular Front also could be seen in Fuentidueña. Dos learned that the town's Socialist mayor and his UGT associates had work to do. "We've cleaned out the fascists and priests," one of them declared. "Now we must clean out the loafers," an allusion to the village's rival anarchists. Dos Passos was taken aback by the threat.

Returning to Madrid, Ernest accompanied Ivens and Ferno to Botín, an acclaimed restaurant on Calle de los Cuchilleros that he had mentioned in *The Sun Also Rises*.[93] At the restaurant, Ernest ran into the young photographer Robert Capa, one of his fans. Only twenty-two, possessing dark, gypsy-like features and a shock of wavy hair, Capa, born André Friedmann in Budapest, admired Hemingway's lust for a life of action and danger. In turn, Ernest took an instant liking to his new admirer. Over a pan of paella (which he might have assisted in the preparation according to legend), Ernest conversed in French with Capa, largely ignoring his companion and lover, Gerda Taro. On the spot, Ernest enlisted Bob Capa as part of his crew.

On 22 April at daybreak, Ernest and Martha were awakened by massive shelling that seemingly was directed at the Hotel Florida and not the Telefónica.[94] A rebel shell burst the hot water tank, sending clouds of steam into the lobby and precipitating a terrifying wake-up call for the guests, including Ernest and Marty—confirmation (if it was needed) that they were lovers. Windows shattered and masonry and roof tiles fell through

the skylight; dust was everywhere; the sharp odor of cordite and blasted granite filled the lobby. A "mass migration" of hotel guests scurried from their rooms, many heading to the hotel's basement. Dressed in his bathrobe and slippers, Ernest went downstairs to the lobby in time to see a woman bleeding from an abdominal wound who was being assisted into the hotel. This was, Ernest recalled, "the first big shelling of the Florida."

"Then," recalled Hemingway, "in the crashing and the rolling clouds of dust Antoine de Saint Exupéry started to give away grapefruits" that the writer and aviator had brought up from Valencia. "Est-ce-que vous voulez une pamplemousse, Madame?" he politely asked each guest as she descended to the lobby. Someone also brought coffee for Cockburn's electric pot, which was set bubbling in the lobby while toast and chocolate materialized. Dos Passos appeared in a bathrobe, freshly bathed and shaved.[95] Apparently, Hemingway appreciated absurdity amidst the disasters of war. "I have great confidence in the Hotel Florida," he pronounced, as friends settled down for breakfast in the ruins.

With the sun now rising and the bombardment at an end, Hemingway stepped outside to survey the damage on the Gran Via. He looked closely at the body of a man who had been decapitated while Ivens and Ferno rushed out to film the mangled corpse. Martha, however, could not shake the sight of a headless *madrileño* lying virtually at the entrance to the Hotel Florida. Ernest told her not to take the dead person seriously; after all, it was no one she knew.

Inside the lobby, Capa began to take photographs of the destruction and debris. He was still in the lobby when Ernest returned from a walk, informing the group that the Paramount Theatre across the Plaza, which was showing Charlie Chaplin's *Modern Times*, had taken a direct hit. Martha, looking sleepy and sullen, told Ernest that she was going back to bed.

Spying Josie Herbst sitting in a wicker chair and looking badly unnerved, Ernest asked her if she was all right.[96] Herbst replied waspishly that she was tired of being a Girl Scout. Ernest invited Josie to his room for a brandy in order to calm her nerves. Herbst renders her conversation with Hemingway that morning as an attempt on her part to defuse Ernest's anger over the persistent inquiries by Dos Passos into the fate of José Robles. Ernest feared that Dos was going to get all of them in trouble. After all, this was war and in a dangerous climate, officials shouldn't be interrogated about the disappearance of one individual. Besides, Pepe Quintanilla had assured Ernest that if Robles was alive, he would get a fair trial. And Pepe, he declared, was a "swell guy." Couldn't Josie tell their friend to just shut

up? At this point, Josie confessed that she had been told by a well-placed source in Valencia, who had to remain anonymous, that Robles already was dead.

In her account of this episode, written decades after the event, Herbst expresses outrage over Quintanilla's duplicity, asserting that Pepe should have told Dos Passos the truth: that Robles had been shot because he was a spy.[97] Perhaps Ernest could gently tell Dos the news, saying that he had been informed of the fact by "someone from Valencia who was passing through but whose name he must withhold." According to Herbst, Ernest was "far too cheerful" in agreeing to be the bearer of this information.

Surprisingly, Herbst records an entirely different scenario in her unpublished diary: "Dos comes in," she writes. "Has found out Robles executed. Wants to investigate. Discuss with Hem danger of D. investigating. R. bad egg given fair trial—give away military secrets."[98] Quite probably, Pepe Quintanilla had told Dos Passos the truth about Robles. We can only wonder about Herbst's reconstruction of this event in *The Starched Blue of Spain*. Her effort to portray Hemingway in a negative, even cruel light, is curious, perhaps an attempt to cover her own complicity in the breakup of the Hemingway and Dos Passos friendship.

In the event, Hemingway had no need to prevaricate that afternoon when everyone assembled for a lunch party near El Escorial at the former castle of the Duke of Tovar.[99] The purpose of the fiesta was to celebrate the incorporation of the XV International Brigade, which included the Abraham Lincoln Battalion, into the Republican Army. "What I remember most as we drove through the countryside," Herbst recalls, "was the sight of the Guadarrama Mountains, blue with the purest white snow at the crown, and beyond, a sky even more intense in its blueness." The "dissonance," as Herbst calls it, is even more acute once they are inside the castle—the enormous kitchen resembling a scene from a Brueghel painting, the high windows admitting brilliant sunlight, and the proliferation of lilacs and oleander. "No scene could have seemed more remote from the front."

During the lengthy luncheon hosted by the Russians, Ernest and Dos Passos sat at a table together, talking quietly. There is no evidence suggesting that Ernest was unnecessarily cruel in conveying information about the death of Robles, a charge leveled against him by Herbst and other scholars. What is clear is that Robles's fate compounded the suspicion on the part of Dos Passos that hardline Soviet elements had appropriated the Republican cause. As he writes in his autobiographical novel *Century's Ebb*, "The fiesta out at the Fifteenth Brigade broke my heart."[100] Nonetheless, based on

fastidious research by Paul Preston, it seems likely that José Robles Pazos was not an inadvertent casualty of war, probably a spy or at least someone who was far too loose in talking about political affairs in public. Gustav Regler informed Josie Herbst long after the event that Robles had been "a bad egg."[101] For his part, at the Russian luncheon, Ernest wasn't telling Dos Passos anything that Dos didn't already know.

On the evening of 24 April, Ernest headlined a live broadcast to the United States in support of the Spanish Republic.[102] Prior to the fund-raising broadcast, he hosted a cocktail party in his room attended by a distraught Dos Passos, now in the throes of an ideological crisis that would hasten a journey away from leftist causes to the fringes of right-wing American conservatism. Rounding out the broadcast participants were Herbst, Ivens, and Franklin along with a Loyalist Catholic priest named Leocadio Lobo and the wounded Lincoln commander Robert Merriman and his wife. Marion Merriman saw in Hemingway someone who "knew what the war was about" and let everyone know it. By contrast, she sensed that Dos Passos was decidedly uneasy during the broadcast which was moderated by Hemingway and Franklin. The next day, Dos left Madrid abruptly, heading for Valencia.

Joris Ivens also departed for Valencia the next day and shortly thereafter Martha left as well. Marty was fed up with the war and also with lecherous suitors like Randolfo Pacciardi, the commander of the Garibaldi Battalion, and she needed a break. There was an even greater threat to Martha posed by the pro-Franco reporter Frederick Voigt of the *Manchester Guardian* who wanted her to take a sealed packet out of Spain. When Hemingway steamed open the package and discovered an article written by Voigt falsifying Republican atrocities, he was enraged. Ernest promptly notified patrons at the Gran Via that he was looking for Voigt and planned to give the correspondent a taste of his own medicine, but the journalist had disappeared.

Hemingway received a letter from Ivens warning that Dos Passos was still demanding details about the death of Robles and besieging officials including Del Vayo for information. "Hope that Dos will see what a man and comrade has to do in these difficult and serious wartimes," Ivens told Ernest. Ivens also suggests that it would be best for Ernest to take over from Dos the task of writing the voice-over narration for *The Spanish Earth*. Moreover, if Ernest could write an article about the role of commissars in the Civil War, Ivens promised a reward: "You will go to the front, comrade."

With Martha still in Valencia, Ernest kept company with Ginny Cowles and Josie Herbst, inviting them on 28 April for lunch at the Gran Via.[103] Spotting Pepe Quintanilla at a nearby table, Ernest invited the head of secret police to join them. Pepe readily agreed—but only if he could treat them to a carafe of wine. With the afternoon's bombardment from Garabitas Hill about to start, the foursome lingered over coffee and drinks.

Quintanilla calmly counted the number of shells falling while he and Ernest recalled their days together in Paris during the 1920s.[104] As shells crashed outside and Pepe continued to count, the two men shifted to a review of the Civil War. Pepe told Ernest that he dealt mercilessly with Fifth Columnists and other traitors in order to protect the revolution. Mistakes had been made, he admitted, but traitors typically faced death well. "In fact, *magnifico*," he declared as he gallantly refilled Ginny's wine glass. (Ginny was, as Josie Herbst acknowledged, "young and pretty, with heavy gold bracelets on her slender wrists and wearing tiny black shoes with incredibly high heels.") Shifting the tenor of the conversation, Quintanilla suggested jovially that he would like to marry Ginny and relegate his wife to the kitchen, to which Cowles replied that she feared that sooner or later she too would be replaced and become the cook. With the bombardment ending, Ernest rose from the table, explaining to Pepe that he had to get back to work. Once outside, Hemingway turned to Cowles and Herbst. "A *chic* type, eh?" he observed. "Now remember, he's mine."

On a late April morning, Ernest and Ginny Cowles set off for an inspection of the Guadarrama front, having been given permission as Ivens promised to embed himself in the action.[105] Hemingway quickly saw that the rival armies were locked into heavily fortified positions that reminded him of "the old Dolomite front in Italy." He found the Spanish mountain troops to be the best trained and smartest fighters he had yet encountered. They drove up to one sector of the battle, with machine-gun bullets clanging off the sides of their armored car. The battle-hardened Loyalists occupying the ridge were delighted to see the visiting correspondents, especially Ernest's strikingly attractive companion.

At headquarters, they met the leader of the group, who was distinguished by a "forage cap pulled rakishly over one eye," and who was known as El Guerrero. He had been a truck driver in Madrid but enlisted in the militia as soon as the Civil War started. El Guerrero had fought in the Sierra throughout the first winter, commanding guerilla forces intent on disrupting rebel supply lines. His wife had been beside him until she became pregnant and had to be sent back to Madrid. With him now was a young

female guerilla with "plucked eyebrows and rouged lips" who dressed in a man's uniform. The leader had seen his troops cut to pieces more than once. Nonetheless, his ragged but defiant men were convinced that the Republic would prevail. Before Christmas, they told Ernest and Ginny, "the Republican flags would be flying in every village in Spain." Before Ernest and Ginny left, the Loyalists sang love songs to the sound of a guitar while gunfire echoed in the distance. They picked flowers for Cowles. One young soldier recited a poem for her that he had written.

Arriving back in Madrid, Ernest found granite dust and explosive smoke in the air from the latest bombardment, with the streets littered with fresh debris. There were jagged holes in the pavement, "with blood trails leading into half the doorways you passed." After almost three weeks of relentless bombardment, with the Hotel Florida often in the line of fire, Ernest concluded that the Guadarrama front actually had been "a pleasant place." In this frame of mind, he sat down to compose his last dispatch from Madrid.

Hemingway filed his final dispatch from Madrid on 30 April at the new Foreign Ministry Building in the Plaza de la Cruz, which was situated away from the constant bombardment of the Telefónica that had shattered Arturo Barea's nerves.[106] He does not mention El Guerrero, his pregnant wife, or the young female guerilla. Instead, Ernest offers an informed assessment of the Civil War to date, based in part on his ten trips to various fronts around Madrid. Hemingway tells American readers what he knows, offering a historical and political analysis of the situation. He minimizes the concerted Nationalist offensive in the Basque region of northern Spain, but predicts that the city of Bilbao and its industrial resources might be lost. (Bilbao had been bombed by German aircraft starting in August 1936, and now Franco was laying siege to the city.) Instead, Hemingway informs readers about the significance of Madrid and the entire Castilian Plateau to the outcome of the Civil War. Alluding to the Peninsular War of 1808–1814, which led to the defeat of Napoleon on the Iberian Peninsula, Hemingway asserts that Madrid anchors an eight hundred mile front that favors Loyalist forces.[107] "This correspondent," he concludes, "believes 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 by next spring."

Hemingway remained in a buoyant frame of mind at a farewell party given by the Twelfth Brigade base hospital situated on the grounds of the castle in Moraleja on May Day.[108] The base commander Pavol Lukács hosted the riotous affair. Also in attendance were Dr. Heilbrun, Gustav

Regler, Sidney Franklin, and Josie Herbst. Later, Hemingway recalled a special tune that Lukács played "very late at night, on a pencil held against his teeth; the music clear and delicate like a flute." Ernest was fond of the short, burly, eternally optimistic Hungarian who, like Regler, had read some of his books and was a writer himself, having published a collection of short stories when he was eighteen. "I don't know what kind of writer he is," Ernest told Ilya Ehrenburg, "but when I listen to him, it makes me feel good. A fine guy." Falling into a drunken stupor on Dr. Heilbrun's operating table, Ernest woke up in the middle of the night for a bull session in the kitchen that lasted until dawn.[109] He had a special love for the Twelfth Brigade.

Gustav Regler, who would become Ernest's lifelong friend, appreciated Hemingway's devotion to the *causa*, but also saw in his affection for the Twelfth Brigade a deeper motivation. "For him," Regler observed, "we had the scent of death, like the bullfighters, and because of this he was invigorated by our company."[110] As it turned out, Ernest's departure from the Twelfth Brigade that morning was poignant and would end on a note of finality. Ernest promised to hold a reunion with the Twelfth Brigade when he returned to Spain in the fall. Regler replied that one couldn't count on it, but Ernest waved a finger and told him not to think such thoughts. It was the last time that he would see Dr. Heilbrun and General Lukács alive.

On 3 May, Ernest and Martha left for Paris on a plane provided by Àlavarez del Vayo, a clear sign of his importance to the Republican regime that was now facing internal threats to its stability.[111] Clashes had broken out in "red" Barcelona between Communists and Anarchists, leading to the suppression of POUM, the Marxist Workers Party, and the arrest, torture, and murder of its leader Andrés Nin. News also was starting to filter out about the total destruction of Guernica, the symbolic capital of the Basque region, on 26 April. Three hours of fiery saturation bombing by the German Condor Legion and the Italian Aviazione Legionaria had destroyed the town. There is no indication that Ernest knew about Guernica at that time. It was left to Ginny Cowles to travel to the site, describing "a lonely chaos of timber and brick, like an ancient civilization in the process of being excavated."[112] Hemingway let it be known that he was leaving for America in order to finish a novel, but would return to Spain later that summer to cover the "big war of movement."

During his stopover in Paris, Ernest composed two more dispatches for NANA.[113] The first, "Strategic Situation in Spain Today," was cabled to NANA on 10 May but for unknown reasons it was never published. Similar

in tone and substance to his final dispatch from Madrid, the text offers an extensive military analysis of the Spanish Civil War with comparative references to the four-year American Civil War and the two-year Civil War in Russia. Hemingway implies that one requires a degree of historical perspective in order to understand the course of the Civil War in Spain. He admits that when he first arrived in Spain, he anticipated the fall of Madrid—a perspective shared by most people situated on the outside of the conflict. But after almost two months on the inside, Hemingway could offer a more nuanced analysis of the military situation. With the Republican victories at Guadalajara and Brihuega, Madrid is now "an impregnable fortress." Moreover, Republican forces, combined with the International Brigades and Soviet arms and personnel, will be "free to attack on any lightly held or geographically weak sector of the whole 800-mile front." Hemingway looks forward to covering these encouraging military movements when he returns to Spain in the summer.

Hemingway's second Paris dispatch, "The Chauffeurs of Madrid," written intermittently between 9 and 15 May, offers charming profiles of the drivers who transported him around Madrid and to various battlefronts.[114] His portraits serve as an allegory tracing the tensions within the Republican revolution: from the plebian Tomás; to the profane anarchist David; and finally, to the resolute "trade union man" Hipolito.[115] With painterly precision, Hemingway crafts an amusing account of the vagaries of the Spanish character. In Hipolito, he finds evidence of "the Spaniards that once conquered the Western world." His vignettes of these drivers have a descriptive flair reminiscent of characters in his short fiction, and he liked this piece well enough to include "The Chauffeurs of Madrid" in his anthology, *Men at War* (1942).

Hemingway's brief time in Paris was productive on other fronts as well. On 9 May, he met with Luis Araquistáin, the Spanish ambassador, to discuss the Spanish Republic's medical and ambulance needs.[116] Then, on 11 May, conquering an abiding fear of speaking in public, Ernest offered remarks on the situation in Spain before the Anglo-American Press Club. During his presentation, he affirmed: "As a war correspondent I must say that in few countries does a journalist find his task facilitated to such a degree as in Republican Spain, where a journalist can really tell the truth and where the censorship helps him in his work, rather than impeding him. While the authorities in the rebel zone do not permit journalists to enter conquered cities until days after, in Republican Spain journalists are asked to be eyewitnesses of events."[117]

Hemingway also agreed to join Stephen Spender, who was just back from Spain, for a joint reading before the Friends of Shakespeare and Company at Sylvia Beach's bookshop.[118] Ernest had always been fond of Sylvia and promised her that he would present a few chapters from his new novel despite a fear of public performances; he even helped Sylvia to hand-write invitations to Natalie Barney, James Joyce, Paul Valéry, André Maurois, and others. Nonetheless, Ernest approached the evening with trepidation. To fortify his nerves, Sylvia offered Ernest two beers as soon as he arrived, then placed a bottle of White Horse scotch on the podium should he need it. Ernest began reading, "but in such a low, dull monotone that members of the audience had to tell him to speak louder" as a reporter covering the event for the Paris *Herald Tribune* observed. Finding his voice, Ernest then started to read vigorously "with the air of an innocent child and a strong American accent." To the *Tribune's* reporter, Hemingway's "shyness could only make him seem more likeable."

By the third chapter, Ernest's "voice had lost the monotonous pitch, his mouth and half-moon mustache twitched even more. He began to put expression into the clean, terse phrases.... The picture of him which must have been taken some twelve years ago, when he was twenty-seven and very handsome, could be seen on the wall behind. He continued on about Mr. Sing and the twelve Chinks." James Joyce, who had been sitting quietly in a corner of the bookstore while listening attentively to Hemingway, rose and departed before Spender began the second half of the evening's presentation. Joyce found talk about Spain and politics boring.

Prior to his departure, Ernest had one last encounter with Dos Passos.[119] He ventured to the Gare St. Lazare, where Dos and Katy were awaiting the ship train for Cherbourg and their return to New York aboard the Cunard liner *Berengaria*. Once and for all, he would have it out with Dos over the Robles affair. Ernest demanded to know what Dos planned to do about Robles. Dos replied that he would tell the truth as he saw it—to which Ernest warned him about the necessities of war. When Dos Passos tried to explain the need to preserve civil liberties, Ernest erupted: "Civil liberties are shit. Are you with us or are you against us?" Balling his fists, Hemingway threatened that there were New York critics who could turn Dos Passos into a "back number." Katy immediately intervened: "Why Ernest, I never heard anything so despicably opportunistic in my life." This is the fictionalized account of the episode that Dos Passos offers in *Century's Ebb*, stressing Hemingway's crass, menacing attitude—a portrait repeated by his biographers but largely unsubstantiated.

The split between Hemingway and Dos Passos was now irrevocable and potentially damaging to the Republican cause. As the Spanish folk poet Rafael Alberti declared, "If popular opinion in the United States and the political centers now proclaim their sympathy for popular Spain we owe a lot of it to John Dos Passos and to Hemingway, whose prestige in America is enormous."[120]

On the morning of 13 May, Hemingway boarded the French luxury liner *Normandie*, a more elegant ship than the one that Katy and John Dos Passos had booked for their transatlantic crossing, for his return voyage to New York.[121] Martha sailed on the *Lafayette*, for in an era when ship manifests were open to public scrutiny, the two lovers needed to be careful. Hemingway had been in Spain for forty-five days and was departing with the conviction, shared by Martha as well as his new pal Herb Matthews and other correspondents based in Madrid, that the Loyalists could win the Civil War. Ernest had told several friends who had joined him at Le Select, a brasserie in Montparnasse after his reading at Sylvia Beach's bookstore, "I had to go to Spain before you liberal bastards would believe I was on your side." As his dispatches reveal, Hemingway had fashioned a political life for himself—his time, writing, resources, and reputation dedicated to a defense of the Second Republic.

Notes

1. Baker, 301.
2. *NYT*, January 17, 1937.
3. Beevor, 140.
4. Baker, 301.
5. Ibid., 302.
6. Dispatch, 13–14.
7. Thomas, 155–56.
8. Ibid.
9. Beevor, 122–23.
10. EH to MP, *SL*, 456.
11. Quoted in Morris, 228.
12. Vaill, 133.
13. Quoted in Dearborn, 372.
14. Koch, 144.
15. Quoted in Meyers, 311.
16. Dearborn, 372.
17. Baker, 302.
18. Dispatch, 14–16.

19. Ibid., 16–18.
20. Ibid.
21. Rhodes, 112–16.
22. Ibid.
23. Vaill, 143–44.
24. Dispatch, 43.
25. Ibid., 43–44.
26. Quoted in Preston, *We Saw Spain Die*, 72.
27. See Vaill, *passim*.
28. Cowles, 38; Rhodes, 121.
29. Cowles, 35.
30. Ibid., 39.
31. See Preston, *We Saw Spain Die*, 59–62.
32. *NYT*, February 10, 2008.
33. Hochschild, 148–49.
34. *NYT*, March 17, 1937.
35. Baker, 303.
36. Dispatch, 18–20.
37. *NYT*, March 17, 1937. See also Matthews, *Two Wars and More to Come*, 264.
38. Quoted in Beevor, 219.
39. Dispatch, 21–22.
40. Beevor, 182.
41. Vaill, 145.
42. Ibid.
43. Beevor, 208–17.
44. Ibid., 215.
45. Vaill, 145.
46. Wyden, 329.
47. Quoted in Wyden, 329.
48. *FWBT*, 230–31.
49. *The Review*, 11–12.
50. See North, 144ff.
51. Wyden, 280–301; Beevor, 208–17.
52. Wyden, Ibid.
53. Regler, 289–93.
54. Ibid.
55. Ibid.
56. Ibid.
57. Graham, 42.
58. Baker, 304; Vaill, 148.
59. Gellhorn, *The Face of War*, 15.
60. Wyden, 321.

61. Wyden, 321; Vaill, 149.
62. Quoted in Wyden, 323.
63. Quoted in Baker, 304.
64. Quoted in Wyden, 321.
65. Delmer, vol. 1, 328–29.
66. *The Face of War*, 16.
67. Matthews, *Education of a Correspondent*, 95.
68. Baker, 304; Vaill, 149.
69. Dispatch, 21–23.
70. Hochschild, 158; Vaill, 124.
71. Cowles, 33–34.
72. Cowles, 38; Hochschild, 155–65.
73. *Journeys Between Wars*, 369.
74. Cowles, 38.
75. Ibid.
76. Ibid.
77. Jo Heidt, Yale University, Beinecke, YCAL MSS 436.
78. Dispatch, 24–26.
79. Baker, 308–9.
80. Quoted in *True Gen*, 115; see also Hutchisson, 153–54.
81. Quoted in Preston, *We Saw Spain Die*, 48.
82. Vaill, 150; Dispatch, 29–33.
83. Morris, 234–35; Vaill, 159.
84. See Koch and Preston's rebuttal in *We Saw Spain Die.*
85. Quoted in Preston, *We Saw Spain Die*, 71.
86. Ibid., 11.
87. See *Ken*, June 30, 1938, 26.
88. Morris, 215–16.
89. See Eby, 82–84; Vaill, 160–61.
90. Ibid.
91. Preston, *The Spanish Holocaust*, 395.
92. Herbst, 164.
93. Vaill, 172.
94. Ibid., 172–73.
95. Ibid.
96. Herbst, 154.
97. Ibid., 154–55.
98. Quoted in Preston, *We Saw Spain Die*, 79.
99. Herbst, 155–56.
100. Quoted in Preston, *We Saw Spain Die*, 80.
101. Ibid., 92.
102. Vaill, 176–77.
103. Vaill, 179–81; Herbst, 167–71; Cowles, 30–31.

104. Ibid.
105. Dispatch, 37–39.
106. Ibid., 39. See also Baker, 312.
107. Ibid.
108. Baker, 312. See also "The Heat and the Cold," in *The Spanish Earth*, 58.
109. Wyden, 335–37.
110. Quoted in Wyden, 337.
111. Moorehead, 128; Vaill, 189.
112. Cowles, 69.
113. Dispatch, 39–42.
114. Ibid., 43–47.
115. See Vernon for a useful analysis, 63.
116. Baker, 312.
117. Quoted in the *International Herald Tribune*, May 14, 1937.
118. See Reynolds, 267–68; Fitch, 370–72.
119. See Preston, *We Saw Spain Die*, 86ff.
120. Quoted in La Prade, 28.
121. Baker, 612.

Check for updates

CHAPTER 4

The Spanish Earth, June–August 1937

Before leaving Paris, Ernest had informed a NANA correspondent that he planned to return to Spain with his wife, a convenient cover story designed to hide his new relationship with Martha from Pauline. Ernest had cabled Pauline on 24 April to let her know that he would arrive in New York on 18 May.[1] Pauline, who had spent a depressing period in Key West and Mexico without having her husband near her in bed, was so elated by the news that she threw a dinner party for nineteen guests, some of whom lingered until four o'clock in the morning. Pauline also had a surprise in store for the returning war correspondent: Toby Bruce was in the process of building a tall brick wall around their Whitehead Street property ostensibly in order to keep out prying tourists. Moreover, Ernest would soon have a new salt-water swimming pool, the only one in the area, at his disposal.

Ernest, however, had no intention of being hemmed in by the charms of domestic life or even by the circumscribed world of Key West. The lure of Spain and the inherent contradictions in his married life were apparent to his friends if not, at this point, to Pauline. War and death had been his constant companions in Spain for almost two months; as Ilya Ehrenburg observed, the heroic defense of Madrid had "revived and rejuvenated" Hemingway.[2] Additionally, there was now Martha who, in addition to being his lover, was someone he wanted to impress with a loyalty to the Spanish cause that was at least as fervent as her own radical approach to social and political issues. Marty might be taking lessons from Ernest on how to be a war correspondent, but Hemingway was absorbing lessons from her on how

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G. H. Muller, *Hemingway and the Spanish Civil War*,
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to lead an authentic political life. Not that she had to work hard when it came to the Spanish cause. "I think it was the only time in his life," Martha would later observe, "when he was not the most important thing there was. He really cared about the Republic and he cared about that war. I believe I would not have gotten hooked otherwise."[3] It would be Martha, not Pauline, leaving with Ernest for Spain by mid-August.

Ernest returned to Key West no later than 25 May but in all likelihood sooner. Shortly thereafter, Joris Ivens joined him for a brief visit and further discussions concerning *The Spanish Earth*. Pauline was delighted to meet Ivens, who regaled her with tales of Ernest's exploits in Spain. Ivens avoided any mention of Martha. (Most Hemingway biographers assert that Pauline was suspicious about Ernest's attachment to Martha by this time, but there is scarce supporting evidence.)

On 26 May, Ernest took the *Pilar* out of Key West bound for the Bimini islands, forty-five miles east of Miami, with Pauline and the boys scheduled to join him by plane.[4] However, the rented house on Cat Cay failed to provide any degree of marital harmony. For one thing, because of business commitments, Gus Pfeiffer had to back out of a fishing trip that the two men had planned, prompting Ernest to fire off a message informing Gus that he would not have returned at all to Key West had he known in advance. Uncle Gus replied tersely: "I hope…the happiness your return gave to Pauline and the boys is worth the trip back."[5]

Then there was Martha, who was peppering him with notes that she addressed innocuously to "Hemingstein" and signed "Gellhauser" in case Pauline should peruse them. She had arrived in New York on 23 May aboard the *Lafayette*, telling a reporter from the *World Telegram* at dockside, "The Loyalists will win in Spain simply because they have an apparently unlimited supply of guts."[6] She was staying in New York to drum up support for the Spanish cause, peddle a book proposal about the Spanish situation, and also help Joris Ivens pull *The Spanish Earth* together. Martha wrote to Ernest telling him that she was inordinately fond of Ivens and that he should do his utmost to assist him. "I suppose I will bleed and die for the damn man on account I admire him so."[7] Ivens sent notes reminding Ernest that he had promised to write the narrative for *The Spanish Earth* and that he would be needed in New York in early June in order to speak at the annual meeting of the American Writers' Conference.

Martha was also in the process of wrangling an invitation from Mrs. Roosevelt for herself, Ernest, and Joris in order to show *The Spanish Earth* at the White House.[8] On 28 May, she had lunch with the First Lady, where

she raised the prospect a special viewing of the film for the President. In her column, *My Day*, Eleanor Roosevelt wrote: "Martha Gellhorn seems to have come back with one 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."[9]

To add to his worries, Ernest was having trouble revising his Key West-Cuba manuscript that he was now tentatively calling *To Have and Have Not*. As he told Arnold Gingrich, he had been anticipating that "old miracle"—the shock of a superlative ending—with this novel, but much of the originality in the narrative had dissipated.[10] Originally, Ernest had planned a major thematic thread on the Cuban revolution, incorporating much of the information contained in a thirteen-page report that his friend Dick Armstrong, a reporter based in Havana, sent him. There would be detailed information on revolutionary groups, atrocities by the Batista regime, the blowing up of a key bridge. Ernest even met with Armstrong and Sidney Franklin in Havana on 6 December, spending nine days scouting sites for local color. But Hemingway decided to throw most of this material out. His interest in revolution and the blowing of a bridge with dynamite would have to wait for another project.

Hemingway had also fought against Gingrich's warning that entire sections of the novel maligning Jane Mason, Dos Passos, Fitzgerald, and others had to come out or risk law suits for libel.[11] His own lawyer Moe Spicer and even Pauline prevailed on him to make the cuts after almost a week of wrangling in Bimini. It had been, Gingrich later recalled, like "those Paris riots."[12] With considerable regret, Hemingway toned down the crude attacks on real people including scurrilous references to Scott Fitzgerald and Hart Crane. And Ernest agreed that references to Harry Crosby, part of the old Paris crowd who had killed his lover and himself around Christmas 1929, also had to go. Ernest composed eight new pages comprising the ending for the novel, culminating in Harry Morgan's dying words: "No matter how a man alone ain't got no bloody fucking chance."

Even as Ernest was putting the finishing touches on his Harry Morgan novel, the military situation in Spain was starting to unravel for the Loyalists. By the end of May, Nationalist forces under the command of General Emilio Mola (who would perish in an air crash on 3 June) had completely encircled Bilbao. Ernest had played down the importance of the Basque region's major industrial city in his dispatches. But as the "Iron Ring" of defenses around Bilbao weakened under constant bombardment by the

German Condor Legion, the fate of Bilbao was sealed. The city would fall to the Nationalist Army on 19 June 1937.

While Ernest was preparing his keynote speech for the 4 June opening of the American Writers' Conference in New York City, the Loyalists on 31 May launched a diversionary effort toward Segovia in the Sierra de Guadarrama designed to relieve the pressure on Bilbao. Three divisions, supported by artillery and T-26 tanks, initially broke through Nationalist lines, threatening the Segovia road. A Nationalist counteroffensive, led by fresh troops from Madrid and strengthened by withering air support, pushed the Republicans back to the original line of attack. The failed offensive cost the Loyalists almost 3000 casualties, including 1000 from the badly mauled Fourteenth International Brigade. This Segovia offensive, as historian Antony Beevor indicates, would be used by Hemingway as the site for the narrative action in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*.[13]

It must have surprised Pauline to witness the alacrity with which Ernest rushed from Cat Cay to New York City to appear at the Second American Writers' Conference sponsored by the League of American Writers.[14] Apparently, Ernest departed Cat Cay on 4 June, the starting day of the event that was being held at Carnegie Hall in midtown Manhattan. Hemingway took a small plane to the mainland where he had to contend with delays as the puddle jumper made stops at other regional airports before arriving at the Newark airport. From New Jersey, Ernest rushed to Manhattan, picking up Martha at the Hotel Gladstone on the way.[15] They arrived late for the opening session sponsored by the League of American Writers, a small but influential membership that included progressive novelist John Steinbeck and the pro-Soviet dramatist and screenwriter Lillian Hellman.

Ernest, who arrived around 10 p.m., discovered to his discomfort that Manhattan was prematurely hot for an early June evening. And Carnegie Hall, with a crowd of 3500 packed inside the building, was sweltering. New York's intelligentsia had assembled for what had been advertised as a multi-day forum on "fascism and the writer," and whose keynote speaker on the first night would be Ernest Hemingway. Clearly, Hemingway was the draw, the reason why another 1000 New Yorkers had been turned away at the door.

Waiting backstage, Ernest was uncomfortable and sweating profusely. He was overdressed in a tweed suit and wearing a tie that he tugged on frantically as though it might choke him. He had managed to consume a few drinks during his junket from Cat Key to Newark and was overheard by a reporter from *Time* magazine to grouse, "Why the hell am I making

this speech?"[16] His reading at Shakespeare and Company in Paris had not made him any more comfortable or adept at public speaking.

It did not go unnoticed that Hemingway was accompanied by Martha Gellhorn, who was elegantly attired as always and sporting a silver fox cape that some commentators later would report had been given to her by members of the Lincoln Battalion. Poet and screenwriter Dawn Powell, who had been critical of Pauline's fervent Catholicism and who knew Ernest quite well, was amused by the procession of foreign reporters who trooped onto the stage for the high point of the first night's session—the speech by the powerfully influential Ernest Hemingway. In a letter to Dos Passos, who was conspicuously absent, Powell wrote waspishly that "about ten-thirty all the foreign correspondents marched on, each one with his private blonde, led by Miss Gellhorn, who had been through hell in Spain and came shivering on in a silver fox cape chin-up."[17] Accompanying Hemingway were foreign journalists John Gunther; Walter Duranty, who was a Pulitzer Prize winner and recent Moscow bureau chief for the *New York Times*; Joe North; and Vincent Sheean. Powell, who had a talent for comically exposing social and political mores, wrote: "Walter Duranty had to leave his outside (blonde not cape) and John Gunther could only get his to the corner of the platform and of course Archie's own blonde was lost somewhere."

The atmosphere was feverish as Archie MacLeish, the master of ceremonies, introduced Ernest Hemingway. Earlier in the evening, MacLeish had read telegrams from Albert Einstein, Thomas Mann, Upton Sinclair, and C. Day Lewis, all of these luminaries urging artists to take up the cudgels against Fascism and reaffirming that in these perilous times, literature had to be in the service of politics. MacLeish declared that everyone had to support those who "truly fight our battles *now—now*, not in some future war—*now*, *now* in Spain."[18]

Another prominent figure, Earl Browder, the general secretary of the American Communist Party, which was an influential group within the League of American Writers, had given a brief talk on the importance of artists in the campaign against Fascism. In his speech, which he titled "The Writer and Politics," Browder cautioned: "Writers can stand aside from the struggles that that are now rending the world … only at the cost of removing themselves from the life of the people, which is to say, from the source of all strength in art."[19] Moreover, continued Browder, "The Ivory Tower has been irretrievably shattered by the bombs of Hitler and Mussolini." Browder's remark was directed at those public intellectuals

and literati on the stage and in the audience, among them Newton Arvin, Granville Hicks, Malcolm Cowley, Carl Van Doren, and Van Wyck Brooks, whom Browder found insufficiently loyal to the cause of Spain.

Browder's remarks were more militant than those by the playwright Donald Ogden Stewart, President of the League of American Writers, who offered a longer, more amusing overview of the multi-day conference. Stewart was an old friend of Ernest's from their days in Paris in the early 1929s. Over the years, he had developed a shrewd appreciation of Hemingway's self-destructive tendencies, especially his need to vanquish all literary rivals.

Just before Hemingway's keynote speech, Joris Ivens had shown clips from *The Spanish Earth*. "Maybe it is a little strange," Joris admitted, "to have at a writers' congress a moving picture, but … this picture is made on the same front where I think every author ought to be."[20] Ivens presented the clips without sound, providing running commentary on the action that audiences would actually hear of the air raid at Morata and the shelling at University City. Ivens's presentation was the perfect lead into the main event of the evening.

MacLeish introduced Hemingway with brief remarks, and Carnegie Hall erupted with shouting and stomping as Hemingway bounded to the podium like a heavyweight prizefighter responding to the bell. Even before the applause died down, Ernest launched into his seven-minute speech, "The Writer and the War."[21] His face glistening with sweat, Ernest framed his oration as a diatribe against Fascism, "a lie told by bullies" that was inimical to democracy but especially toxic for writers. In hard, terse, aggressive language, he claimed that writers simply couldn't function under Fascism, a political ideology that rendered all writers and artists sterile.

Ernest understood that Fascism's "bloody history" was well known to the audience. Nonetheless, it was important though "very dangerous to write the truth in war, and whether the truth is worth some risk to come by, the writers must decide for themselves." He continued: "Certainly it is more comfortable to spend their time disputing learnedly on points of doctrine," an echo of Browder's earlier remarks concerning literati in their Ivory Towers. Still, "there is now and there will be from now on for a long time, war for any writer who wants to study it." Revealing his own emotional attachment to the Spanish cause, Ernest confessed, "When men fight for the freedom of their country against a foreign invasion, and when these men are our friends … you learn, watching them live and fight and die, that there are worst things than war."

Next, Hemingway turned his critique of a bankrupt ideology into a call to arms—a challenge to everyone to "thrash … the bully of fascism." As waves of applause swept through Carnegie Hall from the orchestra to the smoke-filled balcony and boxes, Hemingway, finding his oratorical footing, recited with balanced, biblical fervor the success of Republican forces in Spain. "In this war, since the beginning of November," the Fascist forces "have been beaten at the Parque del Oeste, they have been beaten at the Pardo, they have been beaten at Carabauchel, they have been beaten at Jarama, they have been beaten at Brihuega, and at Cordoba, and they are being fought to a standstill at Bilbao." Caught up in the evangelical fervor he had created, Hemingway could not even think about his own fate, that "nasty form of egotism" he had alluded to in his peroration. With the congregation now in uproar—whistling, stomping, and shouting—Ernest rushed from the stage to the wings, escaping the very pandemonium his presence and speech had created.

Martha was overwhelmed, as virtually everyone in the audience had been, by the power of Hemingway's presence and the magnificence of his speech. She gushed in a letter to Eleanor Roosevelt, "He was astoundingly good and so simple and honest." She admitted to the First Lady that for the first time in his life, Hemingway was harnessing his prestige to a cause "that was bigger than his own cause."[22] He had lived up to Martha's high standards of political engagement.

Hemingway's young friend Prudencio de Pereda, who had been sitting in the balcony, shared Martha's appreciation of Ernest's speech. "Yes, there was some awkwardness—both vocal and physical—but he faced and beat them both." Pereda gushed: "It was the speech of the meeting. The audience had come for Ernest; he was there for them. He lapped up the warm acceptance."[23]

Another writer in the audience, the African-American poet Langston Hughes, was equally excited by Hemingway's speech; he was especially impressed by Ernest's assertion that "a writer who will not lie cannot live and work under fascism." Soon to venture to Spain as a correspondent for the Baltimore *Afro-American*, Hughes would send dispatches warning his readers, as he declared in one article, that "if fascism creeps across Spain, across Europe, and then across the world, there will be no place left for intelligent young Negroes at all."[24]

Even Dawn Powell admitted that she was impressed by Hemingway's performance. "Ernest gave a good speech," she informed Dos Passos.[25]

However, she couldn't refrain from making the sly observation that Hemingway's message was "that war was pretty nice and a lot better than sitting around a hot hall and writers ought to go to war and get killed and if they didn't they were a sissy. Then he went over to the Stork Club, followed by a pack of foxes."

Powell's satiric impulse was shared by fellow poet Louise Bogan, who liked the hard-boiled Hemingway but not the writer who was too "full of the milk of human kindness, and the virtues of the dear *peasants* and the brave civilians."[26] To Bogan, it was simply outrageous that Ernest was ignoring union strikes and other radical actions on the home front. Above all, the left-leaning Bogan was upset that "Hemingway was having such a hell of a good time, looking at a *war*, and being disgustingly noble about it."

Reaction to Hemingway's speech in the press was mixed.[27] The next day, the Hearst chain of newspapers condemned the entire affair as a Moscow plot. In response, *New Masses* reprinted Hemingway's entire speech in its 22 June issue. The pro-Franco night editors at the *New York Times* managed to bury the speech on page 9 in a tiny column competing for space about a local meeting of Notre Dame alumni. By contrast, *Time* magazine in its 21 June issue devoted five full columns to the meeting along with five photographs, one of Hemingway.

The following afternoon, at a closed session of the conference held at the New School for Social Research, Martha gave her own speech titled "The Writer Fighting in Spain" to an audience numbering almost two thousand.[28] In her presentation, she introduced herself not as an important public figure (she undoubtedly had Ernest in mind) but as a writer devoted humbly to the Spanish cause. She was amazed that so little attention was being paid to the day-to-day literary production coming out of Spain—the poetry, skits, and newspapers being generated literally in the trenches by Republican troops. Of course, there were the true correspondents, men and women who operate "under great danger" in order to wire home from the Telegraph Office in Madrid their dispatches from the front.

Unlike Ernest, Martha seemed to be a natural on the stage at the New School, expressing her solidarity with other writers who were men and women of action. Such people were leading a global campaign for justice that required an element of protracted commitment. "But a man who has given a year of his life, without heroics or boastfulness, to the war in Spain, or who, in the same way, has given a year of his life to steel strikes, or to the unemployed, or to the problems of racial prejudice, has not lost or wasted

time." She concluded: "If you should survive such action, what you have to say about it afterwards is the truth, is necessary and real, and it will last." Martha had absorbed the "true gen" from Ernest as well as his terse style. However, she broadened the conversation about Spain to embrace many of the social and political issues she had committed herself to before entering Ernest's life. In any case, as she told Mrs. Roosevelt, the Second Writers' Conference had been "a wonderful show."[29]

Before leaving New York after a two-day stay, Ernest revived his friendship with Scott Fitzgerald who was passing through the city. It is not known if Fitzgerald attended the Second Writers' Conference, but he and Earnest did meet briefly. Recently sober, Fitzgerald was on his way to Los Angeles to write screenplays for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. The two writers had had a complicated relationship ever since their first meeting in Paris in 1925. Even when he was drunk and truculent, Scott admired Ernest inordinately. "Ernest is the best writer in the U.S.A. today," he declared to his secretary Laura Guthrie in 1933.[30] For his part, Ernest liked Scott and understood his complicated life; he loathed Scott's wife Zelda who, with her hawk-like eyes as he described them in *A Moveable Feast*, had robbed Fitzgerald of his manhood and creativity. Ernest had parodied "poor Scott Fitzgerald" and his "romantic awe of the very rich" in the original version of "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," and Scott had asked Hemingway to lay off a bit, ending one letter by reaffirming that he was still Ernest's friend "despite all." Scott's "crack-up" articles had appeared in *Esquire* in 1936, and although Hemingway disapproved of the confessional quality of the work, he seemed pleased that at least, Fitzgerald was sober and writing again.

In all likelihood, Scott had taken the train from Baltimore to New York with the expressed intention of seeing Hemingway. Returning to Baltimore the day after their reunion, Scott wrote from the train, "It was fine to see you so well & full of life, Ernest. … All best wishes to your Spanish trip—I wish we could meet more often. I don't feel I know you at all."[31]

Back in Bimini following his whirlwind success in New York, Ernest received a message from Prudencio de Pereda congratulating him on his "great speech."[32] Prudencio gushed, "God damn it hombre, you've got everything." Hemingway's admirer even offered to write the preliminary narrative for *The Spanish Earth* for free, a gesture that Ernest readily accepted.

On Tuesday 15 June, Ernest received a telegram from Joris Ivens promising a detailed plan for editing changes to the commentary that Pereda was

attempting to compose in the best Hemingway style.[33] A second telegram followed the next day informing Ernest of the news just reported by the *New York Times* that General Lukács had been killed and Gustav Regler severely wounded. Nationalist artillery had caught up with Lukács and Regler as they were traveling on a country road near Huesca in Aragon. In his preface to Regler's *The Great Crusade*, Hemingway recalls: "A pound and a half of steel drove through Gustav's body from side to side, making a hole in the small of his back which uncovered the kidneys and exposed the spinal cord."[34] The next day, as Dr. Werner was traveling in a staff car toward the Pyrenees, he too was killed by a burst of machine-gun fire from a rebel plane. Hemingway had lost two of the comrades he most admired and almost a third one, Regler, who had miraculously survived.

On Thursday 17 June, Ivens forwarded the preliminary commentary along with his recommendations with more material on the way. Ivens desperately needed a final version from Hemingway. "All my recording plans depend on it, all our tempo."[35] Martha urged him to come to New York as soon as possible because production was behind schedule. Replying by cable, Ernest promised that he would be in New York by Monday.

To complicate his work schedule, Ernest continued to have trouble finishing the Harry Morgan manuscript.[36] Sensing that the novel still lacked coherence, he floated an alternative idea in a 16 June letter to Max Perkins. Ernest now proposed a "living omnibus" of his recent literary achievement. There would be a condensation of the Morgan stories into a novella. The novella would be followed by recent short fiction: "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," "The Capital of the World" (a story about a poor Madrid waiter dreaming of becoming a matador), and "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber." Next would come the nonfiction: his *New Masses* piece "Who Murdered the Vets," the best dispatches from Spain that he would carefully revise, and finally his Carnegie Hall speech. As prospective titles for this anthology, Ernest suggested *The Various Arms* or *Return to the Wars* or maybe *To Have and Have Not*.

In the event that Max did not like the idea of an omnibus (and Perkins, normally fulsome in his support, uncharacteristically offered only a tepid endorsement of the project), Hemingway promised his editor a typescript of the novel by 5 July.[37, 38] After delivering the manuscript, Ernest informed Max that he would return to Spain in the fall. Should anything happen to him, Scribner's could recoup the advance money for the Morgan novel with royalties from his collected stories. On a less fatalistic note, he

promised Perkins that when he returned, "I will write you a real novel. I wish I had the time to write it now."

Ernest spent a total of twelve days in Cat Cay laboring for long hours on all his projects.[39] He did not spend much time fishing or playing with his boys. Most of the time, he continued to patch up his Harry Morgan novel. Joris Ivens kept pressuring him to come to New York to complete his part of the work on the narration for *The Spanish Earth*. While pondering his contribution to the documentary, Ernest also wrote captions for a photographic spread on the Spanish Civil War that *Life* magazine was planning to publish. And Martha was waiting for him impatiently. She found time to give a talk about Spain to a convention of librarians. In a ruminative letter to Mrs. Roosevelt, she lamented her "poorish life," which left little time for leisure, friends, or fun.[40] The problem was that she could never forget "the other people, the people in Madrid or the unemployed or the seven dead strikers in Chicago or the woman who sells pencils in the subway. I wish I could forget, but I don't know the technique for that."

Martha kept Ernest apprised of developments in New York. She was helping Joris Ivens and Helene von Dongen edit *The Spanish Earth* at the Columbia Broadcasting Company laboratories in Times Square. Prudencio de Pereda was working on the rough script. She felt like a gangster's moll: "I am now Joris's finger-woman and secretary," she tells Ernest.[41] They were in the process of editing new footage supplied by John Ferno. Moreover, she was trying to arrange distribution of the documentary by RKO in New York City and Hollywood. And she was lobbying Mrs. Roosevelt so that they could show the film at the White House to the President.

Ernest was not pleased to learn from Martha that Joris was angling to become President of Contemporary Historians. She informed him: "Joris has had a meeting with our pals Archie and Dos and it must have been something. These Communists are a sinister folk and very canny. The upshot is that he is President of the affair, and Dos is poison ivy."[42] Martha followed this letter with an 11 June cable confirming the emerging putsch by their purported friends: "Rotfront working like mad."

That MacLeish was prepared to relinquish the leadership of Contemporary Historians to Ivens and relegate himself to the vice-presidency did not sit well with Hemingway.[43] When Joris cabled Ernest with the request that he sign off on a document confirming that he was now President of Contemporary Historians, Ernest demurred. In a cable to MacLeish, he raised objections to any executive change. For one thing, he asserted, Joris had no legal or business experience in running an organization. Even more

worrisome was the fact that Joris was not an American citizen; thus, it would be "unwise" for Archie to abandon his leadership role in Contemporary Historians. Archie needed to "retain the presidency… even though burdensome."[44] As the first among equals on the board, and as the largest contributor to the production of *The Spanish Earth*, Ernest's refusal to anoint Ivens as head of the group brought an end to the affair.

The question of why Joris Ivens wanted to assume control of Contemporary Historians is open to debate.[45] Ivens had been a member of the Communist Party in the Netherlands from 1928 to 1930, and he remained loyal to the cause even after he left the Party. Truly fond of Hemingway, he maintained that he had never been told to recruit Ernest or even to influence him. Yet it is also clear that it was Ivens who aided Hemingway in gaining access to the circle of Soviet operatives at the Gaylord Hotel. Moreover, Joris was never reluctant to manipulate his "big boy scout" as he called Ernest in his memoir—but not to the point of clashing with him.[46] Perhaps Ivens wanted the toehold in America that leadership of Contemporary Historians might have provided. But with Hemingway's refusal to agree to the change in leadership, this opportunity for Ivens vanished.

After long days of frantic writing and revision on *To Have and Have Not*, Ernest packed his manuscript for delivery to Max Perkins and on 20 June returned to New York City, ignoring Pauline's request that he take her along. Ernest promised her that he would return in four days. But Pauline promptly informed Ernest in two letters that he should take his time and not rush back because his work on the novel was so important. "So you go ahead and do what you can and to hell with getting back on a fixed date."[47] The kids were fine, and she would find things to do. Always his most loyal reader and editor, Pauline told her husband, "I'm really crazy about the book." The writing is "lovely and hard and full of juice," but after depositing the book with Max, perhaps it would be wise for Ernest to "let it lie a little to perfect the form." With a tone of resignation, Pauline ended her second letter: "Remember me to the comrades, and remember me yourself."

The crew was delighted when Ernest appeared at the CBS studios on 22 June ready to work on *The Spanish Earth*. It is impossible to imagine the documentary without his contributions, including the financial ones, to the project. Hemingway would polish Pereda's script, infusing the narrative with his taut, aphoristic style. And he would wind up narrating the material himself. But first, Ernest needed a crash course in film technique, which Ivens was pleased to provide.

Joris cautioned Ernest, whom he now was calling "Hem," not to write about what he saw in the film or merely repeat the image.[48] Instead, he advised, "You must reinforce the image by writing about related things." Ernest's initial effort resulted in a narrative that ran five minutes beyond the fifty-five-minute documentary, forcing Ivens to return the script with numerous revisions and strictures in red ink. Feigning outrage over Joris's temerity in schooling a great writer, Ernest shouted, "You God-damned Dutchman, how dare you correct my text?" But after considering Ivens's suggestions, Ernest admitted, "Now I see. I'll write another one."[49] Ivens was impressed by Hemingway's rapid adjustment to the demands of a new medium. "He showed a quick comprehension and understanding of the documentary film," he recalled, "and a very helpful humility towards his new profession."

While Ernest focused on integrating a spare, minimalist style into the script and aligning the narrative with the footage, other members of the team rushed to complete the rest of the film. Virgil Thompson and Marc Blitzstein, culling folk songs from dozens of recordings, compiled the sound track.[50] Martha assisted with the sound effects. In a letter to Eleanor Roosevelt, she described running her fingernails over a screen to simulate the staccato whine of bullets. To capture the sound of incoming shells, she improvised "a football bladder and an air hose."[51] To reproduce the explosion of bombs, the team played the earthquake episode in the film *San Francisco* backwards.

For the voice-over, MacLeish had enlisted the twenty-two-year-old prodigy Orson Welles, fresh off his production of Blitzstein's pro-labor operetta *The Cradle Will Rock*.[52] Arriving at the screening room on 22 June, the egotistic actor-director immediately managed to alienate the crew, notably Hemingway, in an attempt to impose his own vision for the documentary. In his embroidered recollection of the episode, he informed Hemingway that the narration was "pompous and complicated." Ernest took offense, seeing in the vain young director from the avant-garde Mercury Theatre the incarnation of the homosexual artist. "You … effeminate boys of the theatre," Hemingway sneered, "what do you know about real war?" At that point, Welles proceeded to bait Ernest by prancing around the studio. "Mr. Hemingway," he lisped, "how strong you are and how big you are!" Enraged, Hemingway picked up a chair and threatened to clobber Welles before the two men engaged in a wrestling match.[53] Following their scuffle, Welles recalled, "We ended up toasting each other over a bottle of whiskey."

After Welles recorded the script, the crew had clashing opinions about the effectiveness of Orson's voice.[54] MacLeish and Ivens liked the reading by Welles. However, Lillian Hellman, whose own recent pro-union play *Days to Come* had failed on Broadway, joined by the actor Frederic March, was disappointed; they thought that Welles's pompous, theatrical tone clashed with the stark realism of the film and Ernest's spare script. To resolve the dispute, Ivens suggested that Ernest handle the voice-over. "No, no," Ernest protested, "I can't do it. I don't have the proper training or breathing." Ultimately, the group prevailed on Hemingway to handle the voice-over, and the result—with Ernest's thin, flat, unpretentious mid-Western voice—turned out to be the perfect complement to the documentary realism of *The Spanish Earth*. As Ivens recalled, "While recording, Hemingway found the emotions that he had felt at the front. From his first sentences, his commentary acquired a sensibility that no other voice would have been able to communicate. It was achieved, we had succeeded in giving the film its true dimension."[55]

The documentary that emerged from this collective effort is an integral part of Hemingway's literary production during the Spanish Civil War. Not only did Hemingway devote time and energy, often under physically demanding conditions, to the filming of *The Spanish Earth*. He also imposed his sense of organization, his spare style, and even his voice on the final version of the film. With a narrative and visual frame that oscillates between the lives of the rural folk of Fuentidueña and action on several battlefields, *The Spanish Earth* offers a dramatized and historicized portrayal of the critical fight against Fascism in Spain that bears Hemingway's stamp of authorship.

Pointedly political, *The Spanish Earth* starts from a deceptively pastoral but in fact revolutionary perspective: If the villagers can only mount an irrigation project, they will be able to reclaim fields abandoned by the landowners as well as provide food for the defense of Madrid. "This Spanish earth is dry and hard," writes Hemingway, "and the faces of the men who work on that earth are hard and dry from the sun."[56] Situated on the heights above the Tago River, the village provides a "lifeline" between Valencia and Madrid. This first reel creates the template for the following five: "To win the war, the rebel troops must cut the road."

Unifying the six reels in *The Spanish Earth* is this intersection of the lives of the *campesinos* and, as Ernest declares at the start of Reel Two, "the true face of men going into action. … Men cannot act before the camera in the presence of death."[57] As the docudrama unfolds from reel to reel,

resistance and death are twin themes governing the action. There is footage of the clashes at Morata, Jarama, the Arganda Bridge, and University City.[58] German planes lay waste to the streets of Madrid and bodies pile up in a morgue: "Three Junkers did this," Hemingway declares in his understated style. In a related frame, we see the word *drunken* (press) on a parachute, prompting Ernest to note ironically, "I can't read German either." *The Spanish Earth* posits that the Civil War in Spain is transnational in scope.

As Ivens and von Dongen cut and spliced these sequences, an iteration of the revolutionary Spanish character emerges. The editors focus on a key goal that mediates this revolutionary attitude: the need to prevent the cutting of the Madrid-Valencia road. The film profiles several revolutionary figures caught up in this effort, among them Enrique Líster, Gustav Regler, and Dolores Ibárruri—the last figure known as "La Pasionaria," whom Ernest describes as "the most famous woman in Spain today."[59] In his voice-over, Ernest reveals his special fondness for Regler: "One of the finest writers of Germany who came to Spain to fight for his ideals. He was gravely wounded in June. Regler praises the unity of the People's Army. The defense of Madrid will remind men always of their loyalty and courage."[60]

Equally inspiring is the villagers' relationship with their natural surroundings. For the first time in fifty years, they can improve the fields that have been deserted by the wealthy, indifferent landowners and work collectively for the local and national good. In the final minutes of the documentary, the images of Loyalist troops raising their fists in victory merge with the sight of water gushing from the earth. These twin images convey a dominant impression of men and women unified in their resistance to Fascism and committed to a transformation of society.

In an "afternote" to the printed text of *The Spanish Earth*, Ernest recounts the difficulties involved in making the film. The title of this coda, "The Heat and the Cold," conveys the primal nature of the filmmaking process as the crew traipsed battlefields, mountains, and countryside. Ernest and the crew had to fight off the bitter cold and intense heat by sharing the whiskey from his large silver flask, which was always empty by four o'clock in the afternoon. Ernest staved off the hunger pangs accompanying their efforts by munching on raw onions, much to the disgust of Ivens and Ferno. Ernest states that he had to prevent Ivens and Ferno from taking unnecessary risks based on his war experiences when he was young. "When you are young," he observes, "you gave death much importance. Now you give it none. You only hate it for the people it takes away."[61]

In this epilogue to the privately printed version of *The Spanish Earth*, Ernest dwelled on the sacrifices of Lukács, Heilbrun, and Regler; two of his friends were now dead, and one was a badly maimed casualty who had barely cheated death. These three individuals serve to signify the transnational destinies and sacrifices that thousands of volunteers were making in the defense of the Spanish Republic. Hemingway pays singular homage Werner Heilbrun, the medical director of the Twelfth Brigade. Although he does not appear in the film, Heilbrun guides Ernest's memory of the action. It was Dr. Heilbrun who provided them with gasoline, food, and transport. "He took us to attacks," Ernest writes, "and a big part of the film that I remember is the slanting smile, the cap cocked on the side, the slow, comic Berlin Jewish drawl of Heilbrun."[62] He recalls dining with Heilbrun at three in the morning and then going to sleep while Werner returns to his surgery. Werner would smile at Ernest's ramblings about death. But in contending with last things, Ernest sees in his wounded and dead friends a shared commitment to a cause greater than their mortal selves. Their loss is so wrenching that Hemingway cannot imagine that he will ever see or write about the *The Spanish Earth* again.

With news about Spain featured in the American press, Hemingway tried to remain optimistic about prospects for a Loyalist victory as he headed back to Bimini. His buoyancy was shared by Herbert Matthews, who was now based in Valencia. In the 20 June edition of the *New York Times*, Matthews echoes Ernest's conviction that the Republican defeat at Bilbao did not signify an inevitable Nationalist conquest of all regions in Spain. Despite the fall of Bilbao, Matthews reports, there is a "quiet optimism" among the Loyalists that Franco had reached the limits of his power.[63] By contrast, the new government under Prime Minister Juan Negrín was consolidating its political, industrial, and military resources. Matthews predicts that the Republican Army can readily recruit a force of 800,000, a figure that would far outnumber Franco's forces in virtually every contested field of the Civil War. Bilbao therefore was not decisive, Matthews concludes. Nonetheless, he admits that the future course of the conflict depends on enforcing the non-intervention agreement and a willingness of the part of world powers to restrain Germany and Italy. The *Times* buried Matthews's article on page 26 of its Sunday edition.

Ernest later confessed that he had been mistaken in thinking, as did Matthews, that there was still hope for the Spanish Republic after northern Spain fell to rebel forces. In his preface to Regler's *The Great Crusade*, he admitted, "The Spanish civil war was really lost, of course, when the

Fascists took Irun in the late summer of 1936. But in a war you can never admit, even to yourself, that it is lost."[64] In early August 1936, a Nationalist force of 3500 under the command of General Mola struck northward from Pamplona toward the border town of Irun. It fell on 14 September, a charred ruin set ablaze by its defeated defenders. Assessing the strategic impact of this early victory, historian Antony Beevor asserts that Nationalist forces "now surrounded the northern republican zone."[65] More broadly, as another historian asserts, the conquest of northern Spain was "one of the decisive turning points of the war."[66]

Hemingway would have an opportunity to lobby for a more muscular approach to the situation in Spain at the highest level of government because Martha had succeeded in setting up a private screening of *The Spanish Earth* at the White House. Ernest scarcely had time to settle back into a routine in Bimini when he learned that he, Ivens, and Martha had been invited to show the largely finished documentary (which still had Orson Welles's voice-over) to Eleanor and Franklin Roosevelt on 8 July. Once more, Ernest flew back to New York on 6 July to join Martha and Joris; together they ran the film one last time before leaving for Washington.[67]

On 8 July, the trio left Manhattan for the Newark Airport and a flight to Washington. To the surprise of Ernest and Joris, as soon as they arrived at the airport, Martha rushed to the canteen for a substantial meal. In a letter to his mother-in-law Mary Pfeiffer, Ernest remarked, "Martha Gellhorn, the girl who fixed it up for Joris Ivens and I to go there, ate three sandwiches in the Newark airport before we flew to Washington. We thought she was crazy at the time but she said the food was unbearable."[68] Martha had dined with the Roosevelts at the White House and knew what to expect.

Aside from the sweltering heat inside the White House, which lacked air conditioning save for President Roosevelt's office, the reception of the three "trench buddies" as Martha styled themselves was enthusiastic.[69] Ernest was impressed by Eleanor Roosevelt, whom he found enormously tall and stone deaf but affable and charming. On the other hand, Franklin brought out Ernest's darker impulses. "The President is very Harvard charming and sexless and womanly, seems like a great Woman Secretary of Labor, say, he is completely paralyzed from the waist down and here is much skillful maneuvering of him from chair to chair and from room to room."[70] Ernest's response to Franklin Roosevelt might reflect his own gendered complexities, but his hostility also was based on grievances over what the New Deal had done to Key West, the fate of the Vets after the hurricane,

and Roosevelt's insistence on maintaining strict neutrality in the Spanish Civil War.

Despite Ernest's dismissive comments about FDR, the occasion turned out well. Following introductions, a small group of invited guests that included Secretary of Commerce Harry Hopkins, whom Ernest immediately liked, traipsed into the movie theater at the White House for the screening of *The Spanish Earth*. Franklin and Eleanor were attentive viewers, registering their appreciation of the film's anti-fascist message and support for the Loyalist cause.[71] At the same time, both Roosevelts suggested that a broader context would be desirable; they especially wanted more footage on the efforts of the villagers to cultivate the barren soil. They also advised that even more propaganda was needed to make the film resolutely anti-fascist. (The next day, one newspaper's headline blared: "COMMUNIST DIRECTOR INVADES WHITE HOUSE."[72]) However sympathetic Roosevelt might have been to the Republican cause, the President informed the trench buddies that American policy toward the Spanish Civil War would not change. His hands were tied, he claimed, by the enhanced Neutrality Act passed by Congress that prevented him from lifting the embargo. Ernest, Martha, and Joris then joined the Roosevelts and their guests for dinner.

Martha's decision to consume the three hefty sandwiches at the Newark Airport turned out to be prescient because their dinner at the Roosevelt White House was abominable. In Ernest's own words to his mother-in-law, the menu consisted of "rainwater soup followed by rubber squab, a nice wilted salad and a cake some admirer had sent in. An enthusiastic but unskilled admirer."[73] Although disappointed with the dinner, Hemingway concluded that the meeting and screening had been successful. He appreciated the fact that the Roosevelts had hosted them and responded to *The Spanish Earth* favorably. Once back in New York City, Ernest sent a telegram to Pauline: "White House still same color but enthusiastic we charmed Papa."[74]

He told Mary Pfeiffer, "It was damn nice of the Roosevelts to have us there and to see the picture and I appreciate it."[75]

Two days later, with the success of the visit to the White House fueling their spirits, Ernest and Joris flew to Los Angeles in order to screen *The Spanish Earth* for a select group of people who were politically active in Hollywood. Perhaps to avoid scandal, Martha remained in New York in order to raise funds for the *causa* and to begin work on a book about Spain for William Morrow. Neither project would go well for Gellhorn.

She concluded that New Yorkers were apathetic about the conflict in Spain, dismissing her as some "cuckoo idealist."[76] Even worse, Martha thought that her writing was getting "lousier and lousier"; her friends were telling her that her prose sounded too much like Hemingway's.[77]

On 10 July, Ernest and Joris presided over a screening of *The Spanish Earth* for celebrities at the home of Fredric Marsh and his wife Florence Eldridge.[78] Lillian Hellman, who with her lover Dashiell Hammett was working on screenplays and also helping to organize the Screen Writers Guild, had corralled an A-list of Hollywood celebrities for the occasion, among them Errol Flynn, Joan Bennett, Dorothy Parker, King Vidor, Robert Montgomery, Luise Rainer, Fritz Lang, and Scott Fitzgerald. Ivens ran the film for the guests, and Ernest drew on reserves of courage to make a brief speech about the film and the need for contributions; he had scribbled the speech on fifteen pages of stationary from the Hollywood Plaza Hotel where he and Joris were staying.[79]

Hemingway assured everyone that the documentary they had just seen was a true representation of the situation in Spain.[80] Of course, he admitted, because of the limitations imposed by film as a medium, only a fraction of what was happening in wartime could be revealed. According to Fitzgerald, Ernest spoke with "nervous intensity" about the deaths of his friends Lukács and Heilbrun; the savage bombings of civilian populations including the indiscriminate murder of women and children; and the incredible suffering of Loyalist soldiers fighting for Republican Spain.[81]

Hemingway then made his pitch for contributions.[82] He informed the guests that one thousand dollars ($17,000 today) would purchase an ambulance that could be "rolling, in action" in Spain within a month. Dashiell Hammett was the first to pledge this amount, followed by Dorothy Parker who had already contributed five hundred dollars to the making of *The Spanish Earth*. All told, the guests contributed more than $17,000. (Errol Flynn left before Ernest's request for donations, escaping through a bathroom window.) A subsequent screening of the film at the Ambassador Hotel raised another two thousand dollars in contributions, enough for a total of twenty ambulances that would be assembled at the Ford factory in Detroit.[83] The next day, Scott Fitzgerald wired Ernest: "THE PICTURE WAS BEYOND PRAISE AND SO WAS YOUR ATTITUDE."[84]

Hemingway and Ivens stayed in Los Angeles long enough to offer a second, sold-out screening of *The Spanish Earth* at the 3000-seat Paramount Theatre, with Ernest addressing the crowd and typically uncomfortable as he was stuffed into a blue suit that scarcely hid his bulk.[85] Private screenings hosted by Joan Crawford, John Ford, and Darryl Zanuck

also contributed to the buzz and the generally positive reception of the film. Otis Ferguson, the influential film critic for the *New Republic*, which would reprint many of Hemingway's NANA dispatches in four digests, was impressed by the documentary. Ferguson found that "the suffering and dogged purposefulness of war for the cause," combined with "the earth and its rightful function," were potent themes.[86]

Ferguson stressed Hemingway's contributions to the film: "Much of the carrying power in understatement should be credit to Ernest Hemingway."[87] The author's "feeling for the people of Spain comes from the heart, the combination of experience and intuition directing our attention quietly to the mortal truth you might have missed in the frame, there could hardly be a better choice." (Ernest and Joris shared the marquee as joint producers when *The Spanish Earth* premiered at the Fifty-Fifth Street Playhouse in New York City on 22 August 1937, but the film never found a commercial distributor.)

Before leaving Los Angeles, Ernest had lunch with Scott Fitzgerald and the writer, journalist, and actor Robert Benchley.[88] The three hard-drinking friends had known each other since 1925 and shared memorable times together in Paris. This luncheon, which Benchley mentioned in a letter to his wife, was probably the last time that Ernest and Scott were together. Writing to Max Perkins on 15 July, Scott stated that Ernest had taken Hollywood "like a whirlwind," catching up thousands of dollars in contributions before departing.[89] Fitzgerald was both awed and unnerved by Ernest's dedication to the cause of Republican Spain. "There was something almost religious about it," he observed.

Returning to New York following his successful trip to Los Angeles, Ernest checked into the Barclay Hotel and resumed his affair with Martha. As she admitted, they "tried steadily but in vain to be discreet."[90] In any case, Ernest did not plan to remain in Manhattan any longer than necessary.[91] He needed to be back in Bimini in time to celebrate his thirty-eighth birthday on 21 July with his family. Suddenly anxious to return, Ernest plowed through galley proof for *To Have and Have Not* at Scribner's. As soon as he completed the proofreading, and assured by Max that the novel would be released in October, Ernest flew back to Cat Cay.

In a letter sent from Cat Cay in late July, Ernest offered a thumbnail sketch of his "goofy busy" life for Waldo Peirce.[92] His peregrinations had taken him from coast to coast and to New York on several occasions, all for the greater good of Spain. Thanking Waldo for two jacket designs the

artist had prepared for *To Have and Have Not*, Ernest confirms, "Going over to Spain in two weeks."

Nearing the end of his stay in Cat Cay on 2 August, Ernest wrote a plaintive letter to his mother-in-law justifying his decision to return to Spain.[93] Mary Pfeiffer had sent him a detailed letter urging him to remain with his family. Ernest, however, offers an elaborate rebuttal. After thanking his mother-in-law for recent birthday gifts, Ernest lays out his plans for what amounts to a disposition of his family. He will ship his youngest son Gregory and his nurse Ada to Syracuse. With Pauline and Bumby serving as crew, he will then sail the *Pilar* to Miami for storage in a shipyard in order to ride out the hurricane season. Sidney Franklin will accompany Pauline, Bumby, and Patrick to a bull ranch in Mexico for a late summer vacation. Never having had any deep commitment to the Republican cause, the quixotic Franklin was done with Spain.

In the letter, Ernest grapples with his guilt while at the same time trying to explain his political and philosophical beliefs. He offers an expansive account of his visit to the White House, but his main objective is to justify the sacrifice of his family for a greater cause. "In less than two weeks," he tells his mother-in-law, "I go back to Spain where…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 the minerals they need to make a European war."[94] He had promised his friends that he would return and not to do so would not set a proper model for his boys.

More significantly, Ernest says that the Spanish Civil War has forced him to confront his own mortality, to face death without fear and without any belief in an afterlife. He fashions himself as a solitary existential hero confronting the complexity of the universe. "After the first two weeks in Madrid," he tells Mary Pfeiffer, he "had an impersonal feeling of haveing [sic] no wife, no children, no house, no boat, nothing. The only way to function."[95] It would not have been difficult for the Pfeiffer family, including Pauline, to conclude that Ernest's "breezy goodbye" harbors an element of foreboding, even finality. There is unintended but bitter irony when Ernest mentions Pauline, who looks "lovely…really much prettier than ever," as well as Martha, "the girl who had fixed it up" for Ernest and Joris Ivens to visit the White House.

With his family stowed away, Ernest left for New York City to complete his affairs prior to departure for Europe on 14 August.[96] He was at the peak of health and vitality, his face tanned by the Bimini sun and his weight under control. He even dressed with unusual sartorial flair; at a dinner hosted

by David Smart, the publisher of *Esquire*, Ernest appeared in an elegant double-breasted summer suit and matching tie. Smart was planning a glossy new startup, *Ken*, which he viewed as a progressive rival to *Look* magazine. Smart placed Ernest immediately to his left at the banquet table, hoping to enlist Hemingway as an editor for the new venture. As it turned out, Ernest refused to serve on *Ken*'s editorial board, but he would contribute articles for the first thirteen issues of the short-lived magazine.

Ernest's spirits were also buoyed by the new NANA contract that Jack Wheeler offered him. At a bon voyage luncheon at the Stork Club, the two men celebrated the signing of their agreement. Wheeler emphasized that he wanted "straight, unbiased, colorful reporting." He challenged Ernest to provide NANA with exclusives.[97]

Three days prior to his departure, Hemingway's affability was ruined by an encounter with an old adversary.[98] Stopping by Max Perkin's office on a sweltering afternoon, Ernest discovered his editor in conversation with Max Eastman. Ten years older than Ernest, Eastman was a prominent figure among American radicals: the friend of John Reed, Leon Trotsky and other Communists, and the editor of *New Masses*. Eastman actually had tried to assist in getting Ernest published at the start of his career, but that didn't matter to Hemingway any more than the fact that Maxwell Anderson and so many others had been helpful to the aspiring young author only to be dismissed or derided by Ernest in later years.

Under Perkin's wary eye, the two men greeted each other. Almost immediately, however, Ernest's belligerence was on full display. Unduly sensitive to slights by critics and prone to hold grudges, he had not forgotten Eastman's devastating review of *Death in the Afternoon* in the *New Republic* in 1933. Starting with the scatological title "Bull in the Afternoon," Eastman launched a devastating critique of the book, Ernest's ideas and style, and Hemingway himself. He pilloried Ernest's persona in *Death in the Afternoon* as "wearing false hair on his chest." All of Hemingway's posturing about the corrida and bullfighting amounted to nothing more than juvenile sentimentality. And raising bullfighting to the level of tragedy was plain nonsense. Perhaps, Eastman speculated, Hemingway's love of a brutal sport might be a mask hiding the author's own fragile masculinity, impotence, or homosexuality.

Hemingway had literally been sickened by Eastman's review, and now he had his adversary before him in Max Perkin's office. The two men would offer competing visions of what transpired for an avid New York press. Ernest did not knock Eastman out of Perkin's window onto Fifth Avenue

as he said he might easily have done; nor did Eastman have an "excellent opportunity" to land a devastating blow as he asserted. The most balanced account of their absurd confrontation comes from Perkins himself, who detailed the mess the two oversized combatants made of his office in a letter to Scott Fitzgerald.[99] Perkins describes a wild scene in which Ernest, after greeting Eastman, suddenly opens his shirt in order to reveal a hairy chest; he then unbuttons the amused Eastman's shirt to expose a chest that is "as bare as a bald man's head." However, the good-humored display of the two men's chests evaporates when Ernest explodes over Eastman's questioning of his masculinity, a charge that had been festering ever since the review appeared four years earlier. At that point, Ernest throws one of Eastman's books containing the cursed review in his face, precipitating a scrum between them that ends with the two men crashing to the floor. But when Perkins looks down, he sees Ernest pinned under Eastman and grinning mischievously. The fracas ends with the same levity characterizing Ernest's encounter with Orson Welles earlier that summer.

Hemingway anticipated more consequential battles awaiting him in Civil War Spain, where Franco now controlled almost two-thirds of the country.[100] But at the Forty-ninth Street pier where he was boarding the *S.S. Champlain*, Ernest was surrounded by a flock of reporters and photographers more interested in the fight with Eastman than in his views about the Spanish situation. Ernest was happy to oblige, telling an inquiring reporter from the *Times* that the bump on his head had not been caused by Eastman but by a crashing skylight in 1927. Proud of his injuries, he then took off his jacket and rolled up a shirt sleeve to reveal a scar on his bicep resulting from a severe automobile accident in 1930. "Eastman didn't do that to me either," he commented. To the assembled reporters, Ernest stated that Eastman actually had fought like a "clawing" woman and to no avail; moreover, Ernest would never strike someone who was so much older than him. Unwilling to let the matter drop, Ernest then issued a bizarre challenge to Eastman: The two men could enter a locked room, Eastman could then read the offending review to Hemingway, and the best man would ultimately emerge from the room. With that challenge off his chest, and having turned the transgressive tables on his adversary, Ernest bounded up the gangplank, headed for Europe aboard the *Champlain*.

The following day, Martha boarded the recently renovated luxury liner *Normandie* for her own passage to Le Havre. On board were Dorothy Parker and her husband Alan Campbell along with their friend Lillian Hellman who was on her way to Moscow to attend a theater festival. One day,

Parker encountered Martha working out vigorously in the gym, prompting her to observe that this was "where all of Ernest's ladies began their basic training."[101] Soon, however, Parker took a liking to Martha, admiring "her looks and her spirit and her courage and her decency." Hellman was less forgiving, finding that Martha's "well-tailored" slacks and "good" shoes made her look like a reporter for *Vogue* who was off to cover the war.

To Scott Fitzgerald, the drama surrounding Ernest's departure at the French Line pier in New York had been unfortunate. Ernest had debased himself with the Eastman contretemps in Max Perkin's office. Sadly, for Ernest was "practically his country's most eminent writer," he should have resisted being baited by reporters who had mobbed him at the French Line pier.[102] "He is living at the present in a world so entirely his own," Scott said, "that it is impossible to help him, even if I felt close to him at the moment, which I don't." Ernest was in Europe when Fitzgerald wrote this letter to Max Perkins, and truth be told, Scott's own world was constricting while Ernest's was expanding. Ernest had embarked on a path away from family and even old friends like Dos Passos and Fitzgerald as well. New personal and political allegiances—to Martha, Herbert Matthews, Gustav Regler, and the men and women of the International Brigades—were now an integral part of his life. In Civil War Spain, he was fashioning a new political narrative and persona for himself.

Notes

1. Kert, 301.
2. "Hemingway," *Soviet Review*, October 1962, 22–26.
3. Quoted in Kert, 199.
4. See Reynolds, *Hemingway: The 1930s*, 200–6.
5. Quoted in Hawkins, 200–1.
6. *World Telegram*, May 29, 1937.
7. Quoted in Kert, 202.
8. Ibid.
9. "My Day," May 29, 1037, in Kert, 302.
10. Quoted in Reynolds, *Hemingway: The 1930s*, 240–41.
11. Ibid.
12. "Scott, Ernest, and Whoever," *Esquire*, October 1973, 374.
13. Beevor, 276. See also Thomas, 667–69.
14. Reynolds, *Hemingway: The 1930s*, 270.
15. Kert, 302.
16. Quoted in Dearborn, 386.
17. Quoted in Ludington, 376–77.
18. Quoted in Vaill, 202.

19. Quoted in McLoughlin, 39.
20. Quoted in Vaill, 202.
21. For the entire speech, see Trogden, *Ernest Hemingway: A Literary Reference*, 193–96.
22. MG to Carlos Baker, June 2, 1966.
23. Quoted in Moorehead, 130.
24. Quoted in Carroll, 75.
25. Quoted in Reynolds, *Hemingway: The 1930s*, 270–71.
26. Quoted in Dearborn, 386.
27. Reynolds, *Hemingway: The 1930s*, 347 n. 44.
28. "Writers Fighting in Spain," 67–68.
29. *SLMG*, 53.
30. Quoted in Donaldson, *Hemingway vs. Fitzgerald*, 190.
31. Ibid., 211. See also Baker, 313.
32. Quoted in Vernon, 92–93.
33. Ibid.
34. *The Great Crusade*, ix.
35. Quoted in Vernon, 92–93.
36. Baker, 313.
37. Berg, 324–25.
38. Bruccoli, 249–51.
39. Ibid.
40. Quoted in Moorehead, 136.
41. Quoted in Kert, 302.
42. Ibid.
43. Vaill, 205.
44. Quoted in Vernon, 108.
45. Meyers, 310.
46. Quoted in Meyers, 311.
47. Quoted in Reynolds, *Hemingway: The 1930s*, 272.
48. Meyers, 312.
49. Ibid.
50. Ibid., 314.
51. *MGSL*, 52.
52. Vaill, 207.
53. Quoted in Meyers, 313.
54. Ibid., 314.
55. *Memoire*, 154.
56. *The Spanish Earth*, 19.
57. Ibid.
58. Ibid., 23.
59. Ibid., 30.
60. Ibid., 31.
61. Ibid., 60.

62. Ibid.
63. *NYT*, June 20, 1937.
64. *The Great Crusade.*
65. Beevor, 116–17.
66. Quoted in Rhodes, 178.
67. Moorehead, 131–32.
68. *SL*, 460.
69. Quoted in Moorehead, 132.
70. *SL*, 460.
71. Moorehead, 132.
72. Quoted in Meyers, 315.
73. *SL,* 460.
74. Quoted in Moorehead, 132.
75. *SL*, 460.
76. Quoted in Moorehead, 132.
77. Quoted in Vaill, 216.
78. Vaill, 217.
79. Baker, 316, 623.
80. Ibid.
81. Ibid.
82. Ibid.
83. Meyers, 315.
84. Quoted in Baker, 316.
85. Vaill, 211.
86. Quoted in Meyers, 316. See also Meyers, *Hemingway: The Critical Heritage*, 258.
87. Quoted in Hutchisson, 159.
88. Dearborn, 383.
89. Quoted in Baker, 316.
90. Quoted in Moorehead, 133.
91. Baker, 316.
92. *SL*, 458–59.
93. *SL*, 459–61.
94. Ibid.
95. Ibid.
96. Baker, 316–17.
97. *JFK*, vol. 236.
98. See Baker, 316–17; Meyers, 232–34; Hutchisson, 118–20.
99. Kuehl, 239–40.
100. Baker, 317.
101. Quoted in Moorehead, 133.
102. Quoted in Baker, 318.

See Figures 4.1, 4.2, 4.3, 4.4, 4.5, 4.6, 4.7, 4.8, 4.9, 4.10, 4.11, 4.12, 4.13, 4.14, 4.15, and 4.16.

Fig. 4.1 Hemingway and Joris Ivens filming *The Spanish Earth* in the Jarama Valley, 1937 (Courtesy of the Ernest Hemingway Collection, John F. Kennedy Presidential Library and Museum, Boston, Massachusetts)

Fig. 4.2 Hemingway observing the fighting in the Casa Del Campo in Madrid, most likely from the Old Homestead (Courtesy of the Ernest Hemingway Collection, John F. Kennedy Presidential Library and Museum, Boston, Massachusetts)

Fig. 4.3 With Herbert Matthews at the Old Homestead (Courtesy of the Ernest Hemingway Collection, John F. Kennedy Presidential Library and Museum, Boston, Massachusetts)

Fig. 4.4 Hemingway and Ivens with Loyalist officer (Courtesy of the Ernest Hemingway Collection, John F. Kennedy Presidential Library and Museum, Boston, Massachusetts)

Fig. 4.5 With Joris Ivens (right) (Courtesy of the Ernest Hemingway Collection, John F. Kennedy Presidential Library and Museum, Boston, Massachusetts)

Fig. 4.6 With Ivens at a vegetable stand in Madrid (Courtesy of the Ernest Hemingway Collection, John F. Kennedy Presidential Library and Museum, Boston, Massachusetts)

Fig. 4.7 With Martha Gellhorn at Carnegie Hall, June 4, 1937 (Courtesy of the Ernest Hemingway Collection, John F. Kennedy Presidential Library and Museum, Boston, Massachusetts)

Fig. 4.8 Ilya Ehrenberg, Hemingway, and Gustav Regler, 1937 (Courtesy of the Ernest Hemingway Collection, John F. Kennedy Presidential Library and Museum, Boston, Massachusetts)

Fig. 4.9 Hemingway observing two dead soldiers (Courtesy of the Ernest Hemingway Collection, John F. Kennedy Presidential Library and Museum, Boston, Massachusetts)

Fig. 4.10 Girl gazing at Hemingway and Loyalist Officer (Courtesy of the Ernest Hemingway Collection, John F. Kennedy Presidential Library and Museum, Boston, Massachusetts)

Fig. 4.11 Martha Gellhorn with Major Robert Merriman (Courtesy of the Ernest Hemingway Collection, John F. Kennedy Presidential Library and Museum, Boston, Massachusetts)

Fig. 4.12 Hemingway showing a Loyalist soldier how to unjam his rifle at Teruel, late 1937 (Courtesy of the Ernest Hemingway Collection, John F. Kennedy Presidential Library and Museum, Boston, Massachusetts)

Fig. 4.13 With Milton Wolff at the Ebro (Courtesy of the Ernest Hemingway Collection, John F. Kennedy Presidential Library and Museum, Boston, Massachusetts)

Fig. 4.14 Martha Gellhorn and Hemingway (with back to camera) (Courtesy of the Ernest Hemingway Collection, John F. Kennedy Presidential Library and Museum, Boston, Massachusetts)

Fig. 4.15 With Enrique Líster at the Ebro (Courtesy of the Ernest Hemingway Collection, John F. Kennedy Presidential Library and Museum, Boston, Massachusetts)

Fig. 4.16 Martha Gellhorn standing in front of Joan Miro's "The Farm," Finca Vigia, c. March, 1940 (Courtesy of the Ernest Hemingway Collection, John F. Kennedy Presidential Library and Museum, Boston, Massachusetts)

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CHAPTER 5

The Fifth Column, August–December 1937

In late August, Ernest reunited with Martha and Herbert Matthews in Paris.[1] He found that the City of Light was overflowing with visitors to the International Exhibition. The German and Soviet pavilions towering over the International Exhibition on rival sides of the Trocadero fountains reflected the geopolitical tensions hovering over Europe. Lost among these massive structures was the much smaller Spanish pavilion, which because of the Civil War had opened later than other installations and was frequently ignored by the more than 33,000,000 visitors who ultimately would attend the Exhibition.

Those who did manage to find the Spanish pavilion were typically bewildered, even repelled by the militant spirit of its installations: Pablo Picasso's monumental contribution, *Guernica*; the photographs of dead children; Joan Miró's oversized canvas depicting an upraised arm and clenched fist. Contributing to the revolutionary atmosphere inside the building were films celebrating the Spanish Republic that ran in a continual loop including Luis Buñuel's *Madrid '36* and *The Spanish Earth* by the documentarians Joris Ivens and Ernest Hemingway.

Although he was anxious to get back to Spain, Ernest took time to enjoy the cosmopolitan ambience of Paris—the crowds at the Café de la Paix, the Meurice, the Deux Magots, and the Closerie des Lilas where he spent time with old friends. Sara and Gerald Murphy were in Paris, trying to assuage their grief over the death of their son Patrick, and Sara fussed over Ernest as though he were a surrogate son. There were meals with the Campbells and

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a meeting with Janet Flanner. Ernest also had a quick obligatory drink with Dottie Bishop before running back to Martha and Herbert Matthews "like a horse that has escaped from a burning stable" as Gellhorn described the scene.[2] One day he met Ring Lardner's son Jim who was studying German and Spanish and planning to visit one nation or another as a correspondent for the *Herald Tribune*.

One night, if the notoriously unreliable Lillian Hellman is to be believed, Ernest pounded on the door of her hotel room carrying with him page proof for *To Have and Have Not*, which he wanted her to read and express an opinion. Hellman proceeded to plow through the novel, offering a running commentary that seemed to annoy Hemingway. As dawn broke and Ernest prepared to depart, he informed Hellman, "I wish I could sleep with you, but I can't because there's somebody else. I hope you understand."[3]

For her part, Martha felt overwhelmed by the Hemingway mob, many of them friends of Pauline.[4] Escaping his orbit for a few days, she traveled down to the Côte d'Azur for a nostalgic return to Lavandou. She and Bertrand de Jouvenel had often spent time there together in the early 1930s before she met Hemingway. Marty swam in the Mediterranean's warm waters for two days before rejoining Ernest in Paris.

Hemingway was dismayed by the slanted coverage of the Spanish Civil War in the *New York Times*, where Matthews was having a running battle with the paper's Francoist night editors who favored the reports of William P. Carney, their correspondent covering the Nationalist side of the conflict.[5] Unlike Matthews, now one of Ernest's steadfast companions, Carney was not an embedded correspondent, preferring instead to file revised versions of Nationalist communiques from the safety of Hendaye or Biarritz on the French side of the border. Recently Carney had reported, erroneously, that Republican troops had been surrounded and defeated in Aragon. Such reporting, Ernest fumed, was tantamount to "criminal lying." He even detected pro-Franco proclivities in politically moderate Paris newspapers like *Le Temps* that he scanned for news about Spain.

Although Ernest and Matthews remained optimistic about the endurance of the Republic, they could not ignore the fact that there were increasingly assertive warnings in the international press that Spain's Civil War was tilting in favor of the Nationalists. In a balanced appraisal of the situation, Hanson W. Baldwin, the military editor of the *New York Times*, had concluded that although the Civil War seemed stalemated at the end of

the first year, experts were predicting that Franco's insurgents were likely to win if foreign military aid to both sides remained on the same scale.[6]

The "slight edge" that Baldwin gave to the Nationalists was reflected in the mounting list of dubious victories and outright reversals suffered by Republican forces during the summer and early fall months of 1937. The robust offensive on the Segovia front had stalled in late May.[7] The Huesca offensive, which was launched by General Pavol Lukács on 12 June and cost him his life, was canceled a week later. (Gustav Regler in *The Great Crusade* asserts that the failure of the Huesca offensive to take the pressure off Bilbao contributed to the defeatist mood among some Loyalist troops.[8]) Bilbao fell to the Nationalists on 18 June. Then on 25 July, Republican forces launched an offensive at Brunete, a small town approximately fifteen miles west of Madrid. In a mirror image of what had occurred on the Segovia road, the battle started well for the Loyalists but ended in a stalemate; the operation resulted in grievous Republican losses that included 4300 casualties among the International Brigades along with the death of Bob Capa's companion Gerda Taro.[9] On 24 August, yet another Republican offensive, this time against Saragossa in Aragón, west of Catalonia, and led by the Communist commanders Líster, Kléber, and Modesto, quickly petered out with more casualties than the Loyalists could safely absorb.

On 1 September, the Battle of Belchite began, a ferocious engagement that left the town reduced to rubble.[10] When the battle ended, the smell of rotten corpses and dead animals drifted across the countryside. As with the case of Brunete, the Loyalist commanders responsible for the debacle at Belchite, notably General Walter, ascribed the failure to a Trotskyist "fifth column" that had infiltrated all levels of the Popular Army.[11] The historian Helen Graham calls these desperate encounters a "blood loss" signifying that the Loyalists could not win the Civil War.[12]

In truth, by early September, Franco seemed to be fanning out in every direction across Spain.[13] From Corunna and San Sebastian in the north to Cadiz, Seville, and Málaga in the south, the Nationalists now controlled two-thirds of Spain. The Spanish Republic had been reduced to a triangle of territory defined by Barcelona in the north, Madrid in the west, and Almería in the south. The siege of Madrid persisted. With Italian planes and submarines patrolling Mediterranean waters and the Non-Intervention Committee denying it aid, the Republic was slowly being constricted. Anticipating the final outcome of the Civil War and confirming its own political and religious beliefs, the Vatican recognized Burgos as the legitimate seat of government, joining Italy and Germany, which had withdrawn from the

Non-Intervention Committee on May 30, in declaring Franco as the leader of the lawful government of Spain.

Alone among the three trench buddies sitting in the Café de la Paix that early September, Herbert Matthews worried that growing ideological fissures could doom the Spanish Republic. Although ostensibly on a one-month vacation, he had composed his own detailed assessment of the "enigma" of Spanish Anarchism for the *New York Times*.[14] Scholarly in method and tone, Matthews's article offers readers a historical assessment of Anarchism and its influence on the Spanish character and politics, comparing it to competing impulses of democracy, socialism, communism, and republicanism. Dismissing any appeal of fascism or communism for the average Spaniard, Matthews asserts that the role of the anarchists, notably the C.N.T. (National Confederation of Workers) and the F.A. (Iberian Federation of Anarchists), had been unfortunate. The fate of the Republic, he concludes, hinges on whether or not the anarchists will cooperate with all other groups to win the Civil War or continue to demand a total social revolution. It was a vital time for Matthews, Hemingway, and Gellhorn to return to Spain in order to assess the conflict close up.

Leaving Paris, Hemingway and his two friends flew first to Barcelona and then to Valencia on 6 September, intent on getting to Belchite quickly. Matthews filed an optimistic account, "Success Seen in Aragon," for the *Times* on 8 September before heading to Belchite with Ernest and Martha.[15] With Franco's Fascist forces advancing on Asturias, the last Loyalist bastion on the northern coast, Ernest and his companions were the first American correspondents to get to Belchite. The reporters embarked on a thorough survey of Belchite and the Aragon front from 10–13 September. Ernest filed a long dispatch covering his tour that NANA in New York would break into two parts for publication, the first section carrying the title "Exploits of Americans Wins Hemingway's Praise" and the second one "Hemingway Sees Success for Loyalists in Aragon."[16]

Hemingway apparently did not yet appreciate that the Loyalist successes at nearby Quinto and then Belchite had been Pyrrhic victories costly in men and material and which had done little to delay the march of Nationalist forces from Santander to the remaining Loyalist enclaves in Asturias. He was too elated to be back among the fighters of the Lincoln Battalion to understand the devastating toll Belchite had taken on Republican forces. Ernest observed the Lincoln volunteers lounging under olive trees along a narrow stream; the Aragon dust caking their unwashed, unshaven

faces reminded him of a "cesspool blizzard in Montana."[17] These cheerful men who had taken the fortified heights of Quinto and stormed Belchite were now battle-hardened veterans—not the romantic volunteers he had encountered earlier in the Civil War.

Hemingway was notably pleased to find Robert Merriman among the Lincoln volunteers. Now the nominal chief of staff of the Fifteenth Brigade, Merriman had led the final assault on Belchite. He depicts Merriman in heroic proportions: "Unshaven, his face smoke blackened, his men tell how he bombed his way forward, wounded six times slightly by hand-grenade splinters in the hands and face, but refusing to have his wounds dressed until the cathedral was taken."[18] The tall, charismatic Merriman had become for Hemingway the apotheosis of an American combat hero. The broader reality was something else: 25 Lincolns had been killed and 60 wounded out of a total of 500 Americans. Overall, there were 2000 Loyalist and 7000 Nationalist casualties in the aftermath of Belchite. The smell of death was so strong, Ernest reports, that burial squads had to wear gas masks to recover bodies. Martha was equally graphic in her diary, writing about soldiers pulling dead bodies from collapsed houses: "You could pass a high pile of rubbish and smell suddenly the sharp rotting smell of the dead. Further on would be a half-decayed carcass of a mule, with flies thick on it… It was sunny and quiet and the whole place was infinitely dead."[19]

As with his earlier reports, Hemingway in the second half of his dispatch from the Belchite front presents himself as an expert on political and military affairs.[20] (His dismissal of P.O.U.M. troops, who rarely venture into the heat of battle, inescapably brings Herbert Matthews's concerns about anarchist elements in the Civil War to mind.) Whereas he repudiates P.O.U.M. troops, who never lost a man in combat, Ernest praises General Sebastián Pozas as the new commander of the Aragon front and Army of the East. Pozas's military expertise and success reflect poorly on General Emilio Kléber, who has failed to take Villamayor, thus demolishing his reputation as a "military genius." In sum, Ernest reports, the offensive has been a success with Loyalist forces now occupying key positions southeast of Zaragossa. What Franco will do next is uncertain, but Ernest sticks to his conviction that in order to win the war, "Franco must turn Madrid; that is cut it off from Valencia or cut the road between Valencia and Barcelona."[21]

No sooner had Ernest and his companions returned from Belchite than the Propaganda Ministry arranged for them to cover the newly formed Army of Levante's positions around Teruel, a provincial town at the southern end of the Aragon front to the east of Madrid.[22] While waiting for

their safe conduct passes, Ernest received a telephone call from Alexander Orlov, the NKVD Spanish station chief whom he had met earlier at Gaylord's. At the urging of Gustav Regler, who was slowly recovering from his wounds, Orlov extended an invitation to Hemingway to visit the guerilla training camp at Benimamet near Valencia. A hardened Soviet operative, whose infamy included the torture and execution of Andrés Nin and other Trotskyists, Orlov shrewdly guessed that Hemingway would appreciate the inside scoop on *aktivi* operations behind enemy lines.

Ernest set off for the guerilla camp with Leonid Eitingon, one of Orlov's subordinates.[23] (Eitingon's *nom de guerre* was Kotov, a Party loyalist who in time would coordinate the assassination of Leon Trotsky in Mexico.) At the training camp, Ernest received a grand tour of the grounds and its facilities. The guerillas insisted that he try out the new Russian sniper rifles that they were training with. Following a lavish luncheon, Ernest was given a rare bottle of Russian vodka and escorted back to Valencia. The sinister Orlov, who also controlled the newly reconstituted security service, the Servicio de Investigación or SIM, must have imagined that he had hooked an international celebrity. (Regler later described SIM as "the Russian syphilis."[24]) Ernest did come away from the guerilla camp with insights into their activities that might prove to be useful if ever he were to conceive a partisan political novel.

With their safe conduct passes finally in hand, the three correspondents set off for Teruel on 20 September. They drove up the coast from Valencia, then turned inland and up into the high country of the Sierra Calderona and Sierra de Gúdar. That afternoon they arrived at Mezquita de Jarque, a village close to Teruel where the First Battalion of the Army of Levant was bivouacked. Ernest, Martha, and Matthews stopped long enough to review the Battalion before pressing on to Alframbra, near the gloomy provincial capital of Teruel.

At Alframbra, Ernest encountered the guerilla leader Antoni Chrost, a meeting that has vexed scholars for decades.[25] According to Chrost, the guerilla captain returned to his headquarters that afternoon to discover a stranger sitting at the table with other officers and cursing in Spanish: "*Me cago en la leche de la madre que te parió*" ["I shit in the milk of the mother who bore you"]. Demanding Ernest's documents including his safe conduct pass, Chrost saw that the stranger's name was "Ernesto Hemingway."

Chrost, whose specialty was blowing up trains, sensed that Hemingway was fascinated by the Loyalist guerillas and their activities. Ernest especially wanted to know about the intricacies involved in destroying railroad tracks

and bridges. Chrost asserted that at a later date Hemingway accompanied the guerilla band on a mission. Ernest promised Chrost that he would write about him. Chrost informed Hemingway that he was a Pole, not a Russian. "In my book," Ernest replied, "you'll be an American." The image of Hemingway embarking on a mission with Chrost's guerillas is compelling in light of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* but in the final analysis unverified. What can be established through Martha Gellhorn's diary is that they were indeed in Alfambra on the afternoon of 20 September.[26]

Ernest declared that he and his companions were "the first U.S. correspondents permitted to make a thorough and complete survey" of the area around Teruel.[27] For years following their grueling three-day trip to the Teruel sector, Ernest praised Martha's stamina and courage. Accompanied by Matthews, the couple traversed rugged terrain, subsisted on bread and wine provided by peasants, and slept in an open truck outfitted with mattresses and blankets, sharing covered space in courtyards with cattle, sheep, mules, donkeys, and chickens.[28] Prudently not mentioning Martha in his dispatches, Ernest writes that he and Matthews climbed deep into the highest mountains on horseback, along broken trails, to make a thorough investigation of the Teruel front.

On 12 September, the three correspondents crawled on their hands and knees over freshly strewn straw in a dugout to survey the town of Teruel, a salient into Republican territory controlled by the Nationalists. In his dispatch, Ernest describes the provincial capital with its four brick Mudéjar towers and natural rock formations as virtually unassailable except from the northwest.[29] The correspondent doubted that the Anarchist columns surrounding the town wanted to risk an offensive to take Teruel. But with the formation of the new Army of the Levant, a Loyalist attack on Teruel at some point was probable. By contrast, Ernest states that the terrain, combined with the onset of winter, will make any attack by Franco along the Teruel front "extremely difficult." The mountain ranges and broken hills would hinder any Nationalist operation to conquer the area, thereby driving a wedge to the Mediterranean and splitting Republican territory in two. Finally, extremely cold winter weather would make any Nationalist attack unlikely—and, as it turned out, December in 1937 would be remembered as "almost Siberian."

Leaving Teruel on 23 September, the correspondents stopped near Cuenca on the road to Madrid. The contested area was dominated by Nationalist machine-gun emplacements but Ernest, along with a few other "optimistic" Loyalist officers, went for a swim in the small river running

through the area.[30] Hemingway saw that trout still inhabited the river. Before the war, the larger trout had occupied the pools and shallows of the bank and the smaller ones the shallows. He fed three four-pound trout with grasshoppers, a reprise of Nick Adams's encounter with the trout in his superlative short story, "Big Two-Hearted River." Braving any threat from Nationalist artillery, Ernest observed, "It is a river worth fighting for." By nightfall, the trench buddies were finally back in Madrid.

The Madrid that Ernest and his companions returned to in late September was still holding out against what their friend and fellow correspondent Vincent "Jimmy" Sheean called "Fascist barbarism."[31] Trench warfare continued apace in the University City, Casa de Campo, and Usera districts. The early autumn weather was sunny and crisp, and with Franco concentrating his artillery on the Aragon front, Ernest reported that bombardment of the city seemed less intensive than during his previous assignment.[32]

Ernest and Martha returned to the Hotel Florida, checking into Rooms 113 and 114, still protected, or so Ernest thought, from Nationalist shells launched from Garabitas Hill.[33] Herb Matthews and Tom Delmer would not be joining them at the Florida. The two correspondents decided to rent a penthouse on the Parque de Retiro, farther from the guns on Garabitas than the Hotel Florida, where occasionally an errant shell would shatter the illusion of safety in Ernest's rooms.

For Ernest and Marty, life in Madrid was agreeable. The lovers dined once again at the Gran Via and stopped for drinks at Chicote's, their favorite bar. Ernest usually was in a fine mood, cracking good jokes as Martha recalled. Marty frequently found him to be "valuable cheerful company…and no more boring than we all are the rest of the time."[34] On sunny days when there was no shelling, the couple strolled with crowds through the clothing and jewelry stores; in the art and antique shops, they purchased gold and silver "like speculators." Liquor shop windows displayed bottles of local whiskeys, cordials, and vermouths that Ernest warned were not for internal use. The sandbagged movie theaters were doing a brisk business. From time to time, they visited the "very sweet zoo" that coexisted absurdly with nearby gun positions.[35] At night, they played dominoes like an old married couple.

Yet this romantic wartime interlude existed in proximity to death. No sooner had Ernest and Marty checked into their rooms than an artillery shell came whistling down from Garabitas, exploding against a cornice and showering the room with shattered glass and plaster. Ernest was nonplussed

and fatalistic: It is only the shell that kills you, he mused, that you do not hear.

One notable change that Ernest detected was the tighter Party control being exerted over the war effort. He was confounded by the change in the censorship office. When he and Martha went to the Censura, they discovered that Ilsa Kulcsar and Arturo Barea were no longer in charge. Constancia de la Mora had come from Valencia and was now in control. She was part of an effort to impose rigorous discipline on all branches of government and had shunted Ilsa and Arturo to the periphery of the Censorship Bureau. "I don't understand the whole thing," Ernest told Barea, "but I'm very sorry. It seems a lousy mess."[36]

Herbert Matthews also noted that the central concern of the government was to tighten discipline and reorganize the military. Writing for the 25 September issue of the *Times*, he informed readers that the Loyalist Army was becoming "stronger and stronger with the passing of time."[37] Madrid was "now perfectly poised for defensive warfare," he declared, "a powerful fighting force by any standard" and ready for another winter of siege. As Helen Graham confirms, with the battle of Brunete, fought on the outskirts of Madrid in 1937, the new Republican Army, despite restraints on supplies imposed by Non-Intervention, was beginning to cohere.[38]

Back at the Hotel Florida, Ernest's new salon also was starting to cohere.[39] There was the old mob of correspondents, Spanish officers, and Russian advisers who assembled nightly for food, drink, gambling, and conversation. There were fresh faces including men from the Lincoln Battalion. Evan Shipman, now a Lincoln volunteer, reappeared, recovering from wounds. Then there was Brooklyn-born Milton Wolff, only twenty-two and known as "El Lobo" by Spanish troops for his exploits at Belchite and Brunete. Six feet and two inches tall, the fearless machine gunner would fight in every major battle from Belchite to the Ebro and wind up as commander of the Lincoln Battalion. Afterward, Wolff recalled that "Papa" had fixed him up with a girl at Chicote's, making his ten-day leave enjoyable. Phil Detro, a tall Texan and another Lincoln volunteer, raved about Ernest's hospitality on his return to the Fifteenth Brigade. While in Madrid, Detro introduced his friends Freddy Keller, another machine gunner, and Johnny Tsunakiz, a fierce Greek anti-fascist, to Hemingway, whose food, liquor, and hot water seemed inexhaustible.

On 6 October, accompanied by Matthews and Delmer, Ernest inspected the Brunete front, the town itself in surprisingly good shape despite what was the bloodiest single battle of the Spanish Civil War.[40] They traveled

across the Castilian Plateau in Delmer's Ford, which flew both British and American flags that invited intense Nationalist shelling, the rebels thinking that the occupants must be high ranking officials. From the heights above Brunete, the correspondents gazed at the rebel soldiers strolling the streets. Shifting to a camouflaged staff car, they drove from Villanueva de las Cañada to Villanueva del Pardillo to inspect Nationalist trenches and fortifications. The Battle of Brunete, Ernest speculates in his dispatch, had exposed the inexperience of Loyalist forces to deal with the Nationalist counterattack. But with Franco concentrating his forces in Asturias, the Republican Army can launch incursions into Aragon. Ernest repeats his conviction that ultimately Franco must launch a major offensive on the Castilian Plateau. He admits that he is impatient: If Franco plans such an offensive, he should do it soon and get it over with. In any case, the "fate of Spain is being decided in Berlin where Mussolini and Hitler are conferring." As they drove back to Madrid in the dark, Ernest forgot about all these geopolitical concerns, dreaming instead of a garden in Key West.

On 15 October 1937, Scribner's published *To Have and Have Not*, its release coordinated with a feature story in *Time* including a portrait of Ernest in fisherman's gear painted by Waldo Peirce on the magazine's cover.[41] In its spread, which was as laudatory as the one that *Time* had produced for Dos Passos and his *U.S.A.* trilogy, the reviewer extolled Harry Morgan as Hemingway's greatest creation yet, his "most thoroughly consistent, deeply understandable character." *Time* also celebrated Hemingway's "new maturity of outlook"; clearly, his involvement in the Spanish Civil War had aroused the author's "hitherto well-hidden social consciousness." Despite the strengths of the novel, his first in eight years, the *Time's* reviewer did worry that Hemingway's methods had become dated. Nonetheless, with *To Have and Have Not*, Hemingway had reestablished himself among the first rank of American writers.

Few reviewers were as gracious as *Time* in their assessment of the novel and of Hemingway himself. On the first Sunday following publication of *To Have and Have Not*, J. Donald Adams, writing in the *New York Times Book Review*, charged that Hemingway had not grown significantly as a writer: "There is evidence of no mental growth whatever; there is no better understanding of life, no increase in his power to illuminate or even present it. Essentially, this new novel is an empty book." Adams concluded that it would be even better if the book "had never been published." Louis Kronenberger in *The Nation* agreed, also asserting that the book should

never have been published because it reflected poorly on Ernest's craft. Sinclair Lewis, titling his review "Glorious Dirt" for *Newsweek*, found the novel dull and unoriginal. "Please quit saving Spain," implored Dreiser, "and start saving Ernest Hemingway."

Not to be outdone, *The Saturday Review of Literature* published two negative responses to *To Have and Have Not* in the same issue. Bernard DeVoto attacked Hemingway's outrageous, reductive characterizations and simplistic psycho-sexual views of humankind. Additionally, DeVoto charged, *To Have and Have Not* betrayed any genuine commitment to left-wing politics that everyone had come to expect of the novel and its creator. In the second review, George Stevens asserted categorically: "I remember less about 'To Have and Have Not' after two weeks than about 'A Farewell to Arms' after eight years or 'The Sun Also Rises' after eleven."

Not all reviewers were so vitriolic in their response to the novel. Predictably, *New Masses* praised *To Have and Have Not* for Hemingway's "increasing awareness of the economic system and the social order it dominates." A more nuanced endorsement came from Alfred Kazin, who acknowledged the complexity of Harry Morgan's behavior—his self-reliance and depiction as a sort of "mass man" conscious of his role in society. It seemed to Kazin that Hemingway "is rather less sure of himself than usual, but a good deal more intense." Kazin concluded that Hemingway was "a genuine artist who has worked his way out of a cult of tiresome defeatism."

There were other balanced responses to *To Have and Have Not*. Malcolm Cowley found the novel to be weak in plot and characterization. Nonetheless, he applauded Hemingway's influence on aspiring authors "to write as simply as possible about the things they really feel." Philip Rahv was impressed by Ernest's ability to transpose bravery and physical endurance, the Hemingway staples, to "the stage of world events," suggesting that the author might be prepared for "a social if not political rebirth." The poet Delmore Schwartz shared the ambivalent feelings of Cowley and Rahv, finding merit in Hemingway's keen exploration of the connection between sensation and conduct set against the "background of war," but concluding sadly that the novel was a "stupid and foolish book" that never should have been published.

On the whole, English reviewers were marginally more favorable in their responses to *To Have and Have Not* than their American counterparts. V. S. Pritchett, writing for *Now & Then*, approved of the left-wing politics of the

novel as well as the "very lively" pace of the narrative and the fact that Hemingway apparently had entered into "a new and interesting phase" in his own political development.[42] The reviewer for the *Manchester Guardian* was impressed by the relationship between Harry Morgan and his wife but mildly critical of Hemingway's dismissal of "people of leisure." The *Times Literary Supplement* highlighted Hemingway's talent for understated dialogue and exciting action while criticizing the author's limited values. Cyril Connolly's largely negative response to the novel in the *New Statesman* was nevertheless the most prophetic. Connolly found the novel to be "morally odious." Hemingway had alienated many people with "his books on big-game hunting, his flashy he-man articles in *Esquire*, and his attitude to criticism." Despite his severe criticism, Connolly judged that a better novel was possible. Connolly predicted that Hemingway "is obviously the person who can write the great book about the Spanish War."

If critics had serious doubts about *To Have and Have Not*, the American public did not.[43] By the start of November, the novel had sold 25,000 copies and was fourth on the major best seller lists. Ernest was not impressed. He complained to Perkins about Scribner's failure to advertise the novel vigorously while railing against the "gang-up" by critics he would remember for retaliation.[44] Writing was a "tough racket," he told Perkins, but he was up to the task. In fact, Ernest had embarked on a fresh literary project. The genre was almost entirely new to him, but with a play, he might find a way, as he had with *The Spanish Earth*, to produce another work aimed at political persuasion.

During the dull, cold days of October, when virtually everyone in Madrid was hungry, with even the Moorish insurgents on Garabitas Hill venturing down to the outskirts of the capital to forage for food, Ernest settled into his room at the Hotel Florida to write a three-act play that eventually he would call *The Fifth Column*. Martha later wrote that a cold wind came off the mountain, that it rained steadily, turning the streets to mud that was the color of mustard.[45] Everyone was waiting for the next offensive. Waiting, she said, was a large part of war. Although there was a relative lull in the fighting, Ernest recalled that at least thirty high explosive shells landed on or near the Florida while he was composing the play.[46] He had always wanted to be a playwright, and his was an opportune time—in the presence of war but not having to report it—to begin.

The title of the play derives from a comment that Emilio Mola, the architect and nominal leader of the Nationalist rebellion, made early in the

Civil War. According to Mola, four columns of troops in his northern command were converging on Madrid in October 1936 while a fifth column of sympathizers in the city would attack the Loyalists from within. Herbert Matthews in *Half of Spain Died*, echoing the historian Gabriel Jackson, maintains that fear of a fifth column led to arguably the worst atrocity by Republican forces during the Civil War.[47] On the night of 7–8 November, when the fate of Madrid was hanging in the balance, about one thousand prisoners were taken from the Model Prison and executed. The assumption is that prison guards, assisted by the notorious Communist officer Vittorio Vidali, perpetrated this act. Vidali, who ran the secret police for the International Brigade at Albacete, interrogated prisoners and summarily executed them with a bullet to the head. "Ernest Hemingway told me," recounts Matthews, "that he heard that Vidali fired so often that the skin between the thumb and the index finger of his right hand was badly burned."[48]

Hemingway was aware of the atmosphere of suspicion in Madrid—one that very well might have led to the execution of José Robles who, according to Hugh Thomas, "was murdered because he knew too much."[49] Initially, Ernest thought that he would take this theme of suspicion deriving from the fear of a fifth column and use insights derived from contact with his Communist friends to write a long short story or novella. But he had always wanted to write a dramatic work and by August had settled on a concept that would be aimed, as he had with *The Spanish Earth*, at political persuasion. With Wheeler at NANA telling him that the lull in battlefield action "obviated" any further need for dispatches, Hemingway started to work on a play whose stage directions replicated his own rooms at the Hotel Florida; dealt with thinly veiled composites or actual people caught up in counterespionage; and focused on the tense relationship between two principal figures based on Martha and Ernest himself.

In *The Fifth Column*, the protagonist Philip Rawlings, a secret agent for the Republic who masquerades as a foreign correspondent, is a mock-heroic embodiment of the author. In the author's self-presentation, Rawlings like Ernest is a hulking, big-shouldered fellow who walks like a gorilla. Like Ernest, Philip is fond of raw onions and canned beef sandwiches, plays Chopin records, and is combative and cynical by nature. Moreover, as his lover Dorothy Bridges declares, Rawlings is a "conceited, conceited drunkard," a "ridiculous, puffed-up, posing braggart." Dorothy does find redeeming features in Rawlings: "He is so full of life and good spirits… He's so lovely and so sort of vital and so gay." Nowhere in the Hemingway canon is there such a parodic presentation of the author—perhaps the main

reason that Martha and other friends in Madrid who knew about Ernest's play thought that Hemingway was writing a comedy.

The tone of comedic mockery in Hemingway's approach to Rawlings extends to his depiction of Dorothy Bridges—a transparent and equally parodic version of Martha Gellhorn.[50] Hemingway constructs an acidic portrait of Dorothy, venting the emotional turmoil he was experiencing as he was abandoning his wife Pauline for Martha. He presents Dorothy as a "bored Vassar bitch," a "tall, handsome blonde" who has "the longest, smoothest, straightest legs in the world." Ostensibly an American correspondent like Rawlings, Dorothy "writes quite well…when she's not too lazy," as Philip admits. She is also fastidiously clean and a smart dresser, traits in Marty that bothered Ernest uncommonly. Dorothy's affairs also lend a dubious note to her personal commitments. Ernest might have been thinking of Bertrand de Jouvenel or Martha's many admirers in Madrid when Dorothy rejects one lover at the start of the play to align her destiny with that of Rawlings. "Granted she's lazy and spoiled and rather stupid, and enormously on the make," Rawlings declares. "Still she's very beautiful, very friendly, and very charming and rather innocent—and quite brave." It is impossible to overlook the ambivalent tone of resentment and admiration that Ernest brings to his portrait of Dorothy.

Rawlings's dialectical struggle with the Party mirrors the emotional turbulence girding his relationship with Dorothy. His true love affair is with Communism; as he admits, his time is the Party's time. Even as Ernest interrogates his relationship with Martha, he reflects on what it means to be an American Communist and an anti-Fascist operating at a critical time in the life of the Spanish Republic. "We're in for fifty years of undeclared wars," he boasts, "and I've signed up for the duration."

Given Rawlings's commitment to the Republican cause, it is doubtful that *The Fifth Column* is, as one influential critic suggests, "less egregiously propagandistic" than *The Spanish Earth*."[51] Scott Donaldson, one of the best Hemingway scholars, explains the essential difference between *The Fifth Column* and *The Spanish Earth*: "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 war effort, which gains significance as the first battle in the international struggle against fascism."[52] Throughout the action in the play as well as offstage, soldiers sing patriotic songs including "The Internationale," "The Partizan," and "Bandera Rosa." Moreover,

Hemingway conveys his own political sentiments by introducing the Lincoln Battalion as an integral force in the fight against Fascism. The Lincolns constitute "an awfully good battalion" declares Rawlings; "it's done such things that would break your damn heart if I tried to tell you about it."

Rawlings is one of an international cast of characters devoted to the Republican cause, but he is fully implicated in the darkest aspects of his work as a secret agent. He operates in tandem with a German commander named Max, who with his broken teeth is patterned on Ernest's friend Mikhail Koltsov. Both men answer to Antonio, the chief of police who as Ernest depicts him in the play resembles Pepe Quintanilla, the executioner of Madrid. Rawlings's task throughout the melodrama is to hunt, capture, and execute fifth columnists, even if mistakes occur and innocent victims perish. Rawlings is not blind to the dark underside of the Securidad's efforts to root out Fascist sympathizers; in fact, he prefers to be shifted away from Madrid as soon as possible.

In the end, Rawlings renounces romantic love for love of Party and the Second Republic: "Where I go now I go alone, or with others who go there for the same reason I go." He does not make the "absolutely colossal mistake" of marrying Dorothy that the Moorish prostitute Anita had warned him about. He tells Dorothy: "You're uneducated, you're useless, you're a fool and you're lazy." By labeling her a social and political parasite, Rawlings as a dedicated Communist can break with Dorothy at the end of the play.

The psychodrama functioning as a subtext of *The Fifth Column* reveals Ernest's conflict over his affair with Martha Gellhorn that would persist throughout their relationship. In the wake of their affair, marriage, and divorce, Ernest would confide to Charles "Buck" Lanham, his Second World War buddy, that if he wanted to know what life with Martha had been like, Buck should read *The Fifth Column*.[53] He confessed to Lanham that he had loved Martha, that he occasionally acted poorly with her, and that in retrospect he didn't like her. The seeds of Ernest's vacillation over Martha is clearly revealed in the play as the mock-hero, conflated with Ernest himself, by turns criticizes Dorothy even as he contemplates marrying her. (Martha would be equally dismissive of Ernest in retrospect.) Nonetheless, in the years framed by Spain's Civil War and the publication of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, Ernest and Martha would be mutually supportive; both were repelled by Fascism and fiercely dedicated to the Second Republic.

Near the end of October, Ernest wrote to Pauline informing her that he had completed the play. On 8 November, Pauline forwarded the news to Max Perkins. *The New York Times* quickly shared this development with the public, exciting interest in *The Fifth Column* among Broadway producers. Here was a new piece of propaganda supporting the Republican cause written by the most famous writer in America. But any possible production of this potentially timely and provocative drama would run into obstacles. Hemingway's play would not appear on Broadway until 1940, after the Spanish Civil War had ended.

At the start of November, the decimated International Brigades were officially integrated into the Republican Army; any new Brigade casualties would be filled by Spanish soldiers. In Madrid, under the cold, relentless rain, Ernest, Martha, and Herbert Matthews continued their forays to the trenches at University City. They plodded through trenches filled with the mud, contending with mortar and machine-gun fire. "No matter how often you do it," Martha wrote for *Collier's*, "it is surprising to walk to war, easily, from your own bedroom where you have been reading a detective story or a life of Byron, or listening to the phonograph or chatting with friends."[54] If she had read the manuscript for Ernest's new play, she did not mention it.

On 7 November, with the weather cold and blustery, Madrid celebrated the first anniversary of the arrival of the International Brigades.[55] Buildings and trams streamed with banners in Republican and Soviet colors. A massive parade featured a float with the bear of Madrid sitting on the modeled head of Francisco Franco; a banner wrapped around the statue had the inscription, "Long live Madrid, the capital of the world."

Hemingway and his friends drove out to the headquarters of the Fifteenth Brigade at Ambite for a celebratory lunch at the mill. Ernest mingled with Bob Merriman, Langston Hughes, James Benet (the nephew of the poet Stephen Vincent Benet), and the other guests. Fortified with a copious supply of strong red wine, Ernest and the others participated in toasts and listened to speeches by officers and dignitaries. At the end of the ceremony, Ernest lined up in the courtyard for group photographs before he and his friends drove back to Madrid.

That evening, the trench buddies attended a party at the Gaylord Hotel hosted by the Russians. There was an abundance of vodka and wild dancing.[56] Koltsov, Modesto, and Durán flirted with Martha. Ernest was annoyed by Marty's suitors, perhaps confirming in his mind his caustic rendition of her as Dorothy in *The Fifth Column*. Later, they went to the Alanza

for more drinks, dancing, and songs that lasted into the next morning, 8 November, which was Martha's twenty-ninth birthday.

Martha was in a grim mood on her birthday but Ernest and Herbert Matthews tried their best to cheer her up.[57] Forgotten was the hostility Ernest had worked into his portrayal of Martha in *The Fifth Column* as well as his jealous response to her flirtations the previous evening. Matthews hosted the party at his penthouse, offering Martha a large bouquet of flowers and preparing a lavish birthday meal consisting of caviar, páte en croute, marrons glacés, ham, and Christmas pudding. Ernest contributed champagne and Château d'Yquen. Both men, however, had to work hard to prevent the party from deteriorating. Martha had learned from friends in the States that Pauline was aware of her affair with Ernest. She worried that the scandal was a repeat of her liaison with Bertrand de Jouvenel; once again, she was "up to her neck," as she admitted, with a married man, something she had vowed she never would do again.[58] Martha dreaded her return to New York where she would have to "squelch it all." She was overcome with "a feeling of disaster."

A sense of impending disaster also pervaded the streets of Madrid as residents worried about Franco's next assault.[59] Nationalist forces had entered Gijón on 21 October, completing Franco's conquest of northern Spain. Acknowledging its shrinking command of territory, the Republican government had moved from Valencia to Barcelona by the end of the month. Even as Matthews was filing reports on the growing strength and professionalism of Republican forces, SIM—"the Russian syphilis"—was operating with growing ferocity. Partially staffed with Soviet counterintelligence officers, the Servicio de Información had martialed thousands of agents in Madrid, Valencia, Barcelona, and elsewhere to root out the fifth columnists—the dominant theme and driving motivational impulse of Hemingway's play. SIM also was turning on its own, executing loyalists, Trotskyists, radicals, and purported spies suspected of deviating from the Soviet line. Stalin, who had launched his own massive purges, was in accord with Hitler that Spain's Civil War should continue. What Paul Preston aptly terms "defeat by installments" was moving into a new phase.[60]

This new phase as imagined by Franco involved a renewed attack on Madrid through the Guadalajara front that was scheduled for December.[61] The capture of Madrid was Franco's grand obsession, and the plan might have succeeded had not a spy obtained information on the plot. As a result of this successful spy mission, Republican forces decided to launch a preemptive diversionary strike against Teruel in order to relieve any threat

of an assault on Madrid. At sunrise on 15 December, 90,000 Republican troops under the command of General Vincente Rojo launched a surprise attack on the mountain enclave of 20,000 that was in Nationalist hands. Snow had begun to fall and rapidly turned into a blizzard. The bitter cold and icy roads initially prevented the Nationalist garrison inside Teruel from calling in Italian and German aircraft against the Army of Levant or sending reinforcements. The snow wouldn't stop until 29 December. On the last day of 1937, the temperature dropped to the lowest level recorded that century.

On Friday, 17 December, Ernest along with Matthews and Delmer drove to Valencia on their way to Teruel with the intention of covering the battle.[62] Martha was no longer with the trench buddies.[63] She sailed for the States aboard the *Normandie* on 18 December after completing a series of shortwave broadcasts about the war in Madrid and settling her account with Ernest during a brief stay in Paris. Her plan was to begin a lecture tour back home designed to raise funds for medical supplies, a mission that left Ernest feeling upstaged and abandoned.

Although he was still recovering from a case of the grip that made him feel "sick as a bastard," Hemingway drove with Matthews and Delmer through the night on 17 December to the Teruel front, arriving at Loyalist headquarters the following morning.[64] For the next three days, the correspondents used the headquarters of Colonel Hernández Sarabia, which was located in a heated Pullman car parked inside a railroad tunnel in Mora de Rubielos, near Teruel, as their operational base. Ernest and his companions braved frigid conditions capped by a fifty-mile gale (it was "cold as a steel engraving" he wrote in his dispatch) to reach a command post atop a mountain overlooking Teruel and the surrounding terrain.[65] Crouching against boulders, the reporters watched as four companies assaulted the Muela of Teruel (Teruel's tooth), one of several oddly shaped formations protecting the town from the east. By late afternoon, Republican troops had taken the Muela and surrounded the town. Another battalion broke through the fortified cemetery, forcing its defenders to fall back inside Teruel. Ernest was confident that the Teruel offensive, whether ultimately successful or not, had diverted Franco from his plans for the Guadalajara and Aragon offensives. "As one officer phrased it," he reports, "the rebels have eaten the hors d'oeuvres in the north with Bilbao, Santander, and Gijon, but now they will have to try and eat the big meal and they will find it very indigestible."[66] Ernest and his fellow reporters rushed back to Valencia, arriving near midnight, then typing their reports into the early morning before sending them to Madrid by courier.

By dawn on 21 December, with two frostbitten fingers and scarcely eight hours of sleep over the past three days, Ernest and his friends were back at Republican headquarters on the Teruel front.[67] They were joined by a fourth correspondent, Mathieu Corman, a dashing Belgian reporter for *Ce Soir*. Leaving their car, they joined Loyalist troops in a surge against the fortified rock formation of Mansueto Hill.[68] At one point, Ernest and the other journalists found themselves among a line of Republican infantry on top of a ridge that was receiving intensive machine gun and rifle fire. Ernest dug his chin into the gravel as bullets whipped over his head. Two soldiers were shot and fell dead next to him; he wished he had a spade to make a mound to hide behind but none was available. A soldier lying next to Ernest was having trouble with his jammed rifle. Ernest showed the soldier how to knock the bolt open with a rock as Tom Delmer took a picture of the scene.

All day, under warm, clear skies that to Hemingway resembled an Indian summer following days of sub-zero weather, Ernest and his fellow reporters followed Republican troops as they inched toward the town. They ran into Bob Capa who had rushed from Paris and passed through Barcelona on his way to Teruel.[69] By late afternoon, with Republican and Fascist planes engaged in dog fights, they walked with Loyalist troops down the last hill and into the town. Ahead of them, two trucks filled with young, professional dynamiters secured their passage, the blasts from their detonations echoing through the streets. Capa tracked the dynamiters with his camera; he was with the first T-26 tanks to enter Teruel.

Ernest was amazed when the townspeople greeted him and his companions as liberators.[70] The reporters actually enjoyed being treated like very important officials. Indeed, Ernest thought that the three reporters seemed like distinguished foreign representatives to the men and women of Teruel: "Tom Delmer looks like a bishop, Matthews like a Savanarola and me, like, say, Wallace Beery three years back." When the townspeople asked Ernest what they should do, he told them authoritatively to remain in their homes and not go out in the streets that night under any circumstances. No one believed that Ernest was an American; he had to be Russian. Ernest assured them that he, Matthews, and Delmer were good "Reds." Matthews recalled the excitement of the civilians at being freed from the Fascists. "They embraced us, shook our hands until they ached, patted and prodded and slapped us."[71] A goatskin filled dark red, tangy wine appeared, and everyone toasted the occasion. The entire day, Ernest

reports, had been "very fine." Matthews agreed with Hemingway that the day they "took" Teruel had been "the greatest day of our lives."[72]

Ernest was proud of the dispatch he composed about the liberation of Teruel, which he typed out all night at the hotel. He sent his report not in cablese but in typescript, telling Wheeler at NANA: "UNCABLESED TODAY ACCOUNT COLOUR YOU ALSO BUYING STYLE."[73] Hemingway also told Wheeler to obtain a correspondent's credential for Pauline, who was on her way to Paris and might join him in Valencia around Christmas.

Ernest then prepared to head back to Teruel once more. The dispatch covering that trip unfortunately was lost—and, in the event, Teruel was ultimately lost as well. The three reporters, who were accompanied once again by Capa, encountered fierce street fighting.[74] The Republican 68th Division had secured the area around the Plaza de Toros in the suburbs, forcing the Nationalists back into the center of the city around the Plaza de San Juan. "You could make out the *dinamiteros* running up the first streets," Matthews reported, "and the flashes of their explosive charges exploding inside houses. A great moment had arrived: one of those dramatic moments in history and journalism."[75] It was also a dangerous moment for the four men, especially Bob Capa, who darted back and forth across the streets under constant gunfire in order to capture images of the battle. To Matthews, Capa was brave and loyal, "the greatest of all war photographers."[76] Next to them, three Loyalist soldiers were shot while attacking the seminary. At one point, the gunfire was so withering that Ernest dropped to his knees and crawled, much to the bulky Delmer's annoyance. "I run faster standing," declared Delmer, prompting macabre laughter among the reporters.

That day and the next, shuttling between Valencia and Teruel, Ernest and his companions covered the fighting through the frozen streets of the provincial capital. Capa photographed the advancing Loyalist troops in their greatcoats. He shot images of the devastated central plaza and of refugees being evacuated in trucks. In a striking photograph reminiscent of an etching by Goya, Capa captured a dead soldier draped in the branches of a tree. The young photographer also tracked Hemingway. One image captures Ernest in a stocking cap and muffler, his unshaven face radiantly joyful as he shares American cigarettes with Loyalist officers. To his first wife Hadley Mowrer, Ernest confessed that he had the "most godwonderful housetohouse fighting story" to share with the world, but NANA was not interested.[77]

Even though six thousand Nationalists were still holding out inside Teruel in the Seminary, the Santa Clara Convent, the barracks of the Civil Guard, and other buildings, the Republic quickly claimed a great victory.[78] J. B. S. Haldane squired the American singer and activist Paul Robeson to Teruel to entertain the British battalion with Negro spirituals. Hernández Saravia was promoted to general and the architect of the invasion, General Vincente Rojo, received decorations. For seventeen days, the rebels held out, finally surrendering on 17 January 1938.

Ernest and his companions drove to Barcelona on Christmas Eve. Entering the lobby at the Hotel Majestic, Ernest ran into Jay Allen, who had just arrived from Paris bearing the news that Pauline had expected him there for Christmas. On learning that he had been delayed, she implored Allen to obtain a visa for Spain without success. According to Allen, Ernest "seemed amazed and flattered too, that his wife would risk the dangers of war in order to see him, and mightily displeased with me for not making it possible."[79] Ernest subjected Allen to a thorough interrogation, blaming NANA and Allen himself for the contretemps.

On Christmas day, Ernest joined his friends at the Hotel Ritz to celebrate a new exhibit by his friend Luis Quintanilla, who had spent two months traveling to all major battlefronts in order to capture the human side of war for an installation of 140 drawings.[80] Matthews, Capa, Allen, and Ilya Ehrenburg, who was returning to Moscow, accompanied him to the lavish affair. Along with Julián Zagazagoitia, the Minister of Interior, Ernest was a host and friendly commentator for the exhibit. Artists, writers, and high ranking officials including Prime Minister Negrín and the Catalan President Lluís Companys examined Quintanilla's stark drawings of corpses and maimed soldiers in hospitals. With the support of Hemingway, Matthews, and Allen, the show would be taken in the spring to the Museum of Modern Art in New York. Matthews and Delmer returned to the Teruel front while Ernest prepared to leave Spain for Paris. From the *Normandie*, Martha had written breezily to Ernest, wishing him a happy "yuletide season," and that she would see him "sometime."[81]

Ernest's reunion with Pauline at the Hôtel Elysée in Paris turned out to be stormy. His affair with Gellhorn was now public and Pauline raged against Martha, calling her rival stupid, egotistic, and "almost without talent."[82] Ernest was in an equally dark mood: His liver was bothering him from excessive drinking, and he was at odds with NANA over its refusal to accept any more dispatches. At one point, Pauline threatened to leap off the balcony of their hotel room. Ernest held his ground, charging that

Pauline shouldn't have come to Paris if she only wanted to attack him. He retreated to the local cafés, spending his afternoons with Capa, Regler, and Malraux.

When he learned that Herbert Matthews's book, *Two Wars and More to Come*, was scheduled for January publication, Ernest cabled a blurb that could be used for publicity: "Herbert L. Matthews 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."[83] Clearly Ernest had Carney of the *Times* in mind as the chief faker, but in his opinion, Jack Wheeler of NANA also could qualify.

Ernest sent an angry cable to Wheeler after learning that his dispatches had not been published in the *New York Times* because they duplicated information provided by Matthews.[84] "Congratulate the Catholic night desk," he cabled sarcastically. He had covered the entire Teruel battle and had filed his report ten hours before Matthews did. "Nice work if you can get it." Meanwhile, Marty sent him a breezy note informing him that she had returned safely to the States, "pure from the war."

Ernest and Pauline sailed for the United States on the *Gripsholm* on 12 January.[85] The couple's passage was tempestuous. With winter storms buffeting the ship—"a gale all the way" as Ernest informed Hadley—their quarrel continued between bouts of seasickness.[86] (Apparently forgotten was the fact that in happier times they had taken the *Gripsholm* out of Africa in 1934.) The ship stopped in Nassau where Ernest and Pauline disembarked, thereby avoiding Manhattan's inquiring reporters. From Nassau, they flew to Miami on 27 January. Ernest then brought the *Pilar* down to Key West in another gale. Once back home, Pauline began to relax somewhat, but Ernest was morose and easily irritated if not "almost pathologically suspicious" as he moved into the New Year.[87]

Notes

1. Moorehead, 133.
2. Ibid.
3. Quoted in Hellman, 89.
4. Moorehead, 133.
5. Vaill, 239.
6. *NYT*, June 18, 1937.
7. Beevor, 277.

8. Ibid.
9. Ibid., 298–99.
10. Ibid.
11. Ibid.
12. Graham, 93.
13. Baker, 318; Vernon, 31–32.
14. *NYT*, August 22, 1937.
15. *NYT*, September 8, 1937.
16. Dispatch, 48.
17. Ibid.
18. Ibid., 49.
19. Quoted in Moorehead, 134.
20. Dispatch, 50.
21. Ibid., 51.
22. Vaill, 245–46.
23. Ibid.
24. Quoted in Vernon, 34.
25. For a valuable discussion of this encounter, see Watson, "Investigating Hemingway."
26. Gellhorn, *Spanish Civil War Diary*, September 20, 1937.
27. Quoted in Vernon, 34.
28. Dispatch, 53.
29. Dispatch, 52–53. See also Baker, 319, 623 and Vaill, 247–48.
30. Baker, 623.
31. Sheean, 199.
32. Dispatch, 55.
33. Vaill, 251.
34. Quoted in Kert, 307.
35. Ibid.
36. Quoted in Baker, 319.
37. *NYT*, September 25, 1937.
38. Graham, 53.
39. See Baker, 315–20.
40. Dispatch, 56–59.
41. For critical responses to *To Have and Have Not*, see Baker, 320; Meyers, 295–96; and Vaill, 254–55.
42. Quoted in Hutchisson, 149.
43. Dearborn, 389.
44. Ibid, 390–91.
45. Gellhorn, *The Face of War,* 27.
46. *The Fifth Column*, v.
47. Matthews, *Half of Spain Died*, 20–21.
48. Ibid.

49. *The Spanish Civil War*, 706n.
50. For a provocative account of this relationship, see Stefani Overman Tsai, 59–74.
51. See Raeburn, 5–16.
52. Donaldson, *Fitzgerald & Hemingway*, 415.
53. See Meyers, "The Quest for Hemingway" and Dearborn, 387.
54. Quoted in Kert, 310.
55. Vaill, 262–63.
56. Ibid.
57. Moorehead, 138.
58. Quoted in Moorehead, 139.
59. Preston, *The Spanish Civil War*, 264.
60. Ibid.
61. Ibid., 279–80.
62. Ibid., 282.
63. Moorehead, 150–51.
64. Baker, 322.
65. Dispatch, 61.
66. Ibid.
67. Ibid., 64–65.
68. Vaill, 269.
69. Ibid., 271.
70. Baker, 323.
71. Dispatch, 67. For a full account, see Matthews, *The Education of a Correspondent*, 91–117.
72. Matthews, 7.
73. Dispatch, 64.
74. Beevor, 318.
75. Quoted in Beevor, 318.
76. Quoted in Wyden, 428.
77. *SL*, 462.
78. Beevor, 319.
79. Quoted in Kert, 312.
80. Baker, 323–24 and Vaill, 275.
81. Quoted in Kert, 311–12.
82. Quoted in Moorehead, 141.
83. Quoted in Donaldson, *Fitzgerald & Hemingway*, 414.
84. *SL*, 462
85. Baker, 324.
86. *SL*, 463.
87. Baker, 324.

Check for updates

CHAPTER 6

The Time Now, the Place Spain, January–May 1938

"I am delighted to be back in Key West," Ernest told a reporter from the town's local paper, the *Citizen*, on 31 January. "It is my home, and where my family is." He was trying to sound enthusiastic but his language was stilted. "My best friends are here. No one," Ernest insisted, "has more admiration for the town, and appreciation for the people, their friendliness, the fine life and wonderful fishing here than I have."[1]

In truth, Hemingway was filled with revolutionary fervor and anxious to leave again for Spain. He also admitted to Max Perkins, "Am in such an unchristly gigantic jam of every bloody kind that it's practically comic."[2] From the first day he had returned to Key West, Ernest missed Martha, his trench buddies, and the excitement of war reporting. Since early January, Martha had been barnstorming the country on behalf of the Spanish Republic.[3] She drew large, frequently overflowing crowds at the University of Minnesota on 7 January; the Des Moines Women's Club on 19 January; the War Memorial in St. Louis on 29 January. In St. Louis, while being interviewed by a local reporter, Martha mentioned that famous writers including Ernest Hemingway had gone to Spain to defend the Republic. She predicted that if Franco was not stopped in Spain, there would be a world war.

Martha continued to bombard Mrs. Roosevelt with letters complaining about the docility of the American public and the disgrace of US foreign

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policy. "Tired of explaining to good admirable ignorant seemingly sleepy people about Fascism and democracy. Hate our foreign policy, why is it like that?"[4] The First Lady had no answers, realizing that her husband had little interest in intervening in Spain's Civil War. When Mrs. Roosevelt met left-wing journalist Louis Fischer, she groused, "Please don't tell me about Spain. Martha Gellhorn has already talked to me about it."[5] After sharing an afternoon tea with the First Lady, Fischer penned a hard-hitting article: "We Take Sides by Doing Nothing."

With Martha on her month-long lecture tour and Matthews and Delmer back in Teruel covering the Nationalist counterattack, Ernest felt trapped by domesticity. Pauline had erected a brick wall surrounding the property—as much to keep Ernest in as prying tourists out. He also was outraged by the expensive saltwater pool that Pauline was installing on the front lawn. He was distracted by sick children, screeching peacocks, a suspicious wife. Life on the domestic front put him in a dark mood. In a curious letter to Hadley at the end of the month, Ernest told his first wife that he did not give "a good goddam" about anything; he was not exactly suicidal, but wouldn't mind if someone could shoot him.[6]

It did not help his foul mood when Ernest received a newspaper clipping sent to him by his mother Grace Hemingway.[7] The article described Martha Gellhorn's speech on 3 February before the Oak Park Nineteenth Century Club in which she explained the situation in Spain and the need to oppose Fascism. The reporter for *Oak Leaves* highlighted Martha's short black dress, golden hair, and overall allure: "Miss Gellhorn looked sixteen but spoke in a luscious, deep, free flowing voice with words of maturity and an emphasis of authority." In the margin of the clipping, Grace Hemingway added a note, informing Ernest that she was delighted to meet Martha, who told her that she knew him and his sister Ursula as well.

The news out of Spain, notably on the Teruel front, was not encouraging. With winter skies clearing, the Republican forces occupying the provincial capital now were subjected to ruthless ground and aerial bombardment. On clear days, Italian and German planes bombed and strafed Republican forces in Teruel and surrounding areas. Unlimited supplies of troops, trucks, tanks, and other materiel flowed to the center of the battle while the Western democracies refused to relax the policy of Non-Intervention. The International Brigades, kept out of the Teruel offensive for political reasons, finally had to be activated. Herbert Matthews reported in late January: "For the first time an artillery barrage comparable with those of the Great War was laid down" against a beleaguered city.[8] "At the American

brigade's headquarters, it was estimated that in the sector its battalions held there was not five feet of ground that did not receive its shells. … It was the greatest attack of the war. No fewer than ten waves of men surged forward—brigade after brigade, fresh troops and more fresh troops—until human endurance could bear no more."

It was only a matter of time before Franco would retake Teruel.[9] Freezing conditions sapped Loyalist morale, literally killing troops in their sleep. Arguments about tactics broke out among the Communist commanders González, Líster, and Modesto. By mid-February, advancing Nationalist forces had encircled Teruel. On 21 February 1938, Republican forces barely managed to escape the town, having absorbed 60,000 casualties to the Nationalists' 50,000 men wounded, captured, or killed. According to Sefton Delmer, whose style was more sardonic than that of his peers, the combatants had been fighting over a frozen plateau on a section of the moon. "It was thus with marked numerical and material superiority," writes Paul Preston, "that the Nationalists now prepared to consolidate their victory with a massive offensive through Aragón and Castellón towards the sea."[10] Franco was intent on reaching the Mediterranean shore, thereby separating Valencia from Barcelona and cutting Republican Spain in two.

For Ernest, the news coming out of Spain that February was so disorientating that he found it impossible to write.[11] Hostile responses by reviewers to *To Have and Have Not* continued to rankle, and while the lavish spread in *Time* kept him in the limelight, Ernest complained to Max that Scribner's was not doing enough to promote the book. NANA was equally unappreciative of his talents, having botched his Teruel dispatches and even lost one of them, the finest stuff he had written. Contributing to the psychic turmoil was a suspicion that Matthews and Delmer were upstaging him. To Hadley, he complained that he personally had arranged for the two correspondents to accompany him to Teruel, intervening successfully with Constancia de la Mora to transmit their stories even though it might have cost Constancia her job at the censorship office.[12] Moreover, he had scooped Matthews by ten hours only to discover that he hadn't even received a by-line in the *Times*. "Matthews is a wonderful guy," he told Hadley, "and I'm glad I could be of use to him. But when you wait three months for something that you absolutely know is going to happen and then you have our work absolutely and completely sabotaged…maybe I'd better change my name and start over."[13]

With this dour mood persisting throughout February, Ernest found it hard to start on new projects or return to old ones.[14] He and Max revived the idea of an "omnibus" edition of Hemingway's short stories. What should the sequence be, and what about the titles? Should they include *The Fifth Column*? Max was doubtful that one story, "Up in Michigan," could be retained because of its frank treatment of sexuality.

Hemingway's Key West malaise extended to friends and foes alike.[15] When he learned that Scribner's had hosted a tea party for Max Eastman, he pondered what he would do to his adversary if Ernest ever encountered him alone. Nor could he summon any sympathy for Thomas Wolfe when Max Perkins told him that the novelist seemed to be suffering from manic depression. Tom was a big baby, Ernest replied, adding that it must be hard to be a genius. Even praise from Scott Fitzgerald failed to rouse Ernest from his own bout of depression. When informed by Max that Scott had described Hemingway as the most dynamic person in the world, Ernest replied that he did not want to be thought of as being dynamic. He just wanted to write, and by Jesus Christ that is what he intended to do.

Yet Ernest found that writing was not coming readily—a drought of sorts after an almost frenetic period of creativity during the past year. Under often stressful conditions, he had contributed to a screenplay, composed a three-act melodrama, and filed two dozen dispatches for NANA. Seeking a place that might be more conducive to his work, Ernest took the *Pilar* over to Havana, planning to rent a room at the Ambos Mundos and write some stories about the Spanish Civil War that would be set in Madrid.[16] However, inspiration still eluded him and he wrote nothing. Returning to Key West, Ernest discovered that the new pool was finished and sparkling in the sun. His dark mood returned when he considered what the pool had cost him.

During this frustratingly fallow period, Hemingway barely managed to stay busy in what he now termed the writing racket.[17] He composed an introduction for Gustav Regler that could be used at his friend's speaking engagements. Ernest also provided a prefatory note to the catalogue for Luis Quintanilla's exhibit of drawings that had been installed at the Museum of Modern Art. The writing racket was proving difficult.

Moreover, there were too many distractions. Regler arrived on 7 February to stay with Ernest and Pauline on Whitehead Street, bringing with him fresh memories of their time together in Spain. Then his sons Patrick and Gigi contracted measles, turning the house into an infirmary. In the mail that he had let pile up, Ernest discovered a clipping from the *St. Louis Post Dispatch* that Martha had sent to him. It was Bob Capa's

photograph of Hemingway at Teruel, with Ernest dressed in a tweed jacket, wearing glasses and a cap, and listening to Loyalist soldiers. "Just picked up the paper my dearest," wrote Martha, "and there you were, stocking cap and all, listening so hard to the man. It will hurt me forever that I did not do Teruel with you."[18] Exhausted from her barnstorming—almost two dozen cities in two months—Martha had thrown caution to the wind by sending this message to Ernest's house and implicitly reminding him that their place together was in Spain.

One new project that Hemingway committed to—but not without bruised feelings—involved the launch of a new magazine called *Ken*.[19] Ernest felt that Arnold Gingrich had roped him into contributing to this slick new magazine, designed as a left-wing alternative to *Life* and other illustrated journals. According to its publisher David Smart, *Ken* would offer a progressive, anti-Fascist perspective on national and global events. Apparently, Smart and Gingrich had taken the liberty in its promotional material to announce that Hemingway would be on the editorial staff. Ernest exploded, insisting that the first issue of *Ken*, which was scheduled for early April, print a retraction. He wired the statement to Gingrich: "Ernest Hemingway has been in Spain since *Ken* was first projected. Although announced as an editor, he has taken no part in the editing of the magazine or in the formation of its policies. If he sees eye to eye with us in *Ken* we would like to have him as an editor. If not he will remain as a contributor until he is fired or quits."[20]

Not wanting to rile the only major author they had enlisted for the new publication, Smart and Gingrich agreed to print Hemingway's statement. Ernest evidently still was not placated, complaining about the paltry fee of $200 he had been promised for each article he contributed to *Ken*. Hemingway also worried about *Ken's* avowed ideological perspective. The three men went back and forth on the issue, with Ernest charging that the magazine might not be sufficiently anti-Fascist and anti-totalitarian. Gingrich replied testily: "I don't think that it necessarily follows that if *Ken* praises, as it should, the Communists in Spain, that it must equally laud the Communists in this country. Because *Ken* is avowedly anti-totalitarian it is against the seizure of the government by a dictatorship of either the left or the right."[21]

Joris Ivens shared Ernest's suspicion that Smart and Gingrich might not be ideologically sound in their editorial plans for *Ken*.[22] Writing to Ernest from Honolulu while in transit across the Pacific to begin work on a documentary covering the Sino-Japanese War, Ivens warned him about

Esquire's drift into the Dos Passos camp. Ivens shared Ernest's conviction that there should be no doubts about the course of the war in Spain. He urged Hemingway to speak with mutual friends in New York City who could inform Ernest about the fine points concerning the internal ideological battles unfolding in Barcelona. Joris also suggested that Ernest needed to get back to writing in support of the Republic, for he was a superb "propagandist."

Satisfied that *Ken* would publish "decent" articles on Spain and hew to an acceptable ideological perspective, Ernest sat down to compose an article for the magazine's first biweekly issue scheduled for release on 7 April. He had decided that the thirteen articles he would eventually contribute to *Ken* would be fashioned as brief opinion pieces; as with his recent experimentation with new literary genres, Ernest would provide op-ed articles in support of the Spanish Republic and warning American readers about the menace of Fascism. In his first submission, "The Time Now, the Place Spain," Hemingway sets the Spanish situation in a global context.[23] The only way to prevent a world war, he asserts, is to stop the drift toward a global conflagration in Spain. In fact, the "weak link in the fascist chain" is Italy and its "bluff bully" Mussolini. End the fight against global Fascism in Spain by smashing its weakest link, Ernest asserts, which is the "beatable Italian military machine." Germany and Japan might then think twice about world conquest. If not, he warns, not even two oceans will protect the United States from the prospect of a world war. If America would only relax its policy of non-intervention and provide the Loyalists with the support they deserve, Fascism can be halted on Spanish soil. It is past time for democratic nations to cease their inclination to "talk, vacillate, connive, and betray." Stylistically sharp and provocative, "The Time Now, the Place Spain" was the only substantial piece of writing that Ernest was able to produce that month.

He was sleepless with worry over the fate of Spain. After receiving a phone call from Europe telling him that Franco had launched a new campaign through Aragon to the Mediterranean, Ernest decided to leave Key West and head back to Spain. Apparently, he had been planning his departure for some time because he had managed to wrangle a new six-week contract from NANA, informing Jack Wheeler that he wanted to gather fresh material for a book.[24] Wheeler, however, was cautious, telling Hemingway that any further compensation beyond their six-week contract depended on the broader European situation. And for now, Wheeler informed Ernest, he would receive only $500 for each typed dispatch and $250 for cabled ones.

Ernest wired Max Perkins on 15 March instructing his editor to book passage for him on the *Île de France*.[25] Two days later, he flew with Pauline, who had helped him pack, from Miami to Newark. On Saturday, 18 March, Ernest boarded the ship bound a third time for the Spanish front. "The fate of Spain," Herbert Matthews had written in a recent *Times* article, "hangs in the balance at the front."[26]

Ernest's relationship with Pauline was tenuous at this point in his marriage. He was grateful that Pauline had not raised objections to his precipitous departure, even packing his cold weather gear and accompanying him to New York City without complaint. But while staying with her sister at Jinny's Manhattan apartment after Ernest had left for Europe, Pauline's grief became apparent. Ruth and Jay Allen tried to assuage her doubts but Jinny exploded, calling Ernest a rat and advising Pauline to be tough on her husband. Jinny argued that Ernest had to be treated in the only way that he understood. But Pauline decided to take a less confrontational approach. She wrote to Ernest telling him not to hurry back if he could help beat the Fascists. At the same time, Pauline offered a warning: "Remember that tragedy comes from within, not from without, and remember me without you within limits (figure that out)."[27]

Like Philip Rawlings at the end of *The Fifth Column*, Ernest was intent on going back to the Civil War by himself or with other like-minded souls. He had notified Martha about his plans, and on 22 March, she boarded the *Queen Mary*. She was going for the same reason Ernest was going, telling Mrs. Roosevelt that "the only place for us all is in the front lines."[28] Only in the front lines can you "put your body up against what you hate." Martha cabled Ernest to expect her arrival in Cherbourg on March 28. She informed him that she had arranged to have a car sent for them aboard the *Aquitania* for their use in Spain. She seemed to be taking charge of their relationship come what may. With *Collier's* sponsoring her trip, she wrote: "IF ANYTHING EVER STOPS OUR WORKING TOGETHER, THEN FUTURE NIX."[29]

Aboard the *Île de France*, Ernest opened a briefcase stuffed with short stories and rummaged through them.[30] He wrote to Max Perkins, telling him that once he was in Paris he would organize the stories so that a first edition of his collected short fiction could be ready for publication by Scribner's in the fall. But with the Second Republic in peril because of recent Loyalist army reversals, he told Max that he had an even greater pressing commitment. "I did not want to leave Spain," he confessed, "and all I want to do now is get back."

An article by Dos Passos that Hemingway read while on board rekindled the hostility he felt toward someone who for decades had been one of Ernest's closest friends.[31] He was angered by the fictionalized account of their fiesta at the Fifteenth Brigade in Dos's story "Interlude in Spain." Woven into the tale were allusions to the Lincoln Battalion and certain Russians including a Colonel Walter. Earlier, Dos Passos had published an essay in *Common Sense* bearing the title "The Communist Party and the War Spirit: A Letter to a Friend Who Is Probably a Party Member." Did Dos have Ernest in mind? In any case, he seemed to be implicating Hemingway and others for blindly accepting Soviet tactics and intentions in Spain. It seemed to Ernest that Dos Passos also was a divulging information best not revealed in print. In unbridled anger probably fueled by too much whiskey, Ernest shot off a cable to Dos Passos accusing him of "ratting" on the Loyalists and also getting the story wrong.

After reaching France on 26 March, Hemingway composed a bizarre, scathing letter to Dos Passos that effectively ended any chance of a revival of their friendship.[32] Ernest begins by apologizing for the cable but shifts abruptly to an indictment of Dos Passos as a person and a political activist. He accuses Dos of abandoning the side he once favored and playing into the hands of the Fascists. Dos's hatred of the Communists, Ernest argues, blinds him to the reality of the situation. Moreover, Dos does not get his facts straight: for instance, General Walter is Polish and not Russian. Ernest reminds Dos of all the loans he had extended to the frequently strapped writer; he now expects repayment if Dos ever makes any real money. "Always happy with good old friends," sneers Ernest. "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 Dos Passos'll knife you three times in the back for fifteen cents and sing Giovanezza for free." Ernest's allusion to the patriotic song of Italian Fascists was tantamount to attaching the label to Dos Passos himself. In his mind, Dos Passos indeed was a liar and a Fascist, no longer a trench buddy in the struggle against totalitarianism.

Hemingway reached Paris on 27 March and Martha joined him two days later. His mood improved immediately. They had been apart for almost three months and during this time the European situation had changed ominously.[33] Europe seemed to be on the cusp of conflagration. The Nationalist offensive in Aragon was slowly crushing depleted Loyalist forces. On a broader geopolitical canvass, Hitler had occupied Austria on 11 March and soon thereafter demanded that the German-speaking border area of Czechoslovakia be handed over to the Reich. Herbert Matthews

and other reporters were filing running commentary on the relentless aerial attacks on Barcelona's city center by Nationalist bombers based in Majorca. Wave after wave of planes, taking advantage of a cloudless, moonlit sky, unloaded their cargo, which for the first time included devastating incendiary bombs exploding over the largely defenseless city. The aerial attack was so intense, J. B. S. Haldane reported, that a quarter of the population ran out into the countryside.

Hemingway might have read an illustrated front-page article in the *New York Times* by Herbert Matthews, "When Planes Rain Death on a Big City."[34] The modern science of war, as Matthews terms the eighteen Nationalist air raids that transformed Barcelona into a day of terror, resulted in 1300 deaths, 2000 seriously wounded, and hundreds of houses destroyed. The attack systematically targeted all parts of Barcelona, and with the deployment of delayed fusion bombs was clearly designed to terrorize the population. In one hospital morgue alone, Matthews counted 328 bodies. He felt that his pen "was draped in blood."[35] What happened in Barcelona on Sunday morning 17 March, he warned, could just as readily occur in Paris or any other urban center in Europe. "Barcelona had told what modern war means."

Anxious to rejoin Matthews and the other war correspondents attached to the Loyalist side, Ernest refused to heed Jack Wheeler's cable ordering him to report from the Nationalist side. He had managed to compose two new pieces for *Ken* that reflected an unwavering commitment to the Second Republic. In the first article, "Dying, Well or Badly," Hemingway provides commentary for six gruesome photographs of dead Italian troops.[36] In this foray into photojournalism, he writes that to look on the mangled faces and bodies should remind readers of the need to break the Berlin–Rome–Tokyo axis in Spain. Otherwise American troops would soon be joining them. Hemingway warns *Ken's* readers that some American, English, and French diplomats are incipient Fascists in their refusal to permit democratic Spain from rearming itself.

While in Paris, Hemingway also completed "The Cardinal Picks a Winner" for *Ken*, a savage attack on Patrick Cardinal Hayes in New York City.[37] A nominal Catholic himself in deference to the Pfeiffer family, he nevertheless deplores the spectacle of Cardinal Hayes praying for a Franco victory. Unlike President Roosevelt, who seemingly was terrified of losing the Catholic vote if he were to lift the arms embargo, Hemingway denounces Hayes's denial that Franco bombed Barcelona on St. Patrick's Day as a bald lie. To support his claim, *Ken* includes a photograph of bodies lined up in

a morgue; a second photograph captures the bishops of Madrid, Santiago, and Lugo, surrounded by Nationalist officers, all of them offering what seems to be the Fascist salute.

On 29 March, Ernest telephoned Claude Bowers, the American ambassador to Spain, stressing the need for an evacuation plan for International soldiers should the Second Republic collapse.[38] He was especially concerned about the 500 wounded Lincolns currently in hospitals in Spain. He and Edgar Mowrer (the brother of Paul Mowrer who was Hadley's husband) were raising money for a hospital in Marseilles to absorb the most grievously wounded. However, Ernest advised Bowers that the American government had to be prepared to send ships to Spanish ports in order to evacuate medical teams and wounded men. If these people were captured by the Falange, they would be executed. Bowers was sufficiently impressed by his conversation with Ernest that he sent a cable supporting Hemingway's plan to the State Department on 30 March; he then forwarded a confidential letter to Cordell Hull, the US Secretary of State, on 3 April endorsing the plan.

On 31 March, Ernest and Martha met the war correspondents Jimmy Sheean and Jim Lardner, Jr. at the Gare d'Orsay in order to take the night train to Perpignan.[39] Prime Minister Blum had temporarily reopened the French border for both travelers and supplies destined for the Second Republic. (In the most extensive account of their trip, Sheean discretely does not mention that Martha accompanied the three men.) As the train moved south to Perpignan, the coastal town near the border with Spain, the group had a compartment to themselves. Ernest shared the contents of his oversized silver flask with his friends and the conversation was lively. Hemingway found it amusing that both the youthful Lardner and the older Sheean were reporting for the *Herald-Tribune*. Less amusing was the gangly, spectacled Lardner's desire to join the International Brigades. Sheean argued against this wild dream but Ernest was more fatalistic, declaring that every man had to find his own destiny. Ernest also didn't know why Jimmy Sheean was heading to Spain. "The only story you could get would be to get killed," Ernest declared, "and that'll do you no good. I'll write that."[40] To which the veteran Sheean, who had traveled the globe as a correspondent and had already published books including one of the first studies of modern Iran, replied: "Not half as good a story as if you get killed, and I'll write that." Jim Lardner couldn't stop laughing as he absorbed the older men's jokes.

At Perpignan the next morning, Ernest picked up the car that Martha had arranged to be shipped, and the party drove to Barcelona, arriving that evening.[41] Ernest and Martha checked into the Hotel Majestic, joining Matthews, Delmer, and Haldane who were already there; Sheean and Lardner found rooms at the Bristol. The Majestic had seen better days; Ernest and Martha went to bed on filthy sheets that had been carefully ironed by the staff.[42] The shattered city was short of everything: food, electricity, even soap. Their seedy room at the Majestic was sufficient reason for Ernest and Martha to rise early the next morning and travel to the contested banks of the Ebro.

On the morning of 3 April, Ernest, Martha, and Matthews set out to inspect the Aragon war front and the military situation there. With more than 150,000 troops at his disposal, including the crack Army of Africa that was backed by the Condor Legion, Franco had rolled through the towns of Aragon, its population fleeing before the onslaught of the Caudillo's dreaded Moors. Tough, Brooklyn-born Alvah Bessie, one of the later volunteers to join the Abraham Lincoln Battalion, was amazed by the apocalyptic scene. Bessie found "every town along the Mediterranean shore…empty and deserted."[43] In *Men in Battle* (1939), an important contemporary account by this American writer and activist who would run afoul of the McCarthy witch hunt, Bessie describes roads "jam-packed with peasants evacuating toward the north" in early April. "Their faces were impassive," writes Bessie, "dark with dust of the roads and fields in their eyes. Looking at them you knew what they were thinking: 'Franco is coming; Franco is coming.'" (Hemingway would describe a similar scene in his semi-autobiographical short story, "Old Man at the Bridge," one of his articles for *Ken*.[44])

The correspondents drove south toward Tarragona and the Ebro Delta; flowing from north to south, the river at this point was the last barrier preventing Franco from reaching the Mediterranean.[45] Splashes of almond blossoms and green olive groves dotted the hills along the coastal road, belying the gravity of the situation for Loyalist forces as the Nationalist juggernaut pushed eastward. At Tarragona, the reporters took a fork in the road inland toward Reus and Gandesa. In his first NANA dispatch since returning to Spain, Hemingway describes the flight of the refugees and the exposure to danger that he and his companions faced.[46] Just outside Reus, Ernest and the other correspondents had to dive from their open car into a ditch as a rebel monoplane threatened to strafe their vehicle before it

turned away in order to release its package on Reus. The bombs from the plane reduced Reus to a cloud of dust and smoke.

Inside the town, Ernest describes its main street blocked by destroyed houses and a burst water main. As the correspondents head up a mountain pass to the town of Falset, they encounter streams of refugees fleeing from Franco's legions. Carts are piled high with men, women, and children and their possessions, everyone marching quietly but glancing up from time to time in fear of Nationalist planes. Soon they encounter retreating Loyalist troops, a few at first, and then a stream of men, trucks, and tanks. They also meet men from the Lincoln Battalion, some of whom they recognize. These volunteers from New York and Chicago tell the reporters that the Nationalists have taken Gandesa but that the Americans were still holding a bridge over the Ebro River at Mora and covering the retreat. The flow of humanity becomes so thick that the reporters finally have to halt and turn back to Tarragona and then Barcelona. The planes did not come back, Ernest muses, and the day was so lovely that it seemed ridiculous that anyone should die. Hemingway was proud of the dispatch, considering it one of his best.

The following morning, Ernest, Martha, and Matthews again braved perilous conditions along the shifting, chaotic front in an effort to find the remnants of the Lincoln-Washington Battalion.[47] They heard that 450 Lincolns had tried to defend a hill outside Gandesa before retreating in the night, attempting in splintered groups to reach the Ebro and cross to safety on the eastern side, which was still in Republican hands. Those Lincolns who made it to the Ebro discovered that the bridge they had hoped would facilitate their escape had been blown up. The only way to safety was to swim across the swift-moving river—Spain's largest. Most of the Lincolns who attempted to swim across the Ebro had been swept away by the currents and drowned. Ernest and his companions did discover two shivering survivors, John Gates and George Watt, who had just been given blankets by troops in a passing truck but were standing on the shore in bare feet. Farther downstream, the correspondents ran into four more Lincolns. Milton Wolff appeared, looking older than he had when he first met Ernest in Madrid.[48] Freddy Keller had also survived but with a nasty bullet wound in his hip incurred during the fighting in Gandesa.

Ernest and Herbert Matthews handed out packs of Lucky Strikes and Chesterfields to the bedraggled men as they listened to the tales of escape provided by the Lincolns. Among the survivors was Alvah Bessie, who informed Hemingway that he had heard him speak at Carnegie Hall. Ernest

replied that he was awfully glad to meet Bessie. "I've read your stuff," Ernest said.[49] Bessie described Hemingway as taller than Matthews, "heavy, red-faced, one of the largest men you will ever see; he wore steel-rimmed glasses and a bushy mustache … they were just as relieved to see us as we were to see them."[50]

Hemingway struck Bessie as "a big kid, and you liked him.… He asked questions like a kid: 'What then? What happened then? And what did you do? And what did he say? And then what did *you* do?'"[51] As Ernest peppered Bessie with questions, Matthews, whom Bessie describes as a tall, thin man with "a long, ascetic face" and a "gloomy look about him," was quietly taking notes. With the crash of Nationalist artillery echoing behind them in the distance, Bessie sensed that Matthews was discouraged by the smashing of the Lincoln Battalion, but that Hemingway remained optimistic about the overall course of the conflict even if Franco did make it to the sea. The Republic had anticipated this development, Ernest declared authoritatively. Everything would be taken care of. Communication between Catalonia and the rest of Republican Spain would be maintained. Additionally, Hemingway claimed that President Roosevelt had agreed to his and Matthew's proposal to send 200 planes to France, which would then transfer an equal number of aircraft to the Second Republic. Bessie was dubious—and in fact, the 200 planes never arrived.

From the accounts of the survivors, Hemingway pieced together the nightmarish retreat of the Lincolns through enemy lines, a wild night with the battalion split up in small groups.[52] Many men had disappeared or had been killed, perhaps 300 Lincolns including Major Merriman, chief of staff of the Fifteenth International Brigade. Merriman had last been seen ten miles away, trying to lead several volunteers through enemy lines. Brigade commissar Dave Dolan was also missing and for a time Battalion commander Fred Keller as well. Bessie said that he had last seen Merriman on the night of 1 April. No one had any news concerning Merriman's fate. A scout officer thought that Merriman had been captured or killed. Encircled and trapped, subjected to intense rifle and machine-gun fire, Major Merriman, whose body would never be found, likely died during the chaotic retreat. George Watt recalled that Herbert Matthews was still busy taking notes about the retreat while Hemingway was busy cursing the Fascists. Jim Sheean thought that if Alvah Bessie managed to survive the war, he would have something to write about.[53]

That afternoon, after observing the successful crossing of the Ebro by the British Battalion, led by Vladimir Côpic, the commander of the Fifteenth International Brigade, Ernest and his companions managed to get to Tortosa. What they discovered was a devastated market town, its houses and buildings in ruins and its population vanished. Intense fighting could be heard fifteen miles away on the Ebro. The finest Republican troops were making a magnificent effort to prevent Franco from breaking through to the sea. Hemingway told Bessie: "The war will enter a new phase now, the Government's resistance will double."[54] Hemingway was convinced that "decent people everywhere were putting pressure on their governments to come to the assistance of Spain."

On 5 April, Hemingway pushed northward of Tortosa along the west bank of the Ebro as far as Cherta.[55] The Civil War was not over he declared "by a long shot." In his new dispatch, titled by NANA "Hemingway Finds Morale of Loyalists Still High," Hemingway was filing some of the best journalism of his life. Close to troops in battle, accompanied by Martha, Matthews, and others including Sefton Delmer, he had found a rhythm that animated his writing. His ability to deftly weave personal impressions, graphic detail, and keen military analysis was apparent. In fact, he seemingly had learned from Martha how to practice the "New Reportage" that had emerged in the United States in the 1930s and that Gellhorn had helped pioneer. Hemingway felt comfortable, despite NANA's contradictory strictures, in wedding battlefield reporting with human interest.

Carefully maneuvering through boxes of dynamite placed on stone bridges, Ernest and his companions moved beyond Tortosa, which was still in Loyalist's hands despite reports to the contrary—a fact that he wanted to emphasize. Leaving the car at one point in order to survey the war zone from a terraced ridge, he records the "bung, bung, bung" of bombs dropped by Loyalist planes and describes the weary but resolute Republican soldiers he encounters. He reports that the Republican defensive position is excellent, that Tortosa can be held, and that Government resistance is still strong.

The editors at NANA didn't care for Hemingway's intimate depiction of war and what they perceived as his close association with Herbert Matthews.[56] Wheeler had the temerity to inform Ernest that the *New York Times* was not publishing his dispatches because they overlapped the reports by their correspondent. "REQUEST THEY SEPARATE" Wheeler cabled Hemingway on 8 April. Ernest replied furiously, charging that a

"Jesuit plot" was infecting the *New York Times*; the newspaper was trying to diminish both his and Matthews's pro-Loyalist reporting. But if the *Times* insisted that the two reporters should separate, the editors had better pick up their correspondent's expenses, which Ernest had been covering. His righteous rage against NANA was not over.

Outraged by NANA's charge that his and Matthews's reports were intersecting, Ernest decided to show the editors in New York that he was capable of filing a news account entirely on his own. For the next five days, with only Martha at his side, Hemingway set off to survey the entire front from the Pyrenees down to Tortosa and the Ebro.[57] His sympathies were still with the Republican forces, but in providing an overall assessment, Ernest acknowledges in a new dispatch that Franco's forces were making a steady but unremarkable advance. He describes the campaign in the north as far too leisurely, almost "bucolic"; he sees Loyalist troops strolling mountainous terrain with rabbits slung over their backs. Such troops, he reports, are complicit in the loss of terrain that is vital to the Republic's hydroelectric resources. Counterpoised with the "sleepy siesta" he observes in the north is what Ernest views as the heavyweight prizefight unfolding on the Ebro. On the tenth of April, Ernest reports on Nationalist ground and aerial attacks, the clear Spanish sky filled with the hammering roar of bombers attempting without success to destroy steel bridges over the Ebro.

That afternoon, Ernest and Martha descended a steep trail through olive groves to dine on mutton chops smothered with tomato sauce and onions with officers at divisional headquarters.[58] Overseeing the meal was a young commander whose name appears in Martha's Spanish war journal, a confirmation that she was with Hemingway at the time. This handsome officer was the Communist from Andalucia, Lieutenant Colonel Juan Modesto, whom Ernest and Martha had first met in Madrid. If Martha was correct, Modesto and Hemingway had fought over her during a party hosted by the Soviets.

Hemingway captures Modesto's exuberance over having absorbed the punishing aerial attacks—"world war scale barrages"—launched by the Nationalists without surrendering any ground.[59] The enemy will never get to the sea, boasts Modesto; in fact, he will go down later to bathe in the Mediterranean. When an artillery barrage lands 150 yards from headquarters, Modesto is nonplussed: "They're shooting by the map," he says dismissively. Ernest shares Modesto's optimism: "Franco's forces are absolutely held up in their attempt to come down the Ebro." The center and south of the Catalan front were holding and might yet prevail, but the north had to be reinforced.

Hemingway filed a detailed report from Tarragona on 13 April that he assumed would please the NANA editors for its objectivity.[60] In his dispatch, which again focuses on the fighting around Tortosa, he offers a probing analysis of Franco's tactics. He does not eschew detail, drama, or his personal voice, merely subsuming these stylistic elements to a critical account of Franco's reliance on mechanized warfare to break through to the sea. His tone is authoritative—based on days spent probing the conflict around Tortosa and the other towns dotting the roads to the Mediterranean. He reports that the Loyalist defenses have held against the greatest concentration of firepower since the First World War. All the planes, tanks, and armored vehicles aligned against the Republican Army have been resisted by the entrenched troops of the Republic. Hemingway accurately predicts that the Nationalist push toward the sea will probably occur forty kilometers south of Tortosa at Vinaroz.

Near the end of his dispatch, Hemingway shifts from analysis of the military situation to a more dramatic and impressionistic account of his involvement in the Civil War.[61] Clearly, the Spanish conflict is woven into the fabric of his American identity. Ernest describes the east bank of the Ebro as a romantic American landscape in which the archetypal hero of western fiction comes galloping down the steep mountain slope with a posse close behind. Yet in the absence of any actual dramatic action, the narrator walks down to the riverbank to observe a leisurely exchange of gunfire between Loyalist and Nationalist troops across the Ebro. He urges the Loyalist gunners to hit a tin can perched on a ledge of the castle across the river where the insurgents are entrenched, but the situation seems stable. It is imperative, he concludes, that the Republic reinforce all of its positions from the mountains in the north to the seacoast in Castellón.

Hemingway thought highly of his objective reporting but the editors at NANA did not. NANA notified him two days later: "WIRE HEMINGWAY SUGGESTING FUTURE STORIES EMPHASIZE COLOR RATHER THAN STRAIGHT REPORTING."[62] Moreover, his optimism concerning the military stalemate was tested on Good Friday, 15 April, when the Nationalists reached the sea at the fishing village of Vinaroz—precisely where Hemingway had predicted any breakthrough would occur.[63] Nationalist troops under the command of General Alonso Vega cavorted on the beach at Benicasim and plunged into the waves. William P. Carney reported in a front-page story for the *Times* that the Nationalists had "confronted the enemy today and reached the Mediterranean, thus finally dividing Spain in two parts."[64]

At four in the morning on Good Friday, Ernest and Martha with their companions Herbert Matthews and Tom Delmer left Barcelona under a full moon that illuminated the bare Catalan hills.[65] As the sun rose on this warm spring morning, Ernest observed Heinkel light bombers and Messerschmitt pursuit planes laying waste to Tortosa as they circled the Ebro valley "like vultures waiting for an animal to die." By nine o'clock, they encountered the first retreating troops and refugees, who described a multi-pronged breakthrough of Navarrese and Moorish soldiers to the sea. At one point, Ernest and his friends had to dive into a ditch to avoid bombardment by Savoia-Marchetti planes raking the road. Martha described the scene in a letter to Mrs. Roosevelt: "We watched thirty-three silver Italian bombers fly in wedges over mountains across the clear sky to bomb Tortosa; and anywhere and everywhere is proof of the unbending resistance of Loyalist Spain."[66]

Crossing the last steel bridge that remained passable, the reporters raced south to Vildecona, only seventeen kilometers from Vinaroz.[67] They learned from a Loyalist staff officer, who unfolded maps for them, that rebel troops were advancing from the next village. With the sound of machine-gun fire growing closer, Ernest and his companions retreated to Santa Barbara, thirteen kilometers from Tortosa. They ran into Jimmy Sheean, Joe North, and two other reporters. The two groups of reporters gathered in an olive grove for lunch. Ernest tried to warn Sheean not to venture beyond the crossroads at Santa Barbara because the Fascists were advancing rapidly and Jimmy and Joe could find themselves trapped. Sheean appreciated Ernest's "military mind; at any rate, he had the faculty of seeing a whole military situation position at once (as good commanders have)."[68] But Sheean and North, wanting a scoop of their own, ignored Hemingway's advice, and survived the dangerous venture.

During their lunch, the assembled correspondents watched successive waves of Sovoia-Marchettis laying waste to what was left of Tortosa. Sheean worried that the planes were bombing the bridge there and that he would have to swim the Ebro when he returned from inspecting the conflict farther south.[69] He was correct in his prediction, for when Ernest and his three companions inched back to Tortosa, they discovered that the large steel bridge they had crossed in the morning had been demolished.[70] A guard informed them that they could try to cross a damaged wooden bridge nearby that was still standing.

Nearing the bridge, Ernest encountered a peasant and his mule guiding a cart laden with household items and wine that was blocking their car,

which Delmer was driving. Ernest and Matthews leaped from the car to help push the old man's cart over the rickety bridge while Delmer followed close behind, feathering the car's clutch and inching ahead even as young men struggled to cover gaps with new planks. They managed to reach the far side of the bridge and navigate through the twisted streets of Tortosa. To Ernest, the experience was like "mountaineering in the craters of the moon."[71] After fourteen hours covering the conflict, the correspondents arrived back at the Majestic and set to work writing their reports. Hemingway finally had to admit that it was "a bad night for the west bank of the Ebro."[72]

On Easter Sunday, Ernest returned to the Ebro Delta with Martha and Matthews, aware that Franco's forces were now in complete control of Vinaroz and preparing to expand their control by crossing to the eastern side of the river.[73] At Amposta, south of Gandesa, they encountered streams of refugees pushing northward from Alacnar and San Carlos de las Rápita, fleeing to Tarragona and Barcelona. Ernest spoke with a man who was seventy-six. Worn out by his last-minute departure from San Carlos, the old man told Ernest that he had escaped across a pontoon bridge that had been erected across the Ebro at Amposta. The old man was worried about the animals he had to leave behind. As the old man talked, Ernest jotted down field notes on a sheet of paper that was folded in quarters and numbered. He recorded the gray sky, the shattered road, and the old man's wire glasses.

That night, after returning to the Majestic, Hemingway fashioned a brief narrative, "Old Man at the Bridge" from his experience.[74] In this taut semi-autobiographical sketch, the old man worries about the two goats, cat, and four pigeons he had to leave behind. The narrator assures the old man that the cat can take care of itself and that the pigeons will fly to safety. The old man is dusty and worn out. When the narrator asks him about his politics, the old man replies that he has no politics. Despite the narrator's entreaties, the old man can go no farther, and last image of him is of a forlorn figure slumped in the road. It is Easter Sunday, but the old man's fate will be determined not by divine intervention but rather by pursuing Fascist troops.

With "Old Man at the Bridge," Hemingway was writing fiction based on personal experience; the symbolic power of the tale might have reminded him of similar strategies he had used with "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place" and "Hills Like White Elephants." He was getting back to his true métier, not experimenting with new genres; and with this realization, Hemingway decided to send the piece to *Ken* and not NANA.[75] As he later told

Arnold Gingrich, this compressed two-page story "took charge of itself very quickly."[76] For his part, Gingrich immediately wired Ernest, telling him that "Old Man at the Bridge" was "marvelous." Gingrich added that the brief essays he was contributing to *Ken* were remarkable. "THESE SHORT PIECES," announced Gingrich, "HAVE DONE MORE GOOD FOR LOYALIST CAUSE TEN VOLUMES OF ORDINARY REPORTING."

On 16 April, Ernest, Martha, and Matthews surveyed the Ebro at a point facing Amposta, now occupied by Nationalist troops.[77] They trekked through an irrigation ditch filled with frogs that splashed wildly as the reporters inched their way forward. Beneath the railroad tracks, they encountered fresh Republican soldiers; they were young and unseasoned, bravely pointing their bayonets, which gleamed in the sunlight, in the direction of the enemy. Unfortunately, the glare from the bayonets alerted the insurgents to the Loyalists' position. Machine-gun fire erupted, splattering stones next to Ernest and his companions.

Braving enemy gunfire, Ernest walked down the railroad tracks to get a better view of the action—much as a matador might do in the ring prior to engaging with the bull. He observed German planes on their methodical runs as well as the artillery warming up just as a baseball pitcher might do prior to the start of the game. From the rooftop of a white-washed building, he spied Fascist troops flitting through the trees to the high green bank across the river. Despite the artillery fire, Ernest was oblivious to immediate danger; this was a "dress rehearsal" for the resumption of the battle. As he returned to his companions, Ernest found the mood to be tranquil, almost bucolic. He picked an armful of onions, ripe and sweet, the product of Ebro's rich soil. Having gathered enough information for a dispatch, Ernest returned to Barcelona as rain turned the day dreary. At least, he thought, the rain would prevent the Fascists from making a rapid advance.

Pleased with his recent dispatches and Gingrich's enthusiastic response to "Old Man at the Bridge," Ernest was not prepared for yet another contradictory cable from NANA. He received the new directive from London: "WIRE HEMINGWAY PLEASE RESTRICT CABLES TO VITALLY IMPORTANT DEVELOPMENTS UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE."[78] After dangerous days covering the Ebro conflict, with a courageous woman and other brave reporters at his side, Ernest was fed up with Wheeler. He decided to ignore NANA's editors and their obnoxious orders.

On 24 April, while preparing for dinner at the Majestic with their friends, Ernest and Jim Sheean ran into Jim Lardner on the stairs.[79] Lardner wanted

to speak with them, so the three men returned to Ernest's room. Jim told them that he had decided to enlist in the International Brigade. According to Sheean, Ernest was startled, having previously told Lardner in detail why any attempt to join the Brigades was unwise.[80] For one thing, it was late in the war and it would be a sheer waste if anything happened to the young man. Moreover, Lardner's eyesight was bad and his training nonexistent; he was also a pacifist who had no business playing at war. Lardner was unmoved, replying the Brigades would find his mathematical talents useful as an artillery specialist. "I believe absolutely in the justice of the Loyalist cause," Lardner declared.

The following day, Ernest and his friends attended the first showing of the Spanish version of *The Spanish Earth*.[81] For weeks, Barcelona had been plastered with posters promoting the film. By the time Ernest arrived, accompanied by Martha, Matthews, and Sheean, the crowd in the theater was waiting for the film to begin. However, shortly after the start of the screening, an air raid alarm sounded and the theater went dark. With bombs descending on Barcelona, the crowd remained seated, quietly chatting and waiting for the resumption of the film. At some point, the manager played over the loudspeakers "Riego's Hymn" and the Catalan anthem "Els Segadors" with the audience singing along. Finally, the all-clear sounded and the movie resumed.

When the movie ended and the theater lights went up, a theatergoer recognized Hemingway sitting with Martha and his friends and pointed him out to the audience.[82] For five minutes, the citizens of Barcelona clapped, offering Ernest an ovation that validated his importance to the Spanish Republic. Afterward, Jim Lardner, who had been seated with Jimmy Sheean and the Brigade volunteer Marty Hourihan, approached Ernest to say good-bye; he was going over to the International Brigade headquarters to enlist. Lardner gave Sheean his food, cigarettes, and books including a thick volume of Shakespeare's plays.

Taking a break from his daily travel to the Ebro Delta, Ernest drove up the coastal road from Barcelona in order to visit Freddy Keller and other wounded Brigade soldiers who were recovering from their wounds at a hospital in Mataró.[83] Martha, Matthews, and Delmer, who brought packages of ham and cheese for the men, accompanied him. Keller, whose hip wound was healing slowly, was a former Golden Gloves boxer who had been captured by a Fascist patrol but escaped along with other Lincolns. Described by Matthews as "young and strong as a bull," the courageous Keller after subduing his captors led the other Lincolns to the Ebro.[84]

When some of the Americans hesitated, Keller swam to the opposite shore and back to show his companions that it could be done—a remarkable exploit in Matthews's mind. Ernest was also fascinated by Keller's exploits, constantly questioning him about the battles in which Freddy had fought.

While visiting the wounded Lincolns and the staff at Mataró, Ernest met a young Spanish nurse named María.[85] To all the Americans who were recovering from their wounds, she was the "soul of serenity." At the start of the war, María had been raped by Fascist soldiers. Now she was suppressing her trauma and martialing her political beliefs in an effort to alleviate the suffering of others. After more than a year covering the conflict, Hemingway was amazed by the good fight that Spaniards like María were waging against Franco's forces. He would hold María in his memory, part of the scaffolding he seemed to be creating for a major project.

At the end of the month, Hemingway and his friends traveled 160 kilometers west of Barcelona to inspect the war zone near the city of Lérida, which had been captured by the Nationalists on 3 April despite a heroic defense by El Campesino's division.[86] Braving intense Nationalist gunfire coming from a tower less than two hundred meters away, the reporters hunched over and ran across a railway yard to enter the city. Realizing that the military situation had become critical for the Republic, Ernest filed a dispatch asserting that only two-thirds of Lérida was in Nationalist hands. The eastern bank of the Segre River, with its three strategic roads branching into Catalonia, was firmly controlled by Loyalist forces. The Moors and regular Nationalist troops were bottled up in the castle and buildings in the old town. The situation reminds Ernest of Madrid and the standoff in the Casa de Campo. But he worries that the absence of spring rain has benefited Franco's mechanized forces, who have not had to deal with any raging water from the Segre or Ebro. Still, he sees no end in sight. He has covered four Republican divisions for ten days, with no sign of collapse anywhere. A united democratic civilization, he asserts, can still defeat the Fascist barbarians.

In Ernest's opinion, the very fact that Spain's civil war had reached another May Day and might very well extend to a third was ample evidence that the Republic could still triumph over Franco and the forces of Fascism. In a brief dispatch, actually a manifesto that NANA never published, Ernest dismisses the defeats at Teruel and Aragon.[87] Resistance, he notes, is still solid in Lérida and along the Ebro; there are young, brave, well-trained soldiers under the commands of Modesto, Campesino, Líster, and Durán. Most significantly, the "front" and the "rear" of the Republican

effort were finally synchronized. What Hemingway terms the "two different civilizations"—the politicians in Barcelona and the commanders at the front—were unified. All the corrupt officials and inept officers are gone. Based on his extensive travels along several war fronts, Hemingway detects a purification taking place that raises the promise of ultimate victory. But this desired outcome, he warns, depends on the arrival of more guns and planes. The Republic requires fresh armaments immediately.

Hemingway's optimistic May Day manifesto was marred by an ugly accident that he witnessed as well as by unavoidable facts on the ground.[88] While traveling back from the Ebro front to Barcelona with Matthews and North, Ernest found their car stuck behind a flatbed truck filled with Spaniards; the locals were singing, and when they saw the reporters, they raised their fists in the symbolic Loyalist salute. Suddenly, the driver of the truck failed to navigate a sharp turn and the vehicle plunged into a ditch, scattering the passengers over sharp boulders. The correspondents stopped to offer assistance with Ernest (according to Joe North) the first to rush to the most badly injured and dying. All three reporters now worked side by side, bandaging wounds and consoling those who would not survive. Matthews watched a young girl crying as her father succumbed to his wounds and died.

The facts on the ground also did not accord with Hemingway's ebullient assessment of the overall military situation at the beginning of May.[89] With the Republican sector cut in two and Catalonia vulnerable to the Nationalist onslaught, only Franco's willful decision to turn his forces southward on 21 April to attack Valencia provided the government of Juan Negrín with time to prolong the Civil War by seeking a grand bargain mediated by international powers. To Negrín, it was essential to reorganize the government and galvanize military operations with the objective of convincing England and France that it was in their best interest to have the non-intervention agreement lifted at the May meeting of the League of Nations. On 1 May, Negrín published the Republic's 13-point program. This diplomatic document promised a democratic Spain free of foreign influence; amnesty for rebels; free capital and free elections; agrarian reform and the protection of civil rights. But with the European nations preoccupied with Hitler and Franco intent on the annihilation and unconditional surrender of Loyalist forces, Negrín's peace document and back-channel diplomacy would founder.

After covering the Lérida war zone, Ernest flew to Marseilles with Martha and Matthews in early May to collect his mail.[90] Waiting for him was

a month-old letter from Max Perkins informing Ernest that he thought *The Fifth Column* was "extraordinarily fine." Max found the script to be impressive and moving, testimony to the fact that with *To Have and Have Not* and other recent projects, Ernest had "marched forward into new fields, and large ones." Ernest replied immediately, telling Max that with the death of Austin Parker, who had planned to bring the play to Broadway, a hitch in the production plans had developed. He was not worried, however, and was enjoying the first full day of rest since reaching Europe and Spain. Ernest informed Perkins that he would soon be back in action, for he had arranged with NANA to file new dispatches from the central front around Castellón.

Hemingway's low-level flight from Marseilles to Alicante on 6 May must have reminded him of the changes in the Civil War that had occurred since his first arrival in Spain in March 1937 when he flew over the same region.[91] Flying at 1000 feet, he can see the same blue sea and glorious scenery. He can detect on the horizon the island of Ibiza, which Eliot Paul celebrates in *Life and Death of a Spanish Town*. The landscape is the same, but the military situation has changed. The white-clad towns of Vinaroz and Benicarló that Ernest passes over are now in Franco's control. But the range of hills sliding down to the sea "like dinosaurs come to drink" will hold up the advance of Nationalist forces toward Castellón. Alicante, he reports, is now on a war footing; food is being rationed but in Valencia the cafes are crowded. Moreover, in Valencia, there are legions of young men in Loyalist uniforms ready to fight.

From Valencia, Hemingway struck out for Castellón, passing through the lush, fertile countryside that the Republic still controlled.[92] Reaching the central coast and the front at Castellón, he ran across a line of underground retreats and trench defenses that he found impressive. Ernest and his companions walked along the coastline, studying the enemy's positions from the top of a medieval tower designed originally to guard against pirates. Speaking with a Loyalist commander, Ernest detected a spirted optimism in the officer's assessment of the situation. The commander boasted that Franco's army would have to take the coast a foot at a time to dislodge them. Not even the Nationalist destroyers firing at them from offshore could destroy their positions. The officer hoped Hemingway would be able to stay and witness a new bombardment for himself. Hemingway found the commander's optimism was infectious, but in fact Castellón too would fall to the inexorable advance of Franco's troops despite the fact that the Nationalists suffered heavy losses. The elaborate defenses set up at

Castellón would crumble in July after heavy Nationalist bombing attacks; in the aftermath, there would be severe repression of the remaining population in the area including summary trials and executions.[93]

On 9 May, Hemingway and Matthews checked back into the Hotel Florida in Madrid. Marty had decided not to accompany them; *Collier's* was no longer interested in her reports from Spain, which were "stale" even before they arrived. Instead, the editors at *Collier's* now wanted Gellhorn to cover France, England, and Czechoslovakia. Writing to Edna Roosevelt, Martha confessed that "my daily bread may drive me out for a while, but then I'll come back. What goes on here seems to me very much the affair of all of us, who do not want a world whose Bible is Mein Kampf."[94] While Ernest and Matthews were settling back into the Hotel Florida, which was a bit worse for wear, Gellhorn was traveling slowly through southern France, gathering material for a fresh *Collier's* article on the prospect for war with Germany. Her destination was Paris—and perhaps a reunion with Ernest.

Ernest was pleased to report in his final dispatch for NANA that Madrid was "unchanged and more solid than ever."[95] Once again, he and Matthews had ventured to the trenches at University City, braving Nationalist machine-gun fire and shelling that frequently forced them to duck their heads behind hastily improvised dirt barriers. Two days of interviewing Loyalist officers reaffirmed Ernest's belief that the war would continue for at least another year. Morale is strong, he states, but he worries about the sectional biases of Republican officers who are more concerned about developments in their respective parts of Spain than in the overall offensive. But sectional rivalries, as Napoleon had discovered, could actually work to the benefit of the war effort if everyone could unite around one cause. Hemingway dismisses the predictions of unnamed European diplomats that the war will be over in a month. Instead, he anticipates bitter fighting ahead in Madrid, Catalonia, Castellón, and Valencia. The Loyalist officers that he has interviewed tell him that they need more artillery, automatic weapons, and planes but still have sufficient munitions to last for a year.

From Madrid, Ernest traveled to Paris in order to reunite briefly with Marty near the end of May. They discovered that Evan Shipman, Marty Hourihan, and Freddy Keller were staying at the Hótel Argonne, and that the three Lincolns were having difficulty getting their documents in order.[96] Ernest readily assumed the role of benefactor and tour guide, taking the men to Longchamps racetrack, introducing them to Sylvia Beach at her bookshop, and buying them dinners at Lipp's Brasserie across the street from their hotel.

Despite all the bonhomie, it was clear to Ernest and Marty that their lives and careers were diverging. Now a seasoned, battle-tested reporter, Martha was exploiting her French connections to interview politicians on the left and right. She had lunch with Aga Khan and spent time in the salons of Paris in order to glean insight into the French political mindset. Her years with Bertrand gained her access wherever she went. (Her article, "Guns against France," would appear in *Collier's* on October 8, 1938.) The fact that Martha refused to take money from Ernest and preferred to earn her "daily bread" meant that she would not accompany Hemingway back to the United States. She told her mother that she was being "reasonable" in the French sense of the word. "I believe he loves me, and he believes he loves me, but I do not believe very much in the way one's personal destiny works out, and I do not believe I can do very much about this."[97]

As for Ernest, his contract with NANA, steeped in complaints and recriminations, was finished; he was going back to see Pauline and the boys, whom he had badly neglected as he admitted to a friend. On 25 May, Ernest boarded the *Normandie*, bound for New York and ultimately Key West.[98] Aboard the ship were four stowaways from the Lincoln Battalion. By the end of May, almost 2800 Americans had joined the International Brigades.[99] Roughly 750 Lincolns would perish in Spain including one of the last fatalities, Jim Lardner. Ernest never mentioned the stowaways, who were in the vanguard of the Lincoln Battalion survivors trickling back to the United States and facing hard times.

Notes

1. *Key West Citizen*, February 1, 1938.
2. EH to MP, February 1, 1938, in Bruccoli, 256–57.
3. Kert, 313–14.
4. Quoted in Hochschild, 299.
5. Ibid.
6. *SL*, 462–63.
7. Reynolds, *Hemingway: The 1930s*, 283–84.
8. *NYT*, January 23, 1938.
9. Preston, *The Spanish Civil War*, 279–80.
10. Ibid.
11. Dearborn, 389.
12. Baker, 324.
13. EH to Hadley Mohrer, January 31, 1938, JFK.
14. Dearborn, 389.

15. Baker, 325.
16. Kert, 312.
17. Vaill, 295.
18. Quoted in Vail, 289.
19. Dearborn, 390.
20. Quoted in Baker, 324.
21. Quoted in Vaill, 288.
22. Ibid., 289.
23. *Ken*, April 7, 1938, 36–37.
24. Vaill, 295.
25. Baker, 325–26, 624n.
26. *NYT*, March 13, 1938.
27. Quoted in Kert, 313.
28. Quoted in Vaill, 297.
29. Ibid.
30. Baker, 326.
31. Reynolds, *Hemingway: The 1930s*, 274.
32. *SL*, 463–65.
33. Preston, *The Spanish Civil War*, 282ff.
34. *NYT*, March 27, 1938.
35. Quoted in Hochschild, 282.
36. *Ken*, April 28, 1938, 68–71.
37. *Ken*, May 5, 1938, 68–71.
38. Reynolds, *Hemingway: The 1930s*, 286, 350n.2.
39. Baker, 326.
40. Quoted in Sheean, 240.
41. Vaill, 297. Vaill clarifies the chronology concerning the car's shipment.
42. Sheean, 240.
43. *Men in Battle*, 134.
44. *Ken*, May 19, 1938, 36.
45. Baker, 326.
46. Dispatch, 69–70.
47. For a graphic account of this episode, see Hochschild, xiii–xvi.
48. Baker, 326.
49. Ibid., 327.
50. Quoted in Hochschild, 306–7.
51. Bessie, 135–36.
52. Dispatch, 71–72.
53. Sheean, 58.
54. Quoted in Hochschild, 307.
55. Dispatch, 75.
56. See editorial note, Dispatch, 75.
57. Dispatch, 75–77.

58. Vaill, 302.
59. Dispatch, 77.
60. Dispatch, 77–80.
61. Ibid., 79–80.
62. Editorial note, Dispatch 2, 78.
63. Preston, *The Spanish Civil War*, 283; Jackson, 451; Baker, 327.
64. Quoted in Hochschild, 309.
65. Dispatch, 81.
66. Quoted in Kert, 315.
67. Baker, 327.
68. Sheean, 73–75.
69. Ibid.
70. Dispatch, 82.
71. Ibid.
72. Ibid.
73. Baker, 327.
74. *The Complete Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway*, 57–58.
75. *Ken*, May 19, 1938.
76. Quoted in Vaill, 307–8.
77. Dispatch, 83–84.
78. Ibid., 82.
79. Dispatch, 84–85.
80. Sheean, 248–49.
81. Ibid.
82. Ibid.
83. Baker, 328.
84. Carroll, 175.
85. Baker, 328.
86. Dispatch, 85–87.
87. Dispatch, 85–87.
88. Baker 327, 625n.
89. Graham 98; Preston 286–87.
90. Baker, 328–29.
91. Dispatch 29, 88–91. See also Baker, ibid.
92. Ibid.
93. Preston, *The Spanish Holocaust*, 461.
94. Quoted in Kert, 316.
95. Dispatch, 92.
96. Baker, 330.
97. *MGSL*, 62–63.
98. Vaill, 314.
99. Hochschild, xvi, 377n.xvi.

Check for updates

CHAPTER 7

The Carnival of Treachery, June–November 1938

Hemingway arrived in New York aboard the *Normandie* on 30 May 1938.[1] It was Memorial Day—an ideal occasion to inform a reporter from the *New York Times* about his exhausting coverage of Spain's Civil War on countless fronts. He did not mention the four International Brigade stowaways found aboard the *Normandie*, whom the *Times* saw fit to label "Loyalist Army Deserters."[2] Instead, Ernest assured readers of the *Times* that the Loyalists still had "a good chance of winning." There were divisions among the international forces assisting Franco; moreover, Franco was short of troops. Ernest predicted that "the war would drag on for some time," and though he was now returning to Key West in order to write some new short stories and start on a novel, he would return to Spain "if things got hot."

If Hemingway's commitment to the Spanish Republic brought out his best qualities as Martha Gellhorn, Herbert Matthews, and others attested, Ernest's return to family life in Key West threatened, as it had the last time, to provoke his worst impulses.[3] It did not help that Pauline had already issued a warning: "If you are happy over there don't come back here to be unhappy."[4] In order to test the temperature of the marital waters, Ernest took advantage of his brief stopover in New York to visit Jay Allen and his wife in Greenwich Village.[5] At their place on Washington Square, Ernest tried to distance himself from the strains in his marriage by blaming Pauline's sister Jinny for all the discord, a notion that both Jay and his wife found decidedly self-serving. Jay flatly told Ernest that the situation seemed hopeless, and that Pauline was resigned to a final break in the

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G. H. Muller, *Hemingway and the Spanish Civil War*,
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marriage. Nonetheless, Ernest resolved to return to Key West and pretend that all was well. The next day, he flew to Miami and from there to Key West for his reunion with Pauline, who by this time was fully aware of his relationship with Martha.

Exiting the plane at the Key West airport, Ernest was surprised to see Pauline, their sons Patrick and Gigi, and Toby Bruce waiting for him.[6] Apparently, Pauline had brought their two sons and the trusted family friend in an effort to forestall any unpleasantness—a tactic that did not last long. Within five minutes, while driving to the Whitehead Street house, Ernest, who already was tense and distracted, plowed his Ford convertible into a dilapidated car driven by a WPA worker named Samuel Smart at the intersection of Simonton and United streets. Smart's car rolled over and came to rest on the sidewalk, but he was not hurt. Almost immediately, Hemingway and Smart were in the middle of the street, shouting at each other over who was responsible for the accident. When a police officer arrived at the scene and was unable to diffuse the situation, he arrested both men and hauled them to Police Court.

Although a judge summarily dismissed the case, the accident turned out to be a harbinger of Ernest's tumultuous return to life in Key West. He should have been pleased to find a check for one thousand dollars from NANA waiting for him at the house, but Ernest replied promptly, expressing his disapproval of the amount. Even though he was willing to adjust expenses, he tells Jack Wheeler in a lengthy, legalistic letter dated 2 June, NANA still owes him two hundred and fifty dollars.[7] The textual undercurrent is one of hurt over NANA's failure to appreciate his efforts, his flexibility in responding to contradictory instructions from editors, and the perils involved in reporting from Spain. He had worked between eighteen and twenty hours a day, typically driving 450 km every day covering various fronts. He had been exposed to extreme danger on the Lerida, Castellón, and Madrid fronts, often in the company of Matthews, but the risks that they took had paid off, for both men had been able to file dispatches days before the reports of other correspondents. Prone to self-mythologizing, Hemingway claims that even flying into Spain had been perilous. He had "to come out from Toulouse, go to Marseilles, wait there for a plane to fly, for visa, non-intervention and Spanish. The Italians shot down this sort of plane when returning between Santander and France and if they had known I was aboard they would have tried for it."[8]

Hemingway managed to end his lengthy letter on a cordial rather than confrontational note. He asks Wheeler to contact Jim Lardner's mother to

tell her that her son is safe.[9] After all, Ernest had given NANA his Lardner article for free. He thinks that Jim is a cut above all the little snots and pig-headed people he had encountered in Spain. He is "a nice kid," now training for the Loyalist artillery and in little danger of experiencing direct combat. In fact, Ernest observes, Lardner is a bit too gloomy to make a good, frontline soldier. Turning to another subject, Ernest tells Wheeler that if he makes it to New York City to attend the Joe Louis-Max Schmeling fight, they must get together for dinner.

Immediately after his return to Whitehead Street, Ernest had retreated to his writing room. He burrowed into projects in an effort to keep himself busy and thereby evade Pauline's suppressed anger over his affair with Marty, which was by now common knowledge among their friends. Yet Martha undoubtedly was on his mind as Ernest pondered the production and publishing plans for *The Fifth Column* and his collected stories as well.[10] He had wanted to dedicate the play to Marty and Herbert Matthews "with love" before thinking it best to remove the inscription; but now, in early June, he had to send setting copy to Scribner's.

On 2 June, Max Perkins forwarded a salesman's dummy for the collected stories, now titled *The First Forty-Eight*, to Ernest. Max suggested that *The Fifth Column* was so good that he thought the play should stand alone as a second book. "'The Fifth Column' published by itself," Max advised, "would make a much stronger impression than if it were in any collection. As to the stories—I think now is the time to show what has been done and is being done by putting in the new and the old stories together."[11]

In his reply, Ernest informed Max that he would not know until July if *The Fifth Column* would be produced or not.[12] The producer had not come up with the money, which was a shame because Ernest had written the play with the expectation that it would be staged in a timely fashion. He also was uncertain about the sequence for the stories. Ernest indicated that he had started a new story in Paris and had just completed it, but he needed to rewrite it. The exigencies of war, along with the excessive drinking that had accompanied it, had hindered his creativity. But for the past ten days, he had cut down below his "normal limit" and was getting back to his craft. In any case, he and Max would have a chance to discuss everything when he comes to New York City on 22 June for the championship bout.

The story that Hemingway had started in Paris and was now revising probably was "The Denunciation,"[13] the first of four stories about the Spanish Civil War that he would compose and ultimately publish in *Esquire* and *Cosmopolitan*. Inspired and shaped by Ernest's experience in Madrid

during his first winter there, "The Denunciation" is a discursive story about friendship, murky political loyalties, and betrayal. Hemingway positions himself as a privileged participant in the story. Thus, the tale assumes the allusive, semi-autobiographical tone that he had used in "The Old Man at the Bridge." The narrator-writer in the new story, Henry Emmunds, is named "Ernesto." The action occurs mostly in Chicote's, "the best bar in Spain" where people go—as had Ernest, Martha, and their friends—to forget politics.[14] Ironically, the narrative is entirely political, filled with personalities and events drawn from Hemingway's experience. There are allusions to the trench warfare in the Casa de Campo, the shelling of the Gran Via, and the narrator's room at the Hotel Florida. The name of the chief of the Securidad is "Pepe," whose "strange and deadly voice" reflects Ernest's earlier sense of the dangerous aura surrounding Pepe Quintanilla.

Positioning himself as Ernesto, the writer-narrator explains how he assisted a waiter in Chicote's to inform on a Fascist spy who, dressed in a Loyalist uniform, was sitting at a table with Republican officers. The narrator had known Luis Delgado prior to the Civil War and had liked him, finding him to be an honorable man. But Delgado was a well-known Francoist and had no business being at Chicote's. The waiter also knows Delgado and wonders if he should inform the authorities; Ernesto provides Pepe's phone number and the waiter makes the call. As the narrator leaves the bar, secret service police arrive to take this fifth columnist into custody. Returning to his room at the Hotel Florida, Ernesto telephones Pepe, asking the chief of security to tell Delgado that it was he who had informed on him and not the waiter. In wartime, he muses, small acts of kindness are necessary—though Pepe reminds Ernesto that ultimately it does not matter.

Hemingway was preoccupied with the nature of betrayal in "The Denunciation" and indeed in his life. The story, cast in the first-person voice, is largely interesting for the insights it provides into Hemingway's own state of mind and his personal and political allegiances now that he was back in America. When he started the story, Ernest was with Martha in Paris; back in Key West as he revised the story, he could not have avoided the thought that he was betraying Pauline—a reality that produces the ambivalent political tone of the tale. This theme of betrayal and denunciation seeps into his editorials for *Ken* and his correspondence as well. Ernest argues with Perkins over publication plans for his play and the collected stories. He rails against the critics ganging up against *Ken*. He plans more editorials—an

exposé of the Fascists in the State Department in one and a second article about his old pal Dos Passos and the Robles affair. He charges Jack Wheeler with withholding payment and also writes nasty letters, some of them unsent, to MacLeish charging that Archie owes him money from *The Spanish Earth*. Marital problems and his political activism were taking a toll.

Hemingway's "United We Fall Upon *Ken*" takes issue with unnamed critics who have attacked *Ken*'s editorial biases.[15] Essentially, *Ken*'s editors have been accused of Red-baiting, a charge arising from two cartoons in the initial issue of the magazine that took cracks at Communism—as "part of the coloring" in Wheeler's own words to Ernest. He acknowledges that he has received telegrams attacking *Ken*, but he contends that such hostility undercuts the need to combat Fascism, which the volunteers from the Lincoln-Washington Battalion now back in the United States have bravely embraced.

A recurrent trope in the thirteen pieces that Hemingway would compose for *Ken* is this urgent need to alert readers to the dangers of Fascism. Ernest enjoyed the easy money he was receiving for what was basically a series of brief op-eds, but beyond the two hundred dollars he earned for each submission was a desire to build *Ken* into a force against the Fascist menace at home and abroad. It was the least he could do when Martha was venturing across Europe, warning readers in her *Collier*'s articles about the threat of Fascism that was sweeping the continent. While he was safe in Key West, Martha was in Prague, assessing the Nazi threat to the Czech nation as Hitler demanded that the three million German-speaking people inhabiting the rich industrial lands of the Sudeten be returned to the Reich.[16] This territory in northern Bohemia had been ceded from Austria to Czechoslovakia after the First World War and Hitler wanted it back. "The country is a fortress," wrote Martha to Mrs. Roosevelt on 17 June. Leaving Prague, Martha made her way to England, traveling with Virginia Cowles who was now a correspondent for the *Sunday Times*. She was gathering material for what would be a hard-hitting *Collier'*s article on the Fascist proclivities of the British government, which was led by Neville Chamberlain, whom Martha described as "the most hateful figure in modern times."

Ernest shared Martha's disdain for the English ruling class as well as for the Anglophiles entrenched in the US State Department. In "HM's Loyal State Department," Hemingway attacks what he perceives as a coterie of Fascists dominating the American foreign service and supporting Chamberlain's policies of non-intervention and appeasement. These Fascists who

populate the State Department have done "their level, crooked, Roman, British-aping, disgusting efficient best" to end the Spanish war by denying arms to the Republic and coddling Franco.[17] Once more, he predicts in a new *Ken* article that the Civil War will continue for another year because the Spanish people do not want to be overrun by Germans and Italians.

Hemingway's militant editorials for *Ken* already were beginning to offend powerful pro-Franco interests in the United States—most notably the Catholic establishment. In mid-June, he received a frantic letter from Arnold Gingrich urging him to stay away from religion in his contributions to *Ken*. His article attacking Cardinal Hayes and insinuating that Spanish bishops in an attached photograph had given the Nazi salute had prompted a boycott of *Ken* by American Catholic groups as well as a letter campaign directed against advertisers contributing to the magazine. An effort was also afoot to ban *Ken* from mail distribution and depress its stock on Wall Street. Gingrich advised Ernest to avoid the "Catholic angle" in his future essays for *Ken*. He could "take the treachery angle or the economic or any goddamn angle except the direct religious one."[18] Ernest complied for he had other targets in mind. He did, however, send a telegram to Bishop Francis J. McConnell and Dr. Walter B. Anon instructing that his name be added to the sponsors of the American Relief Ship for Spain that was scheduled to depart in the fall.

Prior to leaving Key West to attend the Joe Louis-Max Schmeling heavyweight championship fight scheduled for 22 June in New York City, Hemingway completed his seventh article for *Ken*. With "Treachery in Aragon," he reprises his quarrel with Dos Passos over the José Robles affair without naming either writer. In a combative mood, Ernest denounces an "American friend" for his political naïveté—a typical trait of the misguided American liberal. This "very good friend" refused to believe that Robles could be a traitor. "I happened to know," Ernest asserts, "this man had been shot as a spy after a long and careful trial in which all the charges against him had been proven."[19] In "Treachery in Aragon," Ernest constructs a parable of personal political failure using his "friend" Dos Passos as the exemplar. Even more than the overwhelming superiority of the Fascist forces that broke through Loyalist positions on the Aragon front, it was the betrayal by fifth columnists that led to the defeat of the Republican Army.

On 22 June, Hemingway joined 70,000 fans at a sold-out Yankee Stadium for the rematch between Joe Louis and Max Schmeling for the heavyweight championship. He was among many celebrities who had assembled for the fight including Gary Cooper, Clark Gable, and J. Edgar Hoover.

Schmeling had upset the heavily favored Louis in their first fight two years earlier with a twelfth-round knockout. With tensions between Germany and the Western democracies increasing, the second bout had assumed racial and geopolitical implications. Prior to the fight, Louis had visited the White House where President Roosevelt told reporters that the American army needed more muscular men like Joe. Knowing that the nation was depending on him for what was tantamount to a national triumph over Hitler, Louis knocked out Schmeling in the first round.

Ernest had resumed boxing in Key West and also was training an amateur boxer, but he had rejected an offer from Jack Wheeler to write a two-part article on the Louis–Schmeling match—one a profile of the boxers and the second a description of the fight itself.[20] When Wheeler offered a meager $250 for the essays, Ernest, whose disagreements with NANA were still raw, turned him down. Instead, after hosting three friends, the former heavyweight champion Gene Tunney, sportswriter Grantland Rice, and the Chicago author Julian Street for lunch at the St. Regis, Ernest decided to write a fanciful article on the match—and boxing in general—for *Ken*.

During their lunch at the St. Regis, Tunney apparently had told Ernest that a well-conditioned human heavyweight could defeat a gorilla named Gargantua that currently was a hit at the Ringling Brothers Circus. Intrigued by Tunney's argument, Ernest composed a wry piece, "My Pal the Gorilla Gargantua," for the 28 July issue of *Ken*. Ernest actually places the short-lived Louis–Schmeling title fight on the periphery of the text, focusing instead on amusing commentary about his pal Tunney. He has fun with the former heavyweight champion, contending that Tunney is unbeatable in the washroom of the Stork Club and the wine cellar at the St. Regis. If any boxer can defeat Gargantua, Ernest asserts, it could be Tunney "because he would not be afraid, because he can hit to the body, and because he is intelligent." However, Joe Louis is a different specimen entirely, dissecting and destroying Max Schmeling in no time at all. "Louis," concludes Ernest, "is still the fastest and hardest hitting heavyweight I have ever seen," Tunney and Gargantua included.

Hemingway remained in New York for about a week. Adept at self-promotion and fond of surrounding himself with admirers, he made the rounds at the Ritz and his favorite bars. He also spent time at the Scribner's on Fifth Avenue, trying to hash out with Max Perkins their ongoing problems with the two books scheduled for publication in the fall.[21] Max still preferred having two books rather than one. In mid-June, he had written to Ernest: "Have you been considering the proposal about the play in

one volume, and the stories all together? We ought to get going soon." Advertisements for the two books had already appeared in the 4 June issue of *Publisher's Weekly* with publication set for September with a sales price of $2.50 for each volume.

Returning to Key West in the last days of June, Ernest escaped from his daily bickering with Pauline by roping Joe Russell into a fishing trip.[22] With the engines of the *Pilar* being overhauled, they crossed from Key West to Havana in Josie's boat, the *Anita*, with Russell's son, "Little Joe," serving as apprentice and learning about the charter business. In Havana, they hired a Cuban crew of two, a gaffer and cook, and set out for the Gulf Stream in search of marlin. The fishing was excellent: Ernest and Josie set a world record by catching seven marlin in a single day. However, the excursion was marred on the last day when a mistake by the gaffer in switching reels prevented Ernest from landing a 450-pound marlin. Ernest had to be restrained from killing the "sonofabitch" by Josie.

Hemingway's volatile behavior continued as soon as he returned unannounced to Whitehead Street on an early July afternoon to discover Pauline, along with their friends Lorine and Charles Thompson, preparing for a costume party that evening celebrating the opening of the Overseas Highway linking Key West to the mainland.[23] Refusing to join Pauline at the event, Ernest retreated to his poolside workroom but could not find the key to unlock the door. With mounting fury, he retrieved a police pistol from a bedroom drawer, shot a round into the ceiling of the living room, and then blasted the lock off the workroom door. Horrified, Pauline gathered the children along with their caregiver Ada Stern and left for the Thompson house.

Later that evening, Charles Thompson prevailed on Ernest to attend the celebration at the Havana Madrid nightclub on Front Street near the docks.[24] Ernest was by turns jovial and morose but deferential to Pauline, who was dressed in a provocative hula skirt. He even danced with guests and conversed pleasantly with Mary Lou Spottswood, a prominent Key West citizen. But when a slightly inebriated guest started to demand Mary Lou for a dance and then took a swing at Hemingway when he intervened, Ernest knocked the reveler senseless—but not before the two men caused $187 in damages to the nightclub. Angered and humiliated, Pauline left the party in a "nervous frenzy" as Lorine Thompson recalled, rejoining her family at the Thompson house. For his part, Ernest repaired to Sloppy Joe's for an all-night drinking bout; Bill Cates, who was Joe Russell's son-in-law, guided him back to the Whitehead Street house the next morning.

To avoid the constant bickering with Pauline, Ernest continued to spend long hours in his writing room, which now had a window air conditioner to protect its occupant from the hot, humid days of July.[25] Whenever he ventured into public, his behavior was erratic. He would scowl at the tourists who now were flocking to Key West. But on other occasions, Ernest would cross the street to converse amiably with strangers who were delighted to encounter Key West's most famous resident and America's great writer. Often on afternoons, he would walk over to the Blue Goose arena to referee semi-professional boxing matches and try to train a hopeless boxer named Mario Perez who had been knocked out in his previous fight. A reporter for the Key West *Citizen* floated the notion, in all likelihood aided by Ernest's own talent for self-promotion, that Hemingway was once an amateur boxing champion.[26] But to those who knew him, Ernest seemed to be a lost soul. He confessed to Bill Cates that he longed to return to Spain.

Barricaded in his writing room, Ernest remained fixated on the situation in Spain. Having dispensed with Dos Passos in "Treachery in Aragon," he now blasted Neville Chamberlain and his "shareholding class" while appealing once more for American intervention in Spain in a fresh essay for *Ken*.[27] In "Call for Greatness," Ernest asserts that among Chamberlain's numerous misdeeds, the prime minister has permitted German submarines to operate off the Basque coast. In his view, Chamberlain is a monstrous accident of history, not a true representative of England. Most grievously as Hemingway explains, Chamberlain is a leader who pretends blindness to Fascism. (He asserts that the French are just as bad.) With the Italians bogged down for the past two years, "the Spanish Republican army fights on to defend its country against a foreign invasion." Hemingway issues a call to greatness to President Roosevelt, who understands the nature of Fascism and has the nation behind him. But what FDR knows privately, he must now turn into action. It is not too late to confront the Fascist policies of Chamberlain, Hitler, and Mussolini.

When not composing his diatribes for *Ken*, Hemingway went back and forth with Max Perkins over publication plans for *The Fifth Column* and what they now were titling *The First Forty-Eight*.[28] Neither man was entirely comfortable with these twin projects but time was running out. On the first day of July, Max forwarded the first forty-five pages of galley proofs for Ernest to look over. In an accompanying letter, Max expressed uncertainty about the sequencing of the stories and the placement of the new ones at the end of the collection. He also continued to worry about

the stark eroticism of some of the language in "Up in Michigan." It would be a shame, observed Max, to risk the banning of the entire book because of a few colorful words.

Hemingway responded on 12 July, arguing that "Up in Michigan," which he admitted suffered from wooden dialogue, must remain in the collection.[29] Now, however, Ernest proposed a single volume for the play and stories. He also sent along a copy of "Old Man at the Bridge" as a forty-fifth story. With production plans for *The Fifth Column* foundering, Ernest saw no reason to release it as a separate book. That same day, Ernest wrote a second letter to Max that reflected a more nuanced picture of what the final book would look like. The new single volume would be called *The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories*. Ernest promised Max an introduction for the book, followed by the play and four new stories: "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," "The Capital of the World," "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," and the retitled "Old Man at the Bridge" with the first article dropped. Next there would be the unaltered version of his early story "Up in Michigan," his narrative about a young girl's sexual initiation (and plausibly his own). Finally, with slight modifications, the stories from *In Our Time*, *Men Without Women*, and *Winner Take Nothing* could appear. Although neither writer nor editor was entirely pleased with this plan, Max decided to acquiesce to Ernest's proposal.

Ernest preferred to stay doggedly focused on his writing for *Ken* and not on publication plans for the play and stories. In mid-July, he received a surprising invitation to continue his ideological battles when M. J. Olgin, the American correspondent for *Pravda*, wired Ernest with a request that he contribute an article of 1000–1500 words titled "Barbarism of Fascist Interventionists in Spain" for the 1 August issue of the newspaper.[30] Ernest immediately telegraphed his acceptance, adding his "regards to Koltsov," the young, cynical friend who had introduced him to the Soviet crowd at Gaylord's and who in all likelihood had recommended Hemingway for the *Pravda* article.

After writing his twice-monthly articles for *Ken* exposing the horrors of the Spanish Civil War, Fascist atrocities, the suffering of civilians, and the duplicity of the Western democracies, Hemingway did not have to shift literary modes, readily preparing his piece for *Pravda*. As with "Call for Greatness," just published in *Ken*, Ernest casts his *Pravda* article as a vitriolic attack on the Fascist powers that have been allowed to invade Spain with impunity. "During the last fifteen months," Ernest begins, "I saw murder done in Spain by the Fascist invaders."[31] Ernest writes as a

witness to barbaric events, for he had experienced the shelling of innocent civilians in Madrid, Lerida, Barcelona, and Alicante. This calculated murder of the civilian population could only arouse anger and hatred. "So you hate the Italian and German murderers who do this," Ernest contends, "as you hate no other people." Hemingway concludes that the Fascist invaders have made a fatal mistake by killing 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." Hemingway's essay appeared on the fourth page of *Pravda* alongside contributions by Koltsov, Upton Sinclair, Mao Tse-tung, and Chou En-lai. Having contributed his talents in the service of anti-Fascism and defense of the Second Spanish Republic, he did not mind being associated with these revolutionary figures.

Promoting the cause of the Spanish Republic at home was not the same as being in the line of fire as was Ernest's trench buddy Herbert Matthews. Ernest probably was disturbed to read the by-line by Matthews appearing in the 13 July issue of the *New York Times* titled "Madrid Suffers Grimly."[32] At the end of the second year in the Civil War, reports Matthews, the situation in Madrid is bad. With the coastal road cut and little chance that a rail line can be completed, the "martyred capital" is drastically short of meat, fruit, and vegetables. Even bread has been cut to one-fifth of previous supplies for families. The capital is on edge, with trials for espionage, and high treason spiking. Still, there is no wavering; the people of Madrid remain stalwart in their resistance.

At home, Ernest was holding firm with his ongoing articles against the forces of Fascism engulfing Spain and soon, he predicted, all of Europe. In "A Program for U. S. Realism," an article for *Ken* he was writing while preparing his by-line for *Pravda*, Hemingway demonstrates an astute understanding of European history.[33] He alludes to the Prussian general and military theorist Carl von Clausewitz, whose dictum that war is a continuation of politics by other means informs Hemingway's own realistic sense of the situation in Spain. Abandoning any earlier warnings that the United States should stay out of European wars, Ernest now makes a cynical suggestion that America should sell arms to all sides—for hard cash. With uncanny accuracy, he predicts that a general war will break out in Europe by the summer of 1939.

Fascinated by the history of war, Hemingway expands his own treatise on military tactics in his next selection for *Ken*. In "Good Generals Hug the Line," he criticizes the Nationalist general and coup leader Emilio Mola,

who early in the Civil War had raised the specter of a fifth column assisting in the four-pronged assault on Madrid.[34] Mola had a "mania" for keeping his headquarters far from the battlefront. The irony of the situation, as Ernest stresses, is that Mola, along with a second leader of the rebellion, General José Sanjurjo, were killed in air crashes. In contrast, Loyalist officers including Modesto, Líster, Durán, and El Campesino, all of whom were wounded but survived, always stayed close to the action, reflecting Napoleon's preference for young, versatile commanders willing to remain in proximity to the battle. Echoing von Clausewitz, Hemingway provides *Ken*'s readers with insights into the fog of war.

During the sweltering days of late July, Ernest's favorite retreat was no longer the *Pilar* or Sloppy Joe's but rather his air-conditioned writing room where he could bring the temperature down to a relatively pleasant eighty-five degrees.[35] Pauline, meanwhile, who remained committed to their marriage, was planning a family vacation to the L Bar T Ranch in Wyoming. Shortly after jointly celebrating their birthdays—his thirty-ninth on 21 July and her forty-third on 22 July—Pauline began to assemble luggage for their cross-country drive in a new Buick, which had replaced the ill-fated Ford earlier that summer. She was preoccupied with what Ernest would need for the trip: "Papa's western gear" consisting of two rifles, three shotguns, one pistol, and four different rounds of ammunition.[36]

Before leaving for northwestern Wyoming, the site of pleasant holidays for the family in the past, Ernest was preoccupied with correcting proofs for *The Fifth Column*.[37] He finished the task on 3 August, one day prior to their planned departure, and mailed the proofs to Max Perkins with an accompanying letter. He informed Perkins that the play could still be produced if he agreed to having a playwright "doctor" the script, but he was uncertain about how to proceed. Ernest asked Max for advice on the matter. Perkins subsequently replied, telling Ernest that he still preferred the earlier plan to have two volumes published simultaneously instead of one.

On 4 August, Ernest set off for Wyoming with his family, a trek across the country that Patrick Hemingway, sitting in the backseat, recalled as an odyssey of constant bickering between his parents.[38] The grim tenor of the trip was set when, near Palm Beach, Ernest scratched the pupil of his bad left eye, forcing him to lay up in a darkened motel room for two days. Finally emerging with a patch covering the damaged eye, Ernest drove frantically westward. Running out of money in Denver, he wired Max to send an advance. They arrived at the L Bar T in cold rain, which persisted

for a week, forcing family members to endure each other's company in tense cabin quarters. Ernest made the best of the situation, reading and correcting proof for the stories. On 27 August, he mailed the proofs to Perkins from Cooke City.[39] In an accompanying letter, he admitted to lingering confusion about the best sequence for the stories. It was simply "sort of goofy," Ernest maintained, to adhere to the reverse chronological order in the proofs. He preferred the earlier plan for a preface followed by the play, the new stories, "Up in Michigan," and then the short fiction that had been collected in the three earlier volumes. But if Max wanted it the other way, Ernest told him to go ahead.

With bad weather persisting and the prospect of hunting in the mountains bleak, Ernest had time to write the preface for the new collection. In fact, he had been amazingly productive for the past eighteen months—an accomplishment that he detailed in a revealing letter to his mother-in-law on 18 August.[40] Ernest boasts that he has produced a movie picture; a play that might earn him a fortune if only he can find a Broadway producer; fifteen magazine articles; and $15,000 worth of newspaper dispatches. The tone of his letter to Mrs. Pfeiffer swerves into a confessional mode when he admits that during this period of literary productivity, Ernest has messed up his life better than if he had hired someone to do it for him.

The problem was Spain, which had provoked a doctrinal battle in his mind. Apparently, Ernest senses a cruel paradox at work: The more committed he had become to political writing and engagement in the fight against Fascism, the worse his personal life had become. During his three trips to Spain, he admits that he had been intolerant, ruthless, and cruel. He attributes his offensive behavior to the machinations of the Catholic Church, which was supporting the enemy. Given this reality, there was no way that he could submit his life to the discipline of the church. In fact, he had stopped praying. To Ernest, it seemed "crooked" to embrace any religious institution so closely aligned with Fascism.

Ernest finished the thousand-word preface on 20 August and mailed it to Max Perkins.[41] The preface mirrors the mixture of self-regard and uncertainty characterizing Ernest's letter to his mother-in-law. He offers readers a portrait of the artist in wartime, composing *The Fifth Column* in the fall and winter of 1937 in the Hotel Florida, which was under constant bombardment from the rebel guns on Garabitas Hill. He intended for the play, which he folded under his mattress every night and managed to send it out of the country prior to the successful assault on Teruel, to be produced, but unanticipated delays in any timely mounting of the play

forced him to include *The Fifth Column* in the collection. He provides readers a crash course in the origin of the phrase "fifth column" before moving to a defense of the decision by Loyalists to execute fifth columnists convicted of treason. He knows that he risks criticism in acknowledging this grim fact, but he maintains that such individuals deserved their fate. In any case, the "dignity of the cause of the Spanish people will be written after the war is over."[42]

After challenging readers to appreciate the complex ideological currents he has tried to capture in the play, Ernest's overview explaining the collected stories seems cursory and languid. He explains when and where the stories were written, lists some of his favorites including "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," "Hills Like White Elephants," "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," and "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place," and alludes to the many kinds of short stories in the collection, some of them that probably schoolteachers would like.

Hemingway ends the preface with an extended metaphor presenting the writer as an artisan continuing to hone his craft.[43] Of necessity, the writer must submit his dulled instrument to the grindstone, hammering his art into shape, refining it with a whetstone. It is time, he implies, for him to get back to the grindstone, for he knows some good stories.

There was one last important detail Ernest had to attend to before mailing the preface to Max Perkins. He composed a dedication in longhand: "To Marty and Herbert with Love." The intended dedication would not survive the production process. Still, Ernest was thinking about his two close companions, who were reporting from Europe while he was making the best of the situation in remote Wyoming.

Hemingway's love for his trench buddies apparently triggered a sudden resolve to end his vacation in Wyoming and return to Europe for a fourth time.[44] Fortunately, NANA had asked him to cover the eroding European situation, providing Ernest with the pretext he needed to tell Pauline that he would leave immediately for France where, along the French border, Hitler was conducting war games. The Nazi leader might just be on the verge of precipitating another Great War. He promised Pauline that he would not expose himself to combat. To his surprise, Pauline did not object, deciding instead to rent an apartment in New York for two months and wait there for Ernest's return. She did not know, although Ernest probably did, that Marty had been in Paris since 14 August; she had made arduous trips to England and Prague and was anticipating a reunion with Hemingway.

Prior to his departure, Ernest completed another article, "False News for the President," for *Ken*.[45] Once more, he lambasts the State Department

for deliberately misleading President Roosevelt for two years about the Civil War in Spain. Ernest testifies that he has heard from a reliable source that the confidential reports of his friend Ambassador Claude C. Bowers were not reaching the Secretary of State or the President. Fascists and pro-Franco elements at State have misinformed the President, telling Roosevelt that the war would soon be over if the embargo was not lifted.

Hemingway implies that he has provided Bowers with a more optimistic assessment of the situation. "The Spanish government," he contends, "has fought on against the greatest odds that any people has ever faced."[46] They have blocked Franco's drive toward Valencia and crossed the Ebro to destroy his communications. The war will continue. It is not too late, he argues, to lift the embargo.

Hemingway flew to New York on 29 August, leaving the family in the care of Toby Bruce who would drive them to the Pfeiffer house in Piggott, Arkansas to continue their summer vacation before returning to Key West. During his two-day stopover in Manhattan, Ernest met with Max Perkins in order to finalize plans for the publication of what they agreed would be a single book, *The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories*.[47] There was no longer any prospect that the Theatre Guild, which had recruited Lee Strasberg to direct *The Fifth Column* and Franchot Tone to star as Rawlings, would be able to mount the play on Broadway anytime soon.[48] Max was not happy with the project or with the lugubrious title as he intimated in a letter to Scott Fitzgerald. But he had managed to convince Ernest to remove a hurtful reference to Fitzgerald in the original version of "The Snows of Kilimanjaro."

Ernest left for Paris aboard the *Normandie* on 31 August, having passed through New York City like a bullet as Max informed Scott Fitzgerald.[49] Three days later, Pauline wrote to Ernest, assuring him that she was in fine shape but "missing you very much, but in a fine solid way founded on quiet confidence that everything is going to be fixed up good."[50] One week later, after receiving sprightly cables from Ernest, Pauline told him that she would provide him with a "golden key" to the apartment she planned to rent in New York so that he could "slip in anytime."

On 6 September, Ernest arrived in Paris to be reunited with Martha.[51] However, he learned that Marty would not be remaining in Paris because *Collier's* had instructed her to return to Prague in order to report on the deteriorating Czech situation. First, however, they took a brief vacation to the coast between Le Lavandou and St. Tropez. When news reached them

that Prime Minister Edvard Benes had accepted the British and French proposals to cede the Sudetenland to Germany, Martha headed immediately to Czechoslovakia. She would cover the consequences of the Munich pact for more than one month and not return to Paris until late October.

Left alone in Paris, Ernest set to work on two stories about the Spanish Civil War that he had managed to sketch out in Key West.[52] As with "The Denunciation," he returned to the siege of Madrid for inspiration and Chicote's bar as a prime site for the action in these stories. In the shorter of the two stories, "The Butterfly and the Tank," Ernest recounts an event that he, Martha, and Langston Hughes witnessed at the popular hangout in Madrid during the second winter of grim shelling in the nation's capital.[53] Experimenting with the liminal space between nonfiction and fiction, Hemingway creates an inherently dramatic but also symbolically resonant dimension for the actual episode. Assuming the persona of the writer-narrator, Ernest recreates a bizarre episode at Chicote's during the cold, rainy siege. In the packed bar one night, a poorly clothed figure named Pedro disturbs the patrons, who already seem to be on edge, and upsets an older waiter by spraying him with a flit gun. The dignified waiter takes offense, and soldiers throw Pedro out of Chicote's. When this clownish figure returns to the bar and continues spraying with the flit gun, the soldiers kill the "flit king," then flee before members of the Seguridad arrive.

The narrator initially thinks that the event could be turned into a comic story, but subsequently he discovers that the episode—and the fate of the flit king—assumes more profound meaning. This comic figure, in fact a cabinet maker with a family, had come from a wedding and was spraying the patrons with eau de cologne, not insecticide, in an effort to transform the evening from one of tense interaction into a more pleasurable occasion. The narrator discusses the implication of this fresh information with a waiter and the manager at Chicote's, who is an old friend, the next morning. The manager tells the narrator that he must now write a story, to be called "The Butterfly and the Tank," that illuminates the multiple meanings of the drama that has unfolded. The butterfly will be the flit king, the tank Chicote's, a site of contention that captures the reality of a city under siege, and a trope for the Civil War itself. The narrator is somewhat dubious about this gambit, but fortified by a free gin and tonic, he sits down with the manager on a bright, sunny morning to compose the tale.

For some time, Hemingway had been intrigued by the story of the flit king because he had alluded to it in *The Fifth Column*. In the play, Dorothy

Bridges, the thinly disguised version of Martha, recounts this episode at Chicote's, which she finds depressing. A poor, bedraggled man who was spraying everyone with a flit gun but intended no harm had been shot and killed. Dorothy tells this disquieting story to Rawlings, who does not respond in any significant way.

The narrator-as-artist in "The Butterfly and the Tank," on the other hand, transforms the episode into a symbolic tale designed to capture the grotesque and fatal nature of the Civil War unfolding in Spain where mistakes are made and people die for all the wrong reasons. Langston Hughes also describes the episode of the flit king in his autobiography, *I Wonder as I Wander*, taking issue with Hemingway on a few details but intrigued by Ernest's artistry. "I was interested," Hughes recalls, "in observing what Hemingway did to real people in his story, some of whom he described almost photographically."[54]

Hemingway reimagines another event in the second, more expansive story that he wrote in Paris while waiting for Martha to return. In "Night Before Battle," he recreates autobiographical events in order to interrogate the mistakes made by the Republic during the siege of Madrid.[55] Set in April 1937 at the time Ernest was in Madrid assisting in the filming of *The Spanish Earth* and reporting for NANA, the story mixes personal experience with reconstituted incidents in order to provide a nuanced assessment of the course of the Spanish Civil War during its early stages. Exploring the creative possibilities of autofiction, Hemingway devises a thinly disguised persona in the figure of a narrator whom he names Edwin Henry. At the start of the story, Henry stops at Chicote's after a long, dangerous day in the Campo filming footage for a documentary on the Spanish Civil War. Hemingway presents the same setting and action that he had evoked in his early NANA dispatches. There is description of the Old Homestead where he, Martha, Matthews, and other correspondents viewed the battle as well as details about the basement restaurant at the Gran Via hotel. Now, however, he incorporates vitally new insights into the failure of the Republican attack. In truth, in "Night Before Battle," Hemingway seems to be coming to terms with the possible defeat of the Loyalist army and the Republican cause.

At Chicote's, the narrator runs into an American friend, a Brigade tank driver named Al Wagner who shares Edwin Henry's fatalistic sense that the Republican battle plan in the Campo is flawed. While having several rounds of drinks, the two men listen to a small, opinionated man who talks at length about the failings of Largo Caballero, the prime minister, whom the little man mocks as the "Spanish Lenin." It was Largo who had also

assumed the war portfolio, who had devised the flawed plan for a frontal attack in the Casa de Campo. Wagner confides to the narrator that he has a premonition that he will die in the next day's poorly conceived assault.

Hemingway eschews the metaphorical dimension he devised for "The Butterfly and the Tank," but evokes the same contrasting moods of frantic gaiety and grim finality in the longer story. "Night Before Battle" tracks a long night of drinking, eating, gambling, banter, and carousing—all designed to mask the deadly realities that everyone must contend with. He populates the story with figures sketched from life: good waiters and surly ones; American aviators who frequently gathered in Ernest's room at the Hotel Florida to drink his booze, eat his ham, bathe in his tub, and gamble all night. In the story, one of the Florida's many prostitutes walks through the room accompanied by an Englishman (patterned loosely on Tom Delmer). At the end of the night's revelry, the narrator and tank leader agree to meet at Chicote's the following evening, but an air of impending doom permeates the story and the final scene. Al is not afraid of death but hates the idea of dying in a wasteful attack. He senses that his luck has run out—just as it had during his participation in the crap game.

Forwarding "Night Before Battle" to his editor Arnold Gingrich at *Esquire* on 22 October, Ernest expressed pleasure with his "swell big story."[56] He had now given Gingrich three "good ones" for the magazine. It felt wonderful, he remarked, to be getting back to fiction, for he was "going nuts" writing articles for *Ken*. A story like "Night Before Battle," he observed, just takes hold of him. After all, "A writer has to write."

Ernest was elated to be writing fiction again and to be back in France. Twice weekly, he and Ben Gallagher went hunting for pheasants in the Sologne region of north-central France.[57] Back in Paris, he had started work on a major new project, telling Gingrich that he had "two chapters done on a novel," an observation he repeated to Max Perkins in a letter near the end of October.[58] That incipient project, which would become *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, was drawing him back to Spain. He informed Max Perkins that he would return to Barcelona in November for a "look in" on the situation in Catalonia.[59] He had promised Pauline that he would stay away from the fighting and therefore had turned down an offer of a staff-captain's commission in a new French outfit being formed to aid the Loyalists. Sounding gloomy, Ernest spoke of "the mess everything's in, and the sort of letdown and carnival of treachery and rotten-ness that's going on."

Contributing to Ernest's growing disillusionment with the political situation in Spain were the mixed reviews for *The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories* which Scribner's had released on 14 October 1938. Reviewers generally praised the stories but panned the play. Edmund Wilson in the *Nation* asserted that the short fiction was "very fine," judging "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" a classic.[60] On the other hand, Wilson loathed the play, contending that it endorsed the role that the Soviets were playing in Spain. The *New York Times Book Review* echoed Wilson's verdict, finding the play monotonous, while *Time* magazine called *The Fifth Column* "ragged and confused."[61] Malcolm Cowley, writing in the *New Republic*, ridiculed Dorothy Bridges as a fanciful Junior Leaguer who prevented the play from assuming potentially tragic overtones.[62] Predictably, *New Masses* defended the play and its author for a freshly realized social and political consciousness.[63]

Ernest complained to Max Perkins about the critical "gang up" but indicated he didn't "give a shit" except for the possibility that negative reviews might affect his livelihood.[64] Scribner's also was to blame, he implied, for failing to promote the book vigorously. He told Max that Pauline, who was now living in New York, strolled by the Scribner's windows on Fifth Avenue and couldn't find a single copy of the book being displayed.

Ernest welcomed Martha's return to Paris on 22 October.[65] Perhaps out of discretion, they had led separate lives that autumn, but now they tried to enjoy the fragile effervescence of Paris that was masking a nation woefully unprepared for war. American and British tourists were still filling the hotels, and the cafes where she and Ernest spent sunny days were also bustling.[66] Still, Ernest and Marty were gloomy about the European situation, the flood of refugees arriving in Paris including Jews from Germany, and the news of the deteriorating Loyalist campaign on the Ebro that was coming out of Spain. In a barrage of letters to her mother and Mrs. Roosevelt, Marty echoed Ernest's words about the carnival of treachery and his darkening mood, speaking of terrible betrayals. She shared Ernest's hatred of England and Neville Chamberlain. "Gellhorn is renouncing England," she informed an old admirer, H.G. Wells. She sat down to write a piece for *Collier's* about the unfolding Czech tragedy, "Obituary of a Democracy."

Ernest and Marty were in Paris on 29 October when a farewell parade—"la Despedida"—was held in Barcelona for the remnants of the International Brigades.[67] Some 40,000 Internationals from thirty nations had fought in Spain, but now Prime Minister Negrín, still seeking a compromise peace, had proposed the removal of all foreign volunteers.

Although Martha would later intimate that she had witnessed the monumental parade, with the Internationals looking "very dirty and weary and young, and many of them had no country to go back to," it is likely that she culled these details from newspapers and newsreels she and Ernest canvassed for information about Spain. They undoubtedly read about the decimated Brigades and might even have seen photographs of the parade shot by Robert Capa. It was a grand, emotional event, the Internationals marching down the broad, sycamore-lined Avenida Diagonal and past the reviewing stand where Negrín, President Azaña, a tearful Constancia de la Mora and the entire cabinet stood saluting the volunteers.[68] The Communist firebrand Dolores Ibárruri, now known worldwide as "Pasionaria," gave a speech that captured this emotional moment. Speaking of the heroic sacrifices of the Internationals, she declared: "You are history. You are legend.…We will not forget you."[69]

Near the end of the parade came the remaining 200 Lincolns in their motley uniforms, led by Americans that Ernest would have recognized.[70] First among the Lincolns was Milton Wolff, the tallest in the Brigade. Next to him marched Leonard Lamb, his three wounds still healing. Trudging with them was a depressed George Watt. Herbert Matthews reported that the Americans had learned to fight before they learned to march because their lack of polish showed. One Lincoln missing from the ragtag Americans was Jim Lardner. Ernest would learn subsequently that Jim had been killed on 23 September while leading a patrol. He had been the last Lincoln volunteer to enlist, and one of the last Americans to die for the cause.

On 4 November, Ernest left Paris for Barcelona; he checked into the Majestic where Matthews and Delmer provided him with a grim assessment of the conflict.[71] The surprise counter-attack across the Ebro involving 80,000 Republican troops on the night of 24 July initially had been successful. Franco, typically cautious and methodical (much to the disgust of Mussolini), responded slowly to the surprise attack with fresh reinforcements including the Condor Legion and by 1 August the Loyalist advance had been stopped below Gandesa. The battle, ultimately involving 250,000 combatants and described by Paul Preston as "desperate and meaningless," raged for three months.[72] Over 113 days, 7150 Loyalists and 6100 Nationalists were killed while 110,000 men suffered wounds and mutilation. When the rebels opened the dams in the Pyrenees in order to flood the Ebro River, the Loyalists found themselves trapped in the rocky hills above the river and subjected to withering air bombing.

On 5 November, Ernest set off in two cars with General Hans Kahle, Matthews, Sheean, Henry Buckley of the *Daily Telegraph*, and Bob Capa for the Ebro, where General Enrique Líster was still holding a bridge on the far side of the swollen river.[73] Arriving at the Ebro, they discovered that the bridge had been destroyed. Ernest found four men to row them across the river in exchange for cigarettes. Climbing ashore, the men walked to the village of Mora la Neuve, finding the town destroyed and abandoned. From Mora, they trudged uphill to the headquarters of the Fifth Army in a whitewashed, stone-and-stucco farmhouse. Líster came outside to greet the group heartily but it was clear that the commander was tired and distracted. Líster chatted with Kahle and the journalists on the terrace of the farmhouse. He sat briefly with Ernest on a stone ledge, and Capa took their picture. Líster then spoke with Kahle, urging him to get the correspondents back across the river because he had just received orders to retreat.

Back at the Ebro, Ernest found a boat to take them across the river but only two boatmen were available, one of whom was an emaciated peasant scarcely able to row.[74] Halfway across the turbulent river, the boat began to veer dangerously downstream toward the spiked remnants of the destroyed Mora bridge. Ernest grabbed an oar and started pulling "for dear life" as Jimmy Sheean recalled. Matthews also confirmed that Hemingway "saw the danger we were in. He grabbed a spare oar, manipulating it on the left side and through sheer brute strength pulled us of the predicament. If he hadn't we surely would have been dashed against the bridgehead, thrown in the water and drowned."[75] With Buckley shouting slow cadences like a coxswain on the Thames, Hans Kahle removing his heavy military boots and getting ready to swim if necessary, Matthews and Sheean grinning, and Capa shooting footage, Ernest guided the boat out of danger. Finally, the men managed to alight on the far side, all of them cursing profusely.

From Mora, Ernest and his companions drove "like hell" according to Jimmy Sheean back to Barcelona. Along the road, they ran into other correspondents from the United Press, Reuters, and the Associated Press. It seemed to Sheean, who enjoyed ribbing Ernest, that the entire foreign press had come out to the Ebro that day—for the last time. For Sheean, it was the final days of the Spanish Republic as well, "the face of light struggling against the turbulent onrush of the engulfing dark."[76]

The next day, Ernest and Herbert Matthews drove from Barcelona to the town of Ripoli, fifty kilometers from the French border, to visit the last group of Lincolns who were awaiting evacuation on 2 December.[77] In a street of the village, they ran into Alvah Bessie, whom Ernest had last

seen on the Ebro in April. Bessie had survived the conflict unscathed, but he was so crippled by rheumatism in his legs that he had been unable to march in the farewell parade in Barcelona ten days earlier. "I'm glad you got out alive," Ernest told Bessie, who agreed. Ernest then added, "Because I always felt responsible for you being here." Bessie seemed confused, prompting Ernest to remind Alvah that he had listened to Hemingway's speech at the Writer's Conference in New York. "I know that speech was responsible for a lot of guys' coming over." Bessie stared at Ernest, saying nothing.

That night, 6 November, Ernest joined a large gathering in the Majestic suite of Boleslavskaya, the *Pravda* correspondent.[78] Matthews, Diana and Jimmy Sheean, George Soria, and Bob Capa were with him at "Bola's" gathering of Writers', reporters, and public intellectuals whom she had invited in order to celebrate the twin anniversaries of the Soviet Union and the start of the defense of Madrid. André Malraux was among the guests, and Ernest went out of his way to scowl at the author; for some time, he believed that Malraux had pulled out of Madrid far too soon so that he could write *Man's Hope*. There was wine, whiskey, and provisions that had been commandeered by Capa, and the guests danced to Strauss waltzes playing on Bola's Victrola. The singer Agrippina entertained the guests with the patriotic staples "Quinto Regimento" and "Asturias la Roja." At midnight, someone proposed that speeches were in order, and some of the guests made self-conscious comments in a variety of languages. Finally, Bola's chauffeur, a very tall Madrileno, called for an end to the speechmaking. He proposed that everyone stand for a few seconds and remember in silence those who had died in the defense of Madrid. Ernest bowed his head in memory of the men and women who had been lost.

The next morning, Ernest prevailed on Matthews to drive him to Perpignan.[79] He was anxious, as Matthews told his wife Nancie in a letter, to get back to Paris and Martha. Ernest had been in Barcelona for three days—the last time he would be in Spain for many years. In Paris, Ernest had only a few days remaining with Marty prior to his departure on the *Normandie* for New York City where Pauline was waiting for him in the rented apartment. Martha had her own plans: She was heading back to Barcelona to write about the refugees, especially the frightened children.[80] She would also gather data on the casualties caused by the indiscriminate bombing of Barcelona by Fascist aircraft. Only then would she call it quits, return to St. Louis for Christmas with her family, and get back to writing fiction.

One evening during their brief time together in Paris, Ernest and Martha ran into Randolfo Pacciardi in their hotel.[81] A handsome man, Pacciardi had cofounded the Garibaldi Battalion with Pietro Nenni, the brigade that had distinguished itself during the early days of the Madrid siege. A charming womanizer, Pacciardi had tried to seduce Marty, an episode that she recounts in a scarcely veiled short story of the incident, "A Sense of Direction." After the Second World War, Pacciardi would become the leader of the Italian Republican Party and the minister of war in Rome. Now, however, Pacciardi was destitute and stateless in Paris, eking out a living as the founder of an anti-fascist magazine, *La Giovine Italia*.

Pacciardi had resisted the Soviet attempt to control the International Brigades, arguing that the Italian volunteers served as a unique symbol of resistance to Fascism. As they talked about the situation in Spain, Pacciardi, typically gallant and proud, refused to complain about his clearly constricted life; he had come out of Spain and into exile in Paris in August 1937 and was making do. But to Martha, he looked tragic.

Later, after they said good-bye to Pacciardi and were returning to their room, Ernest faltered and leaned against a wall. "They can't do it," he cried. "They can't treat a brave man that way!"[82] He was sobbing over the fate of heroic men like Pacciardi and for the tragedy that had befallen Spain. Seeing Ernest crying for the first and only time in their years together, Martha felt "generosity and compassion" for her companion.

"I really did love E, then," she confessed.[83]

Notes

1. Baker, 320–21.
2. *NYT*, May 31, 1938.
3. Baker, 331.
4. Quoted in Vaill, 311.
5. Ibid., 314.
6. Reynolds, *Hemingway: The 1930s*, 289–90.
7. *EH* to John A. Wheeler, June 2, 1938, JFK. For a complete transcript, see Watson, Intro., "In Defense of His Reporting from Spain: A Hemingway Letter to NANA, *Hemingway Review* (Spring 1988), 119–21.
8. Ibid., 120.
9. Ibid., 121.
10. See Trogdon, 188–97.
11. MP to EH, June 2, 1938. PUL.
12. Trogdon, 189.

13. "The Denunciation," in *The Complete Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway*, 420–28.
14. Ibid., 421.
15. *Ken*, June 2, 1938, 30.
16. Moorehead, 146–49.
17. *Ken*, June 16, 1938, 30.
18. Donaldson, *Fitzgerald & Hemingway*, 436–37.
19. *Ken,* June 30, 1938, 26.
20. Baker, 331.
21. Trogdon, 91.
22. McLendon, *Papa*, 183–84.
23. Ibid.
24. Ibid.
25. Ibid.
26. *Key West Citizen*, July 13, 1938.
27. *Ken*, July 14, 1938, 23.
28. See Trogdon, 190–92.
29. Ibid.
30. Donaldson, *Fitzgerald & Hemingway*, 438.
31. See "Humanity Will Not Forget This," intro. Watson, *Hemingway Review* (Spring 1938), 114–18.
32. *NYT*, July 13, 1938.
33. *Ken*, August 11, 1938, 28.
34. *Ken*, August 25, 1938.
35. Reynolds, *Hemingway: The 1930s*, 293.
36. Ibid.
37. Trogdon, 192–93.
38. Kert, 317.
39. Baker, 333.
40. Ibid.
41. *The Fifth Column*, v–vii.
42. Ibid., vi.
43. Ibid., vii.
44. Reynolds, *Hemingway: The 1930s,* 293–94.
45. *Ken*, September 8, 1938, 17–18.
46. Ibid., 18.
47. Trogdon, 194–95.
48. Dearborn, 391.
49. Ibid., 392.
50. Quoted in Dearborn, 392.
51. Moorehead, 149.
52. Baker, 334.
53. *The Complete Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway*, 429–36.

54. Quoted in Light, 36.
55. *The Complete Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway*, 437–59.
56. *SL*, 472.
57. Baker, 334.
58. Quoted in Trogdon, 199. See also Reynolds, 295.
59. SL, 424; Dearborn, 392–93.
60. *The Nation*, December 10, 1938, 628–30.
61. (October 23, 1938), 4.
62. See Baker, 334.
63. See Reynolds, 295.
64. *SL*, 473.
65. Moorehead, 151.
66. Ibid., 149–51.
67. Gellhorn, *The Face of War*, 41.
68. See Preston, *The Spanish Civil War*, 292–93; also Wyden, 393–94.
69. Quoted in Wyden, 485.
70. Ibid.
71. See Preston, *The Spanish Civil War*, 288–93.
72. Ibid., 289.
73. Baker, 324–25; Vaill, 331–34; and Sheean 334–40.
74. Sheean, 336.
75. Quoted in Vernon, 47.
76. Sheean, 341.
77. Baker, 335.
78. Sheean, 339–40.
79. Vaill, 335.
80. Moorehead, 153.
81. Ibid., 136, 153.
82. Quoted in Moorehead, 153.
83. Ibid.

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CHAPTER 8

No Man Is an Island, December 1938–December 1940

Hemingway's brief trip to Barcelona in early November had been a sobering experience, finally convincing him that the Spanish Republic might be lost. While on assignment for NANA and composing propagandistic articles for *Ken*, he had tried his best to defend democratic Spain. He had railed against Fascism and attacked the American and European foreign policies that were turning Spain over to authoritarian invaders. Returning to New York on 24 November, Ernest carried with him deep political dissatisfaction that only intensified when he had to confront his marriage to Pauline and his affair with Martha.[1]

Ernest encountered Pauline at the pier when the *Normandie* docked and together they returned to the rented apartment on East Fiftieth Street where their two sons awaited him. An uneasy truce prevailed until the end of the month when the lease expired. Ernest and Pauline flew separately to Key West on the first day of December. During his time in New York, Hemingway had tried to advance plans for the production of *The Fifth Column*. He boasted to Max Perkins that the play was the best thing he had ever written but the people responsible for bringing *The Fifth Column* to Broadway thought otherwise.[2] The Theatre Guild, which had an option on the play, now wanted Benjamin F. Glaser, an acclaimed Hollywood screenwriter, to rewrite the script for the stage.[3] Ernest's attorney, Maurice Speiser, had prepared a detailed contract stipulating that Ernest would share equally in any royalties. Moreover, Ernest had the right to review all revisions and make final alterations himself. Hemingway also insisted that

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the revised play should avoid any criticism of the Spanish Republic or the Communist Party. It was as if the actual war zone he had just come out of had been transposed to Broadway.

The Spanish war zone was on Hemingway's mind as he tried to settle back into life in Key West during the first week in December. His bitterness and disillusionment over the situation in Spain erupted in a vitriolic letter to Edmund Wilson, whose review of *The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories* in the *Nation* rankled Ernest more than any other critical response to his new collection.[4] Wilson in fact had been generous in his praise of the short fiction, declaring that the collection represented "one of the most considerable achievements of the American writing of our time." However, Wilson was dismissive of *The Fifth Column*, asserting that it did nothing for Hemingway's stature or the revolution. Wilson also had read some of Ernest's dispatches in *Fact* and, revealing his own ideological drift away from the Stalinist camp, attacked Hemingway's articles for their adherence to the Communist Party line.

Ernest replied to Wilson in a letter dated 10 December that he might not have mailed but which reveals that he was still obsessed with the unraveling of the Spanish Republic. (Wilson's review, "Hemingway and the Wars," had appeared in *The Nation* the same day.) Ernest begins on a conciliatory note. "You were the first critic," he admits, "to take any interest in my writing and I have always been very grateful and have always looked forward to anything you write about that I publish."[5] However, Hemingway shifts quickly to a sarcastic attack on Wilson and other American ideologues who had never fought in Spain and had drifted into the P.O.U.M. camp of Trotskyist discourse. As for his articles on Spain, Ernest reminds Wilson that he was "paid to write what are called 'eye witness' accounts of fighting in a civil war" and that he hadn't even had a chance to revise the pieces. Where was Wilson in the defense of the Spanish Republic and the crusade against Fascism? Hemingway ends on a caustic note: "I hope to live long enough to see John Dos Passos, James Farrell, Max Eastman, and yourself rightly acclaimed as the true heroes of the Spanish War and Líster, El Campesino, Modesto, Durán and all our dead put properly in their places as stooges of Stalin."

Hemingway also was dismissive of Wilson in a scathing letter to Max Perkins that he wrote one day before Christmas, telling his editor that he found the review hypocritical and pitiful.[6] "All the 'revolutionaries' who are really cowards," Ernest asserts, "and who took no part in the defense of the Spanish Republic feel a very natural obligation to discredit those people

who did take such a part. It's O.K. with me. The poor pricks." Unable to get beyond Wilson's dismantling of *The Fifth Column* as "silly," Ernest chose not to acknowledge the critic's praise for the new and collected stories and Hemingway's unique strength as "the master of a peculiar moral outrage." Nor did he fully appreciate Wilson's astute observation that when Hemingway finally had put Loyalist Madrid far behind him, he would compose something far greater than *The Fifth Column* from his experience.

Ernest's letter to Perkins coincided with the final, decisive offensive by the Nationalists to destroy the Republican Army.[7] Resupplied with materiel from Berlin, Franco launched an attack on 23 December along the entire Segre-Ebro front from Lérida to Tortosa. Benefiting from unchallenged command of the skies, some 350,000 well-equipped Nationalist soldiers made a coordinated assault against 90,000 poorly armed Loyalist survivors of the Battle of the Ebro. Only Líster's troops and other Communist-led units stood between Franco's forces and the fall of Catalonia.

Herbert Matthews was still in Spain, sending out dispatches on the new Falangist offensive by wireless from Barcelona. In a front-page article for the *New York Times* on 24 December, he reports on the desperate fighting, the well-supplied Insurgent battalions, the presence of Italian troops, and the chronic shortage of supplies faced by the reorganized Republican forces.[8] Matthews makes scarce effort to paint a picture of brave resistance as he had in prior dispatches. The Spanish Republic, he intimates, is in mortal peril.

In Key West, Ernest continued to plumb his exposure to events during the Spanish Civil War for short story ideas. He completed "Nobody Ever Dies," once again channeling personal experience through a protagonist named Enrique but this time eschewing first-person narration for the more detached third-person perspective.[9] He offers a litany for the dead at Lérida, Teruel, and elsewhere in the course of the action, precisely those places where he had braved danger in order to file his NANA dispatches. But now Hemingway situates the action in Cuba, where Enrique, a survivor of the Spanish Civil War despite gruesome injuries that clearly replicate those suffered by Gustav Regler, is being hunted by Havana's secret police. Accompanying him is his lover, a revolutionary named Maria who has lost a brother in Spain. In this melodramatic story, the police kill Enrique while Maria, who resembles a contemporary Joan of Arc, heroically awaits interrogation and torture at the end of the tale. Perhaps sensing that "Nobody Ever Dies" was too slight to appeal to *Esquire*'s audience, Ernest sold the story to *Cosmopolitan*.

Hemingway spent an uneasy Christmas in Key West. He missed Martha, who had returned to the United States to spend the holidays in St. Louis with her family.[10] Martha then left for New York in order to help returning members of the Abraham Lincoln Battalion find jobs. Her mission was daunting, for employers were wary of hiring men labeled as Reds. Still, it was the least she could do because the larger cause had been lost. Like Ernest, Martha was obsessed with the dead in Spain, their deaths made useless by global political forces unwilling to fight for democracy.

In early January, Ernest flew to New York, extricating himself from what he told Toby Bruce was the "Key West mess" in order to be with Martha. He informed Pauline that his presence in New York was necessary because production decisions had to be made for *The Fifth Column*.[11] Yet his marital problems at home were a prelude to what awaited him with the play. Instead of a carefully revised script ready for production, Ernest confronted what he thought was an "absolutely appalling, stupid, childish, ignorant, sentimental, silly" version of the play.[12] Glaser had radically reworked the original version into a patchwork of confusing parts, now opening the play with highlights from the third act and then, according to Ernest, going nowhere with the action. Hating the revision, he now had to settle down to write two new acts from scratch. As chaotic as his personal life had become, he was remarkably disciplined in hammering out a working version of *The Fifth Column* that Glaser and the "jews" [sic] who were turning the production into an Old Testament nightmare had to accept. Writing for Broadway was an awful business, he groused to his mother-in-law.[13] The title of his play should be changed to *The Four Ninety-Five Column Marked Down from Five*. In fact, he should have written *The Fifth Column* as a novel and not a play.

Even Martha's presence did little to assuage Ernest's anger over the play, his marriage, hostile critics, and Old Testament producers—above all else, the fate of Spain. Indifferent to gossip about his affair, he now accompanied Marty around town.[14] One day, he took Martha and his fifteen-year-old son Jack to a showing of *The Spanish Earth*. Afterward, they went to the Stork Club where Jack was amazed by the attractive young woman in the silver fox cape who interlaced her speech with four-letter words and was clearly smitten by his old father.

On another night at the Stork Club, the Hemingway legend was on full display as a drunken stranger approached the table where Ernest and the journalist Quentin Reynolds were having drinks.[15] The stranger questioned Ernest's toughness. Reynolds suggested that Ernest might want to give

the man a tap on the jaw but not too hard. Instead, Ernest knocked the combative drunk to the floor with one punch. A reporter for *The Daily Mirror* wrote a colorful article on the fight that appeared on page 3 of its 15 January edition. Two days later, Walter Winchell, generally in Hemingway's corner, denied that the encounter ever took place.

Hemingway left New York City in a sour mood, flying back to Key West in a blizzard on 24 January.[16] The night before his departure, he had attended a dinner party with Scribner, Perkins, Glaser, and Speiser. The men shared with Ernest encouraging news that the producer Billy Rose might finance the production of *The Spanish Earth* and that Lee Strasberg and Franchot Tone were tentatively on board. But Ernest drank too much and went out of his way to offend Glaser and Speiser. By the end of the evening, he was thoroughly disgusted with the situation surrounding the play's production.

He arrived in Key West just in time to meet Gus and Louise Pfeiffer who were making a brief visit; the couple sensed that all was not well with the Hemingway marriage.[17] Gus had managed to put in two days of fishing but was not, according to Ernest, looking well. Following the departure of his relatives, other friends descended on Key West as Ernest tried to hammer out yet another story about Spain. Sara Murphy brought a sailboat for Gregory to play with in the swimming pool, prompting Pauline to muse metaphorically in a thank-you note that such craft are secure while staying in the pool but enter more dangerous waters when they collide with the edge of the pool in an effort to get to a larger body of water. Other visitors noticed Ernest's dark mood and excessive drinking. Hemingway's brother Leicester noted that Ernest was averaging between fifteen and seventeen scotch and sodas a day. His mother Grace Hemingway, also sensing trouble in her son's marriage, traveled to Key West for six days, but Ernest kept her at a safe distance, putting her up at the luxurious Casa Marina at his expense. The tense domestic drama put everyone on edge. Archie MacLeish observed that Ernest "sucked the air out of a room as soon as he entered it."

Hemingway enumerated his complaints in a long letter to his mother-in-law, Mrs. Paul Pfeiffer, on 6 February.[18] In the letter, he makes perfunctory mention of the kids and Pauline who is "fine and looking better than ever." His main purpose is to rail against the treatment of his play by the Old Testament crowd and also to lodge an extended lament for the situation in Spain. He informs his mother-in-law that he witnessed Franco's atrocities—the bombing of towns, civilians, and refugees—which are far more

extensive than the excesses by the so-called Spanish "Communist" government described in the Catholic periodical *Sunday Visitor*. He had not been at Guernica, which contrary to persistent denials Franco did bomb, but he had been at Mora del Ebro, Tortosa, Reus, Tarragona, Sagunto, and many other places where Franco had decimated local populations. If Franco takes Valencia, he predicts, central Spain is doomed. He is bitter and gloomy, missing his close friends there, missing even the constant danger and hunger, for he had never slept better than in Spain and never felt better.

At home, on the other hand, he was having awful dreams every night as he told Max Perkins in a 7 February letter.[19] These roiling dreams involve mindless attacks and inevitable retreats, a repetitive pattern of nightmare night after night. And in the "goddamndest detail," testifying to his wildly creative imagination but rooted also, as he confesses to Perkins, in the realization that they had lost the war. For relief, Ernest tells Max that he would depart for Cuba the following Monday. He already had finished several stories about the Civil War in Spain which he lists for Perkins, and with more in the planning stages there might be enough for book if Max thinks it isn't too soon for another collection. One long story would be about Teruel called "Fatigue." A second story would depict the storming of the Guadarrama pass by Polish lancers. Neither story would materialize. But a third tale that Ernest describes would be set off the Cuban coast and involve an old commercial fisherman who fights a huge swordfish for four days and nights, but who cannot protect the enormous fish from a swarm of sharks that devour it. It will be a great story, he tells Max, if he can get it right.

Not mentioned in his letter to Perkins is "Under the Ridge," Hemingway's fifth story about the war in Spain that he probably had started at that time and would complete in Havana.[20] The same bitterness and cynicism characterizing parts of Hemingway's letter to Perkins suffuse this complicated tale, the best of his Spanish Civil War stories. Recalling his time in the spring of 1937 when he traveled across rugged terrain while helping Joris Ivens film *The Spanish Earth*, Hemingway casts "Under the Ridge" in the same time period. As with "Night Before Battle," he also creates a semiautobiographical narrator who records the action. Like Hemingway himself, Edwin Henry has been making a propaganda film for the Republic, but confronts a situation that tests his belief in the entire conduct of Loyalist forces—and notably the Communists—in the war effort. On a clear April day, Henry comes down off a ridge where he has been observing

preparations by an International Brigade, desperately short of artillery, to launch an attack that inevitably will fail. He encounters a Loyalist soldier from Extremadura who hates all foreigners and then watches as a French volunteer walks down the hill and ostensibly out of the war. However, two Russians in leather coats pursue the Frenchman and kill him before he can make his own separate peace, a trope that Hemingway had explored in *A Farewell to Arms*.

The Loyalist from Extremadura tells Henry a related story about a soldier named Paco who wounds himself in an effort to escape the Civil War. After his self-inflicted hand wound heals, Paco returns to his battalion as a prisoner, accompanied by the same Russians and a Soviet officer. The Russians parade Paco before his companions before executing him as an example of what will happen to anyone who betrays the revolution. "Under the Ridge" is a dark story reflecting Hemingway's own nightmares of disaster, retreat, and loss that he describes in his letter to Perkins. The story crackles with anger about the Stalinist influence in Spain during the Civil War. Hemingway offers a damning portrait of the sinister Soviet operatives who first liquidate a Brigade volunteer and then a popular young Spanish soldier—a sense of moral outrage that was at the core of virtually everything he was writing.

Hemingway realized that the Spanish Republic was doomed. Still, he missed those friends who were still reporting from Spain including Matthews, Sheean, and Capa. In their dispatches and Capa's photojournalism, there no longer was any sign of heroic resistance or the epic struggle of Madrid. On 25 January, the Republican government had abandoned Barcelona and fled northward to Gerona.[21] The next day, Nationalist troops entered the shattered, starving capital, now largely deserted as half a million refugees fled north. Capa shot images of Líster's fighters, the best in the Loyalist army, who had fought magnificently but had been cut to pieces; slaughtered civilians caught on the road by Savoia-Marchetti planes; teenage conscripts, the last ones to be called up along with old men, in ragged clothing.[22] From Figueras, a town near the border with France now crammed with 100,000 refugees, Jimmy Sheean stated in a dispatch to the *New York Times* that "the Spanish tragedy will end its days of active war very soon."[23] Matthews also cabled the *Times*: "These men can't fight any more. The Army appears to be shattered."[24] On Sunday, 6 February, as Ernest was planning his trip to Cuba, President Manuel Azaña fled into exile, followed days later by Prime Minister Negrín and General Rojo. On 8 February, General Miaja began negotiations for the surrender of Madrid and all of Castile.[25]

Although the Spanish Civil War was lost, Hemingway continued to memorialize the epic struggle of the Spanish people. With other close friends, he contributed to *Spanish Portraits*, a pamphlet accompanying an exhibition of portrait busts by the New York sculptor Jo Davidson. With an introduction by Dorothy Parker, who argues that the Spanish people were overwhelmed not so much by Franco as by an invasion, *Spanish Portraits* provides full-page images of the busts of leading Republicans created by Davidson with commentary by reporters and writers who had covered the Civil War. John Gunther begins the series with a profile of Manuel Azaña, mentioning that the President of the Republic "was tremendously interested in the last chapter of Hemingway's *Death in the Afternoon*.[26] He called it a *pòeme d'extase* to Spain." Among the other contributors, Jay Allen praises General Miaja; Vincent Sheean treats Dolores Ibarruri as the voice of the revolution; Eliot Paul offers a graceful profile of Constancia de la Mora; and Herbert Matthews testifies to the courage of Juan Modesto.

For the bust of Milton Wolff, the lone American in the collection, Hemingway provides a profile in heroism as well as a warning about events to come. "Nine men commanded the Lincoln and Lincoln-Washington Battalions," he begins.[27] Four men were killed and four wounded. Only Wolff survived unscathed. At 23, Wolff is "tall as Lincoln, gaunt as Lincoln, and as brave and as good a soldier as any that commanded battalions at Gettysburg." Wolff fought at Brunete as a machine gunner; swam the Ebro in defense of Barcelona; and turned over his battalion to Spanish troops when the International Brigades were withdrawn. Linking the American and Spanish civil wars, Ernest observes that Wolff's return is not to the peace of Appomattox but instead to the one forged in Munich. "And no good man," he predicts, "will be at home for long."

Milton Wolff was among the 2100 survivors of the Abraham Lincoln Battalion who did come home, but seven hundred Lincolns had died in Spain, among them Jim Lardner, Jr. In memory of Lardner and all the Lincolns who had sacrificed their lives, Ernest composed "On the American Dead in Spain" at the invitation of the editors of *New Masses* for their "Lincoln Brigade Number."[28] Aptly termed a free-verse poem by Hemingway's foremost biographer Carlos Baker, "On the American Dead in Spain" is an elegy rooted in memory and seasonal renewal.[29] Hemingway's tribute begins: "The dead sleep cold in Spain tonight. Snow blows through the olive groves" in the hills surrounding Jarama. But with the advent of spring, the peasants and all Spanish people dedicated to freedom will remember the Americans' sacrifice. "And as long as our dead live in

the Spanish earth, and as long as the earth lives, no system of tyranny will ever prevail in Spain."

In an editorial comment, *New Masses* praised Hemingway's contribution as "one of the finest tributes yet paid to the boys who won't be coming back."[30] His elegy for the American dead confirms one's "faith in the ultimate victory of the Spanish people—and of all folk battling for liberty." Hemingway's article is "a bugle call to action, No pasarán." Hemingway donated the typescript of "On the American Dead in Spain" as well as the manuscript of *The Spanish Earth* for an auction to raise funds for the rehabilitation of Lincoln Battalion veterans.[31]

"On the American Dead in Spain" appeared in *New Masses* on February 14, 1939. That same day, Ernest said good-bye to his mother who returned to Illinois. The next day, Ernest also left Key West aboard the P&O Ferry bound for Havana.[32] Any hope that Pauline might have held for their marriage and her ability to survive what she called "the Einhorn business" had become less and less likely. Ernest was heading to Cuba in order to start a major novel, his first in a decade if his patchwork *To Have and Have Not* is set aside.

Oddly, upon arriving in Havana, Ernest checked into two hotels—the Sevilla-Biltmore where he would sleep and, a few blocks away, the Ambos Mundos where he planned to write. Sometime later, he informed his sports-fishing pal Tommy Shevlin that he had decided to book two rooms so that he could avoid people and thereby carve out time to write, for he had a big novel in mind. "Tell everybody you live in one hotel," he told Shevlin, "and live in another."[33] If they track you down, head to the country. If they find you there, go someplace else. In truth, Ernest had been leading a double life for some time, a fact underscored by the name of his favorite hotel: "both worlds." That Ernest checked into Room 511 overlooking the harbor also is significant, for this is the same room where he conducted his four-year affair with Jane Mason.[34] Just as he had cheated on Pauline with Jane, Ernest was now putting an end to his marriage with Pauline by insisting that Marty join him in Havana.

The precise date when Martha joined Ernest in Havana has been debated by biographers, who tend to place her arrival date in April.[35] In fact, Martha's date list confirms that she was with Ernest in Havana on 18 February 1939 just days after his own arrival.[36] A letter to Mrs. Roosevelt dated 18 March and written in San Francisco de Paula confirms that Martha had been in Cuba for six weeks.[37] She had been vacationing with her mother

in Naples, Florida, and it is likely that she traveled from there to Havana to reunite with Ernest.

Martha arrived in Havana to discover that Ernest was rapidly recreating the life he had led at the Hotel Florida.[38] Sequestered in his corner room at the Ambos Mundos, with no telephone to disturb him, Ernest had stockpiled a twelve-pound ham along with four pounds of cured sausage in ritualistic preparation for what quickly was becoming a monumental writing project. Fishing gear, newspapers, and dirty clothes littered the room, much to Marty's distaste; she could endure any hardship when reporting from zones of conflict, but her natural fastidiousness was repelled by Ernest's slovenly habits. The only sign of a disciplined existence was Ernest's battered Royal typewriter perched on a table along with two batches of paper: a large stack next to a thin pile filled with idiosyncratic typescript and Hemingway's penciled corrections.

Ernest now had a writing partner for Marty had started her own novel. Initially, she had planned to focus on the Spanish Civil War but decided to shift the story to Prague.[39] Martha's main character would be an American woman reporter chronicling the tragic collapse of Czechoslovakia. But Marty was appalled by the mess in their room at the Ambos Mundos and decided immediately that she would need more congenial surroundings in which to live and work. Seasoned and determined, no longer just following the boys, Martha set out to find a suitable place for them to start a new life.

Hemingway had launched his novel about the Spanish Civil War during the last days of February or early March. His haunting elegy "On the American Dead in Spain"—and essentially everything he had composed about the Spanish Civil War—had prepared him for the challenge of a monumental project. Ernest envisioned a novel as ambitious and sweeping in historical scope as *War and Peace* and one definitely better than Malraux's *Man's Hope*. "Great writing comes out of a sense of injustice," Ernest believed, and he had to begin his novel about the Spanish tragedy while the events he had experienced were still fresh in his mind.[40] Prior to Martha's arrival, he had started his narrative about an American dynamiter named Robert Jordan fighting for the Republic in the Spanish Civil War: "We lay in the brown, pine-needled floor of the forest and the wind blew in to the tops of the pine trees."[41] After three pages, Ernest went back to the first page and, with a pencil, changed every "we" to a detached and omniscient third-person perspective.

Hemingway was clear about his objective as he indicated in a 23 March 1939 letter to his Russian translator Ivan Kashkin (whose name he would appropriate for a character in the novel). With some 13,000 words already written, Ernest imagined a novel that would show "*all* the different sides" of the war, "taking it slowly and honestly and examining it from many ways."[42] War, he tells Kashkin, is a complicated, multifaceted subject that does not yield to a single viewpoint. Hemingway tells Kashkin that he has learned from the difficulties he confronted while composing "On the American Dead in Spain" that writing about death is difficult. The dead, after all, are dead. Nonetheless, "I would like to be able to write understandably about both deserters and heroes, cowards and brave men, traitors and men who are not capable of being traitors."[43] He had witnessed a great deal of selflessness and selfishness, courage and cowardice while defending the Spanish Republic, notably during the time he spent with the dynamiters who took Teruel. The best antidote to dying, he explains to Kashkin, is to write, and that is what he plans to do.

Ernest was excited about his progress with the new novel. Two days after writing to Kashkin, he told Max Perkins that he was working every day on a book that he thought he would not have been prepared to write for a long time. He repeated the fact that he had shared with Kashkin that he already had composed thirteen thousand words. It would be a novel, not a story, and Ernest was amazed by how well the work was going. "So I am going to write on that until it is finished. I wish I could show it to you so far because I am very proud of it but that is bad luck too. So is talking about it."[44] Ernest informed Max that he would stay in Cuba until the novel was finished. He had just reread what he had written and judged that the quality of the work was as good as when he was writing *A Farewell to Arms*.

Essentially, the challenge for Hemingway was to create a narrative illuminating the complex historical, political, and social power structures underlying the Spanish Civil War. Ernest later told Malcolm Cowley that "it wasn't just the civil war I put into it … it was everything I had learned about Spain for eighteen years."[45] At the same time, he needed the novel to be a popular success now that he could no longer anticipate the largesse of the Pfeiffer family. He was writing rapidly, telling Kashkin that he already had completed fifteen thousand words (roughly the first four chapters of the novel).[46] Appropriating the fiction of the American West popularized by his mentor Owen Wister and the exciting guerilla exploits in the Arabian desert by T. E. Lawrence, whom he read about assiduously, Hemingway

was composing a tense, compressed, and fast-paced tale of adventure fueled by the interlocking motifs of war, love, betrayal, and death that he sensed could be the foundation for the blockbuster that he needed.

The story begins on a Saturday in late May 1937 in the Sierra de Guadarrama outside Madrid, a setting familiar to Ernest from the time he visited Loyalist troops in the mountain range with Virginia Cowles. Fact and fiction blend together as Hemingway creates a tightly structured narrative around three days and nights into a Tuesday morning. The protagonist, Robert Jordan, who is not with the International Brigades, takes his orders directly from General Golz (a character based on the Polish commander "General Walter," Karol Swierczewski). He has been ordered to destroy a bridge located behind Franco's lines, thereby forestalling a new Nationalist offensive.

Described as a former professor of Spanish at the University of Montana now fighting for the Republic and an experienced dynamiter, Jordan is one of the most nuanced and complex characters in Hemingway's fiction, an American volunteer in Spain given to action but also to meditations on last things. He is a self-referential figure, a composite of Major Robert Merriman; T. E. Lawrence; and the men in Hemingway's family history, most significantly Ernest's father, Dr. Clarence Hemingway, who committed suicide in December 1928.[47] Conceived by Hemingway in the galleys as a Communist (as was Merriman) but changed into an anti-fascist at the request of Charles Scribner, Jordan is loyal to the Republic but also cynical about his mission and ambivalent about the course of the Civil War. Nonetheless, it is Jordan's dedication to his mission, his guerilla group, and the young woman María with whom he falls in love that drives the action and binds all the characters into a sort of makeshift revolutionary family that Robert, a loner, has never experienced.

Robert Jordan joins a small guerilla band nominally headed by the brutish, besotted, and unreliable Pablo, who once was a cruel but courageous leader but has slowly surrendered his authority to Pilar, his wife. Pilar is arguably the most startling depiction of a woman in Hemingway's fiction, a figure signifying his fascination with complex gender roles, a subject of considerable interest to recent scholars.[48] Ernest describes Pilar as monstrous, carnal, and protective, a type of dominant and clairvoyant earth mother. Pilar is also brave, intelligent, and a great storyteller as her account of the massacre of Fascist townspeople in Chapter 10, one of longest and most dramatic chapters in the novel, attests. She is responsible for her band of guerillas—and also for María, a beautiful nineteen-year-old woman who

had been brutally raped by Nationalist troops after witnessing the murder of her father, a small-town mayor, and her mother. Fiercely protective or María but also attracted to her as she admits, Pilar begrudgingly cedes responsibility for her ward to Robert Jordan. Soon enough the Spanish earth will shudder as Robert and María consummate their love, just as the ground will erupt again when Jordan and his guerillas blow the bridge near the end of the novel. But in the very first chapter of the book, Pilar reads Robert Jordan's fate in the broken lines she sees in the palm of his hand but refuses to divulge his destiny to him. She senses that Jordan, despite the outcome of the mission, is doomed.

While Ernest worked steadily, building his narrative on a grand scale, Martha located an ideal retreat for them that was an infinitely better alternative to their room at the Ambos Mundos. "I have taken possession of my finca," Martha wrote to Eleanor Roosevelt on 18 March, expressing a degree of trepidation about being labeled a "house woman (*femme d'intérrieure*, as the French so sweetly say)."[49] Perusing the local paper shortly after her arrival, Martha had seen an advertisement for a fifteen-acre property twelve miles southeast of Havana and arranged to see it. Situated on a hill in the village of San Francisco de Paula, the estate was named Finca Vigía—Lookout Farm—and had not been inhabited for some time.[50] The main house, a one-story limestone colonial villa, had been built in the 1880s by the Catalan architect Miguel Pascual y Baguer as a refuge for himself and his wife after their two sons died. The house featured a fifty-foot living room with a high ceiling, a large library, and a bedroom study. There was a distant view of the harbor and at night one could see the lights of Havana.

Martha viewed a main house, guest house, and extensive grounds in a state of disrepair.[51] There was peeling paint outside and inside the house; silt in the swimming pool; and cracks in the tennis court. A riot of tropical vegetation—flowering jacaranda, bougainvillea vines, deep foliage and tall palms, banana and mango trees—grew untended. A massive ceiba tree flourished among the cracks in the broad front steps of the house. With Ernest busily writing during the morning and into the early afternoon at the hotel, Martha used her own money saved from her *Collier's* assignments to rent the Finca for one hundred dollars monthly, much to Hemingway's initial displeasure. She hired carpenters, painters, and two gardeners to restore the estate to a degree of rustic elegance.

In time, Ernest would admit that the Finca was "a good place to work because it is out of town and on a hill so that it is cool at night. I wake up when the sun rises and go to work and when I finish I get a swim

and have a drink and read the New York and Miami papers."[52] Martha, typically harboring misgivings about domesticity, also found the house she transformed with its brightly painted walls and clean tiled floors much to her liking. Feeling serene and safe, as she told Mrs. Roosevelt, and with Ernest now sharing expenses, Martha got down to writing her novel about the American woman reporter and Czech refugees that she would call *A Stricken Field*.[53]

Marty found Hemingway's steady, persistent work every day impressive.[54] Ernest rose at first light and wrote without interruption until two or two-thirty in the afternoon, sequestered in their bedroom study with the sun streaming through a south-facing window. Monk-like, he wrote in silence or in Martha's words to the poet Hortense Flexner, who had been her teacher at Bryn Mawr, "exactly as if he were dead or visiting on the moon."[55] Martha told Flexner that Hemingway "handles himself like a man who is about to do the world's championship boxing match. He has been I may say about as much use as a stuffed squirrel, but he is turning out a beautiful story. And nothing on earth besides matters to him … I learn a lot as I go on." Frustrated with the quality of her own work, Martha despaired that she would never have the "magic" that Hemingway possessed. Reading the early pages of Ernest's manuscript, she discovered writing that was "clear as water and carrying like the music of a flute."

The Latin ambience surrounding Hemingway in Havana undoubtedly contributed to the ease and rapidity of composition, but the newspapers he read every day cast a tragic hue over the narrative "magic" that so awed Martha. Ernest realized that he was writing his novel in the twilight of the Second Spanish Republic. After two years and eight months of resistance, largely a succession of defeats and Pyrrhic victories, the Spanish Republic was in its last throes.[56] Britain and France had recognized Franco on 27 February just as Hemingway was gearing to write *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Street fighting between rival Republican factions erupted in Madrid from 6 to 13 March, further eroding the ability of the government to resist the Nationalist onslaught. On 27 March, Franco's troops entered the former capital without any opposition. "The fall of the city," reported the *New York Times* in a front-page article, "was regarded as the virtual end of the savage, destructive conflict that had unnerved Europe for so long."[57] Sixty thousand Nationalist sympathizers—the Fifth Column that Ernest had used as the dominant trope for his play—flooded the streets of Madrid, chanting "Arriba España" and "Viva Franco."

Thousands of Republican troops and their supporters began their escape to the French border. Gustav Regler, observing from the French side the procession of bedraggled soldiers and civilians walking down the mountain into exile, likened the scene to a "medieval picture of the Crucifixion." On 1 April, Franco issued his final communiqué announcing his victory and the end of all hostilities. That day, the United States joined Britain and France in recognizing the Franco regime. The Civil War was over but not the atrocities as the Falange began to systematically slaughter the opposition.

One war was ending but the years of world war, as Hemingway had warned, were just beginning. Perhaps his new novel could serve as a valuable form of witness to history. He expresses this notion through the consciousness of Robert Jordan, and the fixity of this notion provides a key to understanding the historical dimension of his novel: "The first thing was to win the war. If we did not win the war everything was lost."[58] Hemingway was writing well, drawing on personal experience he had saved for the novel about the Spanish Civil War he always had planned to write. During his months covering the conflict, Ernest had subsumed his art to a pragmatic political position. With this new novel, there would be no adherence to political dogma. His semiautobiographical short stories had signaled a movement away from ideological art and served as a catalyst for pure fiction. Ernest would now provide a true account of the Spanish Civil War—just as his protagonist Robert Jordan would have written had he survived his mission. Hemingway's project was to offer through his characters a collective voice advocating the need for resistance to totalitarianism at a dangerous moment in history.

In order to write what he imagined would be the definitive novel about the Spanish Civil War, Hemingway would reconstitute personal experience based on his exposure to leading figures and crucial events in the conflict. He had reported on the Spanish War from Brunete to the Battle of the Ebro; endured the crash and smell of explosives aimed at the Hotel Florida; experienced the proximity and stench of death at Jarama, University City, Guadalajara, Teruel, and elsewhere. At Gaylord's and Chicote's, he had observed the cowards and brave men, the sinister ideologues and selfless heroes mentioned in his letter to Kashkin.

Some men and women stood out in his memory including Mikhail Koltsov, whom Ernest would reinvent as Karkov, "the most intelligent man he had ever met."[59] (Koltsov, who perished in the Stalin purges, provided Hemingway with information that he wove into the novel.[60]) Thanks to

the senior NKVD officer Alexander Orlov, Ernest had privileged knowledge of the Loyalist guerilla movement in the Sierra de Guadarrama and might have traveled behind enemy lines with the partisans on a mission to blow up a strategic bridge. He had cultivated friends among the International volunteers including Bob Merriman who like Robert Jordan died for a common cause greater than himself. He had been amazed by the bravery of the young *dinamiteros* at Teruel. And at the International hospital in Mataro, he had been struck by the appearance and dedication of the beautiful Spanish nurse María who had been raped by Nationalist troops. As he stressed in his letter to Kashkin, Ernest's immersion in the nation's destiny had prepared him to "show *all* the different sides" of the Spanish catastrophe.

Even as he was fictionalizing the people and events, Ernest could not forget the actual friends and companions displaced by the Spanish War—some without a country and others imprisoned abroad, while those Americans returning from the conflict faced abuse and discrimination in employment. Running into Joe North in Havana, Ernest readily agreed to write a preface for his friend's book *Men in the Ranks: The Story of Twelve Americans in Spain* (1939). His preface calls attention to the bravery and sacrifices of the men of the Abraham Lincoln Battalion and their common plight in America. Assuredly they deserve respect and assistance. "All those who went from here to Spain 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."[61] These men should be honored with the provision of proper medical care and opportunities for employment. Hemingway and North had had their ideological differences when they were covering the war in Spain, but Ernest was happy to contribute his piece to the American Friends of the Lincoln Brigade.

Telling Tommy Shevlin in early April that at this stage in career he had to write "the big one," Hemingway forged ahead with the novel.[62] Max Perkins offered gentle encouragement, indicating on 18 April that he was "mighty glad the book is going so well, and fast."[63] Ernest provided Perkins with an update on 10 May, telling Max that he was "averaging between 700 and 1000 words a day and have to hold down not to do more."[64] Perkins kept their correspondence on a restrained note, replying on 19 May: "It was fine to read about the book, how well it was going. I won't ask any questions at all. I'll just wait for you to tell me."[65] Charlie Scribner chimed in, expressing delight in Ernest's "fine progress."[66] After disappointing

sales for *To Have and Have Not*, the publisher was hoping for a blockbuster. Echoing his editor, Scribner promised, "I won't write anything more as I do not wish to interrupt you even for a minute."

Hemingway's novel was turning out to be longer and more complex than he had anticipated. He was also experimenting with the very form of fiction. He was expanding the conventional use of the omniscient narrator, having characters tell their own stories within the major interlocking story of Robert Jordan's mission and his love affair in order to flesh out the compressed time frame. Jordan offers flashbacks covering his family history and his early political education at Gaylord's, but also flash-forwards to an imagined life with María in Madrid. Then, there is Pilar's horrifying tale of the first day of the revolution in her town as well as the stories about her life in Valencia with the bullfighter Finito. There are stories within stories as when Andres in a series of alternating chapters at the end of the novel attempts to warn Golz to call off the mission because it has been betrayed to the Nationalists even as Robert Jordan focuses on blowing the bridge. Hemingway also was exploring changing gender roles, notably the rise of the new, revolutionary Spanish woman seen in his depiction of Pilar and María, and the triangular relationship between Robert, María, and Pilar. And he was devising a new type of diction approximating vernacular Spanish. At the apex of his career, Hemingway was testing the limits of fiction, creating a dense, recursive, and self-referential design for his novel.

On 30 June in a letter to Patrick wishing him a happy birthday, Ernest told his son that he had written "53,000 words (280 some pages) and it looks about two-thirds done."[67] Ernest shared this optimistic estimate of his progress with Perkins in a 10 July letter, telling Max that he was two-thirds the way through the first draft, having completed fourteen chapters totaling 342 manuscript pages.[68] In fact, Hemingway had finished about one-third of the novel. He had completed the seven chapters covering the events of Saturday which would total seventy-three pages in print, and roughly half the twelve chapters and 190 pages comprising the action on Sunday.[69] He had rendered Pilar's supremely powerful tale about the massacre of the Fascist villagers in Chapter 10 as she, Jordan, and María go to see El Sordo; and the second of four scenes in which Robert and María make love—this time with the earth moving in rhythm with their sexual ecstasy or "*Gloria*" as María calls it.

Ernest worried about his estimate of the novel's length for he was nowhere close to an ending. He would have to persevere through the hot Havana summer "unlike Grant" as he admitted to Max Perkins.[70]

Both civil wars—Spanish and American—and the disillusionment following these national tragedies, were on his mind as he moved his characters and action through the events on Sunday. He would frame Jordan's early feelings that he was engaged in a crusade and operating almost in a state of religious grace during the early days of the Spanish Civil War against his protagonist's disillusionment over the cynical dealings of the political operatives at Gaylord's depicted in Chapter 18; and also juxtapose the astonishing smell of death permeating Chapter 19 against the lovemaking between Jordan and María that concludes the action of the second day.

In late August, Ernest left Havana and headed west to join his sons at the Bar-T-Ranch in Cody, Wyoming.[71] He took his manuscript with him; Martha also carried a manuscript with her, having completed the first draft of *A Stricken Field*. On 27 August, he dropped Marty off in St. Louis to see her mother, taking the time there to notify Perkins that he was up to 74,000 words.[72] From St. Louis, Ernest drove alone to Wyoming to see his children. When Pauline, who had been vacationing in Europe with friends, joined him in early September, Ernest asked her for a divorce. He packed his car and headed farther west to a new resort called Sun Valley in central Idaho near the old mining town of Ketchum, informing Martha that she should join him there.

At Sun Valley, Ernest and Martha settled into Suite 206, one of the more luxurious of the approximately twelve dozen rooms at the Lodge.[73] For the next two months, they resumed what was now a familiar routine, writing in the morning and relaxing in the afternoon. Ernest taught Marty how to ride a horse; they went fishing, hunted for pheasant and duck, and played tennis before settling into an evening of drinking and conversation with other guests including the novelist Christopher La Farge with whom Hemingway shared portions of his manuscript. On 27 October, Ernest informed Max Perkins that he had completed more than 90,000 words (which would have placed him in the middle of Chapter 18) and that the book was getting longer and longer.[74] Don't worry about Bessie's book he told Perkins, referring to *Men in Battle: A Story of Americans in Spain* that had just been published, or any other work on the Spanish Civil War. "This is a novel and it is also from the inside," he declared. "How it really was." Those with Party obligations could never write such a book or would never know what he knows, and if they did know, they would not allow themselves to think it.

For the first time, Hemingway shared with Perkins some of the features of the novel. "Have two wonderful women (Spanish) in it so far."[75] He tells

Max that he is working on flashback scenes drawn from his time at Gaylord's and various fronts when he observed many of the military commanders and Party officials he planned to incorporate in the novel. Merging nonfiction with fiction, he would find places for Kashkin (barely disguised as Karkov), El Campesino, Líster, Modesto, Kleber, Lukács, Kahle, Durán, and others. He would compose an unflattering portrait of La Pasionaria destined to disturb the true believers as well as a profile of the murderous, possibly deranged French commissar André Marty.[76]

By mid-November, Hemingway had completed 474 typewritten pages. His momentum had not been slowed by Martha's departure for Europe where *Collier's* wanted her to cover the impending invasion of Finland by the Soviet Union. Although he complained to friends at the Lodge that he was "stinking deadly lonely," Ernest was proud of Marty, telling Max Perkins, "[B]oy she got out to that front when not a single correspondent had been there."[77] By early December, Ernest felt sufficiently confident about his progress to inform Perkins that his work was still going well and that he could "see the finish."[78] He was working steadily on the events of Monday consisting of sixteen brief chapters but fewer pages (190) that served to ratchet the action and suspense. Sensing the tensions in Ernest's personal life, Max replied on 19 December, "I know perfectly well what feats of concentration you must have performed to work as you have in all the circumstances, and I am delighted the book is going on as it must be. I am sure it will be a great book."[79]

Just before Christmas, Ernest returned briefly to Key West to discover an empty house.[80] Pauline had taken Patrick and Gregory to New York to spend the holiday season with her sister Jinny. For all practical purposes, his marriage to Pauline was over—and at the time Ernest did not express any regret. From the frozen Finnish front, Martha wrote to Ernest expressing her love for him and his work and her longing for the warmth of Cuba. Their relationship, she told him, was special, forged in Spain and enshrined in his novel. "The book is what we have to base our lives on," Martha told him.[81] "The book is what lasts after us and makes all this war intelligible." Preparing to rejoin Ernest in Cuba, Martha sent him a telegram from Helsinki: "Happy New Year and all of it together beloved."

Ernest was at the Finca, surrounded by possessions he had taken from the house in Key West and a library that would grow to eight thousand books, when Martha returned on 19 January. That same day, she devised a parodic marriage contract, declaring that the undersigned "Mrs. Martha Wasp Fathouse Pig D. Bongie Hemingstein" pledged peace, devotion,

loyalty, and unbroken future companionship to her "very fine and sensitive writer."[82] She signed the document "Martha Gellhorn Hemingway."

Ernest had remained busy at the Finca, intent on completing the novel. He had sent Perkins eight sample pages from Chapter 1 and Pilar's account of the early days of the war in Chapter 10 of the published version. Included in this graphic chapter was Pilar's description of radical cadres humiliating, torturing, and throwing Fascist townspeople off the cliff in a town that Hemingway probably based on the events at Ronda. Do not show this material to the "ideology boys" he warned Max.[83] Nor should Perkins worry about the obscenities in the novel. The Spanish language was "so truly obscene" that he had devised a bilingual version imitating Spanish dialect in English that would not offend the censors. Perkins cabled that he was "extremely impressed" with the sample material.

Ernest was "awfully happy" that Max liked the work, informing his editor that he had finished Chapter 23 and that he was "going to go straight on working now until the novel is finished. Plenty cavalry in this last chapter."[84] Perkins cabled again to express amazement on deeper reflection at the vividness of the characters and scenes. He echoed Martha's own conviction that Ernest had rediscovered "the old magic." Somewhat dismayed by the length of his manuscript, Ernest completed Chapter 25 in the published text in late January. His novel was more than two-thirds complete.

In early February, Ernest began searching for a title commensurate with the grand scale of his new novel. "Want a big one," he told Perkins. "I don't have to worry about over-titling this one. She'll carry quite a lot. I think that it is good that it is a long book."[85] Hemingway devised and discarded some twenty-six titles before selecting the perfect one.[86] Initially, he was intrigued by *The Undiscovered Country* deriving from *Hamlet* ("The undiscovered country from whose bourn / No traveler returns…"). Shakespeare's trope concerning death, Ernest thought, captured the essence of the Spanish condition implicit in his novel. However, after he had completed thirty-five chapters, Ernest wired Perkins on 21 April with the epigraph he had chosen from John Donne's *Meditation XVII*: "No man is an *Iland*, intire of itself….Any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in *Mankinde*; And therefore never send to know for whom the *bell* tolls; It tolls for thee."[87] His title would be *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, he informed Max, and he wanted to dedicate the novel to Martha Gellhorn. He was proud of Marty and understood the impact her independence, courage, talent, and political convictions had exerted on his life and work. *A Stricken Field* had just been released to mixed reviews, although Eleanor

Roosevelt promoted Martha's novel in her popular *My Day* column as a "masterpiece."[88]

Soon after he had selected the title for his novel, Ernest was distracted by unwarranted criticism from Archie MacLeish, who had been appointed Librarian of Congress and was now a fervent interventionist.[89] During a speech, Archie took his old friends Hemingway and Dos Passos to task for their two novels about the First World War, *A Farewell to Arms* and *Two Soldiers*. MacLeish charged that such novels, steeped in disillusionment about the war, corrupted young readers by displaying a "contempt" for earlier convictions which in turn has led to a lack of conviction to fight Fascism in the world today.

Incensed by Archie's bizarre indictment—no American writer had written more, done more, or risked more than Hemingway to fight Fascism in Spain—Ernest replied in *Life* magazine.[90] Perhaps if his old friend had been at the battles of Guadalajara, Teruel and elsewhere, Ernest observed, "he might feel better." As usual, Ernest was taking MacLeish's remarks personally: "Or do his high-sounding words blame us because we never advocated a Fascism to end Fascism?" With Ernest rushing to complete his monumental anti-Fascist novel, it was indeed ironic that Archie, who in the words of critic Morton Dauwen Zabel was adept at jumping on a bandwagon, would risk their friendship with gratuitous remarks slighting Ernest's dedication to the cause.

Despite this unpleasant development, nothing could halt Ernest's progress on his novel. By the end of the first week in April, he had finished the brief Chapter 32, set in Gaylord's and exposing through the consciousness of Karkov the cynical machinations of its inhabitants as well as the dangerous authority wielded by La Pasionaria.[91] He completed Chapter 40 on 21 May and Chapter 42 which includes a harsh depiction of André Marty, by the end of the month. Ernest was now working through the climactic action of Tuesday morning that comprises the five long chapters ending the novel. He intended to bring the narration full circle, with the fatally wounded Robert Jordan, having completed his mission, aiming at a Nationalist officer below him. "The last chapter is the most exciting in the book," he tells Max Perkins. "Is almost unbearably exciting during and after the bridge is blown. I knew I had to write a hell of a last chapter—But have it all now except the very end—the action and emotion are all done."[92] He wisely discarded a plan, intended for the benefit of Book of the Month Club readers, to compose two additional explanatory or summary chapters that would have diminished the heightened action and emotion at the end of the novel.

Not wanting to rush his perfect ending, Ernest broke away from his novel to write a preface for Gustav Regler's novel *The Great Crusade* (1940).[93] He traveled down to Mario Menocal's sugar plantation to compose the piece. Mayito, whose father had been president of Cuba from 1913 to 1921, was a close friend and frequent visitor at Finca Vigía along with other rich Cubans, Basque pelota players, and Loyalist exiles, and he greatly admired Hemingway. In his preface to *The Great Crusade*, Ernest praises the officers and men of the Twelfth International Brigade. Saying little about the novel itself, he stresses the need to repatriate Regler and other refugees to the United States, which would be the perfect place for a man of his stature to live and work. America is "a big enough country to receive the Reglers who fought in Germany and Spain; who are against the Nazis and her 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 the tyranny and been defeated."

Ernest returned to Havana around 25 July; from there, he left for New York, delivering the last part of the novel to Scribner's.[94] Ernest stood over Max's shoulder while Perkins read the final section. Staying at the Barkley Hotel, often joined by Gustavo Durán, the Loyalist commander who had escaped to the United States and was now married to an American woman, Ernest worked frantically to provide the printer with corrected copy, typically 200 pages daily. When corrected proofs started to arrive in early August, Ernest claimed to a reporter that he had spent ninety hours on them without ever leaving the room. In the meantime, Perkins sold the novel to the Book of the Month Club and soon there was talk that Paramount was interested in purchasing the film rights. Working on proofs throughout the summer at the Finca and in Sun Valley, Ernest made final corrections on 16 September, wiring Charles Scribner "that's all may commence firing."[95] Scribner's set publication of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* for 21 October 1940. Previously, on 1 September, Germany had invaded Poland, and Britain and France had declared war on Germany. Hemingway's elegy for the Spanish Republic would turn out to be a vividly rendered portent of what was to come.

Scribner's devoted its entire window space on Fifth Avenue for its launch of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, and the first printing of 210,000 copies sold out immediately.[96] From Sun Valley, where he was staying with Martha and old friends that included Gary Cooper (who would play Robert Jordan in the film version of the novel) and Dorothy Parker, Ernest waited nervously

for the early reviews. He knew that Max Perkins would forward a batch, but Ernest called Jay Allen and prevailed on his friend to read some of the reviews on the telephone.[97] He was happy to hear that J. Donald Adams in a front-page article in the *New York Times Book Review* called the novel "the fullest, the deepest, and the truest book" that Hemingway had written. Adams praised the love scenes between Jordan and María, declaring that they were better than the ones in *A Farewell to Arms* and *The Sun Also Rises* and the finest in American fiction. Praise also came from John Chamberlain in a first-page review in *Herald Tribune Books* where he found that Hemingway's new novel had "the bracing quality of brandy." In the *Atlantic*, Robert Sherwood hailed the book as "rare and beautiful" and filled with "strength and brutality" as well as a capacity for growth and self-criticism that was rare among the finest American writers. Dorothy Parker, his loyal admirer, was transfixed by the novel: "It is written with a wisdom that washes the mind and cools it. It is written with an understanding that rips the heart with compassion." The critical establishment led by Malcolm Cowley, Lionel Trilling, Howard Mumford Jones, Henry Seidel Canby, and Clifton Fadiman also registered generally positive reviews.[98] Ernest finally had vanquished the critics who ran what he called the lousy racket.

Some leftist critics, however, were not inclined to offer unqualified praise of the novel. Bunny Wilson, still one of the ideology boys in Ernest's estimation, had reservations about *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. While generally celebrating the novel and expressing relief that Hemingway had returned to serious art, Wilson in his review for the *New Republic* found the book's structure and character development deficient in places.[99] Wilson was notably critical of Ernest's depiction of María, finding her unbelievable. Incensed by Wilson's review, Ernest observed in a letter to Max Perkins that it was typical of a man who still was in thrall to ideological protocols.

Alvah Bessie, writing in *New Masses*, offered the harshest appraisal of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* and its author.[100] Bessie in his review acknowledges that the novel represents Hemingway's "finest achievement"—but only in terms of its technical virtuosity and superb dramatic action. "But depth of understanding there is none, breadth of conception is heart-breakingly lacking; there is no searching, no probing no grappling with the truths of human life that is more than superficial." Most worrisome in Bessie's estimation, Hemingway does not appreciate the dedication of the Soviet Union to the Republican cause. Even the love story is symptomatic of Hemingway's failure to grapple with deep issues. Bessie concludes that the

affair between Robert and María cheapens the novel, rendering *For Whom the Bell Tolls* most suitable for popular women's magazines.

Bessie also wrote an open letter to *The Daily Worker*, signed by him and three other veterans of the Lincoln Battalion: Milt Wolff, Freddy Keller, and Irv Goff.[101] Together they denounced Ernest for his "mutilation" of the cause for which so many men and women had sacrificed their lives. Ernest's allusions to La Pasionaria and André Marty were notably despicable they asserted, as was his criticism of the role of the Soviet Union in the Spanish Republic. The four men, all of whom had experienced Ernest's friendship and generosity, charged that Hemingway failed to understand the relevance of Spain to the geopolitical situation in 1940 at a time when Fascism was ascendant. When Milt Wolff took it upon himself to write a personal letter to Hemingway claiming that Ernest had merely been a "tourist" in Spain, Ernest accused the former Lincoln commander of not knowing Marx from his ass while conveniently ignoring past favors. Wolff was a "prick," Ernest concluded, and their friendship was over.

Hemingway's marriage to Pauline also was ending. On 4 November, Ernest received an Associated Press wire reporting the uncontested divorce granted to Pauline on the grounds of desertion.[102] Pauline, who had been married to Ernest for thirteen years, was awarded custody of their sons. Ernest was now free to marry Marty but now she had misgivings. As she told her confidante Allen Grover, Marty preferred to "sin respectably" than to be tied down with the trappings of marriage. Moreover, with Germany occupying part of France, Britain absorbing nightly bombing raids, and Italy about to enter the war, Marty was anxious to be where history was happening. Nevertheless, setting aside her concerns, which were shared by her mother Edna, she agreed to marry Ernest.

On 21 November 1940 in the dining room of the Union Pacific Railroad at Cheyenne, Wyoming, with Bob Capa covering the affair for a two-part photo essay on the couple for *Life*, Ernest and Martha were married by a justice of the peace.[103] Ernest, who was forty and Martha thirty-two, declared it was "wonderful to be legal" after having had to hide their affair for so long. One reporter, however, suggested that the marriage would be "a pairing of flint and steel."[104] Scott Fitzgerald wrote to Max Perkins expressing a degree of wonder at the union: "It will be odd to think of Ernest married to a really attractive woman," Scott observed. "I think the pattern will be somewhat different than with his Pygmalion-like creations."[105]

After driving from Wyoming to New York for a brief honeymoon at the Barclay, Ernest and Martha flew back to Havana.[106] With money flowing

in from sales of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, Ernest purchased the Finca Vigía on 28 December for $12,500 as a Christmas gift for himself and Marty; he envisioned living there for the rest of his life. Hemingway was exhausted from the intensity of his work on the novel and worried that he would never be able to write fiction so well again. In fact, he was entering a prolonged period of minor writing that would characterize the final twenty years of his life. His only success, on a much less accomplished scale than *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, would be *The Old Man and the Sea*, the story he had conceived during the Spanish Civil War but set aside. His popular novella received the Pulitzer Prize for fiction in 1953; in 1954, Hemingway won the Nobel Prize in Literature.

For Ernest Hemingway, the Spanish Civil War was an emotional touchstone and a source of moral and ideological clarity. During the period, when he was writing *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, thousands of Republican refugees languished in concentration camps set up by Franco's victorious forces.[107] Hundreds more were being executed weekly in Madrid, Barcelona, Seville, and elsewhere following summary trials by military tribunals. One British consular source made a conservative estimate that ten thousand people had been executed in the first five months after military hostilities ended, ushering in a pattern of killings that lasted well into the 1940s.[108] As late as 1963, the regime was still executing people for "war crimes."[109]

More than 400,000 Spaniards faced the traumas of exile including several of Hemingway's friends.[110] Shortly after Pearl Harbor, Ernest and Martha visited Gustav Regler in Mexico City in March 1942.[111] In his diary, Regler, who had renounced Communism, observed that Hemingway "talked much political nonsense" and seemingly was in a state of emotional confusion. While dining at the Tampico Restaurant, Ernest criticized his friend for leaving the Party. Only the Soviet Union could beat Germany, Ernest declared, repeating a pragmatic conviction concerning Communists that had first occupied his mind during the Spanish Civil War. His hostility to Fascism trumped any ambiguities about the Soviet role on the European stage, an animus that would persist for the rest of his life. Declining an invitation to the tenth reunion of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade in 1947, Ernest sent a tape that was read at the luncheon.[112] In the tape, Ernest announced that it had made him proud to be "in the company of premature anti-Fascists."

Like his vividly imagined characters Robert Jordan, the old peasant Anselmo, and Pilar, Ernest Hemingway believed in the Spanish Republic. His protagonist has a message for the world in 1940 because Hemingway wanted his readers to understand the current political situation. About

Jordan he writes: "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."[113] Unwilling to submerge the meaning and relevance of the Republic's defeat at the hands of treacherous political forces, Hemingway fused his understanding of the politics of power to a love story so that he could deliver a clear message in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* to a wide audience.

Hemingway anticipated correctly that American readers would recognize in Robert Jordan a national prototype: skilled, practical, courageous, and self-sacrificing for a greater cause. That this American hero enters at the beginning of the narrative and quickly assumes command of an indigenous guerilla group in another country was a harbinger of the leading role American troops would play in defeating the Axis. However, the free world had watched while Spain was invaded by Italy and Germany at the behest of Francisco Franco. "If we win here," Robert Jordan thinks as he awaits his end, and as Hemingway writes with tragic irony, "we will win everywhere."[114] But the free world had ignored "the distant sound of the battle" rolling out of Spain as a harbinger of what was to come.[115]

Martha Gellhorn, who divorced Ernest in 1945 after he began an affair with the journalist Mary Welch, shared with Hemingway and most of their trench buddies this sense that something unique defined their time in Spain during the Civil War. For Martha, no history book could capture "the emotion, the commitment, the feeling that we were all in it together, the certainty that we were *right*."[116] She recalled in 1966, two years before her death: "I believed in the cause of the Spanish Republic as I believed in nothing before or since." Herbert Matthews felt the same way: "All of us who *lived* the Spanish Civil War felt deeply emotional about it…those of us who championed the cause of the Republican government against the Franco Nationalists were right. It was, on balance, the cause of justice, morality, decency."[117]

For Ernest Hemingway, his experience of the Spanish Civil War had brought out the best in him as well. From Finca Vigía he wrote to Carlos Baker in 1951: "I never had a public life as far as I know except in connection with the Spanish Republic. When the Spanish war came I had to talk because it was my obligation."[118]

In a note to the typescript of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, Hemingway observed: "People are not as they end up… but as they are in the finest point they ever reach."[119]

Notes

1. Reynolds, *Hemingway: The 1930s*, 296.
2. Bruccoli, *The only Thing that Counts*, 292.
3. Baker, 338.
4. Mellow, 414–15.
5. EH to Edmund Wilson, December 10, 1938, *JFK*.
6. Bruccoli, 272.
7. Jackson, 462–63.
8. *NYT*, December 24, 1938.
9. *The Complete Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway*, 470–81.
10. Moorehead, 156.
11. McLendon, *Papa*, 190.
12. Baker, 318.
13. *SL*, 475–76.
14. Kert, 322–23.
15. Reynolds, *Hemingway: The 1930s*, 297.
16. Baker, 338.
17. Reynolds, *Hemingway: The 1930s*, 298.
18. *SL*, 475–78.
19. Ibid., 479.
20. *The Complete Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway*, 460–69.
21. Preston, *The Spanish Civil War*, 294–95.
22. Vaill, 344–46.
23. *NYT*, January 28, 1939.
24. Quoted in Wyden, 502.
25. *NYT*, February 8, 1939.
26. *Spanish Portraits*, n.p.
27. Ibid.
28. *New Masses*, February 4, 1939, 3.
29. Baker, 339.
30. *New Masses*, 2.
31. Donaldson, 439.
32. Reynolds, *Hemingway: The 1930s*, 398.
33. *SL*, 484.
34. Hutchisson, 163.
35. Baker mistakenly sets the date around April 10. See Baker, 340.
36. Moorehead, 157.
37. *SLMG*, 73–74.
38. Moorehead, 157.
39. Ibid., 158–59.
40. Quoted in Hutchisson, 164.
41. Item 83, JFK. See also Reynolds, *Hemingway: The 1930s*, 300–301.

42. *SL*, 480.
43. Ibid.
44. Ibid., 482.
45. Quoted in Josephs, 82.
46. *SL*, 480.
47. See Josephs, 82.
48. See Dearborn who throughout her biography explores Hemingway's "gender confusion."
49. *SLMG*, 73–74.
50. Moorehead, 157.
51. Hutchisson, 164; Moorehead, 158.
52. Mary Hemingway, 381–82.
53. *SLMG*, 74.
54. Moorehead, 159.
55. Ibid.
56. Graham, 165–66.
57. *NYT*, March 29, 1939.
58. *FWBT*, 136.
59. Ibid., 221.
60. Preston, *We Saw Spain Die*, 218.
61. North, 3–4.
62. *SL*, 481.
63. MP to EH, April 18, 1939, PUL.
64. Trogdon, 199.
65. Ibid., 199–200.
66. Ibid., 200.
67. *SL*, 487.
68. Ibid.
69. See Hutchisson, 168.
70. *SL*, 489.
71. Baker, 341.
72. Trogdon, 201.
73. Baker, 342.
74. EH to MP, October 27, 1939, PUL.
75. Trogdon, 201.
76. Hutchisson, 165.
77. Moorehead, 165.
78. Bruccoli, 275.
79. Trogdon, 202.
80. Baker, 345.
81. Quoted in Moorehead, 164–65.
82. Ibid.
83. Trogdon, 202–3.

84. Ibid.
85. *SL*, 500–502.
86. Josephs, xv.
87. Bruccoli, 282.
88. Moorehead, 166.
89. Dearborn, 412.
90. Ibid.
91. Baker, 347.
92. Bruccoli, 285.
93. Hutchisson, 163.
94. Ibid., 167.
95. Quoted in Hutchisson, 167.
96. Ibid.
97. Baker, 353.
98. For representative reviews, see Meyers, *Hemingway: The Critical Heritage*, 314–65; see also Josephs, 12–21.
99. *New Republic*, October 26, 1940, 395.
100. *New Masses*, November 1940, 25–29.
101. Baker, 356–57.
102. Moorehead, 172–73.
103. Baker, 355.
104. Quoted in Moorehead, 173.
105. Quoted in Mellow, 523.
106. Baker, 355–56.
107. Graham, 113.
108. Preston, *The Spanish Civil War*, 320.
109. Graham, 138.
110. Dearborn, 428.
111. Ibid.
112. Donaldson, *Fitzgerald & Hemingway*, 451.
113. *FWBT*, 163.
114. Ibid., 467.
115. Ibid., 449.
116. Quoted in Preston, *We Saw Spain Die*, 51.
117. Ibid., 23.
118. EH to Carlos Baker, February 24, 1951. Special Collections, Stanford University Library.
119. Quoted in Stanton, 207.

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